

# THE AVE MARIA

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ONE

**CATHOLIC  
HOME WEEKLY**

*75th Anniversary*

1865 — 1940

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, U. S. A.

## NOTES AND REMARKS

The Outlook . . . . .  
Just Another List . . . . .  
Suicide Not Heroism . . . . .  
Representative at the Vatican . . . . .  
Mrs. Lindbergh's Peace Appeal . . . . .

## SELECTED AVE MARIA POETRY: 1939

An anthology which reflects the warmth and fragrance of song that awaits you in these pages throughout this year.

By CHARLES M. CAREY, C.S.C.

## THE ROAD IS LONG

In this year's initial adult serial, the "Road" runs to the extent of thirteen chapters and is hilly and winding with incident and intrigue.

By MARY MABEL WIRRIES

## THE SECRET OF THE SHUTTERED DOOR

This serial should give the readers of school age all the mystery thrills they crave for.

By FRANCES Y. YOUNG

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# THE AVE MARIA

CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

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## NEXT WEEK

Warren R. Dacey, 36 Borker Street, Hartford, Conn., enumerates five present-day false acceptances by the popular mind to which he gives the comprehensive title—*Five Popular Fallacies*.

*Education Through the Films*, by M. N. O'Brien, suggests how the screen property directed can project history and kindred subjects in a well-planned educational program.

In *The Book of Years*, a sketch, Christee Lund, 444 S. Fourth Street, E., Salt Lake City, Utah, presents her character Amelia, in church and in a reminiscent mood.

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## OBITUARY

Mr. John P. McKeaney, Isabella Murray, Mrs. Peter Moran, Mary Allen, C. A. La Chance, Mrs. Edmund Garrity, Bridgie Hickey, James Richards, Peter Barnes, Richard McCann, Michael Reardon, Mrs. Brigit McDowell, John Fox, Lily Gibson.

May they rest in peace!

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THE AVE MARIA





## The Ave Maria Forecast for 1940

**HERE ARE SOME** of the surprises you will recognize in this first issue of the New Year, January 6, 1940. These surprises, or changes, were thought out and developed as a result of the friendly criticisms the questionnaire in the Editor's **WEEKLY PAGE** of July 15 evoked. Readers were then asked to let us know their likes in one, two, three order from among the various items which make up the pages of this Catholic Home Weekly: This magazine now appears in a new cover design which will serve as a beautiful setting for the always dominating traditional **AVE MARIA** picture — Madonna of the Lilies.

**A MORE CONVENIENT** arrangement of contents is offered in the following order: **WORLD NEWS IN BRIEF** will sum up events and situations in sentences; and as a magazine takes its character from its editorials, **NOTES AND REMARKS** will chronicle truth and fair dealing without regard to persons or prejudices; **FACT, FICTION** and **POETRY** come next in signed contributions on timely themes of national and international importance, serial and single-issue fiction and verse; **BITS OUT OF LIFE** is Father Lahey's weekly returns from literary garret hunting; **WEEKLY PAGE** contains the Editor's views on this and that; **WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS** is a two-page review of books done by specialists; **YOUNGER READERS** is a section devoted to their interests; and there is always delightful dessert in **THE WEEKLY POSTSCRIPT**.

**THE INCREASED RATES** for contributions, almost double what they were before, have not only encouraged our regular contributors, but also have attracted a number of other well-known writers. These contributors include such recognized names as The Rev. Dr. James A. Magner, John J. O'Connor, Christopher Hollis, Katherine Yehle, The Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S.J., The Rev. Charles C. Miltner, C.S.C., The Rev. Richard Collentine, C.S.C., Walter M. Langford, John Murray, Mrs. Mary Mabel Wirries, May Evelyn Skiles, Florence Gilmore, Blanche Jennings Thompson and many more.

**AMONG THE SIGNED** contributions is Father William Carey's **SELECTED AVE MARIA POETRY: 1939**. Read Father Carey's selection for 1939 in this issue and infer what comfort of song awaits you for 1940. Do not miss Mrs. Mary Mabel Wirries' adult serial — **THE ROAD IS LONG**, nor the mystery serial for younger readers — **THE SHUTTERED DOOR** by Frances Y. Young. Both begin in this issue.

**SO THE AVE MARIA** for 1940 is to be a brighter and better Catholic Home Weekly than ever before. And this is saying much, for **THE AVE MARIA** is now beginning its seventy-fifth year of service.





# THE AVE MARIA

"CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY"

AN IDEAL GIFT THAT KEEPS ON GIVING

Rev. P. J. Carroll, C.S.C., Editor  
Bro. M. Casimir, C.S.C., Secretary



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Dear Reader:

Probably never before in the history of our Republic have we come face to face with more momentous problems of vital consequence, than those facing us to-day. What with the lifting of the embargo; the apprehension of our being drawn into the carnage of another World War; the infiltration of Communism in our social, economic and political life; the pending legislative enactment of bills contrary to Catholic ideals and morals, and many other ultra-modern experiments.

What is the Catholic attitude on these problems? We read so much now about propaganda — that name by which truth is euphemistically distorted, facts suppressed and false principles enunciated. Propagandists have succeeded in coloring or dissembling the news in the secular press. And what is worse, many Catholics are deceived for want of the truth.

How vitally important it is, then, that Catholics be well informed in order to explain the correct attitude on current events or to refute the false statements so often met with in the daily press. THE AVE MARIA, as you know, gives this valuable information week by week — temperately, courageously and accurately. Not only that, but its weekly features are happily punctuated with just enough diversified reading to make a well balanced magazine.

If you like this "*Catholic Home Weekly*," please tell your friends about it; get them to subscribe to it. A little persuasion even, on your part, may be the means of their being eternally indebted to you for the good it may bring them. Besides, you will be participating in real Catholic Action for it was the late sovereign Pontiff, Pius XI, who said: "You are my Voice," speaking of the Catholic Press. "I do not say that you make my Voice heard, but you are really my Voice itself, for few indeed would be the number of children of our common Faith, who could learn my wishes and thoughts, without the aid of the Catholic Press."

Anticipating your sincere cooperation and wishing you a generous participation in the joys the New Year may usher in, we are,

Cordially and sincerely yours,

THE AVE MARIA

Member of the Catholic Press Association



# THE AVE MARIA

## CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

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JANUARY 6, 1940

### *World News in Brief*

**THE CHURCH** In Washington, President Roosevelt named Myron C. Taylor as his representative at the Vatican to cooperate with the Holy Father in peace efforts. . . . ¶ In Vatican City, Pius XII made a personal call on the King and Queen of Italy, thus establishing a diplomatic precedent in Vatican circles. . . . ¶ In Paris, no Christmas Midnight Masses were permitted because of the war. . . . ¶ In Brussels, more than three thousand clerical students and priests, it was revealed, have been called into the army. . . . ¶ In Chicago, men of all faiths united in an effort to build a million dollar high school for Negroes, to be named Mundelein Memorial High School. . . . ¶ In Vatican City, a new five-point peace plan was outlined by Pius XII. . . . ¶ In New Orleans, Loyola University announced the establishment of a new School of Social Service.

**AT HOME** In Washington, in his message to the nation on Christmas Eve, the President asked that all give thanks for American peace. . . . Inquiries of France and Britain indicated that they plan to double aircraft orders in America. . . . The Roosevelt staff prepared the new budget which carries a huge deficit. . . . Ambassador Davies was named special war aid to Secretary Hull. . . . United States lines sought to transfer eight ships to the Norwegian flag. . . . ¶ In Milwaukee, Wis., city officials decided on a "pay as you go" system of government. . . . ¶ In New York, higher-ups

were linked to the theft of thirty million nickels from subway turnstiles. . . . ¶ In industry, a vast idle cash reserve colored the outlook for 1940. . . . Corn supplies were estimated as the largest in twenty years. . . . The steel industry manifested a seasonal downturn. . . . ¶ The Bonneville dam project was assailed as a threat to Midwest industry. . . . ¶ Cabinet members disagreed over the new Wallace farm plan. . . . ¶ England's war measures were felt by American foreign traders. . . . ¶ Stocks declined under the year-end selling; yet the trading volume expanded.

**ABROAD** In Europe, Christmas was dimmed throughout warring nations; only in Finland were old Christmas customs carried out, regardless of Russian air raids. The absence of children in large cities brought about by evacuation measures was keenly felt. German factories had no time nor mind to make toys. . . . ¶ In Helsingfors, it was reported that Finns had carried the fighting to Russian soil. . . . ¶ In Moscow, Stalin ordered 300,000 troops massed for counter attacks. . . . ¶ On the Western front, there was little or no activity. Hitler, visiting his troops on Christmas Eve, stepped on French soil. . . . ¶ In Ankara, Turkey, more than 42,000 persons were killed by earthquakes. . . . ¶ At sea, British bombing planes attacked German patrol boats. . . . ¶ In London, the first squadron of Australian flyers arrived for war duty.



## Notes and Remarks

THE AVE MARIA wishes all of you a Happy New Year. It comes to you in a new cover design with some changes in the order of contents following a composite suggestion

### Happy Nineteen Hundred Forty!

of the great majority of subscribers who wrote in last summer. We have put present things first: what is happening, in *World News in Brief*, what we have to say about what is happening in *Notes and Remarks*. Other divisions follow with the view to your convenience. We thank our many subscribing correspondents who were interested enough to write in. They gave us some encouraging compliments; and some criticisms which showed they are subscribers who read. We take hats off to you as we take off on our Nineteen Hundred Forty Flight. Happy New Year!

The appointment of a special United States representative to Vatican City to serve through the present war in Europe only renews our wonder that a regular appointment has not been made

### Representative at the Vatican

long ago. We do not lay blame for this to the President, even though he has sent a representative to Russia. There yet clings so much of the adhesive rust of unreasoning prejudice to certain layers of American life, the establishment of a regular ministerial post at the Vatican would stir another anti-Catholic crusade. It is all very stupid, of course, that a great nation like ours should be deterred from enlightened diplomatic contacts because of vestry-minded Pharisees. England, Japan, and most of the important countries of the world are represented at the Vatican. It is to their interest. We are still limited and be-

clouded by hatreds begot of ignorance. We are timid before noisy minorities. When we shall have reached national maturity we shall have, as we now should have, a representative at the Vatican.

Though not engaged in the European conflict, the United States may look to a busy 1940. While we as a nation have pledged ourselves to

### The Outlook

peace, that pledge is about the only national issue that we possess with uniformity. This recently inspired war truce in politics is now giving way to a free-for-all. Naturally, for this is election year. Delegates and gatherers of delegates will speed up activity in both parties. To be increasingly active in Republican circles are candidates Taft and Dewey, with Vandenberg quietly at work. And just as active in Democratic ranks will be candidates Garner and McNutt, with Hull quietly at work. Determining, and yet unpredictable factors that will influence the course of 1940 decisions are war abroad and the intentions of President Roosevelt. The basic New Deal policy in months to come will be to defend existing reforms; not to propose new ones, for the White House is convinced of a strong conservative swing in the nation, and is even ready to make a strategic retreat on the labor front. Congress will still wrestle with problems of taxation, relief, and farm control, with no more than mild White House suggestions. Future business prospects depend importantly on the volume of war orders. February, March and April are expected by government forecasters to see a definite setback that then would be followed by a definite new rise. All in all, such indications are encouraging. And as we take stock of our assets in this mad



world, we cannot but consider ourselves very fortunate as a nation under God. We pray and trust that our contemporary show of good sense will be maintained—especially our national policy of aloofness from Europe.

Mrs. Anne Morrow Lindbergh writes an article in *The Reader's Digest* for January, which is a petition for the

### **Mrs. Lindbergh's Peace Appeal**

United States to help achieve peace in Europe. "The people of the United States," writes Mrs. Lindbergh, "have a heavy responsibility, for they have great power. All Europe is watching us, and they are listening too." With what response has the United States filled the listening void of Europe? "With," answers Mrs. Lindbergh, "a united roar for more news, more war, more action, more attacks on the part of the Allies." We sit "smilingly and safely on the sidelines... crying for more blood—more French and English blood—while we have no intention of shedding any of our own." Mrs. Lindbergh testifies she has lived the happiest years of her married life in England and France; hence, she has come to value life and thought so highly in these countries.

We value Mrs. Lindbergh's well-written appeal to the United States to try to put an end to the present European madness. At the same time we disagree with some of Mrs. Lindbergh's strictures. First, the United States is not sitting on the sidelines "crying for more blood." A few cartoonists and newspaper columnists may poke fun at present inactivity on the Western Front, but these cartoonists and columnists do not express American opinion on the misery of Europe at this moment. The American people want peace in Europe for Europe's sake—and for their own. There need be no doubt about that. President Roosevelt has offered to

mediate; Pope Pius has made a stirring appeal; three European rulers have tried to intervene and failed. The President is trying again as this is written. England and France say they want the menace of Hitler ended; Germany very likely wants her colonies back. Perhaps all three want Russia definitely in Russia. THE AVE MARIA said these things in its issue of December 23. The nations now sinking one another's ships, and killing good men in French-German lines have reached the use of reason. They can find from five to ten neutrals ready to step in and try to effect a settlement. We do not quite see what more Mrs. Lindbergh expects the United States to do. Our government cannot force peace on the belligerents; nor can His Holiness Pope Pius XII; nor can the rulers of Belgium, Denmark or Holland; nor can the ruler of any neutral nation. If a peace settlement is to come, the warring countries must be ready to listen to a peace approach. We suggest that Mrs. Lindbergh direct another article to Europe, where she has lived so happily for some years, inquiring if Europe still insists on a fight to a finish. If Europe gives even the least nod of peaceful intentions the neutral peoples of the world will be happy to act as go-betweens.

A group of Left-Wingers at City College, New York, have invited Earl Browder to make a speech on the college campus,

### **Taxpayers Should Object**

and we are informed by the *Daily Worker* that Mr. Browder has accepted the invitation. We hope the authorities of this institution, which is supported by the taxpayer's money, will follow the precedent of Harvard, Princeton, and Dartmouth by refusing to permit Joseph Stalin's stooge to appear in its auditorium. How any college calling itself American can allow a Red of Mr.



Browder's dye to spread propaganda among its students is difficult to understand. Mr. Browder is anything but American, if one may judge by his actions. He is under indictment at the present time for traveling on a false passport which should win for him a prison cell rather than a college platform. He has recently made remarks calculated to stir those Reds to rebellion who are in governmental key positions because he believes this country should not help the Allies. He represents the Soviet Republic which is now waging unjust war upon Finland, and which all good Americans deplore. Why is it, we wonder, that a small group of radicals in our colleges are able to over-ride the will of the majority? City College is just what its name signifies—a city-supported school. The citizens of New York are not Reds, and they are not paying taxes that Red doctrines may be taught to their children. Before Mr. Browder is permitted to speak on the College grounds the citizens should step in and assert themselves.

In our daily papers, during the last few days, the Captain of the *Admiral Graf Spee* has been eulogized because he committed suicide after scuttling his ship. He has been called a hero for the act of thievery he performed in taking a life that did not belong to him. No man who takes his own life, when he is in his right mind, is a hero. Suicide is the act of a weak man who is not able to face the trials and difficulties that life has confronted him with. The cripple, the bedridden, the incurable sufferer, who bear their pains patiently and make them meritorious for their eternal salvation, are truly heroic. They recognize in their afflictions potential blessings, and they make the most of them. Had the Captain of the *Graf Spee* given up his place in the lifeboat to a

companion, and had he gone down with his boat as a result of this charitable act, he would have been a hero, indeed. But to blow his brains out with a revolver because he "couldn't take it"—to use the current colloquial expression—brands him as anything but a hero, aside altogether from the immorality of the act. And those papers that are holding him up as an example to our youth are teaching paganism. They are outlawing God and a future life, and all those things that are sacred to Christian minds.

One of the favorite devices of most Leftist groups is to gather signatures for propaganda purposes. Those signatures are ob-

### Just Another List

tained in devious ways, often to the later discomfiture of those who allow themselves to be inveigled. Then when the victims are corralled their names are used in turn to ensnare other unsuspecting victims. We had an interesting demonstration of that method of approach during the Spanish Civil War when some of our Congressmen found themselves trying to explain how their names got on a resolution expressing sympathy for the Communist-directed Loyalist cause. Well, our friends of the American Youth Congress are starting the old hocus pocus all over again, this time as we might expect against the Dies Committee which has done such effective work in exposing Communistic activities in this country. They are making up a list of so-called representative Americans condemning the activities of Mr. Dies and his associates. But as generally happens in such maneuvers, the wrong persons are occasionally solicited; and then the connivers get something to think about. The Reverend Dr. Norman V. Peale, minister of the Marble Collegiate Church, which we believe is in New York City, proved to be such a



person. Among other things, he told the Youth Congress Committee: "When you are as outspoken in your opposition to Communism as you are against the so-called 'violations' of the Dies Committee, some of us will begin to have more faith in the objectives of your organization." Of course the Youth Congress will not publicize Dr. Peale's letter or others similar to it, but they will publish the list of those who have been unwary enough to get caught. And what a running to cover there will be as soon as the list is published! We remember the denials which came from our Congressmen when they were questioned as to how their names got on a list in favor of the Spanish Communists.

As we look back on the Yuletide season, we doubt that there has been another time in our mediocre memory when the hand of charity reached so widely and so often in its labors of kindness and mercy to the less fortunate among our citizens. We speak here of public charities only, for we realize that there are always countless instances of giving hidden from the eyes of men. Civic charitable enterprises reached new heights. We could not escape the universality of recipients. Perhaps our enthusiasm was heightened by the frequent contrast made between the American scene of peace and the horrible visions of war stalking the streets of Europe and leaving so much misery in its wake. Our generosity, together with our blunt insistence on maintaining our neutrality, crystalized for us more forcefully than arguments the blessings of peace. Such fellowship warmed our hearts, and gave us new faith in our American fellowmen, all of which produced the moral stamina needed to start the year in the proper frame of mind. We hope that such optimism does not desert the American

scene very soon. There is need for it in all the months to come.

The Patriarch of Lisbon, Manuel Gonçalves Cerejeira, has pointed out in a recent pastoral letter that the cult of

war is pagan in nature and that the indispensable basis

### Some Well-Defined Principles

for peace is the Christian idea of the collaboration of nations in justice and charity. "Christianity morality," he says, "makes the same demands in the international as in the national domain. Just as it condemns falsehoods, treason, hate, oppression and injustice on the part of the individual, it also condemns in the international domain the egoism of wealthy nations with respect to poor nations, the oppression of small countries by larger and stronger nations, the violation of obligations freely entered into and the solemnly given word. The policy according to which everything that serves national ambition is good, must be considered as an immoral policy. Such a policy leads us directly to barbarity in the international field. From the viewpoint of nations as well as individuals, inequality is a condition of human existence. Marxist materialism wishes to suppress this fact by destroying social classes. Racism establishes its law of natural domination, exercised by the superior races, but always one arrives at the same human result: the oppression of the weak under the tyranny of the strong. Christianity suppresses this sentiment of inequality by its law of justice and charity." These are sound principles for nations as well as for individuals to consider. As we have the poor always with us, so, too, we have the weak in nations as well as individuals, and nothing but Christian charity and justice can keep the stronger from victimizing the weaker.



# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## Selected Ave Maria Poetry: 1939

By Charles M. Carey, C. S. C.

THE AVE MARIA writers, as well as its readers, are drawn from every walk of life. The world touches them at a hundred points daily. And from these everyday experiences have come songs which are a record of the deeper and richer moments of their very normal living; a record which they invite others to share with them. Nor is it at all strange that these singers should find themselves and their thoughts warmly received by our readers bent on preserving the strong, wholesome traditions of culture in the Catholic home. Indeed, it was a certain domestic flavor that guided us in our choice of poetry for this review.

Years ago, Monsignor Fulton Sheen used to talk to us about the vision of Saints, and insisted that they were all poets after a fashion. It is this gift of vision that prompted Sister Edwardine to look upon honey as a gift of summer in the midst of a Michigan winter.

### With a Gift of Honey

I bring you sunshine  
Blue hours and bending skies.

Take you these memories of spring:  
An orchard white  
With trembling loveliness,  
The little winds that sing  
All through the day,  
The starry night.

Oh, here are flowers—  
Tall, gracious hollyhocks,  
And purple lilacs dreaming in the sun.  
Here fragrant treasures lie,  
Stolen from wheat and thyme,  
From clover field and rye.

Today I bring you summer,  
Blue hours and bending skies.

Esther Lee Carter, of Tacoma, Washington, looks to her children as a source of inspiration for much of her writing. For example, she finds it easy to describe a very realistic rainy-day game in her home, as her little son converts the living room into a ship. Out of this domestic fairyland comes

### Ship Ahoy

Heave-ho, his ship sails out of port  
Tossed high on stormy billows;  
A worthy craft of davenport  
With decks of satin pillows.

The pilot-house is very gay  
In brilliant blue and yellow;  
And Teddy Bear, the second mate  
Is a very jolly fellow.

The Captain sits upon the bridge,  
A sturdy parlor chair,  
And with his trusty telescope  
He gazes everywhere.

The floor lamp is a beacon light,  
That throws its searching ray  
For miles and miles across the room,  
To guide him on his way.

The lifeboat is an ottoman,  
By broomsticks safely manned,  
Across the rug of ocean  
To the other wall, and land!

Katherine Simons, likewise, is a visionary. She tells us that the things she loves best are travel and poetry, and adds that she is old-fashioned enough to insist upon rime and rhythm in her verses. Her claims are easily substantiated, as well as exemplified in her echoings of many bells, and water pounding over rocks, as she writes of old Quebec, the falls of Montmorency and the quaintness of storied Beaupré:



## Carillon

The spray of Montmorency  
 Has blown against my face,  
 Where it goes down to Sain' Laurent  
 In thrown and thundering lace.  
 I shall go back to Beaux Rivage,  
 If Anne will grant me grace!

The stony roads wind up and down,  
 As though to seek her shrine,  
 Across their fertile terraces  
 Of grain and fruit and vine,  
 Where maples point, with golden thread,  
 A tapestried design.

I shall go back to far Beaupré;  
 For Good Saint Anne must reckon  
 That, in my pulse, I feel the tides  
 Of Sablon flow and check;  
 And hear the sunset carillons  
 Ring out from Old Quebec.

In much the same style is the work of Jean Rasey. After many years of nursing, and teaching in hospitals, she has now retired to the peaceful beauty of a quiet nook in California. Writing occupies much of her day. Her attitude encourages the local Chamber of Commerce, yet we detect a note of restlessness and adventure as she looks out from her secluded bower to tell us the story of

## Trains

Trains repeat the song of locomotion,  
 The spell of mystery on their silver tracks!  
 Their magic swings the heart with hushed emotion  
 Where coaches plumed with clouds from puffing stacks  
 Go twisting up an emerald lift of hillside.  
 The swaying, winding train that disappears  
 Beyond a trestled depth of flashing ebb tide  
 That brings a sudden urge for new frontiers  
 On some far slope now bright with waving grasses,  
 On some old valley that the heart has known,  
 Is caravanning ancient roads and passes  
 With tree and flower that lavish winds have sown.  
 Trains that whistle down the morning bring  
 Unspoken thoughts of glad adventuring.

One morning, toward the end of winter, John Maher Murphy, of New York City, took a walk in Van Courtland

Park. "It was," he says, "one of those days when the whole world looks dead and hopeless. And I felt as dispirited as the wasteland all around me. Suddenly, out of nowhere, came the startling notes of the first Spring-Peeper, waking a new world of beauty—and a new hope in man." The emotion is so elementally clear and so genuine that we gave to our young readers the poem

## I Heard a Hyla Piping

Who wakes Wake-Robin?  
 I, said Spring-Peeper:  
 I'm a light sleeper:  
 I wake Wake-Robin.

Your hooves ring like metal?  
 They tiptoe like thieves.  
 I stamp on a petal  
 And shake not the leaves.

With Gabriel's brasses  
 You summon the Spring?  
 The wing makes the grasses  
 More noisily sing.

You must listen and strain  
 Till a sparrow's footfall  
 Is louder than rain  
 If you'd hear me at all.

Who wakes Wake-Robin?  
 I, said Spring-Peeper:  
 I'm a light sleeper:  
 I wake Wake-Robin.

In sharp contrast to the lyric note of the above mentioned work is the observations of the following poem. Elizabeth Towner, the mother of Elizabeth Towner Reid—another *Ave Maria* contributor—looks upon an elderly couple happily come to the evening of life, and gives us a wholesome domestic picture of

## Two By the Fire

Hand in frail hand the old folks sit together  
 Close to the fire, warmed by the ruddy glow;  
 Follow the log to its last whitening feather,  
 While on the window beats the incessant snow.

What need have they of speech who can remember  
 So many precious things? Their eyes shall hold  
 Enough of dreams until the last pale ember  
 Has fallen cold.



Their long thoughts glide, merge in the  
 flame's strong current—  
 Dreamer and dreaming one. How blest are  
 they,  
 Close-linked in love within from storm's wild  
 torrent,  
 Their journey over, safe now from the wind's  
 way!

Harry Elmore Hurd, who lives in the  
 oldest house in old New Hampshire is  
 not only at home in the rural atmos-  
 phere of Yankee New England, but an  
 ardent admirer of her customs and her  
 characters. Thus he speaks authorita-  
 tively and accurately, even admirably,  
 when he describes for us the life of a  
 neighboring

#### Country Doctor

Before they ran the state road up our way  
 And motorized the buggy, townfolk say  
 The doctor drove the smartest rig in town—  
 A Morgan filly, butter-plump and brown  
 As winter oak leaves. Back roads filled with  
 snow,  
 Mercury dropped to thirty-two below.  
 But man and horse, ignoring blizzard weather,  
 Responded to distress—always together—  
 Until the old mare died. The doctor's bag  
 Wore bare and bulgy. An unmistakable sag  
 Began to show in knees no longer young.  
 He bought a motorcar, but still he clung  
 To old-style physic, goose grease and turpen-  
 tine,  
 Skunk's oil and bitter herbs, balsam pine  
 And tar. Old women put him in their prayers.  
 His shoulders, bending, bore the secret cares  
 Of troubled patients. Poor men called him  
 friend  
 While dreading bills that he would never send.

Helen McMahon, with a deft choice  
 of details, subtly contrasts two ideas  
 that are worlds apart, but which she  
 observes strangely and incongruously  
 brought together in a

#### Gift Shop Window

Confronting every passerby  
 A copper dragon blows  
 The smoke of burning incense  
 Through his brazen, savage nose.  
 Nearby, pale as a young spring moon,  
 A Dresden virgin stands

And contemplates, with reverent eyes,  
 The rosary in her hands.

Virginia Scott Miner, on the other  
 hand, is content to remain in the at-  
 mosphere of her garden and her home  
 to detect an equally incongruous fact.  
 In addition, she betrays a certain nos-  
 talgia as she reveals a note of artificial-  
 ity about a garden containing

#### Winter Roses

Come to the garden! quick—before  
 This miracle might go!  
 Behold how white the roses bloom  
 With soft and sudden snow!  
 Yet while they are by magic wrought  
 And most unearthly fair,  
 There is, alas, no hint of scent  
 Upon the winter air!

Grace Noll Crowell, well-known con-  
 temporary poet and American Mother  
 of last year, strikes a vibrant and rich  
 cord in the heart of every person capa-  
 ble of appreciation when she success-  
 fully attempts to mirror what she re-  
 calls from her meandering in a garden.

#### Walk Proudly In a Garden

Walk proudly in a garden, you will be  
 One of a splendid company  
 Of the aristocracy.  
 There will be ladies tripping down the walks:  
 Shadowed ladies that are hollyhocks,  
 And lilies by the pool's mossed rocks.  
 The military irises with their swords,  
 Marching in their ranking hordes  
 Will speak their quick commanding words.  
 The gentlewomen of the long ago  
 Live again where pansies grow,  
 And in the larkspurs' purple glow.  
 And almost one can hear the brittle clinks  
 Of teacups in the cinnamon pinks  
 At which a gold bee stops and drinks.  
 Walk proudly in a garden, be aware  
 That without scrip or purse you share  
 Earth's proudest lineage when you are there.  
 Katherine Edelman, born in Tip-  
 perary, Ireland, is not lacking in Irish  
 imagination. One moment's glance



about her, and a hundred visions hurry  
before her visioning. Observe the charm  
of her poetic dreaming

### In the Shoe Store

Here in shining newness;  
Slippers, brogans, shoes;  
A thousand pairs—I wonder  
What pathways they will choose?

Braving icy snowdrifts  
On far Alaskan trails,  
Striding on a swaying deck  
Beneath high flapping sails?

Trampling greening underbrush  
In jungles dense and hot,  
Tiptoeing through cloistered halls,  
Or circling a small cot?

Here in shining newness,  
A thousand pairs of shoes:  
What wide and strange adventure lies  
On pathways they will choose!

Jessie Bickford, a Canadian contributor of poetry, is the author of many radio plays, short stories and educational articles. She tells us that the window of the room where she writes, faces a terrace of rugged, pine-dotted hills which change magically with the seasons, and provide her with a constant source of inspiration. No small amount of this significant atmosphere for reflection is revealed in her poem

### Down Little Ways

I never tire of what the seasons bring—  
Banners for autumn, mysteries for spring;  
Petals and sheaves for summer's calico,  
And out of winter's temple, hail and snow.

The years are galleries where patience comes  
To spread a colored awning of content;  
Days journey past, unmarked by beat of  
drums,  
And no man seeks to track the way they  
went.

I never tire of what the seasons bring  
To show upon their universal stage;  
For there are melodies of God that sing  
Down all the ways where time makes  
pilgrimage.

Many times during a long winter in  
New York, Ethel Romig Fuller visited

the Metropolitan Art Museum, and  
found herself again and again studying  
a Seventeenth Century conception of  
David. Consider her verbal reproduction  
in

### Bernardo Strozzi's David

Here, conquering youth incarnate,  
Auburn-ruddy, tanned,  
With muscle-rippling torso;  
Slingshot in his hand.

Subservient to a pebble,  
Implanted in huge brow,  
Goliath's head upon a pike—  
A foe whom none might cow

Except this stripling from the hills,  
In dark, fawn-startled eyes,  
Triumphant lust contending  
With a naïve surprise.

That he, whose heart desire was  
The making of a song,  
Should be the God-ordained one  
Of all the battling throng.

To meet, to slay the giant!  
Is he aware a throne  
Waits him, the poet-shepherd,  
Because he hurled a stone?

From the school of the Imagists—  
those bent on presenting life's realities  
through the medium of the senses—  
comes Queena Davison Miller with a  
brief flash of lyrical excellence in

### Sweet Intrusion

April failed to bolt or bar  
Her freshly tidied room;  
Maytime broke the perfume jar  
And spilled the apple bloom!

Another quatrain, rich in imagery,  
betrays the poetic artistry in Rose Dar-  
rough as she writes of

### Memory

Help me to live today without regret,  
For surely as the April rain  
Is measuring September's heads of wheat,  
Today will live again.

It would, indeed, be a strange com-  
mentary on *The Ave Maria* poetry,  
were not some voice chanting the



praises of the Mother of God. The part she holds in our own task of salvation is skilfully delineated by Florence Russell in her

### Poem to Mary

I lost Him in the temple,  
As you His Mother did.  
I saw the people throng the aisles,  
But Christ Himself was hid.  
  
I heard the people talk and laugh,  
I heard their footsteps sound;  
I heard each whisper, saw each glance,  
But Christ was not around.  
  
When I had learned within my heart  
How much His absence cost,  
I found Him, Mary, by your side,  
For I alone was lost.

And John Frederick Nims—a young professor at the University of Notre Dame,—fighting his way through the city on a dark night of wind and cold rain, looks in at the lighted homes of material prosperity, philosophizes on values and standards, and then offers

### A Prayer

Enwrapped with branches housing  
The wind and night again,  
Shine out as calm as altars  
The little homes of men.  
  
But lightning and disaster  
On grim horizons brew—  
Poor houses! frail and gallant  
To shelter what they do:  
  
A colored toy, a desk-lamp,  
A ring, a scented glove,  
A pillow—all the trifles  
Of life and death and love.  
  
Without those sacred follies  
The heart of man must break.  
And many shall be broken  
By storms about to wake.  
  
For men that sway the nations  
Have thunder in the head;  
Their eyes are blurred with dreaming,  
And all their dreams are red.  
  
O prentice Boy of Joseph  
Recall that trade again,  
And roof with Your affection  
The shaken homes of men.

Mary-Virginia Rosenfeld, by her own admission, attempts to sing the glories of God's handiwork; and realizes her lack of adequate skill. Yet, she justifies herself and her song with no small show of logic. Her humility is surpassed only by the excellence of

### Consolation

I am an inefficient minstrel, Lord,  
The very humblest of all your clamorous throng,  
For I conjecture tunes bereft of words  
And in my eagerness defeat the song.  
  
But you, my Lord, must find such piping sweet,  
You made the summer air so gay with birds  
Whose carols sanctify the earth and sky  
With beatific music—and no words.

This group of poems might easily be called a "selection from a selection." For hundreds of poems are received every month by the Poetry Editor. He, in turn, makes a valiant effort to keep only those which show promise, and which are hopeful of pleasing *The Ave Maria* readers. Again, the poems in this review are, after all, merely the selections of one man, and necessarily mirror his tastes, foibles, limitations and modicum of judgment. He did not choose them that they might be taken into a research laboratory and minutely examined for possible violations of poetic theory. Rather, they were selected for normally cultured minds in normal Catholic homes.

We can think of no better method of terminating this review than by breathing a benediction on all poets of Our Lady—a benediction such as is expressed in a snatch of Marian song culled from Gertrude Jane Codd's poem, *Leave Taking*, wherein she writes:

Madonna, smiling from our western wall,  
Please fold your mantle blue around them all!  
In your safe keeping they will find a bourne  
And run to welcome us when we return.  
Oh, is it time to go? A smile, a sigh,  
And now one quick last look and then—  
Goodbye!



# The Road is Long

By Mary Mabel Wirries

## CHAPTER I

### The Road's Beginning

"ROSIE, get your Pa some more sirup."

Matie Kieble shifted the wailing child on her hip, and spoke to her stepdaughter from behind a barrage of smoke. Pa liked his griddle cakes baked in plenty of grease, and the kitchen was a blue swirl every morning until the weather was warm enough for open windows.

Rose was lost in one of her dreams. She was doing another poem for Miss Kate's book. "Have it filled for me when I see you again, Rose," Miss Kate had said, presenting her with the shiny black composition book. "Don't ever stop doing your poems, little Rose." This poem was about the river. Oh, but the river was lovely these April mornings. She could scarcely stay away from it. Scarcely wait for Pa to be gone, so she could go with Rodge to take the cow to her pasture ground in the Flats. The sedges were green along the banks now, and the cowslips in the sunniest places were heavy with buds. The pussy willows were getting ready to burst their jackets; some of them were already out. The fat robins had come, and yesterday she had seen a bluebird, sure sign of spring, flashing blue across the marshes. And the river was silver, silver, silver, there at the bend—not brown and muddy at all now that it was April. Soon the wild crab apple trees would be in bloom. There were trilliums and anemones on the hillside now; there was a flowering dogwood. Oh, the river, the beautiful, beautiful river! Her heart seemed bursting whenever she thought of it. If she could

write a poem that would be one-half so beautiful—

The trees all bloom and bear their fruit  
Thy banks beside—

"Rosie! *Did you hear me?*"

"Yes, ma'am." Startled, "I mean—no, ma'am."

"Get your Pa some sirup; and take the baby. I can't do anything with one hand. She's cross as two sticks this morning. O Lord! if only my feet didn't hurt! I guess nobody's feet ever hurt like mine hurt."

"Pa oughta get you some new shoes." Rose ladled hot brown sugar sirup inexpertly into a cracked blue bowl.

"Sh! He might hear you." Matie lived in constant terror of Pa's unreasoning anger. This was one of his black mornings.

"I don't care if he does hear me." Having put the sirup on the table, Rose came back to take the baby. "I don't see how you walk at all with those old split things tied to your feet. It'd be better if you could go bare-foot like us kids."

"I'm too stout on my feet, darlin'—and they're flat-like."

"Well, you could have decent shoes, if he wasn't so stingy."

"Sh! you mustn't talk that-a-way. Your Pa has a hard time makin' ends meet, darlin'."

Funny how Matie was always pretending about Pa. Tom knew and Rose knew that Pa could make ends meet all right, if he'd learn to bring his money home instead of taking it down to Hanrahan's Saloon. Saturday had been pay day, and Pa, running true to form, had not come home until Sunday morning. Then he had wanted to whip Roger for nothing at all; and when Matie had intervened, he had given her a black eye.



And he had smashed the parlor lamp, the one with the bit of red flannel lending a rosy tint to the oil in its bowl. This morning he was in an ugly mood, and his hand shook so much he could hardly get a coffee cup to his mouth. He mumbled something now, and Matie spoke quickly:

"Your sirup's right there, Jim."

"I don't want it. These pancakes ain't fit for pigs this morning. Gimme another cup o' coffee."

"Oughta put some paris green in it for the old soak," *sotto-voiced* Tom, sidling out the door with his pail of mash.

Rose winced; she always did, when Tom talked like that about Pa. She hated the way Pa was, too, but it did not seem right for Tom to be so disrespectful. Only—poor Tom! He did get the worst of it all the time. And when you hadn't anything about a father to respect, it was hard work respecting. But there was the fourth commandment—or was it the fifth? She didn't know her catechism very well any more. Rodge had left the book out in the rain two years ago and they didn't have another.

Pa was shoving back his chair, and the kitchen stood at attention as he did so. He snarled at Matie:

"Where's my pipe? What'd you do with it? Where's my hat? That kid got that horse hitched yet?"

"Yes, Pa." Rose thrust Jane back in Matie's arms, and began hunting the hat. *Oh, where was it?* If Tom had hidden it again—no, thank goodness;—here it was. "Here, Pa. Here's your hat. Your pipe's sticking out of your pocket there. Yes, Rodge has the horse hitched. (Oh, Rodge, please have her hitched. If you've been playing around he'll beat you, sure—Rodge, please, *please* have her ready!)"

"You kids get those chicken coops cleaned today, and cut up the seed potatoes. Tom, you stay home from school

and get that plowing done." They were outside the house now; and the flow of orders, embellished by oaths, continued. "See that you get all the lumps dragged out of that ground. Do you hear me?" menacingly.

"Yeh, I hear you. I ain't deaf."

"Answer me, then—standing there like a dummy—"

At last he was gone, with a cut of the whip across Lady's quivering flanks. Matie, with the baby, limped painfully back into the kitchen, while the three children watched their father out of sight. Tom's face was black with anger.

"The old—"

"Tom! You're not to talk that way."

"How else would you talk about him? I knew I'd have to stay out of school and do that plowing. Guess it's a good thing I don't like school."

"I'll stay home and help you, Tom."

"Like so much mud you will. We don't all need to be dummies in this family. You're going to school—and Rose is, too. Even if he did leave you two days' work to do."

"But I want to stay home, Tom. It's different with Rose. Rose *likes* school—"

"Shut up, or I'll take a crack at you. You're going to school, whether you like it or not. Want to grow up to be a good-for-nothin', like your old man? Want to be a Kieble all your life?"

"You don't need to take it out on him, 'cause you're mad at Pa." flared Rose, quick in defense of her twin. "Come on, Rodge. You didn't eat your breakfast."

"I know it. I'm starved, too. Are there any cakes left, Rose?"

"Stacks of them. Pa's appetite wasn't so good this morning. Gee! the smoke in here's awful. Can I leave the door open a little way, Matie? It's warm enough."

"O Lor', I don't care—I don't care for anything. My feet hurt so, and I'm all upset anyhow this morning. I'll



wrap the baby's feet up, so she don't get colicky."

"Can I have some butter for my cakes, Matie?"

"Yes." Matie smiled at Roger, who was always her favorite, and smoothed back his upstanding hair with her rough hand. "I saved you out a little pat. It's in the stone crock in the corner of the cupboard, Rosie. I thought your Pa wouldn't look there. Probably he wouldn't say much if he did see it, but he always liked to sell the butter while the price is good. He's forehanded."

"Forehanded!" thought Rose, bringing Roger his butter. "Stingy—just plain stingy. I don't see why we can't have things like other people. Matie puts up with too much. I bet you if I ever get a husband, I won't put up with too much."

Roger and Rose drove the two cows to pasture. The sun was just coming up. Rover raced excitedly beside them, yipping at the cows and nipping their heels. When reprimanded for his zeal, he left the lane for the fields beside, there to dig ecstatically after field mice, and bark at a mythical rabbit in a brush pile. Failing to lure the boy and girl from their beaten path, he returned to trail sedately behind them, until the cows were safely inside the big gate at the end of the lane. Then all three, boy, girl and dog raced down the steep hill to the river. There Roger and Rose climbed onto a tree branch overhanging the water. This was their favorite retreat.

"We ought to clean the chicken coops," said Roger, doubtfully.

"After school, Rodge, there'll be plenty of time for that, and for the seed potatoes too. It's dark when Pa gets home. Rodge, I'm going to get ten dollars?"

At this astonishing declaration Roger nearly fell from the tree. He recovered his balance with a laugh.

"Gosh! don't say such things. I nearly took a bath in the river. Where'd you get ten dollars?"

"I'm going to win that spelling match on the Last Day."

Roger grinned derisively. "You ain't good enough."

"I am too—or I will be. I'm going right over to Mis' James this very day and get the hardest speller she's got. I been thinking about it ever since Friday night, when Teacher told us. I'll study and study. We'll bring the book down here every morning and you can ask me all the words."

"Aw, Rose—" protesting.

"You needn't say, 'Aw, Rose!' I do plenty things for you; and you'll get some good of the money, too. Don't you want me to get ten dollars?"

"But you can't beat Hattie Crewes."

"I can, too. I'm just as smart as she is. Besides, I got more will power."

"What's that?"

"It—it's something that helps you do things you want to do. You just close your eyes and say: 'I'll do it.' And then you do it."

"Aw—"

"Honest Injun, Rodge."

"You're a funny kid, Rose. Tom says you're cracked."

"I don't care." Rose leaned forward to drop a twig into the water and watch it float away. "Tom just talks. Tom's all right. We fight a lot, but—"

"Guess all kids fight," mused Roger, philosophically, "cept you and me. Why don't we, Rose?"

"Probably because we're twins. We're an awful lot alike, Rodge. Only I'm the one that's got the will power."

"It ought to be me—I'm the boy."

"Ye-e-es. But I guess you're like our mother. Maybe she was gentle like you, Rodge—sort of easy-spoken and easy-doing. She must have been, to live with Pa. I'm like Pa, I guess. Only I'll use my will power a different way than he uses his. I'm going to be *somebody*



when I grow up, Rodge. Not just a missus with a house and a family, but *somebody*. Probably I'll ride in a carriage, and have white horses with shiny things on their harness. Probably I'll have a hat with plumes. I'm going to have a lot of money."

"Where you going to get it?" skeptically.

"I'll get it with my will power. Probably I'll write things. Miss Kate says I will. She says I got talent."

"What's talent?"

"Gosh, Rodge, you want to know what's everything. I ain't a dictionary. Anyhow, when I grow up I'll have money and I'll do things for the rest of you."

"I'll do for myself," said Rodge, sturdily. "I ain't goin' to have no girl doin' for me. I guess maybe I'll be a 'splorer. Maybe I'll find a new continent."

"That'll be swell. I'll live on it with you. But first you got to let me do something for you. I'm going to get you a mouth organ."

"When?"

"When I get the ten dollars."

"Oh, that!"

"Yes, *that*. Grin, if you want to. You'll grin out of the other side of your mouth when you get that mouth organ. I'm going to get Tom some marbles, too; and something for the baby, and a new parlor lamp, and something for Matie, and a white Sunday dress for me—with blue hair ribbons. I'm so tired of having my hair tied up with carpet rags, Rodge. Even the Podesky kids have hair ribbons."

"What do you care? You've got prettier hair than even Hattie's."

Oh, no, Rodge. Not prettier than *Hattie's*. *She's a blonde*. Her hair is like gold."

"What of it? Yours looks like new pennies, and they're prettier than gold; and it's so long you can sit on it."

"Yes, but I want ribbons, Rodge."

"Yeh. I guess girls do. But I don't know what for. Rags is just as handy. Rose, I wish you would get that money. I wish you would have enough to buy us a chocolate sody—like Pa got us that circus day when he took us to the parade. He was feeling pretty good that day, wasn't he?"

"He isn't always bad, Rodge. It's just—well, never mind. I guess maybe I'll have enough left for the sodas."

"Gee!"

Tom was getting the potato ground ready, there in the north end of the forty-acre. Plump-breasted robins were hopping along in the furrow made by the blue-steel plow points, looking for plump white grubs. Roger and Rose paused to follow the plow, too, wriggling their toes in the cool, damp earth. They lingered until they heard the first school bell ringing. Then Rose started home in dismay.

"I was going to do the dishes for Matie," she thought, with a twinge of remorse. "Poor Matie! her feet hurt so."

It was a very hard speller, decided Rose, that evening, as she perched again on her tree by the river and leafed through the book which Mrs. James had given her. There were words in it she had never seen before. But she would learn them. Heedless of passing time, she bent her copper-colored head above the pages, and studied.

An April breeze came up the river and set the branches about her to swaying. A convoy of ducks came down the river and swam about the roots of her tree, looking at her and quacking curiously. Far away on the hilltop, with dusk gathering around her, Matie cupped her tired hands about her lips and hallooed for the missing child.

"Ro-sie-e! Ro-sie-e-e!"

But it took a sudden flash of spring lightning and a clap of thunder to tumble the girl from her place. Then she came to with a start.



"It's almost dark," she gasped. "The chicken-coops! the seed potatoes! Oh! what will Papa say?"

The patient cows still waited at the upper gate. She let them into the lane, and followed penitently after. Tom came out with the milking pails as she drove them into the barnyard.

"It's about time you got home," he growled. "Where you been, anyway?"

"Studying spelling. I'm going to win ten dollars. But, oh, Tom! I didn't do the coops—or the potatoes. I'll get a licking, sure—"

"Serves you right. Better get out in the woodshed and get busy at those potatoes. The old man'll be here soon."

But when she got to the shed, the potatoes were already cut.

"Tom did them," explained Roger, coming in with the day's crop of eggs, "while I did the coops. Old Blackie wants to set. I put fresh straw in that end nest, and Matie says you'd better charcoal some of these, and get her on 'em. She'll be the first hen this spring."

The coops and the potatoes done! Rose felt quick tears starting.

"You and Tom are so good to me," she said humbly, "I don't deserve it."

"Ain't you got enough sense to come in out o' the rain?" complained Matie, from her everlasting post by the cook-stove. "Look at you—wet as a silly old hen. You ain't got a rag to put on either. Everything in the washing, and me rendering lard all last week. Sometimes I wish your Pa wasn't a butcher. Oh, Lor'! there's that young'un, bawling again. Seems to me she must need some kind of medicine, she's so cross."

"Can I put on your wrapper, Matie?"

"I guess so. Hang your wet clothes here on the chairback. These didies are dry."

"I'll rock the baby, Matie. Can I have a lamp in there?"

"For the land's sake, what for? You can rock a baby in the dark."

"I want to study spelling."

"Study?" Matie's face was a study in bewilderment, "You *study*? I declare! I never saw you do anything but waste your time makin' up pieces, before. Well, take the lantern, if you're a mind to. We ain't got but one good lamp. Oh, Lor'! I'm plumb filled up with this lard smell. Rodge, carry in that rocker for your sister; then take some of these cracklin's to the chickens."

Rose set the lantern on the bureau, and pirouetted to admire herself in the cracked mirror. Matie's best wrapper didn't fit very well, but it was a lovely pink. In the dim light it made her look almost glamorous, but the carpet rags spoiled the effect. Vexedly, she yanked them off, and swept her braids atop her head. That was better, she thought. Anchoring them there with two of Matie's big bone hairpins, she stooped to the wailing infant.

"There, honey, there." She lifted her, and set her to sucking on her index finger, that being the one with the least charcoal on it. "Quiet, now. Sissie will take care of you. How'd you like to hear some nice spelling, huh? Wait'll I get my book. Here it is. And here's a pretty word—'disappear'—d-i-s-a-p-p-e-a-r."

Lulled by the monotonous repetition of words and letters, Janie went to sleep.

(To be continued.)

## Indians at Pioneer Square

By Helen Maring

*Aliens in a white man's street—*

*Traffic noise and motor grime—*

*Once your father's tom-toms beat*

*Rhythms to the pulse of time.*

*Fat papoose and toothless squaw*

*Standing on the curb in doubt,*

*Here the heartless city's maw*

*Reaches for you with a shout.*

*Once the Indian council-fire*

*Burned where stately buildings stand.*

*You are lost from old desire,*

*Strangers in a stranger land.*

## To Men of Good Will

By John P. Smith

THE low-set, shiny car nosed its way protestingly through small billows of snow which the wind had whipped together across the bleak prairie road. The stream-lined Zephyr, built to skim along smooth speedways of endless concrete, looked resentfully out of place here on this country road gutted with snow. Now and then its wavering twin beams of light spotted the momentarily paralyzed form of a rabbit or struck fire in the eye of a straying cat, but usually there was nothing to relieve the monotony of the vast stretches of snow glittering in the moonlight and dissected into square by miles of fence.

The man back of the wheel bore the unmistakable aura of the true professional man; not a peculiarity of dress or manner, but the distinct magnetism of a soul devoted to the service of others. His heavy figure bespoke a vibrant and restless energy in its every move. The puffy circles under his eyes were the marks for this country doctor, of many sleepless nights spent in the company of the afflicted. With him sat a figure robed in black and white. The nun's face too bore the marks of worry and anxiety, though one had to wait for the intervals between frequent smiles to see the small wrinkles creasing her forehead and the lines about her firm mouth.

The brother and sister now sat in silence. The emotions flooding their souls made it difficult to speak. As she had stepped off the train to see her brother for the first time in six years, she had broken into tears. She who had been able to live through repeated bombings and horrors as a missionary in China, she who had tended the wounds of body and soul for terror-stricken refugees, was at last unburdening the repressed longings of years.

"How are Dad and Mother? Have they aged much? How have they stood everything?"

Then for a time words had flown fast in the mutual joy of again discovering each other, but even as the shrill whistle of the departing train could still be heard sending its melancholy shriek to the chilly stars, this silence had settled upon them. He was proud of this sister of his who had just returned from the Orient and in whose honor the family had gathered at the old homestead to celebrate Christmas together. She was thinking as she looked at him how the years had aged him; she was thinking of the dear faces that she would soon see, and wondering whether such a change would be recorded in all of them.

"We are going immediately to Fairfax to Midnight Mass as you know. The others have no doubt left by this time. Yes, the place looks deserted; they've gone already."

They were passing the old home place now and the nun eagerly strained to pierce the darkness and identify each little feature which had so impressed itself on her mind during the absence.

"Jane and Carl arrived last night and Charles and Mary will be over for dinner and the afternoon," remarked the doctor as he maneuvered the car through a particularly deep drift.

They were now approaching the little town and lights could be seen piercing the darkness from all directions as the farmers hurried to Midnight Mass. The doctor remembered how when he was a boy instead of wavering shafts of light, sleigh bells could be heard dancing on the air as they huddled under the blankets in the old bobsleigh. As they drew up in front of the church, each gayly-colored beam of light reflected upon the white snow by the windows struck a respondent chord of memories for the nun. Everything looked the same. Many faces were unfamiliar but



each was alike in bearing the open countenance of a people who work close to the soil. Merry salutations were being exchanged on all sides accompanied by huge gusts of frosty breath.

As long as the nun could remember, the choir had sung "Silent Night, Holy Night" just before the beginning of Mass. The singers were doing so as she entered and saw the familiar altar covered with candles and flowers. Through a mist of tears she saw the bent figures of her father and mother, their prayer books held in their worn hands.

There was the doctor's family, and as he came down the aisle the glorious words rang through his ears: "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy . . . for this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord." A feeling of peace descended upon him, and he remembered the words brought to the earth by the Child: "He that will be first among you, shall be your servant." His bedside vigils, his weary struggles were bathed in a new light.

Beside the doctor knelt his sister Jane with her husband and children. Her eyes kept straying to the lighted crib and rested on the Virgin and Child. Carl and she lived on a slender purse and how many little added conveniences could have been theirs if there were only the two of them, and what pointed sarcasm had come her way more than once at social gatherings. But the Virgin seemed to smile as she held out the child who so loved the little ones.

As the moment of Consecration approached, the nun thought of the years spent in the mission field to which she would soon return. Could anyone but that Child have drawn her from home and country? For this Child had said to mankind for all eternity: "He that shall lose his life for me shall find it." For Him were all things lost—father, mother, brother and sister. She could even now see her mother rapt in earnest attention.

The mother's heart was bursting with joy. How good it was to have all her loved ones together again! It was so much sweeter, for she had keenly felt the pain of losing loved ones; some had died in her arms, the others had gone from her into the world.

"Little Jesus, I have long ago placed them all in your hands along with my sacrifices." Filled though her heart was, the good woman could not help wondering whether the turkey would be tender and the pies turn out all right. She was also a bit peeved at papa. How could he have slept through the sermon even on Christmas Day?

As the beads slipped slowly through the gnarled and rough hands which had guided the plow for over half a century, the old father remembered adoring the Christ Child in the first log church which he had helped build. He thought of the struggles and sorrows of the years, but as he looked at his children gathered together, he whispered to the Child, "I'd do it all over again, Jesus."

The Mass was over, and as the congregation departed with thoughts of a happy day spent in the company of loved ones, the triumphant cry of the angels swept up the nave and to the altar: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."



## Kings and Camels

By Allen Ford

*Three camels from the Orient,*

*Three Kings upon their backs,*

*Lifted ageless desert dust*

*Above their desert tracks.*

*No dust is stirred by camels now,*

*With wise Kings from the East.*

*The gold, the incense, and the myrrh*

*Are spent upon the Beast.*

*O Jesus, Mary, Joseph,*

*Again may camels bring*

*The kings of all the world*

*To see the Little King!*

## Pontifical and Ecclesiastical Rings

By Edna S. Sollars

FOR many centuries the rings worn by each succeeding Pontiff have symbolized the mystical and inseparable union of the priesthood with the Church. By their beauty, value and engraving they have expressed something of the solemn dignity and obligation vested in the supreme head of a great religion. Traditions cluster around the ancient origin of these jewels, and more than one has passed through stern and stirring times, or shared in dramatic and incisive events of history.

The Fisherman's Ring is the Papal ring of investiture. One of the duties of the Papal Grand Chamberlain is to have custody over this sacred circlet. It goes with him to the Conclave of Cardinals on the momentous occasions when a new Pope is to be elected. Old legends tell that the Fisherman's Ring once belonged to St. Peter himself, but this gracious story has long since been disproved. The ring indeed is known to derive its name from the engraving upon it—that of St. Peter fishing from a boat.

Immediately after the successful candidate for the Papacy has been announced, he is conducted to the throne of St. Peter, and the investing Cardinal places the ring upon his finger, before homage is paid to the new Pope by the remaining members of the Conclave. The investing Cardinal inquires what Papal name will be chosen by the new Head of the Church, so it may be engraved upon the vacant space on the ring.

Long usage has established the custom of breaking the Fisherman's Ring upon the death of each reigning Pontiff, and before the election of his successor. However, like most human rules, this is occasionally broken, as in the case of Innocent the Tenth, when the

name engraved upon the ring was cut down or erased. Many of the usual ceremonies observed at the decease of a Pope were dispensed with upon the death of Pius the Sixth, and the famous ring remained unbroken. This ring served both as private and official seal until Calixtus the Third ascended the Papal throne, when it was reserved for official documents only. This precedent has been followed without deviation.

The Fisherman's Ring has seen stormy times. It was in 1798 that the French Republic decided to remove all Papal authority to France; and the great treasury of the Church was looted by men who feared neither God nor devil. The door of the Pope's apartment was rudely thrown open, and a brusque messenger demanded the immediate surrender of whatever wealth might have escaped confiscation.

"We have already given up all we possess," said the Pope.

"Not all," said the messenger greedily. "You still wear two very rich rings. Let me have them."

The Pope removed one jewel from his finger. "I can give you this one," he said, "for it is indeed my own. Take it. But the other is the Ring of the Fisherman. It is the property of the Church, and must descend to my successor. It will."

"It will pass first to me, Holy Father," said the sacrilegious messenger. "And if you do not surrender it quietly, it will be taken from you by force."

There was much discussion and controversy over the possession of this holy symbol, but it ultimately remained upon the finger for which it was intended.

Known to be at least four hundred years old, is the magnificent bloodstone worn by the Pope upon occasions of state,—most exquisitely carved with the head of our Saviour. It has a distinctly official character of its own, and is



used upon the lead seals of the Church documents of the utmost importance. The Fisherman's Ring is also a member of the official family, and its impress is made upon the wax seals of ecclesiastical papers of somewhat lesser importance. Prior to the eleventh century, all rings were signet rings, as large seals were then unknown.

Papal rings of the Middle Ages were enormous in size, and massive in design. Frequently they were made of gilt bronze, and were ornamented with rich jewels and engravings of the Four Evangelists, the Triple Crown and Crossed Keys. During the reign of Henry the Eighth of England, when that monarch looked with covetous eyes upon the vast monastic holdings of the Church, he despoiled the monasteries of their treasures. Many of these ancient Pontifical rings were wrested from the safekeeping of the Church, four of them having long reposed in the Cathedral of Worcester.

The earliest authentic record in which a Bishop's ring is mentioned is generally ascribed to the Twenty-eighth Canon of the Council of Toledo, held in 633. The ring was of gold and sumptuously gemmed. The bestowal of such rings caused much friction between the Church and the State for several centuries, as each monarch and Pope felt he should officiate at such a solemn ceremony. However, this controversy was permanently settled in the Twelfth Century, when Emperor Henry the First surrendered to the actual authority of Pope Calixtus the Second, and the precedent has since been observed.

The custom of burying prelates clad in their ecclesiastical robes and jewels lasted far down through the Middle Ages, but after repeated vandalism of tombs and the frequent stripping of the dead of all vestments and insignia the burial robes became severe in their simplicity. When the skeleton of St.

Dunstan was discovered, during the time of William, the fortieth Abbot of Glastonbury, the bony hand still bore a ring upon one finger. Glastonbury was the recipient of many costly and holy gifts from Adam Sudbury, while he served as its fifty-third Abbot. None among them was valued more highly than the ring which had been worn by St. Thomas the Martyr, at the time when he was murdered by the swords of his enemies.

Religious rings adorn the third finger of the right hand, the thumb and first two fingers being reserved as emblematic of the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity. Previous to the comparatively recent year of 1827, however, such rings were worn upon the left hand. Pope Gregory the Fourth, recognizing the more impressive power, strength and leadership indicated by the right, established the custom of wearing ecclesiastical rings upon this hand, a custom which has ever since prevailed.

Even before the far-distant ninth century, decade or rosary rings were worn and used by the devout, and many of these circlets are still to be found in British and European collections of ancient relics. The number of projections placed at regular intervals around these rings ranged from ten to twelve in number. The ten indicated a corresponding number of Hail Marys—the larger eleventh knob was that for the Lord's Prayer, the occasional twelfth stood for the repetition of the Apostles' Creed. Now and then, three tiny beads were placed between the larger projections, suggesting the Three Persons of the Holy Trinity.

One of the most famous of these ancient prayer rings was given to Stoneyhurst College by the Reverend Mother Una Moore, Lady Abbess of the English Augustinian nunnery in Bruges, Belgium. Mother Moore was the sister of Father Moore, the last male descend-

ant of the lilting Irish bard, Thomas Moore.

As the ship is symbolic of the Church, the palm of martyrdom and the anchor of hope and immortality, as the fish is emblematic of Christ, the dove of peace, and the horse of strength in faith, so the ring, whose circlet knows neither Alpha nor Omega, is the visible expression of eternity.

### The Business of Being Busy

By Katherine Donahue

"DO you ever wonder about the people who write to the 'Question and Answer' column conducted by newspapers for advice?"

Thus spoke Marcella to a small group of friends sitting before the glowing grate one bitterly cold Sunday. We had been idly chattering for half an hour or so while Marcella was engrossed in the Sunday Edition.

"They will outline their most personal affairs to an entire stranger, presumably depending on this stranger to hold inviolate a confidence which they would not think of reposing in their most intimate friend."

Marcella waved the Sunday paper over her head, and we saw she was working up into one of her white heats.

"Just listen; here is a woman who thinks she has a real problem, and she is writing to this woman for advice. Now does she for one instant think this column writer is going to lie awake nights trying to solve her problem, if problem you could call it?" Thus continued Marcella, walking back and forth and showing signs of unmistakable wrath.

When her companions lazily inquired what all the excitement was about, she went on to explain that the lady writing for advice acknowledges she has everything an average woman could ask for—a kind husband, two lovely chil-

dren, a modest home of their own. In fact, much to be thankful for. But how she abhors that phrase! She is bored with life, going to the market every day, selecting vegetables, seeing the older girl off to school, then at the end of the day walking down to the station with the two children to meet the husband and father. It annoys her intensely to have to reply to the pleasant greetings of the neighbors who pass them on the way. She never does any entertaining, except a few relatives, once in a great while, and never does she have the opportunity of going to an affair where she might wear a formal evening gown.

She further goes on to amplify her sad state by saying, while she loves her husband, home and children, it is absolutely maddening to think of continuing on in this treadmill for the next fifty years. The principal fault she finds with the husband is that he loves her, the children, and his home, enjoys working in his garden, and is seemingly well content with the modest income which he makes which seems to be sufficient at least for their daily needs.

"What do you think of all this woe? What would you advise her?" Marcella was still walking back and forth like an enraged tigress.

"Well," said practical Martha, "my first advice would be for her to go and consult a physician as to her health. If that is all right, then I would advise that she give her maid (as presumably she has one) a four weeks' vacation with pay. She does not speak of any household duties except the marketing. Let her then turn in and work like the last day was just around the corner and everything had to be put in shipshape. After four weeks of this, perhaps she will be better able to enjoy the good things of life and take up some other outside interests that will help her fill her time and assist the community in which she lives."



Gertrude ventured the opinion that what this lady needed most was to sit down quietly and meditate on how many a woman would be supremely happy if herself and family were privileged to live in these pleasant circumstances, free from all the worry of trying to make widely divergent ends meet. And also to take into consideration what her problem would be if this dear, kind husband should cease to be content with his lot and devote his time and attention elsewhere, or if God were to see fit to call him home, and she had to provide the living for herself and two children. Gertrude thought if she would do this each day she would soon banish forever the evil spirits of discontent that seemed to be obtaining possession of her.

"But, Marcella, what advice is she given by the newspaper writer; and why get so excited? It is not our problem, is it?"

"No, Martha, it is not our problem and neither does it appear to be the problem of the one asked for advice. She simply tells her that many women, in both rich and poor circumstances, experience this same feeling of being surfeited with the drabness of their lives, but offers no counsel. Perhaps she is fearful of offending some of the 'dear public' if she would serve them some good wholesome truths."

Life is very complicated these days. Most of us have no true sense of values. Sometimes we cannot but wonder if the objective points most of us have in view are worth the time and efforts put forth in attaining them.

If we would but pause each day and give even a scant half hour, or even ten minutes, to sincere meditation, no doubt the good resulting would be incalculable. We could then vision the way our bark is drifting and chart a better and safer course, if needed: one more certain to bring us into the desired port.

There is an old proverb, "Haste makes waste." And sometimes this is true in the spiritual as well as in the material sense. Most of the wrongdoing in the world is probably the outcome of action without due reflection. If we would but pause each day for a short period of quiet and introspection, how many grievous sins would be avoided. Our souls would have an opportunity to free themselves from the all too smothering accumulations of worldly affairs. We would live sweeter, cleaner lives, more in conformity with the truths inculcated in the Sermon on the Mount.

The average person of no religious belief will shudder at the word "meditate." It is something gruesome and very unpleasant; something to be avoided by all means. And, indeed, it is very doubtful if the greater part of that large body known as the Catholic laity do not overlook this means of gaining sanctity. While it is true Catholics meditate to a certain extent while reciting the Rosary and making the Stations of the Cross, still very few devote any time to serious reflection, except perhaps in the time devoted to the examination of conscience before receiving the Sacrament of Penance.

If at first one find it difficult to meditate, if we will but sit quietly in the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament, or even in our homes, a feeling of peace and content will envelop us, and in some mysterious manner we will find ourselves strengthened and comforted. Our Blessed Lord will reach out His divine hand to help us if we are but in earnest.

## Back Home

By Queena Davison Miller

*For twenty years the train went by*

*On schedule never varying,*

*While Grandma watched with wistful eye—*

*To go at last, for burying.*

## Valiant Woman

By Maurice Reidy

THE name of Louise Jumelin is unknown to fame, though she was the grandmother of one of the greatest of French artists, Jean François Millet. She had, however, an influence on the life and art of her world-famous grandson which began in his early childhood, and remained with him throughout his life. "She was," writes a French admirer of Millet, "an old countrywoman of intense religious faith, seeing everything in God, and mingling God in every scene of nature and act of life."

One of Millet's early recollections of his grandmother was her awakening him one morning when he was a little child, and saying to him: "Up, my little François! If you only knew what a long time the birds have been singing the glory of God."

When he had to leave home to go to Paris, her parting words to him were: "I would rather see you dead than apostate and unfaithful to God's commands." When, after much physical and mental suffering, he was making a small success of his art career in Paris, which city was to him an unpleasant place of exile away from his beloved Normandy, his grandmother again reminded him of the only thing that mattered in life. "Remember, my François," she said, "that you were a Christian before you were a painter; do not sacrifice to things indecent. . . . Paint for eternity, and think that the trumpet that will call to judgment is on the eve of sounding." To these admonitions, in harmony with his own feelings, Millet was faithful during his life.

The family of Millet belonged to the well-to-do Norman-French peasantry. His father, the precentor in the village church, had a cultivated musical taste. He is described as a gentle, meditative man, who had vague artistic instincts. He is also described as an observer of

animals, plants and people, and he first showed his famous son the beauty of the fields. His mother, whose maiden name was Du Perron, belonged to a very wealthy family of farmers. One of her great-uncles was a priest who had defied the dominant powers during the Revolution by persistently refusing to take the oath to the Constitution, or to modify even by a hair's-breadth his uncompromising faith. Another of her great-uncles was learned in chemistry; another was a farmer and miller who had won local fame as a scholar and authority on French literature. But the most outstanding member of the family to which Millet belonged was his grandmother, Louise Jumelin, and it was she who always had the most influence on his life and work.

The home life of the family was an ideal one for bringing up men and women of strong and dignified character. The books on the shelves to which Millet had access from his childhood, contained amongst others, the Bible, the Fathers of the Church, the French ecclesiastical orators of the seventeenth century, the works of St. Augustine, as well as the works of the great French essayists and dramatists. The French peasant family to which Millet belonged knew how to cultivate their own minds as well as their own land.

To this valiant woman, Louise Jumelin, the world is indebted for her influence on her grandson. She typified in the highest degree the fine qualities of the rural Norman-French character, which Millet afterwards interpreted to the world at large. She it was who helped to strengthen the spiritual basis of his life. Knowing a great deal about God, she worked—and not in vain—to make His ever-abiding presence the one and only reality in the heart and mind of her grandson. Knowing nothing of art, she had, for all that, a greater influence on Millet's work than all his friendly and unfriendly critics.



## Thy Will Be Done

By Mary Frances Dorsey

IN adversity it is hard to say sincerely: God's Will be done. Though the sorrows of life outnumber its joys, it is difficult for most of us to train our wills to accept them resignedly for the love of God. We endure them with little if any thought of the merit they can gain for us, meanwhile, praying only for their cessation.

In this age of mad haste in the interest of material acquisition far too many Catholics interpret religion as regular attendance at Sunday Mass, occasional reception of the Sacraments, contributing a few dollars for Parish needs and charity—all very important external observances. But, the inner Christian life escapes them entirely because its binding force, the Will of God, has been superseded by human desire. When health or life is seriously threatened we face squarely the real issues involved in mortal existence. On the whole, spiritual meditation is left to priests and religious. The agitation for a Catholic Press and its wider dissemination may eventually clothe spiritual matters in an everyday work dress and habituate the laity to reflection about the prime motive of man's being.

How glibly "Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven" falls from millions of lips daily without making the least dent in selfishness! A yearly Mission or Triduum may leave an impression on our self-love, but it will be transient unless we employ systematically a given spiritual exercise to make it deeper and lasting. If each day for one minute, we concentrate on the significance of "Thy Will be done" our realization of its tremendous import will come gradually to full fruition through the Light of the Holy Spirit.

The siege of prayer may be long before a recalcitrant will surrender to the Divine Plan, but virtue's progress

is slow and arduous. If the effort to advance in perfection, which in simple terms is the doing of God's Will, is continuous He will perform His wonders. Ultimately, each one of us will soliloquize in this vein: I believe God is Infinite Perfection. He is loving, good, wise, powerful, merciful beyond all limitation. Loving me more than I can love myself He in goodness will bestow gifts upon me, temporal as well as spiritual. And like a good human father only infinitely more so He will give me nothing that can harm me. His Infinite Wisdom knows which of my prayers, if granted, would injure soul or body. Boundless confidence in God's Power inspires utter reliance upon Him which begets a Christian fortitude that enables one to meet the vicissitudes of life with a courageous, sincere: Thy Will be done. And I need not quail at the thought of severe trials, for Divine Mercy will temper the wind to the shorn lamb. Shall I pit human ignorance against the Omniscience of a Creator Who made all souls for eternal happiness? So much does He desire souls to be saved that He sent His Son to live thirty-three years in this Vale of Tears and to suffer every sorrow inherent in mortality—except sin—to a degree beyond the endurance of human flesh, that Heaven might once more be man's heritage.

Contemplation of this kind is surely comforting and is the natural result of faithful co-operation with divine grace, poured upon us for the asking. Thus strengthened, we shall be sustained in time of great stress and not find it hard to say: Thy Will, not mine, be done.

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## Egotists

By Eliot Kays Stone

*For twice ten thousand thousand years  
The cocks have crowed as one,  
And each of those bold chanticleers  
Thought he roused up the sun.*

# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

A child's definition: The liver is an infernal organ.

♦ ♦

Asia is the largest continent, having an area of 17,000,000 square miles.

♦ ♦

The lowest depression on earth is the Dead Sea, 1290 feet below sea level.

♦ ♦

The average person has in the neighborhood of 3500 square inches of skin.

♦ ♦

Big League teams frequently use between three and four dozen balls during a game.

♦ ♦

The man who doesn't read good books has no advantage over the man who can't read them.—*Anon.*

♦ ♦

If an elephant in proportion to its size ate as much as a mouse, it would consume about twenty thousand pounds of fodder daily.

♦ ♦

Although there are two hundred bones in the human body, some anatomists name 206 by including the ossicles of the ear.

♦ ♦

St. Alexander, Eastern Abbot who died in 440, retired to the desert, converted thirty robbers, and changed their den into a monastery.

♦ ♦

In round numbers the Poultry Industry of the United States produces every year approximately thirty billion eggs,

nearly four hundred million chickens, between fifteen million and twenty million turkeys, about ten million ducks, and four million geese.

♦ ♦

The world's oldest living thing is supposed to be a macrozamia tree in Queensland, Australia, estimated to be more than twelve thousand years old.

♦ ♦

A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, which is caused disagreeably to jolt by every pebble over which it runs.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

♦ ♦

Franklin Delano Roosevelt never saw the inside of a classroom as a regular student until he was fifteen. Having been born rich, and being an only son, he was privately tutored.

♦ ♦

It is said that over the world 100 die every minute of the day and night. That means six thousand an hour or over four million every month. What an opportunity for prayer!

♦ ♦

A ten-dollar-a-week actor once laughingly suggested to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle that they divide their incomes with each other for life. Sir Conan just as laughingly refused. Later he wished he hadn't, for the youngster was Charlie Chaplin.

♦ ♦

According to the *Scientific American* Painleve, thrice Premier of France, was so absent-minded that once when expecting a friend he wrote the following note and pinned it to his door: "Painleve will return in 15 minutes." Returning a quarter of an hour later, he sat down with the note in his hand and waited for himself during the requested period of time. Try that one some time on the pest who is always topping your best stories.



# Weekly Page

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By THE EDITOR

## Our New Year's Wish

UNLESS an executive order postpone New Year's Day from January First to a month later, we wish all the readers of this Page a Happy New Year for Monday, January 1, 1940. But should Santa Claus need more elbow room for his Christmas shopping, and should Father Time be pushed from his traditional date of the horse-and-buggy days to a new date assigned him by the new regimentation, we wish you a Happy New-Deal. On either date may you not have so much of gladness the evening before as to have sadness the day following. Many a bright night is followed by a grey morning, many a happy going out is succeeded by a gloomy returning.

What does this Page wish you for this New Year? Let us begin negatively by indicating some things it does not wish for you. It does not ardently hope that you will superabound in money. Why? Because excess of money has changed the substance of prudence and sanity into playboyishness and folly in some score of persons one could name on a moment's notice. There are men and women who when they had enough to live on were temperate and wise. Then great wealth came with some favoring wind. They built big houses in town, bigger houses in the country, but never lived within them for more than a week at a stretch. A husband and a wife carried on, loved and were happy when the week's wage paid the week's bills with a little to spare. Later they became very rich somehow—the how is not so important. Today they live apart in opulence, trailed by the fragments of broken bonds and shattered earlier hopes. They have posses-

sions without happiness, pleasure without contentment.

Neither does this Page wish you great station, unless you have disciplined your head to stand the strain of high altitudes. A man may be sane with humility, restrained with gentleness, soft-spoken and willing to listen in low station or high. Captains have been humble and plain soldiers have been proud. Yet it is a fine test of balance when a man or woman who has achieved ranking through recognition in Church, State, Learning, or the Arts, keeps in the way of the valley while shining on the hill. May you go high, if when you have gone your heart is still tempered by gentleness, your mind still an open house where questing vagrants are welcomed and heard.

If you are a Catholic, pray for the grace of properly balancing time things with things of eternity. You know some rich men and women in our membership whom money has beggared of eternity values. Sacraments, prayer, penance, the wonder of the Mass, children happily married within their Faith—all these are a lost tradition: memories of a happier long ago.

All said, it seems best to wish you only eternity things for the coming New year. May you know compellingly the value of your own soul. It is the best part of you. Indeed it is all of you. May you get here enough of time things to propel your soul in its quest of eternity things. You will say this is too spiritual an ideal for the catch-as-catch-can world in which you live. Wait twenty, thirty, or forty years. Then check. It will be as true then as it is now, and as it was when Christ said it, that nothing less than God is worth the exchange of a soul.

## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**The Church Before Pilate**, by Edward Leen, C. S. Sp. (Pp. 78.) The Presentation Press, Silver Spring, Md. Price, \$1.

This slender book presents four vigorous essays, worthy of Father Leen's pen. The introductory essay, *The Church and the World*, deals with the paradox of Christ's goodness and the world's hatred, first of Him and then of His Church. Next, *The Church and the State* explains how the Church, loyal to all legitimate forms of government, has nonetheless been combated by all, not because she is opposed to man's earthly happiness, but because she champions true liberty against the tyranny possible to all forms of government. The third essay, *The Cross Is the Crux*, is a strikingly beautiful defense of Christ's solution for the ills of man against the continued folly of the world's persecution of the followers of the Cross. The conclusion, *Origin of Life's Enigmas*, shows the reason for this worlding blindness in original sin.

The books abound in crisp and quotable passages, which again evidence Father Leen's power of translating theology into life. Little more than a pamphlet, despite the effort of the printer to stretch out its length, it is a dear book at a dollar price. But what a bargain, could we but make its perspectives our own!

William M. Robinson.

**The Catholic Immigrant Colonization Projects** in the United States 1815-1860, by Sister Mary Gilbert Kelly, O. P., Ph. D. United Catholic Historical Society, 346 Convent Ave., New York. Monograph Series XVII (1939).

In the history of the Catholic Church in the United States there is perhaps no more vital question than that concerning the relationship between immi-

gration and the growth of the Church. To discuss Catholic education, Catholic social work, or even Catholic religious statistics independently of the history of immigration is to risk a complete misunderstanding of the accomplishments of the Church in this country. This study contributes many important particulars towards a more detailed survey of the methods by which Catholic immigration was fostered in the first half of the nineteenth century. The general thesis of the book provides a good outline for that study. But the subject of the study is too large and the detailed studies too few to make this a final word on the subject. Before general essays of this type, there should be detailed examinations of sectional immigration projects. The author's facts are too scattered, there are frequent omissions in details, and a few errors that necessarily creep into such a large canvas. She has not clearly defined the subject of her research, leaving the word colony too inexact. There is no reference to Forbes Adams' study of Irish immigration. The study remains, however, a valuable contribution, and the details concerning several of the communities are brought into focus for the first time. It should increase the interest in this very important topic.

Thomas T. McAvoy.

**Learn of Me**, by the Rev. J. Kearney, C. S. Sp. Benziger Bros., New York. \$2.

Holiness cannot be reached by the mere negative desire to avoid sin. Deep friendship with God means positive action, and for that action one must know what holiness is and the means to attain it. Among the books dedicated to this teaching is *Learn of Me*.

Father Kearney presents some of the fundamental and simple truths of the spiritual life. It is of Christ we are to



learn holiness. We are to put on Christ, we are to possess His spirit, a spirit of loving dependence and complete conformity to the will of the Father. The first part of this book—Imitation of Christ—develops these virtues of Calvary. In this lesson our self-seeking and self-indulgence are contrasted with Christ's self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice. To forget self, however, requires great effort and effort often fails. Yet by prayer through Mary that failure will finally be replaced with success in the attainment of Christian perfection.

We have in this spiritual book an explanation of the fundamental virtues of the spiritual life: imitation of Christ, obedience, confidence, humility, self-denial and prayer. The treatment lends itself to spiritual reading and meditation: the chapters are divided into sections; topic headings are frequent; paragraphs are usually brief; main thoughts are italicized; and at the end of each chapter are outlines for meditation and prayer. As a book of doctrine and prayer, it will be appreciated both by those who are entering upon the spiritual life and by those who wish to grow in that life.

Richard H. Sullivan.

**The Glass Giant of Palomar**, by David Woodbury. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price, \$3.

Beyond the farthest star, in the opinion of an eminent English physicist, lurks perhaps the riddle of the universe. How far beyond the horizon, science does not know, but the new telescope, nearing completion atop Mount Palomar in California, will enable scientists to see twice as far as the billions of light years which they can peer into at present through the mystifying silence of space. Who can tell what discoveries the Glass Giant will reveal?

The problem of the construction of the Giant in its infinite ramifications is

a fabulous story in itself. Mr. Woodbury's scholarly pen has successfully avoided the confusing eddies of technical language to make the book one for popular reading. The Giant's background concerns the epic career of the late George E. Hale. In 1881 he wheedled from his father a few dollars for a home-made telescope. During the course of the years he built the Yerkes and Mount Wilson observatories. In 1939 his genius devised that scientific achievement, the "two hundred inch" telescope, for which the Rockefeller Foundation provided six million dollars. Intimate studies of Hale's strange, unselfish, tireless, and dauntless co-workers in glass and steel extend to many interesting pages. The Giant himself, minutely described, is as complicated an instrument as the human body, in structural details as delicate as a housefly's wing, and in size,—well, he would wear the seven league boots of fairyland.

This volume should make a ready appeal to those astronomers who have the leisure of a few hours only to gather a knowledge of the possibilities and limitations of the study of the heavens. A number of fine photographs, and pen-and-ink sketches give the air of the scientific workshop.

Joseph Kehoe.

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PAMPHLETS

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.: *The Christian Life Calendar*, 1940—by the Rev. William H. Peutter, S. J. 75c.

The Little Flower Mission Circle of New York, 389 E. 150th St., New York: *The Story of the Life of Saint Alphonsus for Children*.

Catechetical Guild, 128 East Tenth St., St. Paul, Minn.: *Catechetical Games and Plays* (twenty-eight game plans and six playlets), by the Rev. Joseph B. Collins, S. S., D. D., Ph. D. 50c.

## YOUNGER READERS

### Letter from Timothy

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

*If you had learned to write a perfect hand  
Instead of scrawling letters, up and down;  
If you had chosen paper creamy-white  
Instead of this, sticky and spotted brown,  
I might have shown your letter to the rest  
And framed it with their words of honest praise,  
Instead of tucking it into a box  
To cherish and to hold through coming days!*

### The Secret of the Shuttered Door

By Francis Y. Young

#### Chapter I—Gerry and Gene

GERRY and Gene waved sadly after the departing car. Gerry wept openly while Gene was not ashamed of the tears in his own eyes. Even Booker whined, as if he knew that "Daddy and Mamma" were going to be gone for a long time.

Dr. Flynn and his wife, "Mrs. Dorothy," as the G's called her, stood close to the children comfortingly. They were the best friends they had; it was the Doctor who had named the young brother and sister the G's, and Mamma Dorothy who had been like a big sister to them.

"Mom and Dad will only be gone about six weeks, anyhow;" Gene mastered his voice quite well. "We'll get through the time somehow, Gerry!"

"But it's so far!" wailed Gerry. "We'll have the whole ocean between us! I don't see why Daddy couldn't do enough business for his old firm right here—let somebody else go to England!"

They turned back into the living-room which Mrs. Dorothy had made bright with flowers, while the Doctor

kindled a big wood fire in the fireplace.

"Look here, G's and Booker!" advised Doctor Flynn, briskly, "not only am I Boss here, *in absentia* and also *loco parentis*—look those up in your Latin book, Gene!—but I am family physician. I have been worried about your mother all winter. She just had to get away—that was all—and this trip of your father's made it all simple. An ocean voyage will fix her up like new; you'll see! So stop crying and write a couple of nice cheerful letters to the boat. Air-mail will catch them before they sail. That will show them that you are unselfish; that as long as it is for your mother's good, that you're 'happy about the whole thing!'"

The Doctor and Mrs. Dorothy had moved over that day into the G's home so that they might look after the G's. They closed their apartment over the book-shop which Mrs. Dorothy had opened the year before and which, later on, she had turned into a Children's Library and Hobby-club. They would be ideal companions for the G's in the latter's free time, for the children were busy long hours at school every day. But although they did like the Flynn's so very much, both Gene and Gerry found it hard to cheer up.

"If you let out another sob, Gerry!" threatened the Doctor, "I'll leave home! Tears do something awful to me—especially a little girl's tears! Now suppose something terrible; suppose for instance, that I got that appointment to the laboratory in Baltimore that I tried so hard to get a few months ago? Then you wouldn't have your pals, Mr. and Mrs. Dorothy, to fall back on, even! And now, how's for a bit of a bite, wife? I could eat Booker, stewed up with a bit of garlic, I'm that hungry!"



"Well, he's sweet enough to eat!" retorted Gerry, with a slight return of her usual spirit. "But you're a horrid old ogre to talk that way! Well, I suppose Mrs. Dorothy and I had better go and get you boys some dinner right away!"

Gerry felt very grown-up and motherly talking that way. Mrs. Dorothy always let Gerry help cook and set the table in a way that Gerry's own mother wouldn't, because she thought Gerry was too young. Mrs. Dorothy was pretty new at housekeeping herself—so new that she had to ask Gerry's advice about whether to have carrots or peas. Gerry said that Gene hated carrots and that she herself did not like them any too well, so Mrs. Dorothy began to prepare the peas.

There were going to be advantages in having Mrs. Dorothy run things, Gerry began to see that! She and Gene would have their own way, pretty well. Both the Flynns were very fond of the G's and inclined to spoil them; Gene and Gerry thought that was a very good idea.

Gene and the Doctor went downstairs to put some coal on the furnace; these very early spring days were as cold as winter. Gene had been used to helping his father do this very thing; it made him so lonesome that he let one gulping sob escape. It wasn't so much that they were gone—it wasn't going to be so terribly long—but it was so far—so much could happen.

"Be a man, Gene," counselled the Doctor, shaking down the fire and taking care not to look at Gene. "You're older than Gerry and she's only a girl, so you have to be the brave one. It will make it easier for her, and that's what a Christian gentleman should do, make it easier for the girls when we can. I can tell you this as man to man; if your mother didn't get away just now it would be just too bad for her. Besides, she'd be worrying about your

father the whole time if he was so far away—and that would be about fatal for her."

"I know," agreed Gene. "And after all, we're making a novena to the Sacred Heart that they will have a safe voyage, so I really shouldn't worry about that. But why couldn't Gerry and I have gone along too?"

"You told me yourself," reminded the Doctor, "that it wouldn't do to leave school just now—you'd not pass your grades, and you wouldn't like to have to start the same grade over again next year, would you? And you can make something special of this—a sacrifice—a big one—to offer up for the Souls or for my sins or for something else that's big." The doctor grinned as he went to the coal-bin. "And we'll need to get the hobby-club going again; it's fallen off a lot during these school months. Now's the time for action!"

"There's the doorbell," interrupted Gene. "Wonder who that can be, just at dinner-time?"

"Telegram for you, Joe!" called Mrs. Dorothy down the stairs.

"Aha!" joked the Doctor. "Some good news, huh? Some grateful patient has left me a million dollars in his will. Open it, Dorothy; read it to me."

There was the rustling of paper followed by a brief silence; then Mrs. Dorothy exclaimed,

"Oh, Joe! You and Gene come up here this instant! What on earth are we going to do?"

"It isn't Mother—or Dad—" Gene could hardly speak.

"No, of course not," replied Mrs. Dorothy scornfully; "they've hardly even gotten to the train yet. But it's something pretty upsetting just the same. Come on up and tell me—what on earth are we going to do now?"

## II—Change of Plans

The doctor stood at the head of the stairs reading his telegram while the

others gathered around him in an attentive group. Gerry could not help smiling at Booker who had seated himself at Gene's feet, his head on one side and his clear brown eyes watching the Doctor's face. Booker was the smartest and most sympathetic dog that Gerry knew, and to think that he had been only a stray mongrel when she adopted him and named him Book-cur (Booker) because he belonged to the book-shop.

"It's the appointment I tried so hard to get," said the Doctor, "it seems the man they appointed didn't make good, so now it's open for me—but I have to come at once. It's about as wonderful a change as a young doctor could have! I was wild for it a few months ago, but now that I've been a general practitioner, I feel that I like that better."

"But Joe, we'll have to go to Baltimore!" worried Mrs. Dorothy. "I can't let you go alone, because you'll have to settle down there and live. And you *must* take it, after Doctor Burley went to so much trouble to get it for you! But what about the G's? We can't leave them and we can't take them because that would break into their schooling just the same as if they went abroad. I know Mr. and Mrs. Gordon would not like that! What on earth shall we do!"

The four talked it over all during dinner and as they sat around the fire afterward and ate popcorn. The Flynns always acted as if the G's had just as good sense as grown people, so they felt free to speak their minds.

Mrs. Dorothy suggested staying until the Gordons came back, but Gene and Gerry felt that would be too hard on her. The Flynns had just been married a few months! And the doctor would want his wife and a home in a strange city. The G's said that they would run away if Mrs. Dorothy stayed because of them!

"We don't want Aunt Cordelia," remarked Gene when that possibility was

broached. "We'd rather stay here alone; why can't we?"

"Because," answered the Doctor, "although you are smart children and good kids, you haven't experience enough to run yourselves, let alone the house; although you don't realize it, you'd be surprised to know how much you rely on grown people. For the same reason, no child should drive a car, because it takes experience and a mature mind to handle emergencies. The child may know all the rules and almost be able to build a car himself, he knows so much about it, but letting a child drive is unfair to everyone, especially himself. For the same reason you children would probably burn the house down, and anyway, you'd eat the wrong things and get sick—and, well, I think Aunt Cordelia is the only solution to our problem, painful as that is to contemplate!"

"Aunt Cordelia is out, definitely!" Gerry laughed for the first time that day. "Her beautiful daughter, Alison, is going to her first Prom—at Princeton—and Aunt Cordelia has gone to New York to buy her a lot of fancy clothes and so on. Honestly, both Alison and Aunt Cordelia think so much about how she looks that Alison doesn't ever have a bit of fun! Just thinking about clothes and hair-do's all the time. I hope I don't grow up into a ninny clothes-horse!"

"You won't," declared Gene. "You've got a brother who will see to that! But I do remember, Aunt Cordelia did want Mother to meet her in New York this week—she left a few days ago, I guess. But Mother wouldn't leave home a minute before she just had to, in order to catch the boat. Aunt Cordelia is out, and am I glad!"

"What about boarding-school?" suggested Mrs. Dorothy, but Gene and Gerry protested hotly. To be separated? And what about Booker? He'd die of lonesomeness in a dog's home. Booker



had once saved Gene's life; he wasn't going to be paid back with ingratitude!

"I have an idea," then said Mrs. Dorothy. "I happened to meet Mrs. Blake when I was in Chicago yesterday. I hadn't seen her for years; she lives about an hour's ride from Chicago—much farther west than we live north, and it's practically in the country. She was telling me that she thought of adopting some children, she's been so lonely since her son, Geoff, left home five years ago. She's a splendid woman—a fine Catholic and very sweet and kind. How would it be if we sent the G's to her for six weeks, Joe? I know their mother would approve, and they could still go in to school every day on the train. Lots of people commute from out there. I'll call her up and see."

To the G's bewilderment, they went to bed that night with an utterly new prospect facing them. They were going to live in the country—in a small settlement a few miles outside a small town, which was about an hour's ride from Chicago. They would take the train and then the elevated train directly to school. The weather wasn't bad; they could stand it for six weeks. They had to stand it! There was no other plan possible!

They hardly had time to think for the next few days, for they were so busy packing clothes they would need and helping Mrs. Dorothy and the Doctor get ready to go to Baltimore, and closing the house. The library and the hobby club would go on under a reliable young woman who helped Mrs. Dorothy there. But even that had to have plenty of attention, so they could leave it in satisfactory condition.

They liked Mrs. Blake when they met her. She was pleasant and understanding and took a great fancy to Booker, so their last anxiety was dispelled. In spite of that, it was a desolate feeling to go to stay with a stranger in a

strange part of the country. How those six weeks would drag!

The night before they were to take their departure, Gerry stood at her window looking out, after putting out her light ready to go to bed. A few street-lamps made pools of light here and there, and at the corner, cars were continually passing. What would they do in the country where there were no street-lights—not even sidewalks? Strangers and unused to country living? When Gerry had asked Mrs. Blake about whether there were any nice girls living near-by, Mrs. Blake had said:

"No, Gerry. We'll talk that over later. I don't want you to play with any of those children there. I'll tell you why after we get home."

That was queer and a little mysterious. What was the matter with those children that she couldn't even play with them? She brooded over it and even Gene was mystified. What kind of a place was this they were going to, anyhow? It seemed, looking ahead to almost six weeks, as if it would be as long as six years!

Gerry worried about it before she went to sleep. The prospect was gloomy—even alarming. If the children were too bad to play with, they must be pretty terrible! What kind of a place was it where Mrs. Blake lived, anyway?

(To be continued.)

## Dreams

By Mary Helen Holland

*My dreams do not end with dawning,  
They sparkle and play in the sun,  
Till over the purple mountains,  
I shepherd them one by one.  
And soft in the tender gloaming,  
I gather them in for sleep,  
And some of the bold ones mock me,  
And some of the frail ones weep.*

## ❖ The Weekly Postscript ❖

By M. M. Wirries

CHRISTMAS is wonderful, isn't it? Fun, with packages everywhere; such oddly-shaped ones in my clothes closet, they make me back in with my eyes shut—the family, I mean. And it takes all three, Fourteen, Twelve and Ten, to wrap one of them. "You can wrap *all the rest*, Mother, but not this one. No, sirree!"

Fun, but work, too. Why do all activities center about Christmas week, I wonder? Why not let just one thing slide over until after the New Year Day? Who *is* going to trim that tree?

Fourteen? She has tennis tonight after school, and sodality meeting after that. Yes, it's a very important meeting. She can't miss it. And tomorrow evening there is General Assembly, and the next night Girls' Assembly. Yes, she's going to sing, or something. And she hasn't finished addressing her cards. When will she? Never I suppose. You know Fourteen, don't you? Next Christmas she'll be digging them out and saying: "Mother, here are those cards I started to address last year, just before I lost my address book. Do you think they're too dog-eared to send?"

Twelve? Goodness, no! The Glee Club is practising a new Mass for Christmas. They're going to sing at Five and Eleven. You can go to one and I'll go to the other. She's practising every night this week. After school? No, she's rehearsing for "The Land of Oz." Ten? She's rehearsing for "The Land of Oz," too. And that reminds me—I have both those costumes to make. And I've lost my Christmas card list. I don't know which ones I sent and which ones I didn't. What's that? I always lose my Christmas card list? Well, does that make me feel any better about losing it this year? It only makes me feel worse.

Did I get any extra lights for the tree? There! I knew I'd forgotten something. I forgot that, and that other thing umajig. What thingumajig? Never mind, you're not supposed to know about that.

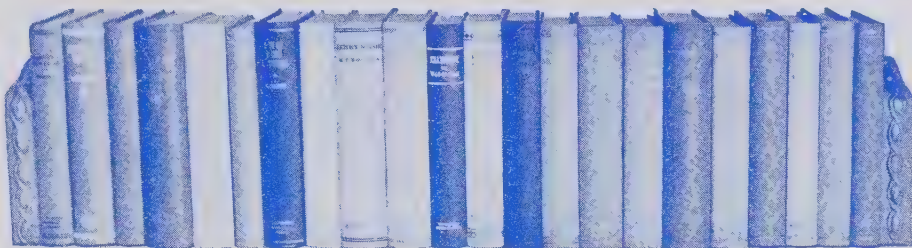
Mrs. S. called about that trip to the Mission? Did you tell her I had to work? Dear, you can't make chili beans and go places. Did you explain to her? Well, why didn't you? Because you didn't know anything about it? But I *thought* I told you—

Joe was looking for me? What about? The Holy Name party. Well, I'm back. Where's Joe? And that reminds me, I have to call up about the music. Today's the day I'm to call. I'm to call Dorothy, too? And Mrs. S.? But I've only got a half hour at home! If I spend all my time telephoning, who's going to wrap Ten's Christmas packages? Why doesn't she wrap her own? Dear, *she's all thumbs*. Why can't Fourteen wrap them? Well, because she has tennis tonight, and Sodality after that. And then General Assembly tomorrow; and—no, I'm not going to start all over. I was just telling you. You'll have to take the car and take Twelve to choir rehearsal.

Well anyhow, this is today, and we don't have a horse. We have a car, which someone has to drive. What's that? I'm wanted on the telephone? Thank you, I'll be right there. Well, I'm back. What was the matter? Dear, I hate to tell you, but it was Ten. She forgot her bus fare; and if she walks home she'll be too late to go to rehearsal, so I told her to wait by the school gate and either you or I would be right over. We'll not only have to bring her home, but we'll have to take her, too.

Anyhow, it's fun—having a family.





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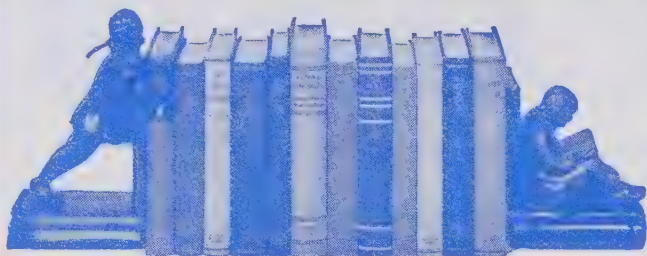
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CATHOLIC  
HOME WEEKLY

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1865 — 1940  
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, U. S. A.

### NOTES AND REMARKS

A Brave Man! . . .  
The Common Cold . . .  
Church Unity Octave . . .  
The Abraham Lincoln Brigade . . .  
Archbishops to Chicago, Milwaukee . . .

### THE TRAPPISTS OF LAKE ST. JOHN

The work of teaching pioneers around the Lake St. John country of the Upper Saguenay region, Canada, begun by the Trappists in 1892, is an inspiring record of colonization.

By E. L. CHICANOT

### DETOURS

Detours on the road serve as a basis of comparison with detours in other expressions of life.

By E. S. EITEMILLER

### BOY'S JOURNAL BEFORE EXECUTION

The sorrow of this flesh-and-blood criminal mitigates somewhat his crime.

By J. A. SCHREYER



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# THE AVE MARIA

CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

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## NEXT WEEK

The Rev. Francis S. Murphy, C.S.S.R., Mount St. Alphonsus, Esopus, New York, gives us a human interest study of Msgr. Ronald A. Knox, titled *Msgr. Ronald "Hard" Knox*.

Miss Mary Maloney, 2039 Ryder Street, Brooklyn, New York, stirred by articles on other physical handicaps by two women writers in THE AVE MARIA some time ago offers *The Handicap of Undersize*.

Margaret Tinley, 312 S. Eighth Street, Council Bluffs, Iowa, gives us an edifying record of the Junior Christ Child Society of her native town in her article *Junior Christ Child Group*.

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## OBITUARY

Sister M. Louis, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Mother Teresa of the Sacred Heart, Sisters of Good Shepherd; Sister Mary Tharsilla and Sister Mary Joseph, Sisters of Charity; Sister Mary Juliana and Sister Mary Celina, Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Hieronyme, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mrs. M. Doyle, Mr. Henry Neurer, Mary McNamara, Mrs. Mary Lyons, Margaret O'Connor, Mrs. Elizabeth Donovan, Mrs. Teresa Oley, Mrs. P. Mahoney, John Doran. May they rest in peace!

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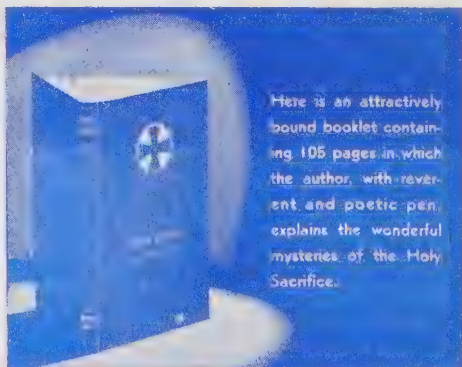
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# THE AVE MARIA

CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

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JANUARY 20, 1940

## World News in Brief

### THE CHURCH

In Paris, twenty-two French soldiers returned from the front to be ordained in the Basilica of the Sacred Heart by Cardinal Verdier. . . . ¶ In Royal Oak, Mich., Father Coughlin emphasized the need of reforms as he outlined an eight-point program. . . . ¶ In London, Hilaire Belloc emphatically stated that "Religion is the most important factor in the current European war." . . . ¶ In New York, veterans of the *Abraham Lincoln Brigade* of Spanish War memories, exhibited great sympathy for the aims of the Soviet Government, and condemned "the people who prate about the rights of small nations."

### AT HOME

In Washington, modern weapons and better training for the National Guard were advocated by army officials. . . . The proposed naval appropriation indicated that the United States would build the world's largest fleet. . . . The New Deal spending program and attitude toward business loomed as vital campaign issues in coming presidential elections. . . . The Labor federation blasted the plan to extend trade treaties. . . . The anti-lynching bill caused a split in Democratic ranks. . . . Jackson Day dinners netted \$400,000 for the Democratic party. . . . In his latest speeches, the President avoided the question of a third term. . . . Secretary of Labor Perkins cancelled the deportation warrant against Harry Bridges. . . . The Supreme Court limited expense deductions

in income tax. . . . The President met with Protestant leaders to discuss peace views, and the assignment of Myron Taylor to the Vatican. . . . ¶ In industry special stocks advanced, while others incurred the sharpest setback in five weeks. . . . ¶ The government faced new losses on wheat crop insurance. . . . ¶ A Canadian loan subscription perplexed American investors.

### ABROAD

In Helsingfors, Finnish troops continued to rout Red invaders as an entire division was ambushed. Meantime Norway and Sweden vowed to oppose any powers who attempted to use Scandinavia as a base for attacks. . . . ¶ In Venice, Italy and Hungary ended their talks, and awaited a move by Russia in the Balkans. Italy pledged aid to Hungary if Russia or Germany should attack the latter. . . . ¶ In London, Britains began the rationing of food supplies. . . . Protests against the dismissal of the War Secretary mounted as a threat to Chamberlain's position. . . . The navy incurred heavy losses in ships from mines and German aerial attacks. . . . British statesmen renewed their efforts to draw America into the war as an ally of the Empires. . . . ¶ In Berlin, Nazis attempted a vast experiment for the care of war families. . . . Officials warned the people against spending, as workers were paid in scrip. . . . The War Department moved troops to the Baltic coast. . . . ¶ In Roumania, officials ordered their ships to safety as Russia began Black Sea maneuvers.

## Notes and Remarks

The appointment last week of archbishops to the neighbor cities, Chicago and Milwaukee, stirred freshets in

### Archbishops to Chicago, Milwaukee

The Most Reverend Samuel A. Stritch of Milwaukee has been named head of the Chicago Archdiocese, and his successor to the Milwaukee See is the Most Reverend Moses E. Kiley, who has been bishop of Trenton, N. J., since 1934. Archbishop Stritch by his promotion assumes government of what is said to be the largest Catholic unit in the world; and Archbishop Kiley takes up the spiritual direction of the Catholics of a large, important and typical mid-western city. Both churchmen are American born; and their Americanism is seen in a texture of reticence, awareness and a quieter democracy. They do not come to their new responsibilities untested by experience. Archbishop Stritch has a fine record of planning, organizing and building in Toledo, and later in Milwaukee; and Archbishop Kiley's government of the diocese of Trenton is recognized as effective. Both Churchmen come to two cities of which the Middle-West is proud. Chicago, a swivel between east and west, spread wide on the prairies, Lake Michigan noisy at its feet, is a too-much-advertised city of gunmen and gunnery. The millions of law-keeping men and women that make Chicago a city of homes, schools, churches—we do not hear much about these in the news flashes. They are there, however, making for the peace and stability that express civilization. Milwaukee is a lake and a prairie city too: many tongued, well-governed, reposeful—a typical center of our time and country. To the Prelate whose future field of service is the

Chicago area, and to the new Archbishop who succeeds him in Milwaukee, THE AVE MARIA wishes long and fruitful years in a business of spiritual and temporal government that might well appal, were not each churchman profoundly and humbly conscious that the Lord Who has built the house, guards the city.

One of the newer ideas that came in with the New Year was the stimulating observation of Professor Raymond

### But Who Will Vote?

Pearl of Johns Hopkins University that may ultimately have important consequences. He stated that "the wisdom of the founding fathers (of our country) led them to the view that youngsters under the age of twenty-one were on the whole too foolish to be intrusted with the power to vote. But not having envisaged the possibility of such weird economic philosophies as those currently associated with 'ham and eggs,' or '\$200 a month,' it apparently never occurred to them that there might conceivably be an age beyond which people would also be too foolish to be allowed to vote." Professor Pearl wisely avoided specifying the age limit for such restrictions. But he evidently forgot that the American Statistical Association, to whom he was lecturing, has for some time now been warning the United States that we are fast becoming a nation of old people because of birth control and birth prevention. Thus his brilliant idea of restriction on suffrage must sooner or later fade before the embarrassing circumstances of a democracy without voting power. Denied this suffrage, we would lack what is an essential to a government by the people. Professor Pearl is talking himself into a decidedly awkward position.



The Student Union, at its fifth annual convention in Madison, Wis., refused by a vote of 322 to 49 to condemn

### Student Union 322 to 49 for Stalin

Soviet Russia for its attempt to invade Finland. England and France, equally with Germany, were assailed as imperialists fighting for territory and possessions, and not for the small nations. You do not understand, of course, how or why American youths can uphold Russia and in the same breath condemn France and England. The British empire and the French republic have faults to answer for, of course. And so, it will be conceded, has the United States. But it takes the Student Union, assembled in convention at Madison, Wis., to miss the obvious differences between the shortages of civilized governments and the frightfulness of Stalin's setup. We give free courses in Americanism to prospective applicants for naturalization. We suggest free courses also for the youths assembled in Madison and their affiliates. Russian bread and raiment rationing should be made part of the laboratory field work; also hard labor at wages which the sad-faced Russian peasant gets in the Stalin system.

The Church Unity Octave for 1940 runs from January 18 to January 25. The purpose, as the title indicates,

### Church Unity Octave

is to petition for the unity of all Christians within the Christ-founded Church. We can think of no more effective way of reassembling the detached pieces of Christianity within the garment of our true Christian faith than the way of prayer. We have much regimentation, many human approaches to reach the Protestant mind in our Catholic Action programs of the present time. One wonders if at the same time

we are shaking the gates of heaven with the insistent knocks of prayer. Church oratory, quick answers to professional hecklers in out-of-doors apologetic field meets, exhaustive and exhausting papers at unity conventions, radio broadsides, and so on,—one wonders if these human appeals are good vote getters for the Kingdom of God on earth when not quickened by the prayers of faith. Our readers have a duty at this time when the world seems without much faith, hope, or love. That duty is prayer for the unity of all peoples within the Church of Christ whose mandate is peace.

—♦—  
A writer in *Hygeia*, the journal of the American Medical Association, says that there is nothing that doctors are

### The Common Cold

sure they know less about, and that the average layman thinks he knows more about, than the common cold. These things, however, are set down as certain: People in the Arctic do not have so many colds as people in mild climates. Sitting in a draft when one is perspiring will not necessarily bring on a cold. Engineers in their drafty cabs have fewer colds than the people in the stuffy cars behind them. There is no sure serum for colds. There is no evidence whatever that a good diet, or codliver oil or vitamin pills or ultraviolet radiation or bare legs or cold baths will prevent a cold. Keeping in good physical condition, with plenty of sleep, does help to fight off germs and may prevent complications. Colds are caught not by low temperatures but by contact with cold-infected persons. We sneeze in crowded rooms and the virus rides the air until the next victim breathes it. We convey the virus in a handshake, a kiss, or we leave it on the doorknob. Doctors take nothing when they have colds. They eat lightly, drink plentifully, avoid constipation, and let

the cold take its course. They often go to bed and send their patients to bed because in that way they are less of a menace to others. There is no medicine, so far as doctors know, that will cure a cold. If it were half as easy to get rid of a cold as the radio announcers say it is, the number one public malady would not be feared.



We were wondering what had become of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade that was so eager to join Loyalist Spain in the so-called "war

### **Abraham Lincoln Brigade**

to save democracy." We thought these men must

surely turn up when little Finland was being so unjustly attacked by the Red terror. Strange to say, none of those "patriots" came to the aid of the courageous Finns. A few weeks ago, however, they did hold an annual convention in New York at the Hotel Diplomat and passed a resolution condemning the Finns. The resolution was aimed at "the people who prate about the right of small nations and who condemn the Soviet Union because she is wiping out an imperialist base for aggression." It is not at all certain yet that Russia in her fight with Finland is "wiping out" anything but herself; but it should be clear to everybody that the Lincoln Brigaders who boast so much about democracy are nothing more than Stalin affiliates. In the course of the convention, one Dan Groden, secretary of the New York post of brigade veterans, warned the delegates against the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and the Federal Grand Jury in New York, now investigating the activities of the Communist party. These organizations are the most thoroughly American in the nation and any group of men opposed to them is dangerous to the welfare of our country.

In any attempt at a peace settlement these two opposites will face each other. The Allied nations will insist that Hitler and his

### **Pray for Peace**

supporters be removed definitely

from the German picture. We do not know if the German people in the mass are ready to oust Hitler and his following just now. And if they are, we are by no means certain they can act with the speed and unified might necessary to effect this. The Nazi government has an organization and an army, the German people have not. The strongest part of Germany is the army, the power of Germany is the government. While the German army is ascendant it will be difficult to overthrow the Nazi government. A major German defeat may stir a major German revolution; a succession of German victories will not. Peace can come through a miracle. So let us all continue to pray for peace.



Harry Bridges, the alien, has recently been exonerated by the Administration's investigator, who finds that

### **Mr. Bridges Is Whitewashed**

Bridges is not a Communist and that his methods are not hostile to

democratic and constitutional government. "For almost any other country in the world," says the *Chicago Tribune*, "the case of Bridges would have been a very simple one. He has dominated a turbulent labor scene on the west coast, whose purpose was political, not economic, and has done about as much damage to American shipping as could be done by a blockade by a hostile fleet. Under his direction boats have been tied up to the docks, food shortage has been caused, and great property loss occasioned. An alien would not have been permitted to create such disorder in another country. An alien resides in these other countries by the tolerance of the



government and if for even trivial reasons his behavior is found objectionable, out he goes. American hospitality is stretched a long way when it must protect an alien who undertakes to conduct a civil war against America. The Administration has of late professed to be shocked by the brutalities of the Stalinists in Europe. It shows no signs of being shocked by the activities of the Communists in the United States. It pretends to be anti-Communist in the conflict abroad, but it is still pro-Communist in America. That's why Harry Bridges is allowed to remain in this country and make war on it."

Senator Robert A. Taft is a brave man! No further proof of this assertion is needed than his acceptance of

**A Brave Man!** President Roosevelt's dare to propose a plan for a balanced budget. Speaking before the Chicago Bar Association, last week, the senator outlined a program that would reasonably limit the annual expense of the Union to seven billion dollars. His five-point plan to accomplish this end demanded that the President must (1) Wish to and be determined to balance the budget; (2) Eliminate bureaus, and reduce the number of employees by reorganization; (3) Change the methods of handling relief, housing, agriculture, and government loans; (4) End all grants for local public works; (5) Play no favorites, and subject army and navy estimates to critical analyses. These are very broad and sweeping reforms—and seem reasonable. Yet their practical execution may be a different story altogether. For all that, such a story must be enacted "to avoid national bankruptcy through inflation." In Senator Taft's favor are two overwhelming facts: that the President has not vetoed a single spending bill since the Bonus Bill of 1936, and also that the

national debt has now reached \$44,900,000,000. Anyone who can run the nation efficiently, yet save more than two billions annually, ought to be considered a genius. Senator Taft maintains that such can be accomplished by 1942, if his plan be given the consideration it deserves. And so, as said, the Senator is a brave man to attempt the solution of a problem, which heretofore has been one of multiplication, by a process of subtraction.

Regardless of improved economic conditions, an industrial boom, and the recent "best Christmas in ten years," a mid-winter lay-off is being felt throughout the country. This

### **Relief Dollars**

means that government officials in Washington, in state capitols, county seats and city halls, must now open 1940 relief coffers. Privately-gathered community chests, just closing their books on winter campaigns, are now preparing to distribute 1940 funds to privately sponsored charity agencies. According to figures just released by the Children's Bureau of the Labor Department, this year's welfare dollar—and there may be three billions of them before the year is out—is slightly more than half supplied by the federal government. Twenty-one cents comes from city and county governments; sixteen comes from private sources, and thirteen from state governments. Such a distribution reveals that public bodies are taking on more and more of the distress load, even though community chest funds have mounted steadily. The apparent contradiction in the report is best explained by the realization of the fact that private welfare agencies have expanded their activities to include those types of work which the government cannot or is not ready to take over efficiently.

# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## The Trappists of Lake St. John

By E. L. Chicanot

THE priest has always accompanied the colonist in French Canada. Early in the days of New France, when the seigniorial tenure of land was instituted, a curé was appointed to each seigniorship to care for the spiritual wants of the habitants, as the seignior was supposed to concern himself with their material welfare. Thus the area of each seigniorship became a parish, and a system of land settlement was established whose broad characteristics have persisted down to the present day.

Throughout subsequent centuries, as successive generations of pioneers have penetrated primeval areas and sought to bring new virgin forest sections under cultivation, the priest has gone in with them, and steadily, in the wilderness have been hewn out new parishes, furnishing settlers from the outset with the spiritual consolation of the Church and the fruits of community living. It is the basic principle of the aggressive and systematic colonization policy pursued today by the Quebec government as a means of relief from the distress which has been experienced during the last decade in urban and industrialized areas.

A priest in a Quebec rural area is a good deal more than a spiritual adviser and guide. He is expected to furnish counsel on many expressions of material living, to further progressive enterprises, and be a prime mover in all affairs having a bearing on the physical well-being of his people. Instances in which the country curé acts with effectiveness are innumerable. The writer recently quite unexpectedly was af-

forded the opportunity of appreciating the extent to which the Church in Quebec aids colonization, how quietly and unobtrusively it contributes to the establishment of prosperous and contented farm areas, and how it continues to maintain and elevate a high standard of agriculture.

A desire to make a pilgrimage to the scene of Louis Hémon's beautiful story of French Canadian farm family life had taken us into the Lake St. John country of Northeastern Quebec. Thoroughly steeped in the atmosphere of Maria Chapdelaine are anticipated conditions of hardship and difficulty. Then, too, the Lake St. John country, looked at on the map, appears close to ominous-sounding Labrador. But our trepidation, which persisted as during the night on the train we passed through dense stretches of forest and looked out upon an unending carpet of spruce and pine tops, became suddenly and entirely dissipated as from a height we caught our first glimpse of Lake St. John. Laid out in panorama before us was the vast stretch of rippling water, its further side rimmed by blue mountains. The long narrow farms, characteristic of French Canada, as paternal acres are divided among sons of a family, ran down to the water's edge where the houses clustered closely together. It was an established and prosperous farming section of Quebec province, developed in one of its loveliest areas.

And as we progressed round the lake, the road of 150 miles passing through some forty-five towns and villages and



enclosing nearly four hundred farms, we saw on all sides the same evidence of pioneers having won through to their reward of the placid farm life one was familiar with in older areas of Quebec. When we reached Peribonka and visited the farmstead where Louis Hémon wrote and that on which the original of Maria Chapdelaine still dwells, we realized how signally we had failed to make allowance for the twenty-five years since Hémon died, as we found the people whom he had described as toiling in the clearing now living on well-developed farms which had all the appearance of old settlements.

We continued on in the warm sunshine, musing on this progress, knowing that beyond these fertile farms were other Samuel Chapdelaines wrestling virgin forest to cultivation, bound for the town of Dolbeau, some twenty-five miles away, which is as far as the railway has yet progressed round the lake. We were almost there when in the distance in a particularly beautiful spot where two rivers joined, a tall, imposing building loomed up, almost an incongruity in the area of simple farm homes. I inquired of my guide. "That is the monastery of the Trappists," he said. There was some three hours to wait until I could take the train and I inquired if I could see the monastery. "Nothing easier," he replied. And that was how I acquired a further insight into how colonization in Quebec advances hand in hand with the Church, and one of the reasons for the advanced state of agriculture in that area of which Louis Hémon had written with such poignancy.

The colonization of the Upper Saguenay region has been under way for one hundred years. In fact during 1938 the colony celebrated the centennial of the arrival of the first twenty-one pioneers who opened the area. In all the ensuing period a settlement has been slowly but steadily pressing

northward. The first actual colonizing on Lake St. John was in 1850, attributable to the efforts of an energetic priest, Father Hebert, whose memory is perpetuated in the town of Hebertville at the spot where he brought his first group of colonists. In 1892 a substantial emigration was taking place from Quebec as the result of adverse economic conditions. To offset this threat to population the Quebec government instituted more vigorous efforts to colonize the Lake St. John country.

As a measure to this end Monsignor Calixte Marquis, Prothonotary Apostolic, and Representative of Colonization, conceived the idea of planting a colony of Trappists in the area. Ten years previously a colony of Cistercian monks had come from the monastery of Bellefontaine in France to take possession of a piece of virgin land at Oka, near Montreal, and had already wrought wonders in bringing the woods under their subjection and developing productive fields and orchards. The suggestion met with the enthusiastic support of the government, and overtures were made to the monastery at Oka which undertook to establish a monastery in the Lake St. John country. Upon this assurance the government made a grant of land five miles by five miles to the Order, situated in the wilderness on the northern shore of Lake St. John.

In the early days of November, 1892, three religious appointed to give a start to the enterprise paddled up the Mistassini River, and taking possession of the land established themselves at the junction of the Mistassini and Mistissabi rivers, where a simple log cabin was erected. Isolated there in the forest wilds they suffered terrible hardships, for the winter temperature drops very low in the Lake St. John country and the snowfall is very deep. But they had the pioneering spirit in more than the ordinary sense, and they were imbued

with a vision of the vast work they were to accomplish.

The first results of their arrival were apparent almost immediately. In the following January colonists started to make their way into the new country to occupy land about the Trappists. As in the following summer the monks set about the construction of buildings, the colonists worked similarly at their clearings, gathering at the scene of the monks' labor on Sunday to hear Mass. The religious gave the impulse to settlement in that section, and from the first shared the hardships and problems of the newly arrived colonists, to whom they extended the benefits of their expert knowledge as well as an opportunity for the practice of religion.

And so the settlement and the monastery progressed together. Small garden patches grew into fields, and more imposing buildings were added to the first rude shack. The monks developed the first electric power on Lake St. John, now one of Canada's leading areas in hydro-electric production. Settlers working under the general direction of the Order became more prosperous as clearings expanded and farms took on a more established aspect. Out of the primitive forest the town of Mistassini took shape and rapidly became a prosperous centre. As steadily the forest was pushed back, new parishes came into existence and settlers were assigned under their own curés, though continuing to look to the monks for practical advice and guidance in their farming.

In 1903 the new Monastery of Our Lady of Mistassini was elevated to a priory, and in 1911 a commencement was made upon the erection of the beautiful and imposing monastery existing today. All the work, needless to say, has been done by the monks themselves, the material used being granite quarried in the neighborhood. Similarly all the surrounding buildings have been

constructed by the monks utilizing native material. The establishment, in fact, after the Trappist ideal, is self-sufficient. More than this it is productive of substantial revenue, while gratuitously extending by example and advice practical aid to the large farming community about it. With one hundred monks it is a hive of ceaseless and many-phased activity.

About the imposing monastery, still hemmed in by woods, are spacious buildings, barns, a sawmill, blacksmith shop, tanning house, shoemaker's shop, etc. Beyond the curtain of forest lie the main cultivated areas of field crops. Pasturing in the fields is one of the finest and most valuable herds of Ayrshire dairy cattle in the province, which is not only responsible for a substantial revenue but for steadily improving the standard of dairy cattle in the countryside. There are splendid work horses, sheep, pigs, hives of Italian bees and, an unusual feature, hundreds of pedigreed silver foxes.

One of the monastery's principal activities is the manufacture of Mistassini butter and Oka cheese from the milk of their rich herd. The factories, which operate the year around, also process the milk of neighboring farmers, offering them a steady market for any quantity. Another valuable industry is the quarrying of limestone (Canada marble) which is extensively consumed by the many pulp and paper plants of the Saguenay and Lake St. John areas, as well as distributed in large quantities throughout the province as a farm fertilizer. And all the while the monks are encouraging agriculture through the following of the soundest principles in their own farming and the discovery and proving of new and profitable lines adapted to the climate and the locality.

After driving through the Lake St. John country, I was grateful for the chance which had taken me past the



monastery and afforded me the opportunity of appreciating the contribution it has made to the transformation from virgin forest. The older building of the Trappists at Oka is justly famed for a similar work and the expert farming knowledge it steadily disseminates through its famed agricultural college, but the Monastery of Our Lady of Missetassini, which regards itself as the daughter of Oka, deserves to be no less known though it carries on its work more obscurely, in a remoter section of Quebec that comparatively few outsiders ever visit.

Taking a last glimpse at the silent, brown-clad workers in the field, at a white-garbed friar walking in the garden which looks down on the lovely spot where the two rivers meet, it was inspiring to realize how men could give themselves so entirely to the service of God, voluntarily subject themselves to the severest self-abnegation, and yet be such practical successes in their mundane labors, such an influence in the material world about them. Truly the province of Quebec, and its farmers in particular, owe a debt of gratitude to the Trappists in their midst.

## The Road is Long

*By Mary Mabel Wirries*

### CHAPTER III

#### Spring Walks Sadly

THERE was a queer, blank place in the world with Rodge gone. It was two days before the searchers found his body, far down the river below the mill dam at Centralia. And when they did, that was not Roger they brought home to lie in the north bedroom a day and a night with candles burning about his bier, and curious, sorrowful people coming in to look at him. That was a young stranger, taller than Rodge had ever been, dressed in a good suit such as Rodge had never worn. Ragged overalls had belonged to Rodge, and a torn shirt, and no shoes at all. Rodge had been a little boy, whose hair was never combed—a little boy with freckles scattered thickly on his short nose and small imps dancing in his warm brown eyes. Rodge had whooped and teased and laughed and whistled. This silent boy, sleeping in the north room, was not the twin Rose loved. She could not look at him. She could not weep for him. This change was past understanding. There was only the blankness, the terrible

sense of something important missing. The talk that went on about her bothered her. Comforting philosophies, such as: "Children who die young miss so much trouble," and "How peaceful he looks. Surely a child like that goes straight to Heaven when he dies."

She fled from them at last. Away from the commiserating looks of callers, away from the house of ceaseless weeping. Down to the Flats she fled, and there, on the willow limb where they two so often sat, her twin came and sat with her again. Grinning his gamin grin, Rodge climbed up beside her and talked to her.

"Gee! Rose," he said, "I wish I hadn't had to leave you. You'll miss me a lot, I guess. You and Tom won't ever be the chums we were. But I'm all O. K., Rose. Heaven's a swell place."

Tom, sent to look for her, looked at her curiously as she began to sing softly to herself on the way home.

"Shut up!" he admonished her in true brotherly fashion.

"Why?" artlessly.

"Because— Oh, shucks! Why do you suppose? Ain't you got no sense about

things? You ain't supposed to sing when folks are dead."

"But Rodge isn't dead," insisted Rose, "not dead like some people. I've just been talking to him."

Tom was used to Rose's fancies. This was just another of her crazy ideas, he thought. And if it made her feel better about Rodge being gone, let her have it. Sometimes he wished he was as good at pretending as the twins had always been.

But—"The queerest child I ever saw," whispered Mrs. Mays, as requiem was chanted over Roger's casket. "Do you see? *She's smiling*. At her own brother's funeral, and him her twin. The calous little wretch!"

"Oh, no!" Mrs. James was shocked and denying. She too, saw the quiet smile, but she could not believe Rose unfeeling. Leanna James knew children. That there were depths unplumbed behind Rose's fixed and mysterious smile, she felt sure. That smile, and the look in the eyes above it, wrung her heart more than Tom's sniffing, Matie's hysteria, Jim Kieble's maudlin weeping. But how explain this to an unimaginative Mrs. Mays? At the cemetery she caught Rose's hand and pressed it in unspoken sympathy. The girl did not seem to notice. She was staring mutely into space while the words of burial were being spoken. She seemed neither to hear nor feel.

"What is the child thinking?" wondered Leanna.

Other Kieble graves were in the cedar-roofed cemetery where Roger was being laid to rest. "Elizabeth Kieble" said the plain iron cross next to the open grave. That would be Roger's mother. Leanna remembered her as a rosy, pretty country girl, brought in by Jim Kieble from the back country soon after young Tom's mother, Ruth, had deserted him, and the boy and died some place up state. Elizabeth Kieble, fifteen when she married reckless, handsome,

hard-drinking Jim Kieble. Twenty, and a mother four times when she gave up the struggle, clasped her second still-born child to her breast, and closed her eyes in death. Less than a year later Kieble had married again. This time it was Matie Stevens, the big, raw-boned, homely old maid who had come in to nurse Elizabeth Kieble, and stayed on to look after the children. A marriage of convenience, this one, people said, knowingly. It was cheaper being married to Matie than paying her a dollar and a half a week wages. As for Matie, she needed a home. She'd been "working out" since she was eleven.

Matie, too, had laid one child in the cemetery. And now look what a frail baby was this little Jane, to whom Rose clung so tightly. A frail flower, likely to wither and die at any time, thought Leanna, pityingly. But death for that one might be a blessing—having God pluck it in its baptismal innocence. Who could prophesy its end, should it live? The child of Matie and Jim Kieble couldn't expect much from life—nor could any Kieble child. And yet there was something strong and fine in the girl Rose, even in the unruly boy Tom. Look how the girl had won that spelling contest—won it by sheer grit. Alas! the little one would need strong boot straps to haul herself above the mire into which she had been born. Poor little Rose, with her white face, her unfathomable eyes.

"She's deep," thought Leanna. "Deep, deep waters there. Better for her, perhaps, if they were shallow. Life would hold less of pain."

"The strawberries are ripe up to Crewes'." Essie Mays, weeding on her side of the fence, straightened to wipe her face on her skirt hem, "I don't have to weed onions after today. Chet and me's going to pick berries. Why don't you go, too? You and Tom. They need more pickers than usual, I heard Pa tell Ma. They planted them another



five-acre field. They're going to plow under the old patch, come another year."

Rose, diligently Paris Greening the potato vines on her side of the fence, did not pause in her task, or let on that she heard. Essie always wasted a lot of her field time talking, and the Kieble children had too much to do to be always answering. But her heart gave an exultant little lift. Picking strawberries! If only they could! Well, why couldn't they? She would ask Matie.

Roger had been gone seven weeks, now, and the early summer work was in full swing. The corn in the gardens was thrusting tender green fingers through the dark earth; the early tomatoes were tied to their stalks, and flowering; the late tomatoes and peppers were set in long, green, back-breaking rows; the beans were well above ground. Jim Kieble raised vegetables for market, but his family did most of the work. Tom, his dark young face streaked with dirt and sweat, labored from morning until night, hoeing, weeding, plowing, picking potato bugs, shaking Paris Green solution on the young plants, carrying bucket after bucket of water to the garden. Rose worked beside him, and, because her fingers were more nimble, they were sore with the tying of asparagus, green onions and early radishes into attractive bunches for the daily town load. The whole family was in the garden until it was too dark to see, and then up at daybreak to prepare the vegetables for market. Rose's eyes were heavy for lack of sleep. She had not played for days. And yet, tired and worn as she was, the call to strawberry picking invited her.

"They're paying twenty-five cents a crate, Matie," she pleaded desperately. "It would be money of my own—money I earned. It would be money nobody could begrudge me. I could earn some clothes for us. Don't you think Pa'll let me?"

Matie looked unhappy. "He'll let you, all right, honey. But the work'll have to be done here, too. And you pore kids don't get no rest now."

Rose flamed. "We can rest when we are dead, I reckon. We work all the time anyway, and don't get anything for it. The Podeskys don't ever get any rest, either."

"But they're for'ners, Rosie."

"I'd rather have their father than mine, if he is a for'ner. He isn't drunk all the time. And those kids have clothes to go to church in—and they go, too—*every Sunday*—"

"Rosie, you musn't talk about your father."

"I'm sorry, Matie. But I just got to have some money. Can't you understand, Matie? Don't you see? We aren't getting anywhere, just depending on Pa. We got to stand on our own feet."

"I know."

"Well, Tom and I are going. We'll pick mornings and work in the garden afternoons and evenings—and mornings before the dew is off the berries. And I—I'll buy you the things I was going to buy you with the ten dollars, Matie. I—I'm sorry I threw it away when we needed it so—"

"Never mind, honey. It was your money, rightly. And so long as your Pa never found out about it, it was all right."

Acre upon acre of ripening fruit lay on the Crewes' hilltop, where the rambling white farmhouse and the great red barns and silos stood. The strawberry fields began where the apple and peach orchards left off, and the checking sheds, and the barrels of fresh cold water from the wind-mill pump stood in the shade of the apple trees. There was a breeze in the branches of the trees, but the sun was a demon, riding the backs of pickers young and old. The less hardy took time out for drinks of water from the barrel spigot, for snatches of rest in the heavy shade. But

Rose and Tom and the Podesky children, knowing the value of their time, stopped for nothing. Steadily, backs aching, eyes smarting, necks blistering, fingers sore, they picked strawberries. The red fruit piled up in their baskets, the baskets piled up in the carriers. Laden carrier after laden carrier they took to the packing sheds, where they waited impatiently for the checker's tickets. These they stowed in perspiration-soaked pockets and almost ran back to the field. While the other pickers laughed and sang and joked, Rose picked silently and earnestly, mentally estimating her earnings as she went. Twenty-five cents, fifty cents, she counted—seventy-five, a dollar. After the first two days she was the second fastest picker in the field, outstripped only by Paul Crewes, teen-age son of the owner.

The season ended, the two children proudly carried home their earnings. Rose had almost twelve dollars, Tom more than eight. To these who had never had any money at all, it seemed theirs was a fortune. They gloated over it before tucking it away in the cracked blue teapot on the top shelf of the pantry. Saturday they would go shopping.

"We'll get clothes, mostly," Rose planned. "It'd be nice if we could get us some church clothes, and go to church again. We'll make our First Communion like Father Reiboldt said we ought. Even the Podeskys get to make their First Communion. Will you go to church with me if we get us some clothes, Tom?" coaxingly.

Tom was kinder, since Rodge was gone. Tom was closer to his young half-sister. Six months before he had lorded it over the younger two; he had hectored Rose and bullied her, and made some of her days a misery. Then wild horses could not have dragged from him a promise to go with her anywhere, least of all with her to church. But now he nodded sheepishly.

"Reckon I will," he said, soberly. "Larry Kelly goes to Mass, and he's no sissy. That was his First Communion suit he let me wear for Rodge's funeral."

"You looked grand in it, Tom. You haven't as many freckles as Larry."

"Aw, g'wan!" Gangling Tom blushed brick red. He was not ill-pleased at such tribute. Surveying his unfamiliar slicked-up appearance in the cracked kitchen mirror above the washstand, he had thought he looked pretty good, too. But that Rosie should have noticed.

"Bet we can ride in to town with the Kellys, if we ask them. They go in every Saturday."

The Kellys were going in to town this Saturday, too. Earl Mosier, their tenant, was taking a load of wheat to the mill, and Mrs. Kelly and Jim were riding in with him, but there would be plenty of room atop the wheat sacks. Mrs. Kelly would advise Rose with her shopping. Jim would help Tom find the best and cheapest stores. On Saturday morning the two made ready in a flurry of excitement.

"Get the money out of the teapot." Rose brushed her copper hair energetically, and plaited her heavy braids with fingers that shook with their eager haste. "Be sure to put yours in the pocket that hasn't got the hole in it. It'd be awful to lose it. Maybe you'd better fasten it with a safety pin. Can I take your pocketbook, Matie? Oh, I'm so *trembly*. Now I broke my shoestring—" with a despairing wail.

"Take it easy, Rosie," implored Matie.

"Sure. Keep your shirt on." Tom came in from the pump with his head dripping, "where'd you put the comb?"

"It's right there. Oh, Matie—"

Matie got painfully up from her post before the oven, where she had knelt to shift her browning loaves of bread.

"Stick your foot up here, and I'll tie a knot in it. I've a crick in my back won't let me bend. There—I guess maybe the shoe clerk will have a time un-



tying that, when you go to buy your new ones."

"I'll tell him to break it again. Well—I guess I'm ready. Do I look all right? Where's your pocketbook, Matie? I'll take it so I don't lose my money. What will I do with these things of yours?"

"Put them on the clock shelf. Watch out for that catch—it's broken. You'll have to hold it shut. Did Tom get the money? Where did he go?"

"He's in the pantry. You comin', Tom?"

"Can't you find it, Tommie? It's in the blue teapot on the top shelf."

"Ye-ah!" Tom spoke heavily from the doorway. His face was ravaged, his dark eyes pits of flame. "It *was* there—but it *ain't* now. It's gone—"

"Gone!" blankly.

"Yes, gone, Matie—" advancing upon his stepmother as though he would wring the truth from her. "Our money's gone—gone, *do you hear me?* Matie, did you tell Pa—?" His voice broke hopelessly. He saw the answer in Matie's gray, unhappy face.

"I didn't know he took it, Tommie. Honest, I didn't—I didn't think he'd touch you kids' money. He—he wanted to count it, to see how much you'd earned. He asked me where it was and I had to tell him. But I—I didn't know he took it—he put it back, after he counted it—I saw him put it back. Oh, don't *look* so, Tommie—maybe he just borrowed it for awhile—"

"Borrowed!" It was not Tom who plucked the word from Matie's lips, and filled it with such bitter meaning; it was Rose. "*Borrowed! He stole it.* He's a thief. He stole the money we worked for—stole it so he can buy whiskey. He'll drink it up, like he drinks everything else up—your egg and butter money, and the vegetable money and his wages. He's a drunkard and a thief, and *I hate him.*"

"I hate him, too." Young Tom's face was livid. "I wish he was dead."

Matie put her hands before her eyes to shut out those accusing young faces. "Don't!" she pleaded, "children should not talk so about their own father. You don't mean what you're saying."

"We *do* mean it." Rose rushed to the door.

"Rose, where are you going?"

"Down to Kellys', to tell them not to wait for us. Down to Kellys', to lie to them—to tell them we're going to save our money a while longer—that we don't want any clothes. Let them think we're satisfied with our rags and poor-ness—let them think we like it. Don't worry—I won't tell them Pa stole our money. It ain't the neighbors' business. I don't want to go—but I got to tell them we're not going—"

Head up, she was gone. Tom was gone, too, out toward the barn. The haymow, probably, safe refuge for a boy in tears—none to hear him sobbing his heart out, there.

Matie, left alone, stooped to lift her empty purse from the floor where Rose had flung it. Her hands shook as she took her handkerchief and keys from the clock shelf, and restored them to the shabby purse. Nervously she shut the purse, opened it again, shut it again. Then she, too, flung it upon the floor, while dry sobs wracked her.

"Oh, Jim, Jim Kieble! I hate you, too—I hate you! How can a woman hate a man, and love him too? You ain't human, Jim—you're a crazy man. A crazy drunkard. I can stand it—because I love you as much as I hate you—but those poor younguns, Jim—your poor little kids! They're so young—and the hurt's worse, when you're young—you ain't had time to get used to things. All you can see is the long hard road ahead—the road with no end—"

Beaten and despairing, Matie sobbed in her kitchen, while the baby wailed disconsolately near her, and the Saturday baking burned to a crisp.

(To be continued.)

## Mary of Nazareth

By J. Corson Miller

*All day for her His love is the sun*

*That warms her heart so full of grace;*

*His smile is all the strength she needs,*

*To meet life's test; and on her face*

*Is writ the music of His words—*

*His velvet tone of voice—the care*

*With which He aims to do her will—*

*The household tasks with her to share.*

*Her garb, which heaven itself might don—*

*The white and blue of spotless days—*

*Though robed in rich divinity*

*Himself, He singles out for praise.*

*Of late it is His wont to speak*

*Half-guardedly, of world-affairs;*

*Of coming times, events and men,*

*Then hushed, night-long, she sits and stares.*

*Men see above these lives a net*

*Of peace as soft as summer's breath;*

*But Mary, in her heart of hearts,*

*Makes ready for the sword of death.*



## Boy's Journal Before Execution

By John A. Schreyer

THE March meeting of our Saint Vincent de Paul Society proved to be the most interesting of the year. And the reason for this interest was due to the guest speaker of the evening. He was a man of some achievement in the field of social work. This philanthropist traveled from Spokane to Seattle, Washington, merely to keep his engagement with us when already he was afflicted with the fatal illness of which he was to die only a month later.

His words will be remembered by the members of the Society because the topic of which he treated was of vital interest. The venerable priest (for the guest was a priest) spoke about his experiences with a young man who was sentenced to die in the electric chair for the murder of a railroad detective.

Whether the youth was guilty or innocent is not the issue. Only God and the youth himself knew, and perhaps the priest in whom the condemned youth confided. All that I ever knew about the case was that the boy was given every chance to prove his innocence, but that the evidence was too strong against him and the jury had to adjudge him guilty. So the young man, twenty years old, was sentenced to die three weeks later.

According to the priest's report he was a fine lad. It was indeed sad to think that one so handsome should have the life whiffed out of him at a time when he was hardly acquainted with the world.

The priest grew to love the young killer more and more. The boy retained his keen sense of values, and it seemed hardly possible that he realized the danger he was in.

He remained cheerful throughout the days of his incarceration. Was he perhaps relying on a last moment's pardon? Hardly. He realized that the evidence against him was too strong.

"Father," he said to the priest one day, "I wish I could do something for you for peppering me up the way you've been doing right along."

"But you can do something for me," replied the priest.

"How?"

"Well, I'm going to ask you to do me a very special kind of favor. Will you write out for me your recollections every day beginning tomorrow until the twentieth?" (The twentieth was the day set for the execution.)

"Father, anything you say."

The diary which he kept for the priest could hardly be called such. It consisted of twenty-three sheets of scrap-paper of all sizes which the priest procured with the permission of the warden. As president of the Society I had opportunity to examine and to



study the record, for it was entrusted to my care until all the members of the Society had occasion to hear it. I desired to have a copy of my own, and I asked the priest for permission to make myself one. Permission was readily granted.

First let me say a word more about the chronicle itself. It was so very badly written I was compelled to revise the whole thing in order to make it readable. I was careful, however, not to change the meaning. Nearly every sheet of paper on which the young man wrote was very much crumpled as a result of many tears which he shed during its composition. Writing out these recollections doubtless brought back memories of the past, and such memories would naturally have increased his regret for having to die.

The first day he took pains to write out his thoughts carefully, but the sheet of paper on which he chose to record his thoughts was of the smallest size. And the reason was obviously clear. He realized that the last days of his life would be the most interesting, and so he saved the best sheets to record his final hours.

The reader will easily notice that in beginning his diary he had tried to dramatize the work somewhat, but that he soon broke off the drama and wrote as he honestly felt and thought.

#### TUESDAY.

Sometimes I wished that I was only dreaming; I even tried to convince myself that I was dreaming, but of no avail—death insisted on staring me in the face. Such way of thinking has nearly driven me insane. So much rushes to my mind that I hardly know how to control my thoughts. As a matter of fact I no longer have any power in controlling my thoughts. Mostly pictures of the past flash upon my memory, and when I think of the good old days—the happiness at home—I dread having to die.

From this little extract the reader can see that the writing out of these reflections required a great deal of cour-

age as well as a great deal of impudence. Courage: because no man likes to think of leaving the world at a time when he might have been happiest in it; and yet he faced death like a real trooper in spite of his wanting to live a while longer. And impudence, because no man likes to unfold his intimate thoughts needlessly when he is about to die.

On first thought one might accuse the priest of being a selfish and meddlesome person. He was the exact opposite. In asking this favor he had in mind to prepare the boy's soul for the momentous occasion when it would stand before its God. That was the trick which the priest had in mind, and it is to be seen later on that the trick had worked out successfully as planned.

#### SATURDAY.

I dreamt of mother last night. It must be tough going with her. I wish my mind would quit functioning. For the first time I tried to figure out what death must be like. I'm not so much afraid of death as I am of the chair. They say it only takes a second though. But what a second! After that I'll be just another dead body—but why go over all that again?

Often it happens that hardened criminals have lost all sense of benevolence. They no longer have any sense of discernment, and they die without contrition. Such cases are indeed sad; but what is even sadder is the fact that such cases are not few. In this case the priest was most successful. Of course this lad was never a hardened criminal, but he would certainly have died without contrition had not the priest won him over. He was possessed of good-will, and that is what the Saviour wants most in sinners who are dreadfully in need of His grace. The priest was astonished at the boy's willing response concerning things spiritual, and so he gave special instructions which extended sometimes over three hours daily.

## THURSDAY, 20TH.

Well the day is here. Tonight at ten I'll be dead. I've prepared a place for God in my heart. This afternoon I will receive Him for the first time in my life. And tonight at ten He will receive me in heaven. I am convinced that I will be in heaven. You yourself told me so, Father, because Baptism has washed away all my sins. Jesus was God and he was accused of worse things than murder. There is a Friend for you. He will understand me. I'm glad you explained everything to me, Father. I'm also very glad that you brought my mother to see me last night. It makes it so much easier to die. Please, Father, comfort her some more. That is one thing that I must ask of you. But I know that you are curious to know how I am feeling on the day of my execution. Execution is such a terrible word, and so I'm going to call it death instead. You can't imagine how nervous I am. Every minute I feel as though the thing had already hit me and I contract my muscles so tightly that I swoon from fear. I'm only telling you this, Father. I want to be game for my mother's sake. If I show any signs of weakening it will mean my mother's death, too. It's her heart. Of course I'm afraid of the chair. Anything but the chair! But then again when I think of all you told me about Jesus on the cross I don't mind dying. My head aches so that I wonder if I have not already died. I hope everybody present at my execution will make my going easy. But you'll be there, Father, and so I know that I'll have one friend at my side. And now I finish my little present to you with the words which Jesus said when he died. . . . "Father, into Thy hands I commend my Spirit."

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## Detours

By E. S. Eitemiller

"WE made good time all the trip until we came to that detour."

That is the inevitable word that crops up in motor-trip narratives, and it always brings a sympathetic sigh from some listener eager to relate a much similar, but much more harrowing experience. These details are told with gusto and apparent enjoyment, while often the rest of the trip is rather sketchily described.

"Oh, yes, I forgot, we went to see

such-and-such a place. It is rather nice, and sort of quaint—you know what I mean—"

Fortunately, all tourists are not so vague, but most of them react similarly to that unwelcome sign "Detour."

To me, a gypsy at heart always, it has been a challenge to my imagination, offering unexpected adventure. One never knew what interesting "back-stage" scenery might appear around the next bend of this unexplored road. More often than not it was a barren, rough one; and it was a pleasure to relax gratefully when the tires once more rolled upon smooth asphalt. But how much more we appreciated the comfort after the bumpy ride! Just as we enjoy the pleasant, easy things in life after being deprived of them awhile, or vigorous health after a siege of illness, just so we learn to appreciate more thoroughly beautiful scenery, and the ease of traveling after a few miles of rough going.

We have to detour all through life. Thus: Use the money saved for college to pay bills for hospital expenses, or give up that coveted trip because the money is sorely needed at home. There may be a lame child to be mended, an old grandmother who cannot be left alone. You may have to stay by the bedside of some loved one who needs your care, or have orphaned children helpless on your hands. So many, many ways to force you off the smooth road onto a rough detour, which you *must* take or *turn back*.

Few turn back. Some will complain bitterly the whole way, some will take it resignedly, grimly. Some will whistle blithely, and look for unexpected vistas of beauty along the way. I have learned that the bleakest looking detours have some beauty. It is a fascinating game to look for it, to make sure that a tiny picture is framed in the memory, to obliterate the drab part of the way.



There was one time when I thought I could not find the smallest fragment of beauty along the dry clay roadway, flanked by débris which had been dumped there. I was giving up hope, when I saw the pink blossoms of the tall hollyhock, whose seed had been carried by a bird, no doubt, flaunting its brave challenge to any who dared say that beauty could not be found anywhere, even on a dump pile.

In striking contrast, there was another detour, which was such a surprise and delight to all in our party that they voted it the outstanding beauty sport of the entire trip. It wound along a shady road beside a stream bordered by drooping willow trees. Calm-eyed cows stood knee deep in the still water, and a barefoot little lad fished intently, not lifting his eyes as we passed. A small cottage was half hidden in clustering vines, and a tiny curly-headed tot played on the doorstep with a gray kitten. Sheep grazed on a sloping hill. Far back was a white farmhouse, and one majestic oak tree was etched against the sky. I held my breath as we drove very slowly along, for fear that this series of perfect pictures might prove to be a dream. We were keenly disappointed when we found ourselves at the end of this detour. While none of us has since gone back to it as we vowed to do, we invariably speak of it whenever the subject of detours comes up; and it will always remain in my memory as a wonderful experience.

Just so, the detours which come ever so often in our lives will be remembered as times during which we absorbed influences that stay as part of our character. Instead of chafing at the delay, we should accept these pauses as part of God's plan for us, and try to understand and assimilate the lessons of discipline and faith which are essential to the growth of Christian character.

As long as there are good roads

being built, there will be detours; and the same rule applies to ourselves. We are building *character*. The detours will yield the richest returns, for anyone can go serenely along a smooth road. But the bumpy ones will bring out one's hidden traits. There will be times like the lovely scene I mentioned, when beauty will be showered upon us, and we will be overwhelmed with a sense of God's gracious care. These times will be stored in our souls as precious memories, to rest us when the way seems too rough to continue.

But it is the hidden beauty for which we search diligently that gives us a sense of achievement when we find it and store it away. It is there like gold waiting for us to uncover it, on every detour. Truly, "If ye seek, ye shall find."

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### Ex Libris

By Edwin Hewelcke

*Between my covers you will presently  
Find tales of joy or romance bold, or truth;  
Of distant lands and ancient revelry;  
Of divers gentlemen, and zealous youth.  
All these, and more, I promise you, forsooth.  
To you such wondrous pleasures will I give  
That you with generous minds may shortly live.*

*I ask no price; my treasures are all free;  
My leaves are open to the least of eyes.  
Yet must I beg that you will handle me  
With gentle care, lest I perchance surmise  
My words you love, but binding do despise.  
For many more than you will turn, in fact,  
My pages—that is, if they are still intact.*

*Please do not view this sermon with alarm.  
Its purpose, you'll agree, is very high.  
Your sensibilities I would not harm—  
But you must know I have no wish to die  
Beneath a cloudburst, or a scorching sky.  
If I was lent you by some neighbor kind,  
Make haste, return me, lest it slip your mind.*

## Brass and Gold

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

**A**N early-September gale was blowing. With the worried pucker deepening between her faded blue eyes, for the 'steenth time Ma Hilker turned from the rain-drenched window. Sighing, she glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece behind the stove. Dave was late.

The wisp of a woman crossed the kitchen and opened the oven, letting out a flood of palate-tickling aromas. As she stooped, an old-fashioned cameo locket, on a fine gold chain around her thin throat, dropped from the bosom of her gingham dress. Perfunctorily she thrust it back into her dress. Pa, dead some seven years now, had given it to her. It was his first present.

The loin of pork was sizzling and brown. Ma basted it mechanically, while her troubled brain wrestled with the problem of her boy's lateness. She tested the sweet potatoes with a fork. They were about done. She was worn out. She must be getting old. She glanced at the clock once more. She had prepared the things Dave liked especially. Now he was late. Victuals seldom improved with standing. What in the world could be keeping—

"Hi, Ma!"

The door banged open and slammed shut. A gust of wind set the oil lamp to flickering and spluttering in its bracket on the wall. While the shadows danced grotesquely, the white ruffled curtains rippled at the window. Pushing some strands of gray hair off her forehead, Ma jerked around.

"Why, Dave!" Ma choked, her caloused hands fluttering to her throat. "Your left eye, son! What's happened to it?"

"Just ran into a fist, Ma," he told her casually, his lean features reddening, as his voice hit a treble. "It's what

I call a swell shiner." He caught her in his arms and kissed her.

"Let me go, Dave!" she protested, the breath squeezed out of her. "You're hurting me!"

She frowned, while she watched the lanky six-footer wriggle out of his coat and stride to the sink in the corner.

"You ought to see the other guy, Ma!" he gloated through the sudden splashing of water. "He's what I call a sure-enough sight."

"Just the same, son," she argued, as she turned the savory food into dishes, "I don't approve of fisticuffs." She spoke in a tone of finality. "Hurry, Dave! Supper's waited overlong already."

"Do hurry, Dave!" She nodded and set the steaming dishes on the table. "Things won't be really fit to eat." She settled into her place.

"Supper sure smells good, Ma!" His lean, freckled features glowing in spite of his battered eye, he smacked his lips and drew up his chair. "My mouth's worse than watering. Say! I'm as hungry as eleven bears."

His face grew serious. He seemed about to say something more but changed his mind. While she heaped his plate with generous helpings, his mother talked about the nasty weather, the number of eggs she had gathered and the trouble she had had with the milking.

"Another week," Dave laughed in eager anticipation, "and you'll be all through with such things, Ma!"

She looked over her shoulder so that he wouldn't glimpse the pain of regret in her eyes. You can't live and love and dream and work for years and years in a place without feeling the wrench, when you are finally uprooted.

"It's going to be great, Ma!" Dave's words tumbled over each other in his suppressed excitement. "We'll get along fine!"

Mastering her emotions, she smiled and faced him.



"Though our quarters will be several blocks from the Franmar campus," he continued, "walking back and forth from my classes will be good for me. Together with my freshman football, the exercise will keep me fit. One more week at the wirecloth, Ma, and then I'll be a collegian. Great, if you're asking me! I can hardly wait."

As she gazed into his frank brown eyes, so like Pa's, the dancing lights in their depths made her glad she had not kept him in school in spite of her neighbors' contrary advice. She rejoiced that she had allowed him to play high school football, too. It had secured him a scholarship and a part-time job. It had not been easy. In fact, it had been downright hard at times. Even heart-breaking. She hoped all that was over now.

"Think of it, Ma!" Dave exclaimed. "We'll have a bathroom, gas for cooking and electric lights." He scowled his disgust at the oil-lamp.

"What's come over you, son?" she asked solicitously. "I thought you said you were so hungry. Why aren't you eating?"

"I reckon I'm too excited, Ma." He started plying knife and fork energetically. "Say! These are noble eats, Ma."

She served him huge second helpings. Finally, with a grunt of animal satisfaction, he pushed away his empty plate and slumped back in his chair.

"Gee, Ma!" he breathed. "I feel as stuffed as a sausage."

She chuckled and started clearing away the supper things.

"About this shiner I'm sporting, Ma," Dave began abruptly, while they were doing the dishes. "It was Tobe Wolfe who handed it to me."

"That big bully?" There was a catch in her voice.

"Since the day back in June," he went on hurriedly, "when I started working at the wirecloth in Freedom, Tobe has been riding me. He never

missed a chance to be nasty. I didn't pay any attention to him as long as he confined himself to calling me a swell-headed hillbilly, who was putting on airs because I was going to college. This morning, though, he—"

He broke off right there and stared down at his mother. He was suddenly shy, awkward, embarrassed,—anything but sure of himself.

"What happened this morning, Dave?" she queried, while her hands groped through the sudsy water.

"The big ox took too much for granted, Ma," he explained. "He figured he could get away with murder and, judging by past performances, I would not have the sand to resent it. That was Tobe's first boner, Ma. I showed him where to get off and I'm not meaning maybe."

"I piled into Tobe, Ma," Dave went on unsteadily, "when he sneered that you wear your wedding ring, as you do, in that locket on that gold chain around your neck," his bright eyes were glued on the slight strand, "because it's brass an' you're ashamed to have folks see it has turned green. I made him eat his words, Ma, and—"

"But Tobe was—" Her voice broke and the anguish in her eyes made Dave wince.

"I know Tobe was right, Ma," he confessed huskily. "I've known it for a long time. Since I was knee-high to a grasshopper, I've always wondered why you didn't wear your wedding ring like the other married women hereabouts, until—"

"Pa was cheated," she managed to gasp with the dishcloth in one hand and a box of soap flakes in the other, "when he bought my ring. He said he paid fifteen dollars for it."

Dave sucked in his breath. That was not what Wolfe had jeered.

"Pa was always talking about getting me a new ring," his mother declared wistfully. "What with one thing or

another, though, he never did get around to it."

Though Pa wasn't a hand for spending money foolishly, he somehow always managed to get around to buying the gun or the hound he had his heart set on.

"Ma!" Dave ejaculated. "You're spilling all the flakes!"

And she was, with the foam mounting high in the pan. She laughed tremulously and set the nearly empty container down.

"Ma," Dave spoke confidentially, "I'll be banking every cent we don't use. When I finish at Franmar, I'm going on to technical school. I've never got lower than an A in math and my Academy prof says I'm bound to make good in engineering. Won't that be something, Ma?" he demanded enthusiastically. "Yours truly building skyscrapers, railroads, bridges, tunnels, Boulder dams!" Gee whillikins, Ma! Can't you see me swinging those big jobs? Huh?"

There flashed before her mind's eye the scenes of a movie she had attended months earlier in Freedom. *Mettle of Men* it was called. It had to do with the structural steel workers,—their loves and hates and the dangers of their hard calling. The intricate framework of a towering office building was climbing into the skies. Amid a veritable bedlam the gangs of ironworkers were like so many flies entangled in a gigantic steel web. A slim, bronze god dominated this noisy beehive, directed this seemingly aimless activity. Ma started and looked closer. Her eyes jerked wide and her lower jaw sagged. It was Dave. Her Dave!

"What are you thinking about, Ma?" She told him.

"That's exactly how it's going to be, Ma!" He squared his shoulders.

She studied her starry-eyed son with a thrill of awe. He was so sure of himself, so unequivocally confident, so brave.

"Ma," he hesitated, apparently at a loss for words, when the dishes were done at last, "when I found out about your wedding ring, I made up my mind then and there that—"

He could go no further. The words caught in his throat and appeared to strangle him. He gulped hideously, gathered her into his arms, kissed her tenderly and slipped a tiny package into her work-gnarled hands.

"*To the swellest Ma,*" she read the attached card aloud, feelingly, "*a fellow ever had.*" And it was signed, "*Dave.*"

Never had she wanted to cry as she did now. Never, not even when Pa died, had there been such a lump in her throat, such a pain in her heart. Then her whole body had been filled with a dull ache. Now she felt light and joyous, happiness mingled with hurt because her boy—

"Open it, Ma!"

The white wrapping paper rustled like wind-blown autumn leaves, her hands were trembling so. At last she stood holding a little gray plush box. It just couldn't be! Dave wouldn't do that! And yet!

"Press the catch, Ma!"

The lid snapped up. Breathlessly she stared at the narrow gold man in its bed of white silk.

"From the time I knew about the ring in the locket, Ma," Dave shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other, while his long fingers tumbled his thatch of tow hair, "I made up my mind you were going to have a real gold wedding ring. I saved the cost out of my lunch money," he laughed. "That ring came from the best jeweler in York. You won't have to be ashamed any more."

"*Thomas Hilker to Mary Parr,*" in an undertone she read the inscription on the inner surface of the ring, "*June 9, 1912.*"

"Steady Ma!" Dave took the shining circlet of gold and placed it on the third



finger of his mother's shaking left hand. "If you're asking me by any chance, that looks better than nifty, Ma!"

Her arms went around him and she crushed him to her heart. Silently she asked God not to let her cry. "I don't know what in the world I would do without you, Dave!"

Impulsively he pressed his lips to her thinning hair. Her arms tightened about him. Confused, his face flushed, he slowly disengaged himself from her embrace. A fellow mustn't show his feelings, not even to his mother.

"I'll be giving the news of the day the once over, Ma." He snatched the morning paper from the rack and dropped into a rocker under the light. "Then I'll turn in."

From under her lashes she watched him covertly. Through the roar of the tempest, Ma could hear the rapid beating of her heart. It was singing a song of faith and peace, of hope and gladness. This was a lovely world. Life was sweet. She was blessed among women. She had mothered a good son.



## Herself: A Good Neighbor

By Jean Anderson

I HAD moved into her neighborhood—*herself* being the neighbor next door. After listening to various women of my acquaintance relating their unpleasant experience with neighbors, I confess I had some misgivings concerning mine. But we had bought a home in this locality, and here as a bride, I was to learn my first lessons in neighboring.

I noted many things in those first months: one thing was outstanding,—the friendliness the other women of the neighborhood felt for *herself*. I cannot recall having seen her go into anyone's house to visit, but she was in and out of her own house; in her garden; stroking the family Persian or fending off

the golden spaniel that greeted her with friendly, dirty paws.

I knew I should like *herself*. There was something about her that stirred memories. . . . The first time I ventured "Good Morning," after having been in the new home one whole day, my greeting was returned with the most disarming smile I have ever seen. The dark eyes of my neighbor (I discovered later they were hazel) made a gladness shine around the spot where I stood, dispelling the last fragment of doubt I had concerning neighbors.

The first greeting was followed by similar ones from day to day as she shared plants, cuttings, and bulbs when we were both outdoors. We seemed to be outside oftener than in the house, especially on the warm, sunny days of that first summer. Her other neighbors, who were mine, too, rarely ever looked dour or were unfriendly to one another when she was present; she seemed to neutralize their ill-feeling.

I am of an investigative turn;—inquisitive if you wish to state it that way. So one day in late October it got the better of me, and I said, "I am curious to learn how you do it!" She was planting tulip bulbs. "Oh, it's easy. Of course you need good soil first of all, and then. . . ."

I interrupted. "But I don't mean the bulbs! What I want to learn is this: how do you manage to keep on friendly terms with all these neighbors? Frankly, I'm asking you to share the secret with me, for I want so much to be a good neighbor!" I wish you could have heard the mellow laughter that followed that query. "Oh"—and the vestiges of merriment were still shining from her eyes and overflowing on her cheeks—"it's no secret at all, at all! I just try to think of each one of my neighbor women as the small girl she is at heart; with whom I must be patient even though she cry loud and long because

another little girl has hurt her. You'd be surprised how different a woman looks when you think of her as a little girl! You see, I have a feeling that I am quite grown-up, and when one is grown-up there are so many wonderful things to achieve.

"I have been in this neighborhood eighteen years, and on friendly terms with every neighbor during that time. I am a part-time writer. My neighbors accept that fact; for, after all, there *are* other places where they can go with their tales of gossip (and operations), among those no more busy with worthwhile activities than they are. However, there is always the neighbor who wants to lead a purposeful life, and our moments together give us inspiration as well as moral courage to continue budgeting our time."

Bulb after bulb (she must have planted at least fifty that morning) found a comfortable loamy place in her garden. "Incidentally," she said, as she smoothed the earth caressingly around the last of the bulbs, "haven't you already noticed what a good neighbor a writer can be—always interested in your affairs to a degree that should arouse your suspicions; for you may appear in the story that will leave the typewriter tonight.

"My neighbors of longest standing—my oldest neighbors," she continued, putting in place an errant branch of the tall weigela bush, "there is a special warmth in my heart for them! The old neighbors have watched my family grow, and know us in a way no one else ever can—not even our closest relatives. But even these neighbors are better neighbors for knowing they must not neglect their home in order to visit with me overlong. And no neighbor has ever been offended at my method of conserving both my time and hers.

"But since you asked for the secret of successful neighboring, I have been

wondering if this wholesome, or maybe whimsical feeling I have for my neighbors hasn't had its roots in my mother's attitude to *her* neighbors. She was loved and respected by every neighbor. They did not wait their turn to visit as was the custom in the old days. Instead, they came to her with their problems, knowing full well that even if she could not solve a particular problem, they would at least go home refreshed after having seen her and having talked with her.

"I distinctly recall, too, that she and my father made an annual visit to each neighbor, and I feel certain that her great tolerance and understanding was the reason for their loving and respecting her. I am definitely proud of this heritage. There is nothing I'd rather you would say concerning me than this: "She is a good neighbor."



## At Saint Germaine-En-Laye

By Katherine Simons

*To Saint Germaine-en-Laye were brought  
The world's great masters. She was taught  
Music and riding, poetry,  
Latin, Italian, falconry,  
Fine needlework, each latest dance  
Which set a-tap the foot of France.*

*As flowers in the sunshine blow,  
She bloomed at sunny Fontainebleau.  
There was no graceful fleur-de-lis  
Or dewy rose more fair than she  
When, from those joys, they sent her forth  
To rule her dour highland North.*

*They sent a tall girl forth to fight  
Scots treachery and Tudor spite  
With loveliness. In after years,  
She must have thanked them through her tears  
For schooling 'neath a gentler sky,  
That taught a great queen how to die.*



## Imitations

By Ellen Mary Stewart

THROUGH my window this morning came the sound of a meadow lark so sweet and clear I found myself leaving my desk to search for the bird.

Meadow larks, I knew, belonged to old orchards and tall waving grasses, but one was singing near my study, and remembering it had been years since I had seen a lark, I felt a mad desire to look upon the singer. A search of the garden failed to reveal his hiding place; but I had seen no bird fly away so I knew he was somewhere near. Then suddenly came his clear liquid call again, I raised my eyes.

"There you are!" I cried, sighting a feathered songster in a high tree; but my heart filled with disappointment when I discovered after a moment's observation the singer in the tree was a mockingbird not a meadow lark. Only for a moment was I disconcerted about it, for in that space of time I realized what wonderful things come to us in life through imitations.

Right here before my eyes was one of the greatest imitators in the world. So truthfully can the mockingbird copy the various birds in his kingdom that we find ourselves easily fooled thinking the original is singing when it is only his imitator.

Listening to the mockingbird now in an interested, appreciative manner, I found myself thrilling with the joy that the catbird, the bluebird, the wren and many other bird voices bring into my life; and yet I was fully conscious they came through an imitator.

From the bird imitator my mind went racing through strange channels. I remembered suddenly how few of the world's population had ever looked upon the original picture of *The Last Supper*, *The Stranger at the Door*, *The Madonna*, *The Angelus*, *Christ Blessing Little Children*. What a treat humanity

would have missed had not a gifted artist copied these magnificent paintings! And only through this imitation have many of them become world famous.

From pictures my mind flashed to clothes; and I thought of the stylist who creates some exclusive gown,—a gown that has taken days to create, and yet a good copyist need only glimpse the original and quickly design and flood the market with an imitation of the successful garment. Girls who are needle-conscious these days can copy the most exclusive gowns displayed in the shop windows at a mere pittance in comparison with the price tags they bore.

From clothes my mind shifted from the intangible things of life that the imitator finds so easy to copy, and I found myself remembering a woman who habitually carries some sort of grudge against the world. A few minutes in her company leaves me feeling as if I, too, have sudden and just cause for bitterness against a world that has failed to provide the comfort and luxury for me that some of my fortunate neighbors possess. How foolish to imitate characters like this!

The same thing, however, applies to that God-given ray of sunshine that walks life's road without malice of heart or unkindness of mind toward her neighbor. These people are worth imitating, and blessed is he who copies them. It gives us a new respect for ourselves, and our importance becomes of specific value when we know we have cheered some lonely soul, healed some broken heart, and lifted the load from a weaker brother's shoulder.

That was the example Christ set; and those of us who would even slightly imitate the teachings of the Great Master cannot fail to feel better for the effort wherever we go. Therefore if we must be imitators, let us choose the finer evidences in art, literature, music and personalities for our copy subjects.

# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

Tomorrow is the day when idlers work, and fools reform.—*Anon.*

At 21, John Daven, father of tree surgery, did not know his A B C's.

There are many more women than men centers of distinction in Japan.

It costs the average family in England a little over thirty-six dollars a week to live.

The *News* of New York sold three hundred thousand extra copies the day Germany attacked Poland.

During the first five years of his writing career, Booth Tarkington earned a sum total of \$22.50 by his pen.

During the past ten years, two-thirds of the automobile manufacturers of France have gone out of business.

The physical hazards of tunnel-digging are so great that there are only fifteen hundred "sand-hogs" in the country.

About one man out of twenty-five suffers from color blindness. Only one woman out of something over two hundred suffers from the same defect.

In the London telephone directory, the Smiths, Joneses, Harrises, and Corks lead, and in that order. In the

New York City directory, the Cohens take first place, followed by the Smiths, Millers, and Browns.

It has been noticed by enemies of John L. Lewis that his holiday greeting cards did not carry the union label.

According to Dale Carnegie, President Andrew Johnson not only never went to school in his life, but never even learned to read or write until his wife taught him.

Even the best public schools merely are trailing behind the leadership of the more aggressive private schools.—*Prof. F. G. Nichols*, Harvard University School of Education.

Absurdities of 1939: Victory will be ours, for we have right on our side—*Herr von Ribbentrop*. The members of the Red army are the most peaceful people on earth.—*Stalin*.

The Isle of Erin has the same number of square miles as the State of Indiana; it also has more kindness to the acre than any other country on earth.—*Elbert Hubbard*.

Once a woman came up to Eugene Field to tell him that she cried when she read his "Little Boy Blue." He replied: "That's nothing. You should have heard me beller when I wrote it."

According to *Collier's*, the captain of one New Yorker's yacht draws a larger salary than the master of the Queen Mary; the colored manager of a Harlem dance hall is paid more than the governor of Pennsylvania; and a mid-Westerner, the president of a local musicians' union, gets more money for his work than the President of the United States.



# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

September 2, 1939

HITLER is likely not a humorist. If he were, he could well laugh at his own antics. He seems to resemble Puck.

At the moment, September second, Germans are reported to be fighting against Poles, to have bombed Warsaw and other Polish cities. At the same time it is reported no war is yet begun. So the British ministry, following a tradition of long repute, gravely inquires if Herr Hitler has actually begun military operations against the Polish nation; and if what has been done, has been done under orders. France asks much the same questions, and like England waits for a reply. If Hitler answer "yes" to both the English and the French nations, these allies will declare war on Germany officially. Should the Fuehrer answer "no," there will be more exchanging of notes to find out (if that can be done) Hitler's present intentions toward Poland. If he gives no answer at all, which is quite possible, his silence will be interpreted as affirmative. So Hitler is really the determining voice.

Consider the past week or so. The President of the United States very worthily addressed a note to the Fuehrer and the head of the Polish government urging upon them to get together and settle their differences by anyone of three methods which he indicated. The head of the Polish government agreed. Hitler would consider the conference if he were guaranteed Danzig and the Polish Corridor before the conference began. That, of course, ended that. You cannot pay off before a game starts. So Hitler followed his previous method of military display and a certain push of his soldiers which carries them somewhat into Polish territory.

This Sunday morning, September third, Italy—Mussolini, that is—proposes a cessation of hostilities while five powers—Germany, Poland, Great Britain, France and Italy—get together in an attempt to make a settlement. Chamberlain says "no" to that for Great Britain (and likely for France and Poland also), unless the Germans get out of Polish territory, which they now occupy, before the conference. On no account must Germany hold any of the Polish territory taken in her recent demonstration if there is to be a get-together peace talk. At this moment the world awaits Hitler's reply to Chamberlain's conditions. That reply will determine whether or not the wholesale murder of modern warfare is to be the lot of much of Europe for some time to come. If Hitler elect to keep his foot-hold in Poland there will not be a five-nation conference, but another war.

It is not a pleasant reflection that one little man, who seems half play-boy at moments, should have so much to say about determining the life of the world for a considerable time. Great Britain, France and Poland must evacuate their cities of their children, of their old and ill and feeble. Trains will run tentatively; cities will be dark at night; ships will not sail to sea, and people who had planned a return to the United States from Europe on a certain date will find ship-sailings cancelled. They cannot go. They will have to live and pay board in hotels to await an uncertain new date for another sailing. If creating critical conditions that shake the temper of the world and play havoc with the plans of ordered life be greatness, Hitler may be called that. But bombers and killers can do much the same on a smaller scale.

## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**House of Hospitality**, by Dorothy Day.  
Sheed & Ward, New York. Price, \$2.50.

*From Union Square to Rome* was the story of Dorothy Day's life up to her conversion in 1927 and *House of Hospitality* is the story of her life since then, a life in which the Catholic Worker Movement has played so important a part. Into this book she has poured her heartfelt and vital sympathy for the poor, the miserable, and the down-and-out. Her record is from a personal journal: fragments, sketches, bits of reflections and meditations, unified by her love for God and neighbor. Though she centers her work about the New York Hospitality House, she paints a picture of the whole Catholic Worker Movement: its acts of mercy, paper, discussion groups, aims, responsibilities, communal farm. As a leader of the New York House her many responsibilities—concerning management, paying of bills, the all too human frictions—were heavy. And hence her remarkable reliance on Divine Providence and St. Joseph lends beauty and courage to every page she writes. Nor is Peter Maurin forgotten. Dorothy Day is a lay apostle who has not lost sight of the fact that external activity must be deeply rooted in the spiritual life if it is to be truly fruitful. Her book—discouragements, successes, and at least implied high hopes—prompts reflections and urges activity.

J. H. Wilson.

**Compendium Theologiae Moralis**, by Aloysio Sabetti, S. J., and Timotheo Barrett, S. J. cum addendis recognitis a Daniele F. Creeden, S. J., S. T. D. Editio 34, post Codicem octava. Frederick Pustet Co., New York and Cincinnati. Pp. 1353. \$6.

Whatever may be said of Sabetti-Barrett from the professorial standpoint, no one can deny that in raising

specific problems, it furnishes clear, concise solutions, such as a hard-worked pastor might wish to have in the least possible time. The volume is up-to-date; the problems treated are those raised by moral conditions of today as well as those that remain constant with unchanging human nature. By its comparative briefness Sabetti-Barrett does not lose in accuracy; the principles brought forward in solution of cases are clear and conservative; and being neither liberal nor rigoristic, the book does not lead to conclusions and applications that are harmful on either side of the balance.

A hundred pages of addenda have been incorporated into this edition, the thirty-fourth and the eighth after the promulgation of the Code of Canon Law. These furnish a well-selected summary of official pronouncements of the Holy See by way of traditional principles in present applications, interpretations of canons, responses to questions. The judicious citation of passages from recent encyclicals, particularly regarding the social problems, rounds out an adequate view of recent developments in Moral Theology that merits approval for Father Daniel F. Creeden, S. J., professor at the Jesuit theological college at Weston, Mass., in charge of the present edition. In the addenda there is included discussion of such going questions as the morality of listening to radio broadcasts of non-Catholic services and sermons and services, artificial fecundation, the sterile cycle and periodic continence, ectopic foetus and removal of the tube in danger of hemorrhage, membership in Rotary Clubs. The additions of the list of quinquennial faculties is highly commendable, since it furnishes a convenient and useful aid in determining the powers granted to our Ordinaries.



For the American student of Moral Theology one of the most valued features of Sabetti-Barrett is the continual reference in the tract on justice and rights to the natural law principles embodied in the American Constitution, to the standard commentaries on our law, and to articles in our periodicals bearing on moral problems peculiar to our country.

The *Compendium* is frankly practical; it is an ample manual for confessors. The entire field of morals is compressed into one large, durable, excellently printed volume, written in a simple, resplendently clear Latin that could prove troublesome to no priest. Originally intended as a brief, practical manual for seminarians and "missionarii," or priests in the active care of souls, it still competently achieves that original purpose, still silences the challenge of any other textbook that has appeared to the rightful position as our most adequate and popular American confessor's manual.

R. H. Sweeney.

**Matters of Moment**, by the Rev. J. E. Moffatt, S. J. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. Price, \$1.

This book, the first in a series of four to be known as the *Ignation Meditation Series*, is a presentation in a popular style of the principles of spirituality which are set down in the First Week of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius dealing with the consideration of the origin of man, his purpose in life, and his goal in eternity. It is written in the form of letters, to "My dear Fidelis" from "Your Spiritual Father," each letter being a brief reflection on some spiritual principle. The letters are delightfully human and personal, vivid with little details that stimulate interest, strong in their appeal to the heart while at the same time successful in instilling into the intellect solid ideas of Christian spirituality. They stress a

living faith in God, the true meaning and significance of life, the intimate and personal relation between God's Providence and man, the value of the human soul, the tragedy of sin, the correct attitude toward death and judgment, the possibility of eternal failure and the desirability of an eternal success. All these great truths are expressed in a facile and flowing style, at times almost dramatic in its intensity as in the letter which describes "hopeless, despairing humanity rushing in maddened pursuit of the answer to the riddle of life's ultimate meaning," humanity seeking an answer in the halls of pleasure, in the marts of commerce, and at the fountains of learning, "the rush and hurry and din of the city, the worried, anxious, searching faces, the atmosphere of empty, all-pervading futility." Father Moffatt gives us the answer in a modern and attractive exposition of the Ignation principles, "I come from God . . . I belong to God . . . I am destined for God."

This should be a refreshing book for priests or Religious who find themselves fatigued from over-use of ordinary meditation manuals. But it should be especially invaluable to those of the Catholic laity who inspired by divine grace feel the need of a frequent and even a daily stimulant in the directing of their lives in accordance with eternal values.

G. C. Hager.

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PAMPHLETS

Rumble and Carty—*Radio Replies*,—St. Paul, Minn: *Minute Men Catholaganda* (compendium of Catholicism). Ten cents.

The Queen's Work, St. Louis: *The Glorious Notes of Christmas*, ten copies and envelopes, \$1. *A Guide to Fortune Telling*, 10c. *The Church Is a Failure?* 10 cents. The three are by Daniel A. Lord, S. J.

## YOUNGER READERS

### Necks

By Lucretia Penny

*Without a yard of neck between  
His shoulders and his face  
It may be the giraffe would feel  
Himself in deep disgrace.*

*With one full yard of neck between  
My shoulders and my face  
I'm sure 'most anywhere I'd feel  
A trifle out of place.*

*It is upon the point of view  
That sort of thing depends!  
Giraffe he needs a yard of neck  
To please admiring friends.*

### The Secret of the Shuttered Door

By Frances Y. Young

#### Chapter V—A Fight

THE days passed more quickly than Gerry could have believed possible. It was so muddy that Gene had not gone again to look at the secret house with the mysterious shuttered door. Soon the good days should begin and then he and Gerry would explore the woods and the surrounding countryside. Of course, going to and from school took a long time every day, but they made the most of it by studying their lessons on the trains. Gerry had two friends at school, her favorite girls, two sisters named Nancy and Barbara Brown; their mother had taught them some very interesting poetry, so Gerry took to learning verses, herself. It made such nice rhythm saying it to herself under her breath to the tune of the click of the wheels on the track.

The nasty weather would have made playing outdoors impossible; even if the

neighborhood children had been more friendly, they would have had little of their society. But the local youth set out to be disagreeable as if they were not unpleasant enough without trying!

One late afternoon Gene caught a group of boys tormenting a little young bird which had fallen out of a nest. When it peeped pitifully in frightened anguish, Gene came forward so wrathfully and spoke so suddenly that the chief tormentor, a lanky boy about a year older than himself, jumped so that the bird fell out of his hand. Gene planted himself squarely in front of the group, taking care to step back a step or two. The gang followed threateningly so that their attention was, temporarily at least, drawn from the fallen bird in the heavy grass at the foot of a tree.

"I could have you arrested for that! And sent to the reform school! But I won't because I don't think you realize what you are doing. Don't you know how that sort of thing hurts, and that birds and animals have feelings, the same as you? I should think you'd be ashamed to pick on something so small and helpless! It takes a coward to hurt something so weak and small that it can't fight back. And it degrades your character; you'll grow up to be nothing but a cheap crook if you start like this!"

"Like Geoff Blake!" sneered a smaller boy with thick blonde hair which he wore slicked back smoothly, evidently fancying that his weak features were handsome. "Geoff Blake's a crook!"

"He is not!" defended Gene. "Geoff wouldn't torment a poor little bird! I know, because his mother told me he used to fight all the kids around here



because they were so cruel. Geoff's wild maybe, but he's no crook—and no coward—and that's news in *this* neighborhood!"

"Sissy Gordon!" yelled the surly one with the small dark eyes, the lanky one who had been the first to speak, dancing tauntingly with fists doubled in front of Gene's face. "Come on and fight and see who's a coward! You're afraid, that's what!"

"If you mean I'm afraid," Gene turned pale and thrust his hands in his pockets, "you're right. I am afraid—of getting mad. I don't want to fight when I'm angry! but you pagans would not know why!"

"Pagans, are we!" sneered the lanky one whom the others called Marve—whether Marven or Marvel,—self-named—Gene did not then know—nor care. "We're Catholics—now what have you got to say about that?"

"That you are pretty ignorant of your religion and set a darn bad example," retorted Gene. "Babies in the third grade know more than you do about right and wrong. You never went to a Catholic school, I betcha!"

"Wouldn't be seen in one—" began Marve. "It's just cheap snobs who think they have to go to special schools!"

"It's not being a cheap snob to hear about God, and in the public schools you never even hear His Name—it's forbidden!" Gene went on talking about whatever he could think of, to keep the boys' attention on himself. He had seen Gerry, who had been a distant witness of the whole scene, sneaking around softly through the group of trees, and finally dare to get close enough, keeping in their shadow, to reach out and pick up the bird. It fluttered in her hand but he knew now that it wasn't badly hurt, by the look of relief on her face. But he had to keep those kids talking until Gerry got well away with it! Later on, he would climb a tree and put it back into its nest—for the present

Gerry would look after it very well

"You've called me names," Gene addressed Marv directly, although he meant all the boys. "Now I'm not mad; I'm sure of that; but I'd like to fight you—spar you for points. I'll show you whether I'm a sissy! Put up your hands—I'll box you for points! No real blows now—take off your coat! All I want is to show you that I know how to fight!"

Gene did not like the look on Marv's face; evidently Marv hadn't the remotest notion of honor in sports. They sparred, briskly moving around each other, landing harmless yet well-planted blows. Marv was a good fighter except that he got mad almost at once and his anger rose with every blow he gave. So many kids were like that! Gene kept cool, remembering the coaching the Doctor had given him in the Hobby Club gym.

Now Marv was showing his teeth in a snarl of rage. Gene wished that he, himself, had used better judgment than to get into this fight. His reasons had been all right. Well, there was one way to bring it to a swift finish; Doc Flynn had showed him how! Marv gave Gene a mean cut over the eye; it hurt, and for a moment he had to make a stern effort to master his temper. He breathed a little prayer for patience, then felt as cool as his rival was heated. The other boy's face was flushed a dull red and red lines were showing in his eyes. He swung his body and arms from left to right, looking for the best and most harmful place to land a blow. Feinting with his right fist, Gene lunged forward with all his weight behind his left and hit Marven hard on the jaw, stretching him out flat at the feet of his own gang, who looked at Gene with reluctant admiration.

Nursing his bruised knuckles with his mouth, Gene turned away without another word. They'd leave him alone

after this—unless they ganged him—he'd look out for that and manage to keep out of their way! It shouldn't be hard. His shoes and socks were hopelessly muddy so he went into the garage to clean them as best he could, then into the house in the gathering dusk so as to reassure Gerry that he was all right. It was odd that she had not come out to meet him. Mrs. Blake was there, lighting up the house. Gene asked her, "Where's Gerry?"

"I don't know," returned Mrs. Blake, "I didn't see her come in. Do you want to ride to town with me, Gene? I won't be long—I just have to get some kerosene."

"No, thanks," said Gene. "I don't want to leave Gerry alone."

After Mrs. Blake had driven away, he called Gerry all through the house. He called her from the back door and from the front. There was no answer. It was beginning to get dark. Where on earth was Gerry?

#### Chapter VI—Whispers!

Gerry, who had been a horrified observer of the first part of the preceding scene, sneaked forward through the trees as soon as she dared and picked up the little bird, which fluttered for a moment in her hand, then relaxed as if it knew it had found a friend. Some distance away at the foot of a big oak tree farther in the grove, the parent-birds were fluttering around in distress. As she looked, one of them flew up into the tree and Gerry knew that there she would find the nest. The little bird had not flown, but fallen from the nest; it was very young, tiny and downy. The bright little eye peeped up at her; it was a soft, tender little handful.

She circled the tree to approach from the farther side so that she would not be seen. It was hard to climb with one hand full of bird, so she made a little bag of an apron she was wearing and

slung it around her neck, putting the bird carefully within. After she got to the first branches the tree was easy to climb. Gene had taught her to climb trees almost as soon as she was able to walk. It wasn't at all dangerous but she had to be very quiet so the gang of boys would not hear her. One of the bird's wings was minus a feather and Gerry winced, remembering why! Otherwise it seemed to be all right. Remembering how St. Francis had preached to the birds she whispered to it as she climbed:

"Baby bird, remember to thank the good God who dressed you so beautifully in feathers and gave you food and the gift of song."

Soon she spied the nest under a thick branch. The mother bird was flying back and forth in distress, over three other tiny baby birds in the nest. Gerry took the little nestling carefully in her hand, kissed it lightly on top of its head, slipped it into the nest and made ready to descend. It was beginning to get dark and she wanted to be home. From the sound of their voices, she feared that Gene was having trouble with the rough group. But Gene would not want her around; he would say it was no place for girls; he was able to take care of himself!

She sat on a branch for a moment, content with the fact that silence had fallen on the group. She did not know that that was the moment Gene felled his opponent, skilfully knocked out, but not seriously hurt. Then a confusion of voices broke out and Gerry decided to wait a moment until the group broke up; you could tell that the tension was over. Gene would have called her if he had needed help; that was their code. As he didn't call she sat on her perch almost feeling like a bird herself! It was pleasant there among the rustling branches and the new leaves. It sounded as if the old tree were whispering pleasant soothing words to her! She could imagine that it was saying, "I'm



a tree—which looks at God all day, and lift my leafy arms to pray,” like the Kilmer poem. It really sounded like that but it was just imagination, Gerry was apt to become lost in an imaginary world and much dreaming was bad for you—made you wishy-washy and useless—Sister Practica said. Especially if you dreamed over your arithmetic lesson! Gerry hated arithmetic but had the highest marks in the class because she had to study it so hard to learn it: she went at it the very first lesson every night and studied it the very hardest!

But there *was* whispering some place, she didn't imagine *that*! It was the tree, after all—or the next tree—or something! Gerry sat very still and listened. The whispering came from below her in the grove and looking down in a clear space between the branches, she could see some figures there. They were not clearly discernible in the fast-gathering darkness but Gerry could see that they were men. They were standing in the clump of trees completely in shadow but looking out across the road where Mrs. Blake's house stood. Gerry knew that she had not been seen here on her leafy perch, and although she did not want to listen to what did not concern her, what could she do? It made her uneasy; what could be the secret which these men hid among trees to whisper about?

One voice kept saying: “I can't do it! I won't do it, I tell you!”

“You will or else—you know what will happen. You've showed us the place and that's something. Jake couldn't rustle a thing back in Dorton—you've got to! We can't starve and we got to wait for a day or so before we know how that last batch was planted. Say, if you don't I will! Now I know the place—”

“I can't!” The other voice dropped off into a weak whisper—“I haven't got the crust—what's that?”

Gene was calling Gerry from the front door. Gerry was afraid to breathe. The man who had the lighter voice, the frightened one—said in a stifled whisper:

“A kid! Maybe I'm all wrong about the place, Gimp; anyway something is wrong. A kid—a big kid! Two boys, for this one is calling another one—‘Jerry’—did you hear him? Well, I wonder what that means—” His voice trailed off into silence as Gene called impatiently again, “Gerry!” Then he opened the garage door where Booker had been closed up and the dog came running out.

“And a dog!” added the first man, the frightened one, nervously. “I can't go up against a dog! Jake will get some real stuff some way—Jake will fix us up—”

“Jake better,” returned the other grimly. “But Jake is no fool like you, and because you got the jitters and can't do your part, maybe I better do it. But the first thing I'll do will be to take care of that dog—well, come on.”

Gerry could hear their footsteps on the underbrush as they went toward the main road. She prayed fervently that they would be well on their way before Gene and Booker set out to look for her. It had grown perfectly dark when she dared to descend the tree. She could hear Gene and Booker coming down the steps of the porch, evidently having searched the house in vain.

She could hear no further sound of the men's voices or footsteps. Had they really gone? If they knew she had heard them what would they do to her? She tried to descend as quietly as she could, so no noise should betray her to any alien presence. Gerry shut her eyes against the darkness and felt her way carefully down. Just as she reached the foot of the tree she stepped on something round and soft which wiggled and gave out a shrill small scream. Gerry stood petrified!

(To be continued.)

## ✻ The Weekly Postscript ✻

By M. M. Wirries

IT'S a little late, but we wish you a Good New Year. A good New Year, like a good new book. Yours lies before you. Mine lies before me. Unspoiled, as yet; unstained; untattered. I wonder what it will look like when the whistles blow and the bells ring and rollicking mortals shout that Time, the old Librarian, has a 1941 volume for us? Unspoiled, unstained, untattered then? Hardly. Because, for all our good resolutions, we always manage to spoil the new pages somehow. And even if we don't really spoil them, they get a good wearing. Gracious! My 1939 volume was certainly a wreck when I regretfully closed the pages, set them on the library shelf, and reached eagerly for the new volume.

But after all a year has to be *lived with*, doesn't it? It really isn't much good to us unless we do something with it. The baby has to smear her thumbprints on it, and the middle child has to shed a few tears on its pages; someone has to drop crumbs of giggles into it; someone will spill an ink bottle on it, or the liniment. If it's a really good book, it will never be reposing peacefully on a shelf, and accidents will certainly happen to it. But there's art gum, you know, and mending tissue; and flatirons for crumpled pages. No use weeping too much when things happen to it; just try to do something about it, and if you can't—well, you can always make the best of it. And there's another thing: a book isn't necessarily a failure because it makes us cry, is it? Nor a howling success because it makes us laugh? But a good book does both. And so does a good year. As the stature of our mind grows and develops by reading, so does the stature of ourselves grow and develop by living. Thank you,

Father Time—and You, dear Author of Time,—for the New Book. And may it be a *good* one.

. . . . .

Our National Guard company goes to Stewart Mountain Dam for a week of encampment and maneuvers. We joke with them about marching with new shoes; about army overcoats that have come forth from their packing, wrinkled and redolent of moth balls; about "these handsome soldiers;" about the hours of K. P. they may get. We hand out cigarets and candy bars and last-minute sandwiches and chili beans, because "we won't have this good stuff up there. . . . Say, Bill, why don't you load up the old Buick and drive up? Boy! will we ever be glad to see you!" We keep the lunchroom open until the last army truck is gone, the last boy departed for the down-town area and the main point of departure.

And next morning we open to a room that is strangely empty. True, there are still breakfasters in plenty. And banter still flies. But Valentine will give us no gay salute from the doorway. Red will not order an extra porkchop, and Bobby will not say "I bet you can't do this—or that." We shall not hear King's chuckle, nor shall we look up to see tall Alvin smiling at us above the swinging doors that lead to the kitchen. There will be no "Hello, Mamma!" from Tony, today—no "Hi, Pal!" from Albert. Leo and Leslie will not be saluting one another with the friendly, derisive: "Well, if it isn't Gorgeous!" Rita's "Brother Rat" is gone—and Larry, Zhuni, Sanford. And thinking this, and how empty the place is without them, even though it is filled with others, we thank God it is only a "play war."



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### Msgr. Ronald "Hard" Knox

The well-known Msgr. Ronald A. Knox has been called "Hard" Knox by a literary wag. He has had a varied career: convert from Anglicanism, former clergyman of the Church of England, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, son of a former Anglican Bishop of Manchester, brother of Edmund Knox, Editor of *Punch*. The Monsignor has ably described his religious autobiography in what he calls his *Spiritual Aeneid*.

By Francis X. Murphy, C.S.S.R.

### The Handicap of Undersize

Miss Maloney identifies herself as several inches under five feet. She does not mind that. It is no fault of hers. She has, however, felt hurt when teachers in the grade schools used to call attention to her low altitude, and mentions it charmingly here.

By Mary Maloney

### A Junior Christ Child Group

A description of the meetings of the Christ Child Group of Council Bluffs, Iowa, on Saturday mornings. Miss Tinley tells of clothes made for needy children by these girls of high-school age.

By Margaret Tinley





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## NEXT WEEK

Dom Maternus Spitz, O. S. B., Abbaye du Mont Cesar, Louvain, Belgium, writes a very timely article in view of present conditions in Finland: *The Church in Finland*.

*Fishing in Maine* gives interesting returns on a fishing trip in which two Catholic girls had to hold up (mildly) their side of the religious question. Done by Frances Quinlivan, 1419 East 94th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

*Pensions and the Fourth Commandment.* Marie Lauck, 1458 South Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Indiana, wonders if children whose parents draw pensions are doing their full filial duty.

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## OBITUARY

Sister M. Columbanus, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Lioba, Ursuline Sisters.

Mr. Terence B. Towle, Mrs. Mary Fitzsimmons, Deal Newman, John Rosner, Patrick McCarthy, Mrs. Agnes King, Mrs. E. McHugh, James McHugh, Sr., James McHugh, Jr., Nellie Dodd, Alice Ryan, George Schmitt, Dominic Flynn, John Timmis, Mary Duffy, Margaret Rose Galligan, Mary Fitzgerald, Catherine Welch.

May they rest in peace!

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JANUARY 27, 1940

## World News in Brief

### THE CHURCH

In Vatican City, the beatification of Mother Duchesne, founder of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, was announced for May or June. Another likely beatification was that of Adolph Kolping, German social worker. . . . ¶ In Chicago, the installation of Archbishop Stritch was set for March 7. . . . ¶ In Brussels, entrusted with the formation of a new Belgian cabinet, Catholic Premier Pierlot selected five Catholics, four Socialists and three Liberals. . . . ¶ In Washington, new Supreme Court Appointee Murphy, John Cudahy the ambassador to Belgium, and John L. Sullivan, assistant secretary of the treasury—were confirmed by the Senate. . . . ¶ In Philadelphia, Father Stanford, President of Villanova, was elected Head of the Association of American Colleges. . . . ¶ In Detroit, Father Coughlin condemned the Christian Front Group in New York as "a group of Bundists aligned with Communists who have tried to ride on my coattails."

### AT HOME

In Washington, the President's attempt to arrange for a loan to Finland caused a storm in the Senate. Action was delayed for a week. . . . The Farmers' union sought further financial aid through taxes. . . . Washington officials asserted that the President has revived third-term intentions as Florida followed Ohio in an attempt to nominate him. . . . The House committee trimmed \$94,000,000 from the first appropriation bill, including an additional twen-

ty-two million dollars to build election-year postoffices. . . . The Secretary of War reported that nearly 600,000 men are under arms—a record for peace time. . . . ¶ In New York, Communist Harry Browder, on trial, admitted the use of false passports. . . . ¶ FBI men uncovered a fantastic plot among the United Christian Front members to stir up a national revolt, and then seize the government. . . . ¶ In Chicago, employer associations blamed the Wagner Act for labor killings. . . . ¶ In industry, commodities were higher. . . . The New York Exchange feared a shift in trading to Chicago.

### ABROAD

In London, Britain warned the Americas that the ocean beyond the three-mile limit is a battleground. Thus she rejected the American protest against war activity in neutral waters. . . . Meantime the government assumed control of the meat industry. . . . ¶ In Rome, Italians were told to be ready for war at any moment. . . . ¶ For the first time, England was represented in diplomatic circles by both an ambassador and a consul. . . . ¶ In Norway and Sweden, officials protested border violations by Soviet planes, and denied that Britain had guaranteed their integrity. . . . ¶ In Vipuri, waves of Red raiders bombed twenty Finnish cities. On land, Red forces continued to flee. . . . ¶ In Paris, American planes helped France to expand her sea power. Meantime, the French chamber voted to oust all Communists from parliament.

## Notes and Remarks

These sentences which came from the lips of the Irish Dominican, Father Thomas Burke, O. P., in St. Vincent Ferrer's Church, New York in 1872, apply with as much prophetic warning to Adolph Hitler in 1940 as to Von Bismarck some sixty-eight years ago.

**Hitler and History**

Men say: Is Christianity a failure? I answer, No! It will be a failure as soon as that voice of the Catholic Church is hushed. It will be a failure as soon as some king or some emperor or some great statesman, successful in war and in council, is able to bend the Catholic Church, and make her teach according to his notions or his views. Where in her history has she ever bowed to king or potentate? Where has she ever shaped her doctrines to meet the views of this man and further the designs of this other man because they were able to persecute her as they are persecuting her today? The most powerful man in the world says to the Catholic Church: "You must remodel your teachings; you must alter some of your dogmas and some of your first principles; you must admit that the State has a right to educate the children; that you have no right. You must admit that religion is not a necessary element of education. I will make you do it." Thus speaks Von Bismarck. He imagines because he has put his foot upon the neck of the bravest and most heroic race upon earth, that now he can trample on the Church of God. Oh! fool that he is! He thinks because he has trampled upon a nation, that he can trample upon Christ and His holy Spouse.

He says to the Church: "I will make a decree and I will expel every Jesuit in Germany; I will persecute your bishops; I will take your churches; I will alienate your people; I will imprison your priests; I will put them to death if necessary." But the Church of God stands calmly before him and says: "You can do all this, but you cannot make me change my teaching. I am the Messenger and the Voice of God, and God is Truth."

You have heard of Bismarck. You hear of Hitler. You perhaps have not heard of the Dominican Father "Tom" Burke living in a period when oratory

was the art of great speech. The Dominican's prophecy was fulfilled in Bismarck. It will be fulfilled in Hitler. Why? Because he expresses potently a commonplace of history: that tyrants, from Attila the Hun to Frederick the Red Beard to Adolph Hitler, have their noon blaze of armed pride and political folly, followed by an exit into an early, lonely twilight.

While industry's eyes and ears are keenly attuned to the Capitol, with the opening of Congress, to learn what the solons may do about budgets and business, **it is not so** it is quite certain they will ignore that old bromide that "business is never good in a presidential election year." An examination of the records fails to reveal any definite connection between business conditions and election campaigns; if anything, the election years appear to have turned out a little better than the others. More important than these old-fashioned and unfounded adages, is the statistical report that 1940 business is off to a fairly good start. Steel operations dropped only sixteen points during the holidays, and rebounded, during the first week in January, to eighty-six per cent capacity. Motor vehicle production declined less than seasonally during the holidays, and is now at ninety per cent capacity. Authorities predict a ten per cent gain in home building for 1940, especially in the USHA construction of low-cost housing projects. Railroads are in the black, once more. Freight has increased, and crack passenger trains usually find it necessary to run in three sections. These are economic facts which inspire a note of confidence that must be considered as solid because it is well-



founded. We have no right to allow our business ambitions to be smothered under political gossip occasioned by an election year.

President Roosevelt, in his speech to Congress, asserted: "There is a vast difference between keeping out of war and pretending that this war is none of our business. . . . We do not have to go to

### **The President Takes Sides**

war with other nations but at least we can strive with other nations to encourage the kind of peace that will lighten the troubles of the world, and by so doing help our own nation as well." Yet, in his actions, it has become evident that he has picked sides with Britain, France, Finland and China, thus departing from that healthy impartiality and isolation desired by so many of the American people. To support this assertion we note that: (a) The latest model military aircraft is sold to Britain, France and Finland. But no aircraft may be sold to Japan, Russia and Germany; (b) American ports are closed to submarines — Germany's special weapon, but open to armed merchant ships — Britain's specialty; (c) Neutrality as interpreted by the President makes it possible to roll finished warplanes across the Canadian border, but illegal for Germany to fly United States made planes across the Atlantic from America; (d) Mild protests are sent to London when Britain cuts American trade with Germany by a blockade, stops fifty-five American ships and seizes American mail, but a great wail goes up when Germany seizes one American freighter, the *City of Flint*; (e) No change in tariffs against the Allies is made when they fix prices and set quotas on goods they buy here. Punitive duties are invoked against Germany, however, for the same offense. Neutrality champions in Congress are uneasy at the President's attitude, and

are watching his moves carefully. His partisan conduct thus far would hardly stamp him as following in the tradition of James Monroe. With some fear and trepidation we wonder what he will do next "in striving to encourage the kind of peace that will lighten the troubles of the world." It will be urged that the ideals of Great Britain, France and Finland are higher and holier than those of Germany, Russia and Japan. Granted; but nonparticipation is nonparticipation. The United States cannot have its cake of neutrality if the President keeps nibbling at it.

Communism is almost dead in France. The coming of the war showed the Reds in their true perspective, and the common laborer who had been hoodwinked by the oratory of Communist

### **Communism In France**

leaders began to see the light. Maurice Thorez, member of the French Senate and Communist leader, was drafted into the army and deserted when he heard of the pact between Hitler and Stalin. M. Duclos, vice-chairman of the Communist party in the Chamber of Deputies, also disappeared from his post. The great Cachin who endeavored to convince his Communist brethren that they should support both Stalin and Hitler, lost his standing with most of the French. "Six thousand automobile mechanics in the Renault factory," writes Dr. Thorning in *Light*, "handed in their individual resignations to Communist headquarters. Fifty thousand steel and metal workers passed resolutions condemning both Hitler and Stalin. Two hundred thousand workers in the North and East gave expression to their sense of disillusionment and deep disappointment. A number of Leftist deputies and sympathizers, like Granville Hicks in America, had the courage publicly to disavow any further connection with the Third Interna-

tional. The masses simply refused to follow the Russo-German deal and a few leaders had the moral courage to follow the people. To complete the debacle, the French cabinet immediately decreed that the national postal authorities were authorized to intercept letters containing checks or money orders drawn out in favor of Communists in France. The hirelings were cut off from essential pap. No funds seal the doom of French Communism." We might well take a page from the history of French Communism.

The New York *Sun*, in its issue of January 6, presents a table giving the financial record of every President of the United States from the adoption of the Constitution in 1789 to the present time. The totals show that President Franklin D. Roosevelt in eight years has spent 58½% as much as all his predecessors combined in 144½ years. He received in taxes 44% as much as all of his predecessors put together have collected, and has almost exactly doubled the national debt. The grand total of the public debt of all the Presidents up to our present incumbent's taking office was \$22,538,672,164; since President Franklin D. Roosevelt took office it has mounted to \$44,938,577,622.

We do not pretend to a knowledge of high finance. We are not equal to the task of explaining how Mr. Roosevelt's national deficit comes to be so high in comparison with that of the long list of his predecessors. His apologists will tell the country in due season that transporting a big nation across the widest and deepest depression in its history was a mammoth job that called for billions upon billions of spending. If you want security, you must pay for it. The best way to end bad times is to buy them out with big money. We do not know if this be good financial sense or

just political stopgap. We do know, and you do know, however, that \$44,938,577,622 is a considerable amount of money to be marked red in the ledger of even the big, fat, rich United States.

Dr. Clarence M. Dykstra, President of the University of Wisconsin, Dr. Guy Stanton Ford, President of the University of Minnesota, Dr.

**Higher Education and the Dies Committee** Walter Dill Scott, President of the Northwestern University

are reported to have signed a petition to Congress calling for a discontinuance of the Dies Committee. At this writing some twelve college presidents, a number of deans and prominent educators are said to be among the petitioners. Reasons: the unreliability of witnesses called in to testify, the publication of testimony without evidence with no opportunities for rebuttal. From our reading of the daily press we have not got the impression that the Dies Committee took sides. All who had something to tell were free to tell it, for or against the progress of Communism in this country. The fact that witnesses from almost every activity of life massed a large body of testimony showing that Communism has been a mounting danger to the nation and that attempts were made to rebut this testimony does not indicate that the Committee played favorites. Quite the contrary. We may affirm for the committee, that a less dogged group of men might have surrendered before the discouraging indifference of the government and the government's legal agents, before the irony and grim humor of the government's friends. But Representative Dies and his associates stayed with their job, determined to finish it by letting the people of the nation know just how communistic the United States really is. We hope Congress will pay no attention to the scholastic petitioners. We want



to see at least a mite of the billions appropriated for changing the courses of rivers and developing the drama turned over to the Dies search.

Mr. Joseph Connolley, President of the International News Service, in reviewing the past year for the National Broadcasting Company, declared that the

### The Great Event of 1939

alliance between Hitler and Stalin was the one single news event that transcended all other things of 1939. "The revelation that Hitlerism and Communism are partners," he said, "in a scheme to dominate the world saved the United States and other democratic peoples from the horrible ordeals of years of struggle against the sinister forces of Sovietism. This event ripped aside the hypocrisy that had plagued civilization. We know now that the Hitlerite movement was not genuinely anti-Bolshevik, and that Communism was never really democratic. America has learned her lesson. Communism is on the wane in this country and Americans will not be misled again in our generation by lying propaganda. Our gratitude for our escape will make us pay more attention to religion. The world tonight is divided into two vast camps: the forces of God and the forces of anti-God. Today the alliance of Stalin and Hitler has forced God-fearing men to forget their differences, so that there is neither Jew nor Gentile, Protestant nor Catholic, with respect to this menace. All are sons of the one true God whom this enemy seems determined to destroy." There is a world of truth in Mr. Connolley's words. The mask has been torn from Communism for most of those who had accepted it in good faith. There is still, however, a large army of Reds who hate religion and all it stands for, and they will continue the fight. It still behooves us to be wary if we are to root them out and save our

democracy. It also behooves all Christians to make common cause against a common enemy.

The London papers seem very jubilant in reporting the recent speech of the President before a joint session of the Senate and the House. It shows, they affirm, that America is moving slowly but steadily toward participation in the war under Mr. Roosevelt's careful guidance. Says the *Daily Telegraph*: "President Roosevelt promised America's fullest cooperation in the reorganization of international trade. The promise is most welcome, but it still leaves a gaping void. Nevertheless anyone who compares the President's last message to Congress with that of ten weeks ago cannot fail to note a striking difference in tone. It is the difference between 'we are determined never to enter this war' and 'we will not enter this war unless—.' American public opinion often moves in what seems to us a mysterious way, but it moves and is moving, and with the American President for its guide and interpreter, one may be reasonably confident of its general direction." The *Telegraph* points out the parallel of the present moment with that of 1916 when Wilson was elected President on a "He kept us out of war" program, and shortly after entered the war. Wilson fooled the American people. It is rather well established now that he had intended to join the Allies as soon as he was re-elected. We do not believe the people will be fooled again. We believe that Mr. Roosevelt has always been for helping the Allies, but he knows the whole American people are opposed to entering the war. It will not be so easy to change the mind of the people today as it was in 1916. They are definitely against entering this conflict. We pray they keep with their resolve.

### Will America Succumb?

# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## Monsignor Ronald "Hard" Knox

By Francis X. Murphy, C. SS. R.

THE MAN HIMSELF has confessed to a penchant for lampooning public characters, dating back to his seventh year. For him to have encountered some prominent individual within the family or collegiate pale was to have suffered an uncontrollable urge to reduce the personage to characters and verse. It was, perhaps, the embryonic stages of a voltarian complex that has become aggravated with the years. For today, Msgr. Ronald Aburthnott Knox, enjoys the reputation of a genial, hard-hitting Catholic apologist, with a refreshingly keen wit and an uncomfortable talent for clear-headed, logical expression.

Upon the appearance of *Broadcast Minds*, Thomas Derrick in a now famous cartoon in the *Bookman*, title "Hard Knox," tried to sum up the man in the picture of a clergyman, with both fists flying, laying sundry intellectuals about him with an intensive gusto. But it really took G. K. Chesterton to crystallize the man and his genius in the revealing quatrain:

Mary of Holyrood may smile indeed  
Knowing what grim historic shade it shocks  
To see wit, wisdom and the Popish creed  
Cluster and sparkle in the name of Knox.

A Catholic priest since 1919, Msgr. Knox, like many of his famous contemporaries, is a convert from Anglicanism, a former clergyman of the Church of England, and fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. The son of a former Anglican Bishop of Manchester, and brother of Edmund (Evoe) Knox, editor of *Punch*, he has been reared in the best of the classical tradition and

addicted to the pursuit of letters since he wrote Latin and Greek epigrams at the age of ten. He has ably described his religious autobiography in what he has termed his *Spiritual Aeneid*. Characteristically, the book was begun in the week after its author had been received into the Church: in the fear lest, in the attempt to explain to his friends and dependents just how he came to change his attitude, delay might cause him to lose the true perspective of his position as an Anglican.

While still an undergraduate at Balliol, Ronald Knox was engaged in extensive literary and debating activities, rising rapidly to the presidency of the Oxford Union. There is still in circulation a famous reply of his to a fellow undergraduate who has written the Hegelian limerick:

There was a young man who said "God  
Must think it exceedingly odd  
That the Juniper Tree  
Just ceases to be  
When there's no one about in the quad."

Ronald Knox answered:

Dear sir, it is not at all odd,  
I am always about in the quad.  
Thus the Juniper Tree  
Never ceases to be  
Since observed by yours faithfully, God.

IT WAS AS a young don at Trinity that Ronald Knox came into his own as an acknowledged satirist. One of the functions of a don is to read papers to undergraduate societies. In accordance with this obligation, he had prepared a paper on Sherlock Holmes, a somewhat



ingenious affair, as one would expect of the man's talent, yet not directly connected with any particular ideological fashion. But no sooner had he read the paper than it was hailed as a theological tract, and its author, a champion newly risen against the vagaries of the Higher Criticism.

He had taken the Holmes stories, reduced them, as a form of literary art, to twelve characteristic elements, each with its Greek name, and showed how more of the elements were present in some stories, fewer in others. He gave an elaborate study of Dr. Holmes' view of life and a still more elaborate study of Watson's. He even invented a whole imaginary controversy, interspersed with the ponderous names and opinions of pseudo-German scholars, on the question of the authenticity of some of the stories, proving from purely internal evidence that several of them must have been the work of a different hand. The paper went the rounds like wild-fire. It even brought him a letter from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle himself, who did not seem to have quite realized that the criticism was not meant to be serious. And in theological circles at Oxford, it was taken for the gauntlet of the latest champion of Orthodoxy.

WHAT REALLY did awaken his interest in and arouse him against arbitrary methods of Higher Criticism was the preparation of a series of lectures he had to deliver on the *Iliad*. A serious analysis of theories propounded by various experts on Homeric literature, relating to the composite character of the epic, together with a thorough going-over of the text itself netted him a muddle of contradictions, under which he found the original poem almost abandoned. The experts all agreed that the *Iliad* was composite, but none of them would agree as to just which were the early parts, and which the late; and the handbooks jumbled

the various theories together, unconscious of vast inconsistencies. The result was a natural suspicion that, whereas one or the other of the critics might have been right, it was far safer to trust none of them.

THIS INTRODUCTION to methods of critical scholarship had a more far-reaching effect; for when he came to read the Old Testament in preparation for the reception of Anglican Orders, a curious analogy between the procedures of both sets of scholars had a not unnaturally cautioning effect. Unfamiliar with Hebrew and German, he had to content himself with the handbooks. But even there, contradictions fell in upon him in sufficient quantity to substantiate his mistrusts. With the New Testament, he was on familiar ground once more, and he delved into the Greek originals and the commentators. The result was a confirmation of all his disbeliefs in the infallibility of the Higher Criticism.

He has since followed up his *Studies in Sherlock Holmes* with papers on Trollope's novels, *A Ramble in Barsetshire*, on *The Identity of the Pseudo-Bunyan*, on *Materials for a Boswellian Problem*, and on *The Authorship of In Memoriam*. In all of these studies the procedure is in a similar strain to that pursued in the *Holmes' Studies*. The results are quite devastating to any inordinate predilection for the pontificatings of internal criticism. Poor Trollope would certainly quail before the inconsistencies rolled up to his charge: the vast discrepancies in the ages of his various characters at various times in their lives; the impossible topography and the inexplicable matings of time and place of which he was guilty. But Monsignor Knox is a bit more lenient with him, than modern criticism has been with Homer; he readily admits that poor Anthony has nodded, and in the nodding comes so much the closer

to our conceptions of a really full-blooded, though occasionally erroneous, human being. The familiarity with the whole of the Trollopian productions required for such minute analysis, is prodigious: but it stood Monsignor Knox in good stead when he set out as a continuator of the Barchester saga in his *Barchester Pilgrimage*.

IT WAS WHILE still an Anglican chaplain with Roman leanings that he tackled the inconsistencies of the Anglican position. Again the full import of his criticism was partly accidental. He was associated with a group of Dons at Oxford who had in preparation a Symposium on the bases of Anglican belief, which they were to call *Foundations*. Knowing the men intimately, Monsignor Knox was tempted to caricature—and fell. The result was his *Absolute and Abitofhell*, being a satire in the manner of John Dryden. The truth was that the verse was written before he had seen anything of the book at all, the characterizations being made on the general knowledge he had of the men in question and of their opinions. That he hit off the individuals happily was attested to by the immediate acclamation of the piece; that he serves up Dryden nicely turned, is evident from such couplets as:

First Adam fell, then Noah's Ark was drowned  
And Samson under close inspection bound;  
For Daniel's blood the Critick Lions roared,  
And trembling hands threw Jonah overboard.

The satire was followed by a critical analysis of the original *Foundations*, and it was called *Some Loose Stones*.

To a certain degree, the *Absolute and Abitofhell* is necessarily tied down to time and circumstance; the characters had a definite habitat and their creed, a date. But there is another bit of satire, this time in the vein of Swift, that Monsignor Knox has begotten, which tends to overcome the horizons

of yesterday and enter the sempiternal now of classic literature. It is his *Reunion All Round*—a modest proposal that the charity of the Church extend itself to the inclusion within its ample folds of Theists and Atheists, Jews and Gentiles, Brahmins and Mohammedans, covering the inconsequential considerations of a creed with the all-embracing balm of brotherly love. The piece was composed in 1913 as a follow-up of the Kikuyu incident in the Church of England. Yet almost twenty years later, in one of the essays in his book *Broadcast Minds*, Monsignor Knox had reason to complain that not only had his worst dreams as a satirist been realized, but they had ceased to have value as satire. In his conclusion to *Remain All-Round* he had predicted that some future age might come to recognize a God "who exists and does not exist, causes sin, yet hates it, hates it, yet does not punish it, and promises us in heaven a happiness which we shall not have any consciousness to enjoy." And now, behold, he finds Prof. Julian Huxley seriously putting that very thesis forward in his book, *Religion Without Revelation*.

Ronald Knox was converted to Catholicism in 1917, and his *Spiritual Aeneid* was the result of his soul searching. He went on almost immediately to study for the priesthood, being ordained in 1919. He became chaplain of Oxford in 1926 and was created a Monsignor in 1937. But meanwhile he has turned his talent to Catholic apologetics, where as one might expect, he readily excels.

AS FAR BACK as 1908, he had acknowledged G. K. Chesterton as his oracle: and in his use of satire and of a vigorous polemic, he has been following well in the footsteps of that vast mentor. His trilogy on the pseudo-theology of the day—the religiosity of the parlor and drawing-room irreligious in *Sanctions*, the inanities of the newspaper



symposiasts in *Caliban in Grub Street*, and the nescience of the omniscientists in *Broadcast Minds*—just about covers the whole field of modern stupidity on the most important feature of a man's life, his God and his destiny. And there are few of our modern omniscients who escape his merciless castigation, from H. L. Mencken to H. G. Wells and the Huxleys.

Perhaps it is in line with his shepherding activities as Catholic Chaplain at Oxford that Msgr. Knox launches out onto the depths of pseudo-theology, clearing the seas before him; for he is a competent theologian in his own right, contributing regularly to the various clerical reviews. And he is in the vanguard of these interested in restoring the sermon as a work of art in literature.

Although his controversial talents are impressive, it is Arnold Lunn (himself a convert as the result, at least in part, of a controversy with Msgr. Knox) who claims that the Monsignor is the least proselytizing of clerics. Mr. Lunn would class all priests as either shepherds or fishermen: depending on their proficiency in the use of "hook" or "crook." Father Knox he places definitely in the shepherd class, remarking that if people have the hardihood to try to bully him into doubling the rôle of shepherd and fisherman, he will probably cast out his line and land the fish if he can. But immediately, he will return to his sheep.

**A**S SHOULD be evident from this conspectus, there are many facets to the clerical personality that is Monsignor Ronald A. Knox. On the satirical side, the contrast with Swift is inevitable. But the rôle that he seems to have enjoyed most is that of his chaplaincy at Oxford: being in a position to assist and influence so many of the younger hopefuls at a time when his vast experience at the University could be of crucial worth. The testimonials proffered

him on the occasion of his resigning from that position in July, 1939, are certain indications that his zeal and care were well appreciated.

**M**ONSIGNOR KNOX has gone down from Oxford to take over a work that is the proper duty of an Oxford scholar, the retranslation of the Vulgate; for the original Catholic version was principally the work of Oxford men. Even from a vaster historical perspective, it is not unbecoming that a controversialist and satirist of the magnitude of "Hard" Knox should appear as continuator of the work of that most pugnacious of Scripture scholars, Saint Jerome. Though I should venture to suggest that the Monsignor could hardly hope to qualify from the aspect of patristic irascibility.



## The Christmas Card

(Post Seasonal)

By John J. Bednar, C. S. C.

*Of ships and puppies  
And sunsets,  
Of cabbages  
And kings,  
But not a word  
Of Bethlehem  
It brings.*

*'Tis not astounding  
That Bethlehem  
Was closed to Him  
Of yore;  
Poor, helpless  
Little Beggar  
At the door!*

*But closed to Him  
Today are  
Ten thousand towns  
And more!  
Poor Babe of Bethlehem  
Poorer than  
Before.*

# The Road is Long

By Mary Mabel Wirries

## CHAPTER IV

### "You Take the High Road—"

"**R**OSIE! Listen, Rosie-e. Wake up." "What?"

"Sh!" Tom's firm young hand pressed against his sister's questioning lips. "Don't talk out loud. Listen, I want to tell you something—"

Rose sighed, stirred, put his hand away, and sat up on the edge of her pallet, a straw tick stretched on the floor of the attic, which she and Tom shared as sleeping quarters.

"Gee! I'm sleepy. Wish you wouldn't wake me. What's the matter? Janie sick?"

"Don't talk out loud, I tell you. Nothing's the matter—I mean nothing new. But I thought maybe you'd like to say goodbye to me. I'm going away."

"You're *what*? Oh, Tommie—"

"I got to, Rosie. Don't you see? You know there ain't no chance here for me. I got to run away."

"He'll bring you back, Tommie. He'll find you and beat you. He—oh, Tommie! I'm afraid. Don't go—don't—"

"Sh! If you wake him up—" Tom disengaged her clinging arms, and sat down beside her, holding her trembling form close against him. He talked quickly, whispering hoarsely. "He'll never find me, don't you worry about that. I got it all figured out, what I'm going to do. I'm going far and I'm going fast. I'm going to hop the east bound night freight, up here at the crossing. That's what he'll think I'd do. But before morning I'm going to drop off it and get another, going West. That's where I'm going, Rosie, out West. Out where the country's big. I

guess maybe I'll hunt gold out West, Rosie."

"What'll I do?" Rose's whisper was thin and unhappy.

"That's the worst of it—leaving you and the baby. But I got to go, anyway. I can't ever do anything here. You know that. If we ever earn a cent for ourselves, he'll take it, just like he did the strawberry money. We'll always wear old clothes and never get an education, and have to work like dogs, and be pointed at as the trashy Kiebles. Oh, I know what people say about us, and so do you. Even the kids at school, even if they like us, they can't really be friends with us. When Hattie Crewes had her birthday party, were we invited? Of course not. No more than the Podeskys were. Gosh! it makes me boil. You're pretty and you're smart, but you're a Kieble—and that makes you a—a—oh, something like an old stray dog, to be kicked around. So I made up my mind—we ain't going to be Kiebles any more. I can't change our name but I can change our way of living, if I get away from here. Listen, Rosie," his impassioned voice grew even more earnest, "I'm going to get us some money, and a place to live. Then I'm going to send for you. Think of it, Rosie: we'll have a house out there some place. A white house, maybe, with a fence around it, and gaslights in it. We'll each have a bed, instead of a straw tick on the floor. We'll have good clothes to wear, and butter every day we want it, and a tablecloth to eat off of. We'll be somebody, then—"

**R**OSE'S TEARS had dried, now. She was catching Tom's enthusiasm.

"We'll go to church every Sunday, won't we?"



"You're darned tootin' we will. I'll even wear a white shirt, and slick my hair back with vaseline."

"Honest, Tom?"

"Cross my heart and hope to die. Don't cry any more, now."

"I won't. But—but what'll you eat, Tommie? Tomorrow, and the days you're going. I don't want you to be hungry, Tommie."

"Pshaw! Think I can't look after myself. I'm a man, Rose. I'm fifteen."

"Yes—but even men get hungry—"

"Listen: I got a loaf of bread tied up here in my shirt—a loaf of bread and a chunk of cold ham. When that's gone I'll be a long ways off. And then there'll be stuff along the way—berries and nuts. I can get odd jobs to do too, weeding gardens, or helping in harvest fields. Let go of me now, Rosie. It's about time for that train—"

"I'm going with you, Tom," determinedly.

"Shucks! don't be foolish. You know you can't. I'm going to bum my way. Girls can't bum."

"Why not?"

"Well—they just can't. All sorts of things can happen to girls. Bums are a rough lot."

"I'm not afraid," stoutly.

"You're not, anyway—and that's all there is to that."

"I'm going with you to the train, anyway. Go away, so I can dress—"

"Aw-w—"

"Go on. And wait for me, or I'll make a noise so Pa knows you're going. Wait out by the chicken house."

"Oh, all right. But hurry up—"

**T**HE MOON was silver on the dusty road leading up the hill, and houses along the way were dark and still. As they passed Dodd's, a dog barked in the lane, and Tom pulled Rose to a run.

"Darned old Rusty!" he panted. "He'll set all the dogs in the country to bark-

ing. He'll get Rover started and wake Pa up."

"No, he won't. He's always barking. Pa won't pay attention to dogs." Rose's thin legs flashed to keep up with Tom's long strides.

**Y**OU OUGHT to have stayed at home," protested Tom. "I could have sneaked past alone."

Mindful of her promise not to cry, Rose brushed a tear from her cheek, and choked back the lump in her throat.

Shadows gloomed the railroad right-of-way, set between high banks. There was an eerie quiet there, and when an owl hooted in the nearby wood, Rose jumped nervously. But Tom laughed, and spoke aloud for the first time. "Who, who, who do you think?" he mocked the hooter, and then, "What you scared of, silly? It's just an old owl."

"I know it. But I'm scared of everything, tonight. It—it's dangerous, jumping freight cars, Tommie. Remember that boy in Centralia that got his legs cut off down in the yards—"

"He was just a kid. I'll be careful."

"I—I wish you could write to me, Tommie. How'll I know where you are?"

"I thought of that. But the postmarks show where letters come from. He'd get them, maybe. Only—tell you what, maybe I'll meet up with someone bumming east, and have him mail you a letter from New York or somewheres. I can just say in it I'm well and hope you are the same, so you'll know I'm all O. K."

"That will be something. It will be better than never hearing."

"Sure it will. Gee, Rose, it'll be swell traveling, I bet you. I'll see mountains and deserts and coyotes and—well, Indians, I guess, if they haven't all been killed off."

Rose shuddered. "I don't think I'd like coyotes, Tommie—"

"Listen! Golly! there she comes!"

There was a faint, long-drawn whistle in the distance; then a rumbling sound which grew louder and louder. At the sound Rose's tears broke forth again. Her thin arms were flung about Tom's neck, and Tom, the undemonstrative, felt hot tears scalding his own cheeks, as he bent to kiss her.

"LISTEN, HONEY—" he told her, "you don't need to worry. And remember you're going to get somewhere, sometime. Keep your chin up, and keep going—and—go to high school. Whatever happens, you go to high school and learn things. And—rest when the sun gets hot and you're tired. You've got peaked this summer. I'm sorry I have to leave you with the work—but it won't be for long. It's most Fall now—and schooltime's easier—you go to school, Rosie—no matter what he says—and I'll be backing you pretty soon—"

"Oh, Tommie, Tommie, Tommie!"

"Here she comes. Goodbye. Tell Matie I said goodbye, and hug Janie—"

"Goodbye—oh, Tommie! Goodbye-e."

The long line of freight cars slid down between the banks, and rumbled slowly by. Tom started running alongside, leaped and caught a run on the side of a box car. Rose had just a glimpse of him, waving in the moonlight, and then darkness swallowed his clinging form. Then the train was only a red light, disappearing around a curve, only a rumble in the distance.

Corn turned brown in the fields, wild cherries ripened, sumach became a flame along the rail fences, sassafras a splash of gold in the draw. Apples mellowed in the Labadie orchards and doorway; sugar pears hung thick and sweet on the tree by the wellhouse. September and schooltime came on together. Matie and Jim Kieble had the usual arguments about the purchase of school-books, and the necessary school dress

for Rose, the necessity for shoes for the child. Rose listened impassively. Nothing seemed to matter. She was moving through all her days as one in a dream. Her hands were busy with multitudinous tasks: seeding of grapes; stirring of catsup and chili sauce; gathering of pickles; peeling of fruit for the canning. Her body ached with multitudinous fatigues when night came on. But her mind seemed numbed, the sounds and activities of her life far and futile things. Her sole interest was the coming of the mailman. Hopefully she watched the box for the letter which the rural carrier never brought, the letter which Tom had thought he might have posted in New York by a traveling friend. Probably poor Tom never met that friend.

Except for the pair of faded overalls hanging in the attic above the extra straw tick which was no longer occupied, except for a crude slingshot and a hickory bow with a straggling T. K. carved on it, hanging on another hook in the barn back of Brindle's stall, it was as though Tom had never really been. He was even more remote than Roger, who still seemed to move through the days with his twin. Alone on the riverbank, dreaming, or out in the truck patch, gathering vegetables for Matie's canning or her father's marketing, Rose could still talk with Roger and feel him answering.

"WHERE DO YOU think Tom is now, Rodge?" she would ask the unseen presence beside her. "You don't think he got killed, do you? Or his legs cut off? Do you suppose he's hungry, Rodge?"

Roger was always comforting.

"Aw, gee! Tom's all right," she would hear his sturdy voice assuring her. "He's fifteen. He's a man, now. He can take care of himself. Didn't he tell you that? You just stop your worrying and do the things he told you. And don't



forget you're goin' to high school next Fall. No stopping off after you finish the eighth grade. Maybe it'll mean a fight with Pa, but you're going to high school. Don't forget you got will power, too."

High School! The thought of it was a candle, lighting her through the black days of that long, miserable winter. She carried it high while she shoveled paths to the snowed-in chickens and stable animals, while she broke the ice in the watering troughs and pans, while she harnessed Lady with stiff, frost-bitten fingers. She kept it glowing while she hovered over Matie's sickbed—for Matie came down with pneumonia around Thanksgiving time, and there were weeks when Rose did not go to school at all. Stella Podesky came to help with the housework when Matie's life was at low tide, but it was Rose who fought dark death from her step-mother's bedside. A tall, too-thin, thirteen-year-old now, too pale and too quiet, she was like a white wraith flitting about the house—but her hands were capable, though gentle. They fought with every weapon known to back-country people; they made fried onion poultices which filled the house with a stench which never quite left it the winter long; they filled glass fruit jars with hot water and wrapped them in flannel to ward rigor from Matie's congealing veins. They laved Matie's face, brushed her hair, rubbed her aching limbs and back.

"YOU'RE SO GOOD to me, child," Matie would say, "*so good* to me. And here I am, keeping you out of school. Mebbe you better go tomorrow. Stella can look after me fine."

But Rose refused to trust Stella. Matie needed tender watching, and little Janie was a delicate child, ill for days if given the wrong things to eat. Stella had a fondness for garlicky stews, made with ox-tails and swim-

ming in grease, heavy sauerkraut pies, and extremely hot and sour pickled peppers. So Rose stayed on guard. She regretted missing school, but she tried to keep up with her class at home. Once each week she hurried to school for her assignments, handed in pages of written work, hurriedly stumbled through last week's lessons. There was no time for study in her hurried days, but at night she sneaked the lantern to her attic, stuffed torn rags in every crack of the wall, and hung a blanket before the window so that her father might not see the lantern light, and deplore the waste of kerosene, and studied until her eyes ached and her brain felt numb. Often, the next morning, she could not recall a word she had read the night before, and would weep bitterly as she went about her tasks. Mr. Richards, appreciating the difficulties in her path, told her kindly that she could hardly hope to pass the county examinations in the Spring.

"BUT YOU'RE ONLY thirteen, after all," he added. "It won't matter if you wait a year longer."

*Not matter*, thought Rose despairingly. Oh, life was so short! There was so little time in which to do all the things she planned to do. And she had promised Tom that she would go to High School next Fall. It would be terrible, *terrible* if she failed to pass the eighth grade.

And so winter went by, and spring came, and at last the county examinations were upon her.

(To be continued.)

## Broken Vessels

By Mary Leslie Newton

*We lift up broken vessels to be filled  
By God; yet ever keeping next our face  
The unmarred side; then, when the gift is  
spilled,  
Complain that God is niggardly of grace.*

## A Junior Christ Child Group

By Margaret Tinley

**IT IS SATURDAY** morning and the Junior Christ Child society of Council Bluffs, Iowa, is in regular session. Eight high-school girls who only recently gave up playing with dolls have found a new and more thrilling interest in sewing for babies whose mothers are not able to provide them with layettes.

Started in the Fall of 1937 as a branch of the senior Christ Child group of Council Bluffs, the girls make the same complete layettes the older women do. Only one of the girls used a thimble when the circle was begun, but now they are expert in all their methods. The Christ Child society is a national organization of Catholic women dedicated to help poor and underprivileged children. The Council Bluffs group, organized eighteen years ago, makes, like many others, layettes. The leader of the juniors is a charter member still active in the senior circle.

For each layette the girls make two gertrudes or baby slips, one pair of booties, a dainty hand-made dress, two outing-flannel nightgowns, and a bonnet with blue or pink feather-stitching. The dues, fifty cents a year, pay for the material and for diapers, stockings, baby shirts and accessories, which cannot be made by hand, to complete the layettes. If the busy young fingers sew up all the material that their dues have bought, the senior group of the Christ Child society furnishes more, delighted with the help the girls give. Some of the daintiest baby clothes that make up layettes given out by the Christ Child society of Council Bluffs have been made by fingers not yet entirely accustomed to using a needle.

Every other Saturday morning at ten the junior circle meets at the home of the leader and jeers and questions greet the latecomer. Some excuses pass the

severe test of contemporaries, some of them are challenged.

"I was at the game last night and mother let me sleep too late," one breathless, tardy one will explain, as she pulls off the bandana kerchief tied over her curls. The flood of suggestions and objections is merciless but the latecomer is soon busy with a fine needle whipping down the bias binding of a neck band and conversation turns to parties, new shades of lipstick or school scrapes.

The meeting is supposed to break up at noon, but the girls linger a little over the tiny garments as they fold finished ones away. "When I go home at noon on Christ Child Saturdays, I always have such a grand feeling that I have not wasted the morning." This is the attitude the leader and her assistants have hoped to realize in developing the junior circle.

When the first meeting of the second year was called in October, it was announced that one girl would direct the sewing at each meeting. There was a loud protest. "I think you will learn to do your own work better if you show others," the leader had said. "What do you think about it?"

"It sounds hard, but it will be good for us."

**AND SO IT HAS** proved. Now when new members enter the group they find their own schoolmates can show them how; and sewing has lost the attribute of being something for adults only. The girls are students at five different schools, and the leadership developed has been noteworthy.

The first season was almost over when they themselves realized their own progress. At one of the last meetings they folded their work, adding the three garments finished that day to the box of completed work.

"I wish my mother could see these," Rosemaurine said quietly.



"My mother wouldn't believe I made this bonnet," Elizabeth declared.

"Do you suppose we could ask our mothers to the next meeting?"

From the group itself, then, rather than from the parents, comes the idea of the last meeting of the season, when the girls are hostesses to their mothers. The finished baby clothes, pressed and folded, are on display. In the fashion of mothers since time began, the parents praise the work of the group as a whole, but each one returns in admiration to fondle her own daughter's creation.

The senior society had known for some time that the little group was doing a valuable work not to be measured merely by the garments completed. It was the response to the Christmas spirit which first brought it to their attention.

Since the purpose of the society was charity, the junior Christ Child society decided to assert its identity by providing for a family. They chose the X—— family because there were two small girls and a boy. It was decided that a committee would see Mrs. X—— and find out what gifts and supplies would be most useful; then the whole group would deliver the basket Christmas eve.

THE MODEST requests of the little family made the girls thoughtful. "They can have my doll. I got her two years ago and she has real hair and goes to sleep and everything. But I'm getting too old to play with dolls."

"My brother has a toy wheelbarrow in the garage that we can paint for the little boy."

When they met the afternoon of Christmas eve, they found that the "basket" was too heavy for nine pairs of arms to carry the three blocks to Mrs. X——'s little apartment. There was good-natured teasing when the girls who had sacrificed their precious

dolls wanted to carry them, and the girls who had made fresh wardrobes for the dolls insisted that they, too, had a carrying interest. The depth of Mrs. X——'s delight and gratitude at the gifts surprised the girls who had been too busy with the joys of giving to think of the pleasure the little family would express in receiving.

THE LEADER of the junior group was a bit fearful about the project. Was it right to let such young girls, most of them just beginning their teens, see poverty at home? Would it spoil their own youthful happiness at Christmas time? She consulted some of their mothers and was encouraged to try it.

As her eight young charges left the happy mother and came out into the cold Iowa air she waited for them to speak. Instead of the excited, chattering girls who had gone into the house, there were eight thoughtful young women, walking quietly along.

One looked up tentatively. "You know," she said slowly, "it makes you scared to think that you can make anybody as happy as Mrs. X——."

The gratified leader felt another arm slip under hers. "It makes me feel all warm inside," Ellen Beth confided: "just as if we were helping the Christ Child Himself."

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## Growing Old

By Helen Connolly

*Youth was a joyous, golden space,  
All filled with fun and laughter;  
And joyous still, though more sedate,  
The years that followed after.*

*I have no dread of growing old,  
But trust that time may so unfold  
That I, in life's December,  
May gaze into my fireside gleam,  
And live the happy past in dream,  
Smile, and remember.*

## The Handicap of Undersize

By Mary Maloney

HAVING READ with interest, the articles on the handicapped, by A. Patricia Bortolotti and Florence A. Waters, I wish to give my own views on a situation somewhat similar to those described by these two women.

There is always much said and written about cripples and how to help them. The blind are cared for and aided in a thousand ways. But for the group of people who suffer from an abnormality of size, which is really a physical defect and often a serious handicap, there is very little consideration given. This group not only remains unaided but is often made more miserable by classmates and even by teachers who regard their misfortune as a joke.

I am speaking from experience, because I am a young woman several inches under five feet tall. All my life I have been undersized and very immature in appearance for my age. This condition was not, of course, my fault. It was caused by a glandular deficiency brought on by many illnesses. Yet from the day I started school until the term I graduated from high school I suffered from disparaging remarks by perhaps well-meaning but sarcastic teachers. I well remember my first high-school day and my first session of algebra. As I stood to recite the teacher remarked to the class, "Look at her. She looks as if she belonged in the first term of grammar school." An uproar resulted from that witticism, and if I had had any confidence when I started to recite, I lost it immediately. I was only fourteen years old, at the difficult adolescent period when the child is becoming very conscious of appearance and very anxious to be well thought of by equals. Such heartlessness is uncalled for and not understandable particularly by one who has given her life to the instruction and welfare of children.

Even in the earliest grades of the grammar school I was made to feel inferior to the other children by always being cast as the baby in any classroom play that we had. I remember a little play that we used to do once in a while. It consisted of two players and a chorus of singers (the rest of the class). The two players were Mother and Baby. Baby had to sit with her head in mother's lap, while the rest of the class strolled past them singing a lullaby. To a little one just out of actual infancy, babyhood is considered a rather shameful state and I recall how my face used to burn as it lay in "Mother's" lap.

There are other instances too. One time an examiner came from another school and I was made to stand up and show her how little I was. "What happened to you?" she asked.

My school days were peppered with such remarks as "You may be very little but you are not going to get away with that." "*You* try it, Miss Maloney; sometimes little people know quite a lot." "Don't pull the baby act. How old are you?"

WHENEVER THERE was one needed to demonstrate in a biology room, I was always picked. Another tiny girl and myself were called upon to demonstrate a method of life saving. She had to lay the full length of the teacher's desk while I pumped imaginary water out of her lungs. Another time I had to stand on a student's desk and give the class an idea on my own leg, of the position of the "femur, tibia and tarsus" of the frog. These performances were given, of course, before naturally silly 'teen-age girls, enjoying hysterics.

The point that I am trying to bring out is, not the meanness of teachers, but the fact that no stress should ever be laid upon the physical imperfections or oddities of any child. The classroom ought to be the place where youth is taught the things that the world ex-



pects youth to know; the place where youth gets a chance to find itself and develop any talents, good traits or characteristics that it may possess. Personal dignity and self-respect should be guarded zealously for they will be sorely needed when the boy or girl enters life in the world.

I would suggest to the teachers of children who, while not actually crippled, are yet not wholly normal that they try to get in touch with the parents of these children and see if the condition can be remedied. Sometimes much can be done. If nothing can be done, then I would recommend that the teacher completely ignore the condition and treat the child in the same manner that she treats the others. If the child works well or has some other traits that are commendable the child should be made fully aware of it. This will awaken confidence and also put the child in a favorable light before the other students.

Smallness is not the only misery that children suffer from. The very fat boy or girl is always an object of fun. From the overgrown lad and lass a lot more is expected than from their fellow pupils, although no one knows why. In fact, the youth who is overgrown, is more in need of careful attention than his slower playmates, because his abnormal growth is taking up his energy.

**THE PERSON WHO** is shamed for something he cannot help, may become a bitter, resentful, rebellious person. The recluses and hermits of the world, the "perpetual grouches," the "timid souls," some of its outlaws (as the five-foot cop-killer who proclaimed that he was *as big as any man* when he had a gun in his hand), might have become useful and pleasant members of society had society led them to believe in themselves and to feel that there was a place for them, instead of poking its finger and grinning at them.

## Happy Landing

By Jerome Maher

**I** WATCHED the young lady trip smilingly up the steps of the municipal building and present a huge bouquet to the jubilant Soviet flyers, as the California crowd voiced their approval of the airmen's feat. Then, as the gathering dissipated into the summer morning, I too went home. And as I went, I thought of Boris Gapoff. He too was a Russian aviator, had ridden many a bitter wind and conquered many a buffeting storm in his daring career. But his last flight was easily his best; though, ironically, it was the least appreciated of his achievements.

Boris was a very likeable fellow of undeniable ability. He was quite well liked by the people and the Kremlin fostered rather than frowned on his popularity. This was due to the fact that he was an ardent Communist; for his charm and skill, of course, would have availed not a whit had he been other than a Marxist. Yet, unlike most of his compeers, he had not risen to prominence by means of violent party work and burning doctrinal fulminations, by treachery and guile. It was, strangely, his unique talents and bravery that made him a Soviet hero.

True, the obscurity of his parentage had been an asset in a way. A mere waif of unknown lineage, a bit of human driftwood cast ashore by the surges of the revolution, he didn't have any bourgeoisie ancestry to live down. He was one of the physically more fortunate children whom the party had selected for a "model" education. His "untainted" stock, his sturdy physique, and his ingratiating manners, even at the tender age of six, made that selection a reasonable, an expedient one. And his education built him up to the finished young Communist he was.

He was a doctrinaire indeed, but so ingenuous that you couldn't really be irked at him. After all, he could scarcely be aught else. For he was being indoctrinated during those years when a person is normally being educated. They had started him in a kindergarten that bore the formidable title, "Comintern Asylum." There the assigned projects ranged from drawing pathetically babyish anti-God posters, to stealing the ikons from a playmate's home. That was in the days when ikons, though reactionary, were not definitely felonious.

**T**HEN, THEY had promoted him to a school where he received the coveted red kerchief of the Young Pioneer, and was taught the class struggle and the religion of the omnipresent proletarian state. He was trained in the feverish propaganda activities that characterize the youth organizations. He was paraded with his group into congresses, where the children issued instructions to their elders to intensify the educational campaign or speed up the armament race. It was all prearranged by the school-teachers, but it had an air of spontaneity about it that pleased the delegates.

Naturally, Boris had grown up to be a zealot, just as eager to

Prove his doctrines orthodox  
By apostolic blows and knocks

as ever was Lenin himself. But he was honest about it all. In his party-formed mind, the foreign countries were each composed of two classes: the ruthless oppressor and the ruthlessly oppressed. It was to be his lot, along with his fellows, to strike down the former and free the latter. And he honestly thought that he was to perfect his talents to this end. He had been too busy with his education, too thoroughly filled with propaganda, and too ingenuous in his youthful idealism to notice the graft, chicanery, and malice that was rife in communist circles.

As far as technical matters went, his

education had been as broad as the national facilities permitted. He had won the right to a thorough training in aviation because he stood shoulders above his comrades in the dash with which he executed delayed-opening jumps and the avidity with which he absorbed navigation and aerodynamics. In fact, in a land that was becoming machine-conscious, if not machine-facile, he ranked as a genius.

Almost from the start, the Party had watched his development with singular interest, since he could be of much use to them. They cast an appraising eye at his regularity and found it irreproachable. Accordingly, when he broke the Russian record in an endurance flight, and capped it by doing an eight-G power dive in a plane test, he was awarded the title of *Hero of the Soviet Union*. We of the foreign press saw the Dictator himself, be-medal the lad within the Kremlin's walls.

But it wasn't in the air alone that Boris was a leader. He felt just as much at ease on a rostrum as he did in a cockpit. Though he was not a politician, he could address a party meeting with singular fervor and effectiveness, partly because he believed what he said. He could lend to the hackneyed nonsense of communistic faith a fresh and novel treatment that made the thing plausible,—a remarkable achievement. And he always conducted himself as a modest servant of the state rather than as one of its important figures.

**H**ENCE IT WAS no surprise when he began to study English. This permission was both a tribute to his orthodoxy and a prelude to his advancement. For it indicated that he was being groomed for a diplomatic post. And after a time he received just such an appointment. He was given a berth as a military attaché to a legation in a large and prosperous democracy that



spoke the one foreign language he had learned.

Now, of course, Boris was selected primarily because of his regularity. Only perfectly safe men are sent on such details. Usually they are safe because they at least profit by the tyranny of the Soviets. But the Kremlin should have known that Boris was *not* safe on such a mission. It is true that when he left Russia his fidelity to communism was staunch; but the central committee had misgauged him nevertheless. For his regularity did not emanate from hypocrisy but from ignorance.

He had been bred from the nursery in the Communist mode. He had been taught the direful conditions that reigned under capitalism. He had been told that creatures in democracies led a uniformly miserable existence that was too often terminated at the will of the plutocrats or of the priests. The woes in his own land were every one ascribed to the chicaneries of these same overlords,— the implacable enemies of the workers who attempted to frustrate the progress of the Soviet state by espionage and sabotage at every step on the road to prosperity.

And so, honest though he was by nature, and humane by inclination, he came to believe that the only hope of the world lay in a triumphant communism that would eventually overthrow this inequitable monstrosity called democracy. Then he was sent to a democratic country.

**I** DO NOT intend to leave the impression that he changed his philosophy overnight. At first he thought the ingenious capitalists were hiding from foreign eyes their torture chambers, their capacious prisons, their devilish rapacities. He presumed that a little investigation beneath the surface would disclose the hideous enormities, the cynical ruthlessness that constituted the system. And, because he was so regular

and so Marxian, he was allowed the luxury of a little investigation.

Thus when a writer who had been a Moscow correspondent invited him to a little gathering, he went unsupervised. When another, who had passed through Moscow in the throes of an imminent book on the glories of Lenin, gave a luncheon in his honor he attended. And there were no qualms in party or ambassadorial hearts. He participated in one affair after another, and witnessed a variety of events from dog-races to baby parades. One function followed another, both in his duties as military attaché and in extraneous activities. His disquiet was growing slowly but surely.

**W**HEREVER HE traveled, he uncovered new evidence showing him he had been falsely taught. He found egalitarianism where he had expected serfdom. He saw modest comforts in quarters where starvation was reputedly rampant. He eyed the glances of free men, where he had thought to view the furtive looks of servility. And inevitably it seeped into his mind that he had been duped, that the material rewards of communism were not comparable to those enjoyed by the citizens of a democracy.

Surely Russian eyes had been opened before, as Boris' mind was flooded. But most of them had compromised on the basis that as long as they were the favored creatures of the régime, let the devil take the rest. They at least, sat on top. Many too had consoled themselves, hoping for the day when they would capture this prosperity at a pistol's point.

But Boris could make no such compromise with the facts in the case. He was an honest young fellow. He regarded the Russia that had raised him in the way a child regards his mother. And now he had found his Mother perjured. It devastated him and he was

adrift in a whirl of conflicting thoughts.

He did not confide his state of mind to his comrades, but, desperate, tried to bolster his sagging faith by seeking out the prisons, the slums for some confirmation of the widespread tyranny he had thought to find. He found much that was unpleasant enough, but nothing to justify his beliefs, nothing that was not worse at home. Then he went to a Catholic church one night.

**IT WASN'T WITH** anti-party spirit he entered the edifice. He had not planned his visit on party grounds. He simply said to himself, "Surely here, at least, I shall find the degradation which we of the Union are pledged to drive from the earth." He found instead something pleasing where he had expected to see a lot of capitalistic mummery and papal imperialism. He found something that seemed to fill a void in his ironclad spirit, a void that he only now realized existed.

He was irked in his loyal soul by the very fact that he was pleased. And so he went from church to church, trying to find justification for his long-cherished philosophy. And he became less and less annoyed to find that he was captivated by the ceremonies and the ritual. And there was something attractive in the thought-world that the references to eternity evoked in his mind, a mind that had always revelled in the vastness of the skies.

Then one night, it happened. The place is unimportant, the sermon does not matter. The occasion might have been Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament or might not. But the fact occurred, as it has happened so often since it befell a man on the road that leads to Damascus. And it wrought a great change in the life of Boris Gapoff.

Of course, his actions eventually came to the attention of authorities, and that was not good. In the begin-

ning, he could have truthfully told them that he was going to mock. In the end, he had to be circumspect about the fact that he was remaining to pray. And finally it was found advisable to spy upon Boris Gapoff, the regular of the regulars. And there was an agent of the Party present at his baptism.

It is hard to say whether he would have continued in the service of the embassy anyway, for there was too much duplicity going on, practices to which he could no longer reconcile himself. But the dilemma was not offered to him for solution, since the government saved any cogitation on that score by recalling him to Russia.

The last he saw of the land of his conversion was from the stern of a liner that bore him home. He knew that he had no alternative but to return. There was no legality under which he could escape the jurisdiction of the Kremlin. His term had expired, he was no longer a diplomat. He must return. Perhaps he would not have had it otherwise.

He stood on the deck soberly erect, as though he knew he was in for a gale and was bracing himself for it. But his unusually keen eyes were as fearless as when they scanned the terrain—from a smooth-riding plane.

**WHEN HE** landed in Odessa, he felt himself a virtual prisoner. He went to Moscow by rail and apparently unguarded. But he was being watched all the way and he knew it. He didn't, however, feel the full onus of his position till he faced the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He said to Boris:

"Gapoff, it is a painful matter to see you in your present condition. You were once the pride of Russian youth. Now you have fallen far, and become a degraded class-enemy, a misguided fanatic. At present, no action will be taken against you in view of your dis-



tinguished past. But I have been instructed to inform you that you will be under constant surveillance. If you so much as breathe a word about the stupid counter-revolutionary practices you have engaged in the Party will be forced to take suitable measures. That's all."

So Boris, his career cut from under him, experienced the difficulties of existence, not as a favored warrior or a party regular, but as the holder of a bread card. Fortified by his natural optimism and his new-found Faith, he carried on with a grin and a "Nitchevo."

Indeed, he hadn't lost his sense of loyalty to the ideal of a fraternal state. He still felt grateful to the government that had raised him. He never made disparaging comparisons of the Russian and the democratic mode of existence. Prudence would have vetoed that idea had not loyalty first done so. He even continued to hope that he might be able to serve his country again in happier days.

But all this was cancelled by one fact. He could not hide his Light under a bushel. He was unable to remain silent about the one Experience he had had. He tried to share his Blessing with the comrades he chanced to meet. And so, in due course, it came to the attention of those who should know, and Boris was ordered back into the service, back to the job of piloting planes.

**HIS FIRST** emotion at receiving the command was one of joy. He thought, they have weighed my loyalty and my record against my religion, and have decided that I still am needed and can still be trusted. But then to this happiness there succeeded an ominous feeling of impending doom. It was too fantastic to expect that this sudden reversal of opinion was genuine. Too many had been imprisoned and had died for the deeds of which he had been

correctly accused. Prepared, then for the worst, he rejoined his wing.

It was carefully brought to the attention of all the press and of the adoring populace that Gapoff was once more on active duty. And for several days he was treated as a Soviet ace. Then, one sunny morning, he was ordered by his wing commander to take an old crate on a run from Moscow to Stalinsk.

**THE REQUEST** was unusual as he had always been assigned to crack planes of the force. But his qualms were assuaged when he saw that he was to be accompanied by a member of the police in the observer's seat. Surely, he reflected, there'd be no tampering with this plane because Stolitch is a trusted man, and they wouldn't risk his life to take mine.

So he taxied down the field, rose into the wind, banked, and levelled off in the direction of Stalinsk. He had gone many versts, and was guiding his ship over a wooded area that lay two thousand metres beneath, when he felt a creeping chill that seemed to warn of some menace behind him. He turned quickly and saw the observer now out on the fuselage surface, clinging desperately to a gun-mount with one hand, and levelling a pistol with the other. He attempted to bank the plane violently, but the other man acted too quickly. A squeeze of the trigger, and the assassin bailed out, while Boris took the greatest flight of his daring career. And he made a good landing.

When I left the city hall that morning, I couldn't, you see, help thinking of Boris Gapoff. He, too, was a Soviet flyer. And his last flight, which terminated in what all but a few thought was an accident, was ironically the most satisfactory of his dazzling career. I wondered would any of these other airmen ever make his perfect landing. I hope so.

## Symbolic White

By Sister Julie, O. P.

**T**HERE IS SOMETHING compellingly attractive about color; but white is lovelier. The pageantry of October with its lavish gold and bronze, here and there a burning bush of red maple among yellow oaks and poplars, can restore the glamour of the most frayed personality. Flags and uniforms and parades, Elizabethan costumes, mediaeval illuminations, the crimson sweaters, orange scarves, blue and yellow peasant kerchiefs of youth, the red berets of Spanish soldiers,—all these things stir and excite us. We think at times that no relief is so gracious as the relief of color after drabness or whiteness.

But white is lovelier. "It is the low sun that brings forth the color," murmured hapless Guinevere; and though the heart thrills with delight when blossoms of lovely color flower from the golden bowl of the sun, yet Guinevere's recognition of the highest beauty, the beauty of whiteness comes to all of us, sometime.

White is mysterious and subtle and capable of a variety of effects. It is a mystic symbol of a reality rare and precious. Something of its potency may be felt, perhaps, in the mediaeval heroines whose names express their personalities, like Blanche of France, beloved by Galahad or Isolde of the White Hands, whose meek gentleness won Tristram in spite of himself.

Something of this potency, this symbolism, is felt in nature's use of white. Is it the rarity of white that gives it charm? There is the whiteness of the lily, raising queen-like from its wrappings of green, stately and radiant, aloof, enchantingly lovely; and the whiteness of the lily-of-the-valley, fragile as gossamer, with its tiny perfect white bells, silent as peace, like a procession of First Communicants, the

white bells of their veils in flower-like rows as they march up the aisle.

There is the swift surprise whiteness of dogwood, among other frail heralds of spring like the luminous bloodroot and the pale anemone, dainty as a tiny girl. There is the startling smooth whiteness of birch-bark, innocent and bride-like among the rough dark trunks of the forest trees. There is edelweiss growing high on the Alps, with furry white stem, foliage, and petals, the ghost of a flower, or perhaps a flower in a white woolen snow suit, dressed for the altitude, tiny memento in the cold grandeur of the snow-capped heights of the gracious beauty of the valleys. A nostalgia for a beauty less dazzling must pierce the heart at sight of its gallant blossoming.

**O**TH<sup>ER</sup> WHITES in nature are potent to suggest its mystery. There is the whiteness of clouds, stately, full-sailed galleons skimming the blue ocean of sky. There is the whiteness of swans—especially the swans of the Thames. No wonder Spenser drew from their majestic beauty the imagery that builds on the refrain "Sweete Thames run softly till I end my song," that lovely castle of music. Even the swans in the moat around the Bishop's Palace in Wells (the only moated castle extant in England) impress us first with the beauty of their accomplishments. For these swans are not only beautiful; they are highly intelligent and practical. For hundreds of years, the swans of this particular moat have sailed majestically upstream, lovely snowy ships, towards a window in the gatehouse from which depends a rope, which generations of swans have pulled to notify the porter that they would be grateful if he would bestir himself and provide them with their daily rations. There is something deliciously incongruous in the royal elegance of the swans and the



practical measure of ringing the dinner bell. They have the bland manner of a well-groomed matron; and they are but food-hunters after all. But even a hungry swan makes a beautiful picture because he (or she) is in snowy white.

THE PECULIAR satisfaction that emanates from white, whether because of its rarity or its perfection nothing in nature conveys more powerfully than snow. It falls silently during the night and in the morning we look upon a strange new world. Its beauty is literally astonishing. Under the shining raiment of new-fallen snow all unseemliness is hidden and the meanest objects, a squat bucket for instance, or a sagging woodshed, are transformed into things of beauty. The kindness of snow is like the tenderness of Mary, blessed among women, who compassionating the most refractory souls, wins them to virtue. Of her immaculateness it is a symbol. A landscape robed in its soft loveliness has the beauty of nature enhanced by the perfection and the poignancy of art. Its quality of rare loveliness reminds us of Sidney's description of poetry: "Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as diverse poets have done, neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too much loved earth more lovely; her world is brazen; the poets only deliver a golden." Nature transformed by snow seems art. "Poetry is the complex sense of past delights," says Abbé Dimnet. In the exquisite perfection of a landscape glorified by snow, there is the complex sense not only of past but of future delights; for we feel instinctively that the beauty of snow holds the promise of the ideal, of a better life, a more beautiful world, whose splendor will dazzle the eyes and pierce the mind with the glory of the fulness of truth.

Just here, perhaps, with an unexpected tact we have touched upon the

explanation of the mystery of white. It appeals universally because it reminds us of the ideal. It is the unforgettable, unmistakable emblem of purity.

The symbolism is emphasized in its liturgical usage. Pure white linens are the vesture of the altar, symbol of Christ. The fulness of joy at Eastertide, central feast of the ecclesiastical year, is expressed by white vestments. Joyous white is worn for Feasts of our Lord and of Blessed Mother; it celebrates also the victory of Confessors and Doctors, the purity of Virgins, and the innocence of Holy Women. There is, perhaps, nothing more poignantly joyful than the white vestments used in the Burial Mass of children.

IN THE WHITE vesture of the Holy Father, Vicar of the Prince of Peace, we have a most significant use of the symbolism of white. Nothing befits him, Christ-on-earth, like white, so harmonious with his character and with the nature of his mission; white, symbol of joy, of purity, of peace, pledge to the stained world of the white radiance of eternity.

### An Old Man Muses

By Alma Robison Higbee

*Pretending sleep he heard his sons return,  
And listened to his old wife fuss around,  
Remembering a lad who used to yearn  
For blue horizons of the sea, though bound  
By old traditions to New England soil,  
While still his heart went forth on eager  
wings,  
Transcending crooked furrows of his toil  
To vagrant ships that brought back precious  
things.  
His stolid sons would never know a dream  
Beyond their herd and ribbons at the fair.  
They had not seen a pale moon's opal gleam  
Comb jewels through a white wave's silken  
hair.  
Love of a girl had tied him to the past—  
A love, too brief and beautiful to last.*

# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

The Chinese hate above all things to get wet.

♦ ♦

In spite of its name, sealing wax does not contain wax.

♦ ♦

The navy refuses admission to men with obscene tattooing.

♦ ♦

Book stores all over the country report a phenomenal increase in the sale of maps.

♦ ♦

Out of every hundred American families only ten have three or more children.

♦ ♦

If you employ a man, don't suspect him; if you suspect him, don't employ him.—*Oriental Proverb.*

♦ ♦

Catching fish by tickling them has been a favorite sport in some parts of the British Isles for a long time.

♦ ♦

Approximately nine hundred million gallons of water are necessary to supply greater New York every day of the year.

♦ ♦

Native elms, maples, and fir oaks are supposed to be the easiest trees to transplant because of their many fibrous roots.

♦ ♦

The good cigar salesman places his best paying brand in the best paying position which, in a four-row case, is

generally next to the last row. Three out of five men pick the first cigar they see, and generally they notice that row first.

♦ ♦

There is at least one fish that can walk. The sea robin moves about on the bottom of the sea on feelers which grow out of its body.

♦ ♦

In a recent poll of 252 daily papers, located in thirty-nine states, 61,972 readers voted *A Psalm of Life* by Longfellow as their favorite poem.

♦ ♦

At a Solemn Papal Mass the chalice is brought from the altar to the throne of the Pope, who receives its contents through a golden tube.

♦ ♦

There are about 3500 Negro Jews in Harlem, of whom eight hundred belong to the Commandant Keepers Congregation founded by Rabbi Matthews in 1919.

♦ ♦

No one will probably ever have a complete collection of Chinese coins. The country is so old and so extensive that every once in awhile an ancient coin turns up which just about defies classification.

♦ ♦

Bliss Perry reports that on one occasion former Senator White, along with President Cleveland was spending the week-end in Delaware at the home of Senator Bayard. As the gathering broke up on Saturday night, Mr. Cleveland overheard Senator White asking Mr. Bayard if there was a Catholic church in the neighborhood as he wanted to attend Mass on Sunday morning. "I made up my mind," said Mr. Cleveland, referring to the incident later, "that there was a man who was going to do what was right. And when a vacancy came, I put him in the Supreme Court."



# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

## Sampling an Old Book

HERE IS A little book of thirty-six pages which came as a Christmas gift from an all-year-round friend. It is called *The Young Man's Companion* and contains collections from a much larger volume of the same title published as long ago as 1681. So that you may taste what kind of preserves it holds we give you a few samples. Here is one, *How to Write Secret Letters*, which should serve Father Lahey for his weekly output of *Bits*.

Write your Mind on one side of the Paper with common Ink; and on the other side with Milk, that which you have Secret, and when you would make the same Legible, hold that side which is written with Ink to the Fire and the Milky Letters will shew Blewish, on the other side, and easy to Read.

Mothers, nurses, housekeepers, may find these home remedies effective. Try them and write your returns in a Secret Letter:

*Coughs:* Drink, at going to Bed, *Brandy, Treacle and Sallad Oyl*; or mix *Butter and brown Sugar* well, same at going to sleep.

*Corns:* Apply a Plaster of *Dyacholum cum Gummi*, or a piece of Oyl'd Hat Case, so tender them and the hard Skin.

*Deafness:* If the Wax in the Ear be hard then have the Oyl of bitter Almonds dropped therein, and a Week after let it be Syring'd with warm Water and Beer; but if the Wax in the Ear be very thin, then put a tent dipt in Melilot Plaster, and take Sneezing Powder often, being warm in Bed.

*Madness:* Hold him under water until he is almost drowned, put him into bed in a dark Room and his Diet only Milk Pottage, half Water.

The following letter is given as a model for a son to write to his parents to thank them for his good education. It should make a Freshman blink.

Most kind Parents:

I am constrained, as an humble Acknowledgment of my Gratitude, often to trouble you with my Epistles, as being the only re-

quital I am as yet capable of rendering you, for the many Benefits and Advantages I have received at your Hands: But above all, for your prudent Foresight, in bringing me to the Knowledge of those Things which have seasoned my Young Years with the Fear of God, and Variety of Understanding, and last will, past all peradventure, render me acceptable, on sundrey Occasions, with God's Blessings; wherefore I must applaud that compelling Goodness in you, by which you even obliged me to persevere in Learning what I had begun; though then, indeed, not discerning what I should afterwards reap thereby, I imputed it to you as Harshness and Severity.

Your most Dutiful and Obedient Son.

It will be interesting to compare the sampled correspondence here given which exhibits such mature appreciation of parental forethought and care, with the letters which the present-day Freshman writes to "Mother" and "Dad." He certainly would not disturb us out of our traditional view of the first year college boy by the use of any such lordly language as that employed by this appreciative young man 'way back in 1681. The Freshman youth of 1940 "will applaud that compelling goodness in you" by asking more money to meet his bad debts.

Perhaps Mrs. Wirries will be interested in these Observations on Gardening:

Water no seeds newly sown, but being come up, you may give them water in the evening. . . . Draw up Weeds by the roots. . . . If you see a large House Snail lie flat on the earth, dig the Earth under her and spoil her Eggs. . . . To keep Snails from any Flower scatter Tobacco dust on the Ground round the Root.

We have gone on some since this author gave youth a Model Letter, furnished *Bits* to Father Lahey, hints on gardening to Mrs. Wirries, and home medicines to mothers and housewives. And yet, the problems of Then were the Problems of Now; to-wit—to make life more liveable and more lovely.

## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**Manifesto on Rural Life**, by the National Catholic Rural Life Conference. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee. Price, cloth, \$1.50; paper, \$1.

The National Catholic Rural Life Conference, whose "objectives are the improvement of the spiritual, religious, social, cultural and economic status of the rural group," has published its *Manifesto on Rural Life*. The book represents the crystallized conclusions of the best Catholic thought on the subject. As Most Rev. Aloisius J. Muench, Bishop of Fargo, writes in the Introduction: "It is a composite work of many minds who gave serious attentions to manifold, and at times, controvertible, positions taken in the *Manifesto*." Rather than pretend to solve the problem, it states principles that should be at the basis of any true solution. For its social philosophy it is indebted to the great encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI.

The *Manifesto* is divided into two parts: the first consists of the text, and the second, the larger of the two, annotates each paragraph of the first with notes carefully culled from the works of writers and speakers on rural life. The scope of the book is indicated by the chapter headings, some of which are: The Rural Catholic Family, Farm Ownership and Land Tenancy, Catholic Rural Education, Rural Catholic Youth, the Rural Pastorate, Rural Health, Farmer Cooperatives, Rural Credit, Rural Taxation.

"The Christian family is the keystone of the arch which supports our Christian civilization." Because of the alarming decrease in the birthrate of cities, the task of maintaining the population both of the country and the city has been thrust upon the rural family. And since the material well-being of the ru-

ral family is necessary for its own spiritual improvement and the good of the country at large, the farm problem becomes the nation's problem. The industrialist cannot ignore the farmer without injuring his own best interests. An intensive and extensive educational program, "adapted to the special needs of the farming group" and "grounded on the Christian philosophy of life," is needed to replace the urban education received in rural districts in order that more of the best rural youth may remain on the soil. To this end rural leaders must shoulder their responsibilities, and use all the means at their disposal to remedy and improve the conditions of rural life.

The book deserves wide circulation among social workers, sociologists and economists, rural pastors, teachers, and all those who are in any way connected with rural society or who are interested in its problems.

Paul E. Beichner.

**Mary of the Incarnation**—Foundress of the Ursuline Convent, Quebec, by an Ursuline of Quebec. Copies from the Ursuline Convent, Porlar St., Quebec. 75c.

The Recording Angel alone knows the full following of the Master, the hidden heroism of the members of the Teaching Sisterhoods. They sow the first seeds of the Divine Life in the hearts of God's little ones, and they nurture them unto the fine flowering of later years. Full three hundred years ago Mary of the Incarnation and her companions sailed up the forest-lined St. Lawrence to that outpost of civilization, Quebec, and the first founding of the Ursulines in the New World. Married before she was twenty, widowed and an Ursuline nun by the time she was thirty, she was the mother of a son who both rose to a high post in the Bene-



dictine Order and died in high repute for his virtues and sanctity.

The first act of Mary of the Incarnation on arriving on Canadian soil was to kiss the ground which was to be her portion forever, where she was to dwell all the days of her life. It was a life of incredible hardships, heroic devotion, great spiritual desolation and consolation. She and her nuns learned the dialects, trained the young Indian girls as well as the daughters of the King's officers and of the colonists according to their respective needs. She wrote letters and kept spiritual diaries that attest both to her numerous interests and her mystic experiences. She was mother to all, including the missionaries who came and went through the portals of that nursery of the Faith which was Quebec.

With great simplicity and thoroughness one of the spiritual daughters of Mary of the Incarnation tells the story in a beautifully illustrated brochure of ninety pages. It is an adaptation from a larger work in French, also by an Ursuline, and is intended to advance the Cause of their venerated foundress. "God is wonderful in His saints," and it is in times like these that His inspiration moves toward the end for which this graceful tribute to a foundress is in itself a prayer.

L. Broughal.

**The Frequent Communicant's Prayer-Book**, compiled by the Rev. M. V. Kelly, C. S. B. The Basilian Press, 1000—19th St., Detroit. Price, 75c or \$1.

Frequent as well as daily Communicants, who want or need various methods of assisting at Mass or receiving Communion, are thought of in this neat and handy prayer-book which so far as we know is the only one especially published for them. It offers seven methods of assisting at Mass, seven for before and after Communion, and four for visits to the Blessed Sacrament. Of course the usual matter is here: Morn-

ing and Night prayers; the litanies; devotions for confession; the Way of the Cross; devotions to the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin, and St. Joseph; prayers and instructions on the different states of life (for clerical and Religious, the working man, the Christian father and mother, the young man and the young woman); words for some hymns; a number of maxims taken from the Fathers; and some sentences from the Bible for reflection in time of sickness.

John Marland.

**The Saviour's Life**, by the Rev. Gilbert Simons, C.S.P. The Paulist Press, New York. Price, cloth cover, \$1; paper, 75c.

For years Catholic groups have been active in study clubs, in literary and social programs, devoted mainly to study and discussion of things Catholic. Today this movement is stronger than ever before. The first Catholic study club, organized by Christ, transformed the lives of millions. Conscious of this great fact, the Church has always encouraged Catholic group organizations. And today Catholic writers and publishers are giving us more suitable material for study club purposes.

With this in mind Father Simons has written *The Saviour's Life*. Using the exact words of the Gospels, he arranges them, in so far as possible, according to the time and the place of their happening, so as to have a continuous story. At the end of each chapter there is a discussion club outline with questions prepared by the Rev. G. C. Treacy, S. J.

Failure to number the passages and the texts according to their exact place in the Gospels makes the book unsatisfactory for reference work. Nevertheless it can be used with profit in any study club group, in the classroom and also for spiritual reading. We think that every study club group should have a copy of *The Saviour's Life*.

R. J. O'Neil.

## YOUNGER READERS

### Winter Chores

By Glenn Ward Dresbach

*Sometimes, with hush of snow about me now,  
I think of all the chores I had to do,  
The oats and corn for troughs, and from the  
mow*

*The timothy and clover flavored through  
By mellow summer, and pale golden straw  
For snug nests waiting in each dusky stall,  
And then the milking that the kittens saw,  
Lined up along the low shelf of the wall.*

*Against the pail, milk made a merry sound  
And then a stream, more accurate than wise,  
Would splash a kitten . . . Soon each one had  
found*

*The way to catch, though much got in the eyes.  
And drowsy cows would turn their heads to see  
What caused the laughter that was shaking  
me.*

### The Secret of the Shuttered Door

By Frances Y. Young

#### Chapter VII—Crime!

**B**OOKER WAS EVEN more frightened than Gerry when her weight suddenly descended on his plump little body. He would have been debonair if a tiger appeared suddenly among the heavy grasses, because he had always been hunting for one, but when a tree which usually harbored nothing more dangerous than chirpy little birds, or perhaps a taunting squirrel suddenly let down a leather-footed animal which stepped on you hard with a frightening shriek, well, a home-loving, well-bred dog didn't know what this world was coming to!

To Gerry, the relief of Booker's familiar yelp was almost overwhelming, especially when Gene appeared, even if

he did look as if he was ready to scold! She put her hand over her mouth, motioning for silence and led the way back to the house, cautiously trying to make no sound at all. Back at the house she locked the door before she told Gene what had happened.

**B**OOKER, QUITE restored to his normal good humor, worried the toe of Gerry's shoe and pulled at the strings. Now it seemed as if she had imagined what she had overheard from the tree,—here in the warm house with the pink-shaded lamp glowing in the front window and Gene heating the cocoa which Mrs. Blake had left ready for them with a plate of cookies.

"You had me scared, Gerry," said Gene. "And why the secrecy? Mrs. Blake had to go to town and won't be back until late, so she said for us to eat something. I said we'd be all right. What frightened you?"

Gerry told him what she had heard. Gene was not inclined to think it was anything serious.

"Just some of the men here—I know one of the uncles of the boys in the gang is named 'Jake.' There are a lot of family-fights and feuds, Mrs. Blake says. Probably two of them were talking one of them over—something they didn't want anyone else to know about."

"I don't think so!" disagreed Gerry. "They sounded so tough! It didn't sound like a family quarrel, it sounded like—well, it sounded like burglars!" She shivered as she looked to see that the door was locked.

"Burglars? Out here?" Gene laughed at her. "Nobody has anything worth stealing! There's Mrs. Blake; I hear the car."



Mrs. Blake was inclined to believe with Gene that what Gerry had heard was just some family feud; especially when she heard that the name, "Jake," was mentioned. Gerry couldn't remember exactly what they had said, so it was hard to make either of the others take it as seriously as she did.

"**W**E'RE NOT afraid of burglars, dear! I haven't a thing worth stealing except my chickens and I've got them under thief-proof locks! What worries me is that you climbed that tree; you might have been hurt! Now we'll have some supper and then we'll all feel better! Gerry, I'll put your little bed beside mine tonight so you won't be frightened. Gene, you're not afraid to sleep up there alone?"

Gene wasn't. With Mrs. Blake's permission he was going through Geoff's boxes and chests and looking over arrow-heads and stamps and other boyish treasures. Tonight he meant to go through an old box that was poked away under the eaves almost out of sight.

So he set his lamp where it would throw a good light and pulled it out with some trouble. What a disappointment! Nothing but a lot of old magazines! He looked them over—lurid covers all corpses and clutching hands and leering faces—the cheapest kind of detective stories—really crook stories, for they made all the crooks seem very smart and clever. They were full of murder and blood and torture, false ideals and bad English, hence quite unsuitable for a good Catholic boy to read. Gene thrust them aside—then pulled one back and began to read it. He became absorbed; this crook was really a smart guy! He fooled everybody, even the other members of his gang! He lied himself out of and into a thousand situations and finally after killing his relentless enemy, Policeman Norris, shot the gold bullet he kept for that purpose

into his own heart. "Killer Kobb kept his word—he was not taken alive!" The light flaring at Gene's elbow made Gene conscious of his surroundings; he dropped the book as if it were a snake! So that was the trash that Geoff had read! And piles of the magazines, well-thumbed had been hidden away in this box; hidden so his mother wouldn't see them—how cowardly! Gene knew well the harm there was in reading that type of story—of filling his mind even temporarily with evil doings from the viewpoint of the doer, and being in sympathy with the sin and the sinner. Why, he had been actually glad when the policeman was murdered—and glad when the killer had committed suicide—seemed a pretty fine act when he read it—that was definitely bad. It was wrong to read bad books and he had been doing it. Heartily ashamed of himself Gene went to bed.

He lay awake a long time wondering if there really had been anything sinister to what Gerry had heard. He sat up once or twice, believing he heard strange sounds. It was only the howling of the hound at the end of their road, and the wind in the trees outside the window. Presently Gene fell asleep and did not waken until the very early hour for which he had set his alarm clock before going to bed. Tomorrow he had to get up early!

#### Chapter VIII—The Face at the Window

**G**ENE WANTED to clear his conscience of the sin of bad-reading just as soon as he could, so he decided to go to Confession before school the next morning. It had always been their custom to go to morning Mass, but they could not often do it here, for it would have gotten Mrs. Blake up too early, and besides it would have made them very tired for their school-day. It was a deprivation for they appreciated the privilege of receiving Our Lord in the

Blessed Sacrament daily, but for the present it could not be helped.

However, this particular morning, Gene roused Gerry very early, and after getting their own breakfast very quietly, they stole out, leaving a note for Mrs. Blake that they had taken an early train for school.

**THEY WERE ON** their road almost before sun-up; it would be a chilly but an exciting walk to Dorton where they would take the train. Everything looked so different in the thin morning air that it was like being in a different eerily-lit country. It practically amounted to adventure!

Mrs. Blake's house stood on the corner of Cross Road and the less-travelled Temple Road. Turning from Cross Road to Main Road and heading to the east, they looked back toward the sleeping houses of the settlement of Happy Corners on their left. Here the road was high and if it had not been for thick groves of trees between, they could have looked straight down on the settlement on Temple Road, where most of the houses were. Mrs. Blake's house stood on the corner of Temple, which ran parallel to Main, and Cross which crossed it at right angles. The place was not more than half a mile away but only an occasional view of any of the houses could be glimpsed. Turning again they went along, Gerry singing a little song and swinging her school-bag in time, until Gene motioned her to silence.

"Better not to make any noise!" he counselled her in a whisper. "We're just going to pass that mysterious kind of a hut with the shuttered door. Remember the one I told you about?"

There it was, just as Gene had described it, back from the road, somewhat concealed by the trees. The heavy door seemed to make the whole front of the house sag into the ground, al-

though that might be just a trick of perspective. Gene had thought the first time, that the shuttered windows were like closed wrinkled eyes; one was slightly open this morning and seemed almost like the fluttering eyelid in some monster's face, just waking to the morning sunlight and not liking it! The whole front of the house looked like a face to Gerry too; the door was like a large flattened nose with the door-sill for a tight mouth, and the furtive windows for eyes! If you looked at it that way it made you shiver! The thin white curl of smoke might be a curl of white hair on the monster's otherwise bald head; two curls! Smoke was coming also out of a thin metal smoke-stack on the back of the house, black smoke pouring thickly out into the morning air!

They turned, hearing a noise which sounded like a car coming along behind them. No, that noise of machinery came from inside the hut! The throbbing became clearer, the nearer they drew to the house. Gene's ear detected the running of a well-oiled motor. That was queer! In a tiny shabby little place like that, what would they be doing with a powerful motor, and at this time of day?

Just before they passed, Gerry, hearing the sound of paws on the hard road just behind them, turned to see Booker sneaking along after them. Gerry hated to be cross to him but this was insubordination which must not be permitted!

**PICKING UP** a switch, she ran at the culprit who, trying to make himself small by shrinking as much as his fatness permitted, hoped that he might thus escape observation.

"Go home!" shouted Gerry, sounding as cross as she could, and Booker, who really was an obedient dog, scuttered back up the road. He turned one reproachful look over his shoulder before he turned off into Cross Road, leading back to Mrs. Blake's; but he would stay



home now until they returned. Booker could be trusted!

Her voice had sounded very loud and fierce; as she passed the small house again, she saw the shutters whose slats had been open were now wide enough for her to see a face which peeped out—oh, so cautiously! That it was a face, was all she could make out, but the very secrecy of the act frightened her.

"Gene," she said, catching up with the latter, "There is somebody queer who lives in that house! I saw someone peeking out the window—somebody who didn't want to be seen!"

"Probably someone who isn't dressed for the day," assured Gene, "and does not want anyone to see them with their hair not combed."

Gerry felt that the movement behind the opened shutters had been too furtive to be anyone who just didn't want to be seen before they were dressed for the day. This was someone who was *afraid*—really afraid!—that they would be seen—someone who lurked well out of sight, for the white face had been scarcely visible. Who could live in that queer place so securely closed against invaders? That shuttered door, while unnoticeable to the casual passerby, became very mysterious the more you thought about it. But as far as she was concerned, they could stay secret! She was sorry she had said anything to Gene now, for he might try to investigate it—that was just like a boy!

**G**ERRY REALLY was curious about what secret lay behind that shuttered door, but while she and Gene walked along toward the station, she did not mention it again. The thought of that peering face was not pleasant. She wished that time would pass more quickly so that she and Gene would be back home soon with dear Mamma and Dad. The country held too many mysterious sounds and silences for Gerry's comfort!

(To be continued.)

## Victor Hugo's Faith

By A. M. Alden

**I**T IS NOT generally known that Victor Hugo, underneath his apparent irreligion, was profoundly impressed with the evidence for the existence of God. Once the famous scoffer actually waited in line fully three hours to have a talk with the saintly Don Bosco. On that occasion Victor Hugo showed himself rather scornful over the saint's concern about his own unconcern for the future life. In three days, however, he was back again in an entirely different mood, according to Don Bosco's own account of the interview. "Don Bosco," he said, "I was but playing a part the other day when I spoke to you as I did. I want you to be my friend. I do believe in the immortality of the soul. I believe in God, and I hope to die in the arms of a Catholic priest, who will recommend my soul to its Creator." We do not know what took place during the rest of the interview, but we do know something about the sequel to that strange life. Hugo lived much the same as before but, according to report, he died about a year later, calling in truth for a priest, but vainly however, because some of his Masonic "friends" denied this last wish of his life. Was that final denial a punishment for resisting God's grace during life, or was his repeated request an act of Faith and Contrition in face of these obstacles? Only God knows.

## Spaniels

By Lalia M. Thornton

*I'm sorry for the hunting dogs*

*Their curls are not quite fair;*

*Once I was in a field, and got*

*A burdock in my hair.*

## ✿ The Weekly Postscript ✿

By M. M. Wirries

A LINE, SCRIBBLED in familiar script, across the bottom of my annual statement for alumnae dues—just six words: “Here I am again, Mabel.—Eloise.” What memories come thronging! Eloise. “financial secretary.” “She’s the same Eloise,” say the girls at alumnae reunions—meaning not that she is leggy and thin and a little plain, as she once was, but that the same old merriment bubbles to the surface of her, now that she is a mature and cultured woman: the same inexhaustible fountain of mirth that used to overflow upon us all back in Academy days.

I don’t know the new Eloise very well; years and miles have long divided us. But how I loved her! And reading that succinct, Eloise-like line on the bottom of a prosaic bill, I see her fair head bent above the old oak desk, and next to her I see Regina of the fine hair and gentle manners—Regina, our first nun. And beyond Regina, Catherine, tall and red-headed, Catherine of the “analytical mind,” who became a Sister of Mercy. And there is Margaret, who was our valedictorian, and our “Princess Ursula” when the Bishop came to Toledo—Margaret, who is now the proud mother of many boys. There is the other Margaret, who always talked too fast—(You’ve used many words, Margaret, but you haven’t *said* anything yet”—thus our teacher); there is Theone, who spoke too low (Tell me, Theone, where does your voice go when you come into the classroom?) Gertrude, who was always tardy, slow and sweet and amiable and scientifically-minded. Goodness! the things she knew! Ginny, who blushed, was awkward, ill at ease, and wore a priceless diamond necklace to school and carelessly left it in the washroom every day or two;

Dorothy, who was so practical; Eleanore, who was so frivolous (“Eleanore, go out and sit in the hall until you learn how to conduct yourself in this class.”) Margaret, of the dimples and close-cropped, curly head; Marie, of the kind heart and the Irish eyes; Vera, demure and quiet; Nelly, talkative and clever; Katharine of the clever pen; Florence, tall and beautiful, who sometimes went to sleep in class; Irish Ursula and dark-eyed Gertrude, who wore such beautiful fashionable clothes (“Go home, Gertrude, and don’t come back until you are wearing something besides a hobble skirt. No girl wears such clothes in *my* classroom.”) The curly-haired Marguerite, so small and dainty; Leona, who declaimed her lessons learnedly; Pauline, who stumbled over hers (“Now Pauline, please *read* it.”) Loretta, of the dancing feet.

Ah, old class, where are you, now? Three are in Heaven—Dorothy, and Marie, and Margaret of the dimples, and close-cropped, curly head. Many of you are mothers—lovely mothers. Two of you are in religion. You have known heart-breaks and tragedies; you have known life’s sweetest joys. And all of you were better women because you once sat in that old classroom, listening to Sister’s advice and admonitions. We thought her stern, sometimes—but she was wonderful, wasn’t she? She, and the other nuns who labored to make us worthy of the Catholic tradition which was ours. Often now I wish I could go to her, and tell her some of the things that puzzle me. She was so sensible—and so kind. So “human,” we used to say—pondering that a nun could be *human*. Because now we know it is because they are so “human” that they are nuns.



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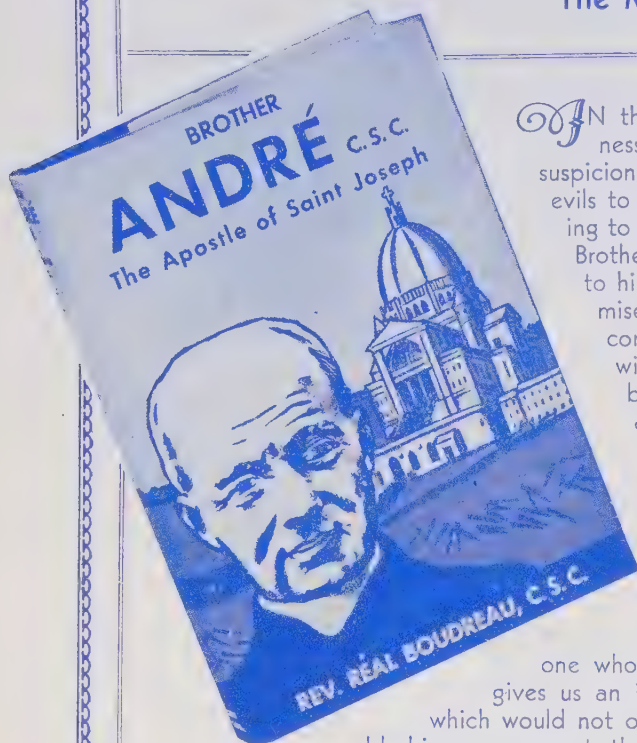
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The So-Called Christian Front . . .  
Jewish Relief to Christians . . .  
Borah: A Great American . . .  
American Diplomacy . . .

### The Church in Finland

All Finland was ceded to Russia in 1809. Since then until the World War, the struggle has been between the desire for independence and the overlordship of the Russian Tsars. The Catholic population at the moment numbers 1,000 communicants under four priests. Pope Benedict XV in 1920, appointed a bishop and raised Finland to the rank of a Vicariate Apostolic.

By Dom Maternus Spitz, O.S.B.

### Fishing in Maine

An interesting account of the interplay of outlook between two Catholics and a larger group of non-Catholics during a fishing excursion in Maine.

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By Martin Dempsey



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CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

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## NEXT WEEK

Arthur C. Bromirski, 245 Seventh Street, Jersey City, N. J., titles his study of the Franciscan, William of Rubruck, *Franciscan Marco Polo*.

Father "Tom" Burke: Irish Dominican is a much needed recall of the great Irish pulpit orator. Done by James F. Cassidy, Belmont Park, Waterford, Ireland.

*Incidental to a War* by E. M. MacEoin, 34 Florence Avenue, New Haven, Conn. A fiction which might be fact.

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## OBITUARY

Sister M. Loyola, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Mary Germaine and Sister Mary Placidus, Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Ann, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Annunciata and Sister M. Sebastian, Sisters of St. Francis.

Mrs. Catherine Keating, John Joyce, Mrs. W. Flood, Mary Alice Kearney, Mrs. Joseph Geris, William Noonan, Lawrence and John Williams, Phoebe Williams, Rose McArdle, Ann McArdle, John McArdle, Kate and Mike Waters, Pat McArdle, Larry McArdle, Marguerite R. Gallagher, Thomas Whittington, Harry Moran, Edward Clark, James O'Hearn, Mrs. Mary O'Hearn, George Shays.

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# THE AVE MARIA

CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

VOL. 51, (N. S.) NO. 5 [Copyright, 1940: The Ave Maria Press]

FEBRUARY 3, 1940

## *World News in Brief*

### **THE CHURCH**

In Chicago, a United States Liturgical Congress was planned for the spring. . . . ¶ In Mexico City, Archbishop Martinez denied that Mexican Bishops in league with American oil magnates were planning a revolution. . . . ¶ In Amsterdam, it was revealed that the Church in Germany had been assessed huge sums for the Nazi war fund. . . . ¶ In Lisieux, the eldest sister of the Little Flower, died at the Carmelite Convent. . . . ¶ In New York, Catholic college students won five out of the ten prizes in an essay contest on "The Relationship of Religion and Democracy." . . . ¶ In Los Angeles, thirteen schools for Lay Catechists were opened throughout the diocese.

### **AT HOME**

In Washington, relations between Japan and the United States moved toward the critical point. . . . Despite government subsidies, merchant marine leaders were pessimistic. . . . A sharp protest against ship searching was forwarded by the State Department to Great Britain. . . . The House Committee approved a year's extension of the Dies Committee. . . . The President was censured for ordering emergency spending without appropriation. . . . Canadian seaway treaty negotiations were believed at a standstill. . . . The Lewis assault upon the New Deal widened the rift in Democratic ranks. . . . The Senate voted a twenty-million dollar loan to Finland. . . . ¶ In New York, Communist Earl Browder was found guilty of passport frauds. He termed the

court findings "an honor." . . . ¶ In Denver, one-fourth of the Colorado State income was absorbed by old-age pensioners. . . . ¶ In Tallahassee, Florida, fruit groves suffered severe losses from cold weather. . . . ¶ In industry, Americans were alarmed at the British boycott of American farm products. . . . Europeans, unable to buy grain elsewhere, purchased American corn. . . . Corporation salaries for 1938 were revealed by the Treasury Department. . . . The steel output declined moderately.

### **ABROAD**

In Genoa, it was reported that nine hundred escaped from the Italian liner *Orazio*, afire in the Mediterranean. . . . ¶ In Calcutta, Indian leader Gandhi hinted at a compromise in the Indian-British dispute. . . . ¶ In Rome, Italy recognized Japan's puppet rule over China. A pact—allegedly making China a Jap dependency—was bared. . . . Industry speeded up production for armed forces. . . . ¶ In London, war officials announced the sinking of the British destroyers *Grenville* and *Exmouth*, with a loss of three hundred lives. . . . The Churchill plea for help was coldly received by neutral nations, and flatly rejected by the Dutch chamber. Britain then spurned the American protest against delaying American ships, and the seizure of American valuables and money sent to Germany. . . . ¶ In Helsingfors, Finns continued to drive Red invaders back, and to capture Red positions. . . . ¶ In Berlin, German armed police, as well as troops, were sent to the Roumanian border.

## Notes and Remarks

The month of February is set aside for reflections and resolutions on our duties to the Catholic press. We limit our thoughts on

**Catholic Press** the subject to  
**Month Reflections** your reflections and resolutions

on THE AVE MARIA. We hope your reflections will be so benign as to make you resolve to continue your subscription. We have genuinely tried to make Our Lady's magazine say what she wants us to say, and to reflect that part of life of which she approves. This Weekly goes into homes, into convents and schools because Catholics want to get the Catholic outlook. It goes into the rectories of priests who, more than most men, know what kind of literature influences thought and conduct helpfully within the home sanctuary. Priests, their teaching sisterhoods and the religious of both sexes have been unfailingly appreciative and serviceably kind in their correspondence and to our representatives. We are very grateful to them and to many other thousands of readers. Without their cooperation THE AVE MARIA would serve within a more limited area to a smaller subscription list.

We have striven unfailingly to make THE AVE MARIA a more serviceable carrier of the realities of Catholic thought and tradition. In doing so, we have consulted the likes of our readers and have made changes as far as possible, to suit these tastes. We have not, however, changed the objectives for which THE AVE MARIA was founded. It serves out the same content of thought in fact, fiction and poetry, but it serves, we hope, in more readable utterance, with a richer glow of beauty. Thought grows from thought, and service springs from love. You like THE AVE MARIA. Attest

that liking by serving. If every subscriber secure us one other subscriber during the coming year, how our subscription list will have multiplied by next December! Will you not try to get at least one? Perhaps you can get more. At any rate—one. Thank you very much. And may you be blessed by Our Lady every minute of all the minutes of this year.



The eighteen hoodlums in New York City who elected to call themselves the "Christian Front," were discovered in an apartment

**The So-Called** where they had  
**Christian Front** concealed guns, bombs, and ammunition,

with the intention of blowing up a number of places. Enemies of Father Coughlin tried hard to link his name with the so-called "Christian Fronters," but the G-men stated that there was no connection. Their statement threw Dorothy Thompson into a tantrum and she insisted in her column that Father Coughlin played a leading part in the Christian Front and was responsible for their conduct in as much as he had given them his support and encouragement. She waxed eloquent on the subject for several paragraphs. In the first place these hoodlums are not members of the real Christian Front, and even if they were, Father Coughlin would in no way be responsible for them. These statements appeared in *Social Justice* last August: "First and foremost, let all those who are interested in either organizing the Christian Front or joining it, understand that I am neither the organizer nor the sponsor of the Christian Front, and that it is not becoming for me to identify myself with this organization or any other organization. However, if Chris-



tians as individuals or as groups desire to establish a Christian Front with the objective in mind of incorporating the spirit and the doctrines of Christianity into our social life, that is commendable. I prefer to remain outside of all organizations." It is quite clear from these words that the only kind of Christian Front encouraged by Father Coughlin was one "incorporating the doctrines of Christianity" and not one using the methods of Moscow. Dorothy Thompson leans somewhat toward the latter methods. She was a strong supporter of Loyalist Spain.



From funds raised in 1939 to meet the needs of Jewish relief, the United Jewish Appeal for Refugees and Overseas Needs announced the allotment of \$250,000 for assisting Christian

### **Jewish Relief to Christians**

refugees—half to Catholic, half to Protestant agencies. The amount to Catholic refugees is to be presented to Pope Pius XII by Bishop Sheil of Chicago as a memorial to Pope Pius XI. In their letter to Bishop Sheil announcing the gift, Jewish leaders paid grateful tribute to the late Pope for "his unflagging efforts to vindicate the divine doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man which alone can bring peace on earth."

There is more to this act of giving than even the gift itself—bountiful though the gift be. It means, as we have contended all along, that a small minority of malcontents in any race or religion must not determine our thoughts on the vast majority of charitable, law-abiding men and women within every race and religion. Worthy Jews have had to suffer grave indignities in the past for the defections of small groups within their race. The error should not recur in our enlightened times.

Few men in national life have garnered the laurels merited by the late William Edgar Borah of Idaho. Democrats as well

### **Borah: A Great American**

as the Republicans sensed a genuine loss to the nation rare but well-deserved in the death of the Senator from the West. Perhaps it was his manifestation of the virile American spirit that captivated our interest and won our esteem. He was fearless. His opposition to entering the World War was hazardous but logical. His contempt for the Versailles treaty, the League of Nations and the World Court has been vindicated by the pathetic achievements of these anemic bodies. The full import of his momentous decisions is realized only when we recall the violent opposition that surrounded him in days given more to patriotic hysteria than to intellectual discernment. Only recently he led the isolation fight against those who might embroil us in the current European melee. Senator Borah was primarily interested not so much in what America might do for Europe, as in what America might do for her own best interests here at home. That he frowned on a third term for President Roosevelt typifies his strong adherence to American tradition. It is significant that most of his actions were those of opposition—warring on powers that prey, both at home and abroad. For a third of a century he fought trusts, monopolies, and other mighty forces seeking to oppress the weak. In the chanceries of Europe he was a stumbling block to designing old-world powers scheming to exploit our nation for their own selfish purposes. He was an intense individualist, frequently a lone fighter, independent of party dictatorship, who relied for success upon the justice of his cause, and his power of reasoning coupled with eloquence of presentation. His going reminds us of the Biblical

watchman struck from the walls, and of the pillar that has fallen. Truly, the best interests of the nation have suffered a severe loss.

---

Sorry, Archbishop Kiley was born in Margaree, Cape Breton Co., Nova Scotia, Canada, November 4, 1876.—L. V. B.

**Thank You!** Of course, we could argue that being born in Canada, the new Archbishop of Milwaukee is American born. We prefer, however, to accept the correction and give the benefit of it to our readers. And we are as sorry for having made the mistake, as our correspondent seems to be in the delectably unpleasant duty of calling it to our attention.

---

“One inquiry that may be made, with respect to the appointment,” (of President Roosevelt’s personal representative to the Vatican) notes the **Illogical Baptists** Public Relations Committee of the Northern and Southern Baptist Convention, “is as to whether or not a reciprocal move on the part of the Vatican might be anticipated.”

Well, let us suppose the Vatican and our government agree to a regular exchange of representation. That, the Baptist Public Relations Committee will contend, is making a breach in our wall of separation between Church and State. The Pope is head of the Roman Catholic Church, and exchanging ambassadors with the Papacy is a surrender of our great American doctrine of severance between State and Church. But how about our ambassador to England, Mr. Joseph Kennedy? King George VI is head of the Church of England as well as king of the British dominions. He is a secular and a religious ruler. Therefore we may not more logically exchange representatives with Great Britain where King George VI

is spiritual head of the Church of England and temporal head of the British dominions, than with the Vatican where the Pope is temporal head of the government of the Vatican State and spiritual head of the Catholic Church. This is a logical statement of the issue which the Public Relations Committee may not have considered. And if they should consider it here and now, they very likely will decide to remain illogical.

---

The question has often been asked why Americans, who are second to no people in the world when it comes to business deals or engineering and manufacturing problems, are so utterly helpless when they sit

**American Diplomacy** around the council table in a game of international politics. It is usually conceded that the representatives of foreign governments can buy and sell us in diplomacy, notwithstanding our proud boast that we have the most keen-minded capitalists in the world. Mr. Boake Carter has probably answered the question in the following words which we quote from his daily column: “We have a tragic political habit of rewarding wealthy citizens who have contributed handsomely to political war chests, with ministerships and ambassadorships. These men, without diplomatic training of any sort, are stacked up against men of foreign governments and their families before them, who have spent their entire careers in the arts and wiles of diplomacy. Like babes in the woods of international chicanery, they become easy pickings for slick foreign governments. Americans are big-hearted, easygoing, and the most easily impressed of any people on the earth. If our diplomatic representatives happen to be of the American social aristocracy, they are even more gullible.” This is certainly a strange way to reward political contributors to party success. It makes our country the laugh-



ingstock of the diplomatic world. If people who bear the campaign debts of the successful political party must be rewarded, it should be done in some way less hazardous to the interests of the country. To hamstringing our diplomacy by appointing men to diplomatic posts who are unfit to match wits with the ambassadors of other countries is anything but patriotism.



A new function of labor unions was disclosed when *Justice*, the official organ of the International Ladies Garment Workers

### **The Function of Labor Unions**

Union, announced a series of free lectures and instruction on matters of sex. We knew that some labor unions had been using their money to help Red Spain win the war, and that others had been contributing funds to China, but the teaching of birth control seems another step farther away from the real purposes of a union. David Goldstein in a letter to the editor of *Justice* remarks: "Trade Unions exist primarily to advance the economic interests of the toilers, and not to teach them 'the basic principles of sex and reproduction with special emphasis on the relation to personal and marital adjustments.' Trade unions exist to raise the standard of living to such a degree that a natural family may be supported in comfort and not to teach wage earners how to lower the number of children by contraceptive practices to fit the wage. The story of voluntary parenthood that you advertise is an offense to persons who know the moral law as taught by orthodox Jews and Christians and who try to live according to that law. In your union in the United States and Canada are quite a few members of the Catholic Church. They look to their Church and not to their union to teach them the moral law as it affects marriage and the relation of

husband and wife within that sacred bond. They believe, as their church teaches them, that the regulation of parenthood through contraceptive practices is a perversion of the natural functions, intrinsically evil, and a mortal sin. Hence your series of sex lectures is an invitation to learn how to commit, in a modern way, the sin for which God slew Onan." We hope that Mr. Goldstein's letter may have some effect. The decent Christians in the Garment Workers Union should revolt at having their funds spent for such an immoral purpose.



A senator—or was it a congressman?—spoke out recently in public session to the effect that the United States will

### **No More Salvaging European Democracy**

not enter the present European war unless Hitler is winning. We do not know how many senators or congressmen are of this mind. That there should be even one is disturbing. Do American mothers rear boys to be ready every time a war breaks out in Europe to venture over seas in order to maintain the balance of power in that continent? No senator, no congressman, no president even, has any commission to set the people of the United States into the business of rectifying Europe's distributive justice. Hitler and Stalin are problems to be solved by the united nations of Europe if they want security and peace. There will be, because there must be, readjustments if there is to be a return to normal life. Hitler and Stalin exist because every nation in Europe thinks only in terms of itself. And every nation of them makes the best bargain it can, irrespective of the others. Let Europe unite to save itself from Hitlerism and Communism. It is Europe's business. The people of the United States are determined to mind their own business this time.

# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

## Who Remembers Aubrey De Vere?

NOT SO MANY moderns who pursue poets have done much searching for Aubrey De Vere. Likely a collegiate poetry class would leave blank a question calling for some returns on the life and works of this Mid-Victorian singer. He is not known today. One should not wonder at this, seeing such great nineteenth century pillars as Tennyson and Wordsworth gathering the cobwebs of neglect.

Fashions return, we know. Perhaps this gentle singer will return, too, when he is rediscovered. Perhaps some day this year or next you will have a serious book bearing some such title as *Aubrey De Vere: A Recapture*. It will add another name to the Catholic line which carries the names of Coventry Patmore, Francis Thompson and Mrs. Meynell. Perhaps the discovering critic will decide that De Vere is not unworthy of their company.

These paragraphs were stirred by a visit yesterday (July 3, 1939) to the home of this convert poet. The home is set almost midway in the large Curragh Chase estate, some miles north of the present small, but lovely village of Adare, County Limerick. It is a wooded estate. A large lake—quite low in water content this dry summer—lies placid before the mansion of gray granite. A cleared space of lawn slopes from the terrace before this home to the lake's fringe. Directly across this lake is a Celtic cross erected on what is called "Lady's Rock." You see this cross from the front steps of the mansion. The entire estate of great woody beeches, the mansion, the lake and the Rock are very lovely and very subdued this Sunday afternoon. Hardly is there

a stir of life. You circle around the lake through a shaded walk to the Rock and the Cross.

There are three in this company. After you have reached the Rock on which is erected this traditional Celtic Cross you look back at the home where Aubrey, the poet, and many other De Veres lived. You are convinced now that it is a very impressive, even if not a very large, house. And the lake must be picturesque when filled to capacity.

THE BASE of the cross is carved with the names of one generation of the De Vere family. On the front panel is engraved the name of the father, Sir Aubrey, who died in 1846. His wife's name is immediately below. The other panels hold the names of the children. One panel recalls Horatio, an English army man, who died in 1865; William, also an army officer, who died 1869; Sir Vere E. De Vere, who lived to 1880. The back panel is carved with the names of Aubrey, the poet; also Sir Stephen, a musician, classical scholar and author (we think) of the song "The Snowy Breasted Pearl," the singing of which gave Mr. John McCormack his start. Then on the fourth panel we note: Mary Theodosia, Catherine Louise and Eleanore. This last married the Hon. Robert O'Brien. You are wondering if the present lady who now owns the De Vere estate is the daughter of Eleanore and Robert O'Brien, but you are not sure. If you make the discovery before the end of this summer you will add another sentence to this writing.

The sentence is not added because the advent of this war gave you all the worry you could carry trying to get a sailing back home. You got it on the *Iroquois*. . . . Ah!



# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## The Church in Finland

By Dom Maternus Spitz, O. S. B.

**F**INLAND, THE Swedish name for Suomi, as it is called by the Finns, includes a large portion of Lapland and the Aland archipelago. Previous to the great war it formed a Grand Duchy of Russia, but in December, 1917, it was granted the right of self-determination, proclaimed itself a Republic, and was acknowledged by the Powers as Suomen Tasavalta in July, 1919. Situated between the gulfs of Bothnia and Finland, and touching Sweden and Norway on the north, Finland covers an area of 149,586 square miles. Its population, however, is only 3,367,550, consisting of Finns, Tavastlanders, Karelians, Swedes, Russians, Germans and Lapps.

Like the Magyars of Hungary, the Lapps, Esthonians and Livonians, the Finns belong to the Finn-Ugrian race. They are an "eastern people, but with western habits." They are fond of liberty, independent in character, brusque in manner, persevering, resolute, hospitable; they have a strong sense of duty and an instinctive preference for doing all things in order. Their honesty is proverbial, and their self-respect shows itself in their personal cleanliness and in the neatness of their homes. They take a keen interest in education, and their intellectual powers are of a high order. But Finland is the most lax country in the world in the matter of divorce, for marriage can be dissolved by mutual consent.

One portion of the territory is covered by a labyrinth of picturesque lakes, connected by short and rapid

streams, which afford great facilities for navigation and floating timber, and provide an enormous supply of motive power. Another portion consists of uninhabited hill-tracts, flat-topped summits, and extensive plateaus, clothed with endless forests of birch, pine, oak, poplar and larch. There is a great scarcity of arable land; consequently nearly three-quarters of the country is almost uninhabited. The population for the other quarter is sparse—only twenty-five for a certain area. The people have to live on the produce of dairy-farming, and fishing, or on the industries in paper, leather, wood-products, textiles, or on the mining of silver, copper and iron. Though the country is almost within the region of the Arctic, the climate is not severe, owing to the prevalence of moist west and southwest winds. The winter, however, lasts a very long time, and early frost often destroys promising crops.

**T**HE FINNS took possession of their present home in the eighth century. They were first brought into contact with Sweden by their repeated attacks on the coast of that country, and with the remainder of the civilized world by their conversion to Christianity and their union with Rome. In order to curb their sea-roving tendencies and to subdue them to the yoke of Christ, King Eric IX of Sweden, accompanied by Bishop Henrik of Upsala, said to have been an Englishman, undertook a crusade against them in 1157, A. D. He enforced on them the Christian religion as

Charlemagne did in the case of the rebellious Saxons. At the same time Vassievolodovich, Grand Duke of Novgorod, sent Orthodox missionaries to the Karelians. On Eric's return to Sweden, Henrik remained in Finland to continue the work of the Apostolate, but he was murdered in the following year. The same fate befell his successors, Rodolphus and Folkwin, and for a time it seemed as if Christianity would be stamped out. In 1209, however, a certain Thomas arrived as the first Bishop of Finland to recommence the work of charity there, as Pope Innocent had proposed to erect Finland into two bishoprics. Later on, the famous Yarl Birger, of Swedish renown, undertook a second crusade against Finland, and converted the Tavastians; whilst Turkell Knutson, by a third crusade in 1290, induced the Karelians to embrace Christianity.

**A**S BOTH SWEDEN and Russia vied with each other for supremacy in land, war was inevitable. The Church suffered and its first Bishops found themselves in a difficult position. A chronicler expressed it: *Episcopus in Finlandia non ad honorem assumptus, sed expositus martyrio reputatur*. In consequence the episcopal residence had to be often changed, till Thomas' fifth successor, Magnus I (1290-1308) the first Finn to become Bishop in his native land, fixed his residence at Abo in the year 1300. It was only after the conquest of Finland by Sweden that Christian civilization began to take root and spread there.

Supported by Dominicans, who had convents at Abo and Viborg, by Franciscans at Abo, Raume and Kõkar, and by the Bridgettine convent at Nadendal the 22 Bishops of Finnish origin among them Magnus I (1290-1308), Hemming (1338-1368), Tavast (1412-1450), Magnus Stjernkors (1489-1500), all men of great piety and learning, strong defenders of the liberty of the

Church and strongly attached to the Holy See, brought the Church in Finland to a flourishing condition. Jons Budde, a member of the community at Nadendal, translated portions of the Scriptures into Finnish. On the eve of the Reformation there were in Finland some one hundred and twenty churches for a Christian population of about 300,000. On account of its political connection with Sweden, Finland fell a victim to the Reformers. As early as 1524 the new doctrines were preached there by a certain Peter Sarkilahti, a pupil of Luther and Melancthon.

**E**RICUS SVENONIUS, the last Catholic bishop of Finland and chancellor of Wasa, resigned his See in 1523, as Rome would not confirm his election. Gustavus Wasa, King of Sweden, proclaimed himself head of the church at the Diet of Westeras in 1527. He divided Finland into two Protestant dioceses: of Abo, and Viborg, and appointed Martin Skigtte, an apostate Dominican, as bishop of the first, and Paul Junsten, a disciple of Luther, of the second. He then imposed upon the unwilling Finns, who were not ripe for the pure gospel of Wittenberg, the blessings of the Reformation by treacherous promises and open violence, by sacrilegious spoliation and popular oppression. In this he was helped by two Finnish reformers: Michel Agricola and Jacob Finno. But over a hundred years were to lapse before all traces of the Catholic religion were obliterated, whilst the stiff and one-sided Swedish orthodoxy drove its adherents from the extreme of Pietism and Puritanism to religious sentimentalism and the practice of witchcraft.

Russia, over anxious to wrest Finland from Sweden, managed to get a footing there under Peter the Great in 1710. As the result of incessant war her influence was extended further, till the whole of Finland, including the Aland



Islands, which then contained about one million souls, was ceded to Russia in 1809, not by right of conquest, but by Act of Union. Finland retained, however, her own constitution as a semi-independent Grand Duchy, with the Tsar of Russia as Grand Duke. Yet, in spite of the pledges given to Finland, the new rulers tried to impose upon it the one law on church, and one tongue system of religious Orthodoxy and political autocracy, but the Finns always resisted any encroachment on their rights.

**U**NDER THE Russian domination the long repressed Catholic Church regained her right of existence (1869-89). Progress has been slow and the results small. For of the 3,360,000 inhabitants, 3,270,000 are Protestant evangelical Lutherans of various denominations; 57,000 are members of the Orthodox Church of Russia; a small portion are Jews and Mohammedans; whilst only one thousand are Catholics, with stations at Helsingfors, Viborg, Terijoki, Abo, under the care of four priests. Yet in spite of the small number, Pope Benedict XV, on June 8, 1920, separated the little flock from the jurisdiction of Mohilew (Russia) and raised Finland to the rank of a Vicariate Apostolic, in contra-distinction to some other countries. Finland sent a representative to Rome. Rome, on its side, showed its good will by appointing Father Michel Buckx of the congregation of the Priests of the Sacred Heart, as Administrator Apostolic of Finland.

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### Worth While

By Rosamond Livingstone McNaught

*I asked a man of wisdom, "What is worth while?"*

*He looked at me intently, gave a smile;*

*I waited for some lofty thought. Instead—*

*"To do a kindness." That was all he said.*

## Pensions and IV Commandment

By Marie Lauck

**"PENSION CHECKS** cashed here," a brazen placard announced. And that was the answer. I had wondered at the long queue of heterogeneous old folk at one bank window. I had wondered, because each first of the month seemed a more hysterically busy one at the bank, despite talk of frozen business, recession slumps, hard times, labor vs. industry deadlocks.

Waiting there I became lost in a study of these pensioners. There was something pathetic about each one. Heralding them as it did, the placard made it hard for those patriarchs. It seemed to serve as the citified symbolic tree, its letters challenging these outmoded folks as did the last leaf of the tree in the famous poem. More, it seemed to be a veritable tombstone heralding them dead, but yet alive.

The universal aspect among these waiting old-age pensioners was that of injured pride. Men in shabby coats reared their heads proudly and gazed over the heads of bystanders, not meeting anyone's eyes. Bent old ladies shrunk even farther into their skimpy coat collars, pale eyes watery behind their specs. A few drew even more wrinkles into their lined faces as they glowered at onlookers. Some moved secretly toward another window and salted a little away, for the rainy day perhaps, when the state might relinquish parenthood. But most wrapped their bony fingers avidly around the currency and hastily took their leave. None of them looked happy.

Is there something wrong with this picture? Is it possible that an average of 222 persons out of every thousand persons over 65 in the United States (and territories) are aged persons whose children are positively incompetent to care for them? (These 222 are pensioners, not poor-farm inmates, who

would boost the uncared-for aged if counted. Some infirmary inmates have very kindly been taken out of the institutions, however, when pensions were given them and they were permitted the sumptuous nursing care that an average \$19.00 per month the forty-one United States and territories provide.)

These same children, incompetent to care for their parents, through devious hidden and unhidden taxes are paying the bill in any case. But are not they being robbed—not of taxes, but of an inner glow, a parental blessing, a precious family feeling?

Is not this price tag on age giving it a money value that has destroyed its very glory, the glory of respected age, watching children grow wise from immaturity, watching grandchildren awake to the world they live in? The glory of quiet usefulness, such as caring for grandchildren, reading to them while their mother is busy or away. The glory of "just pottering about," grandma sewing, grandpa creating toys for the tots, of sauntering to church when they please, of taking their last days quietly, gracefully, without the worries of materialistic manhood.

**IT WAS RECENTLY** suggested a number of the old-age pensioners would quickly be grasped to the family bosom if their names were included in the public rolls where names of public servants' salaries are published. If this is so, then it must be that some children are making their parents accept pensions fraudulently. It would indicate that human respect supersedes self-respect, filial love, and the edicts of the Godhead. How weak a character our nation has developed if human respect is worth so much. But then, of course, weakness of character is only second to the loss of comprehension and of morality in a nation that could consider age an asset—because the national budget can then take over!

As a theory, the pension sounds idyllic. As a vote-getter it may be tremendous. But how about the character of the nation? How about the individual's happiness? Can society be secure if the individual social being is insecure, morally if not monetarily? Social service is service to humanity; its theory originated in and came from religion; it was borrowed from the precepts of Christianity. When these precepts are thrown out and philosophy bends before the dollar sign, social service is an empty tune that will benefit society by ceasing to play itself.

**M**AYBE NONE of those old folks, nor their children, could tell what glory they have lost. But maybe they could. They look unhappy. They know they have lost something. Our old-age problem is like our modern chastity question. It becomes increasingly hard for the twentieth-century virgin to elucidate her reasons for maintaining such a Mid-Victorian virtue. She cannot really tell you the value of chastity. But the unchaste woman can. Those who have lost it know, too late. The most vivid plea ever heard given to a girl just starting on the downward path was the plea of the young woman who ran the house of prostitution where the girl was trying to gain entrance.

But perhaps the "house-mother" was a little old-fashioned. Perhaps a few such adages as "As you sow so shall you reap" as applied to parents and children is outmoded. Perhaps the Fourth Commandment should be abolished by social security legislation.

### Adrift

By Katherine Edelman

*If God be blotted from man's days,*

*Uncertainly his hands will grope,*

*His thwarted soul will cry aloud*

*In the still night for Faith and Hope.*



# The Road is Long

*By Mary Mabel Wirries*

**SYNOPSIS:** Jim Kieble with Matie, his third wife, and Tom, Roger, Rose and the baby, are living on a farm. Jim is a butcher, when sober, and his children are made to work like slaves in the upkeep of the farm. Rose, who attends the district school, wins a spelling contest and ten dollars over Hattie Crewes, daughter of the town's rich man, but instead of receiving congratulations she overhears people saying that her father will use the money for drink, and she throws the gold piece in the river. Then word is brought to her that her twin, Roger, has been drowned, bringing a great sorrow into her young life, but drawing her older brother, Tom and herself closer together. They decide they must get some money to buy decent clothes, so they will not be the laughing stock of the community and to this end they work for a neighbor every minute they can spare from the farm. The father, however, takes their money for drink, and Tom runs away, promising to send for Rose when he gets some money together. Go on with Chapter V.

## CHAPTER V

### Cold Springs to Labadie

**THIS WAS THE** ninth of May, the first day of the country examinations. From all over the county, eighth-grade boys and girls came down to the old ivied red brick high school building at Cold Springs—the building which had been scarred and defaced by three generations of pupils. Some came walking; some came by buggy; but the greater number arrived on the interurban cars, an innovation of two years past, which lumbered through the riverside town.

Rose came by interurban, though only this morning she had thought she might have to walk the whole seventeen miles from her home. There had been the matter of carfare. Jim Kieble had flatly refused her the necessary forty cents. But when he was off to work, Matie had come to her assistance with

the small hoard of pennies she had stored away by selling an occasional pound of lard. Jim's butchering activities brought so much lard into the cellar that he could not very well keep track of it, as he kept track of the butter and eggs. Carefully Matie had counted out the pennies—eighty-six of them. Forty for today, forty for tomorrow—and six back in the can.

"Nest egg," Matie said, "for something else you may need, darling."

**R**OSE HAD taken forty, and put the rest in a rag and stuffed it in her straw tick. So she was sure of tomorrow.

To the country girl, fresh from her one-room school, the battered Cold Springs high-school building seemed very large and grand. Just walking up the wide stairway so worn by the march of many youthful feet, set her heart to beating wildly with excitement. She could hardly force herself to follow the boys and girls who were drifting into the great room at the head of the stairs. To sit in a strange room, such as this, with strange boys and girls around her,—strange teachers watching her! How could she ever think? How take an examination, with any hope of passing? After all, she had missed so much school this year. Perhaps she should have listened to Mr. Richards, waited another year. Perhaps—

"I'll forget all I do know," she thought in sudden terror of the ordeal before her.

Seeing three giggling girls watching her, she tugged futilely at her too-short dress, trying vainly to pull it down where it would cover the patch in her best black stocking. She had grown like a young cottonwood, this past year.

The skirts which had almost reached her shoe tops were now almost as short as Hattie Crewes' more fashionable ones, and the seams of her blouse strained over the rounding of her arms and breasts.

What was it the instructor was saying? "Examinations must be written in ink on regular examination paper. This paper will cost you one-half cent per sheet. Twenty sheets of this paper should be enough for today's examinations. If you have not already supplied yourself with pen, ink and examination paper, you will find these supplies in the bookroom at the foot of the stairway."

*Examination paper—a half-cent a sheet. Twenty sheets—why, that—that would be ten cents! And pen and ink—she had brought only pencils. No one had told her the examinations must be done in ink. What could she do? The twenty cents in her pocket would supply her needs—but then how would she get home?*

ROSE THOUGHT swiftly as her companions shuffled and clattered to the book room. A pair of sympathetic blue eyes across the aisle suddenly met her stricken gaze.

"I got some extra pen points, and a holder," whispered Lawrence Kelly, under cover of the noise around them, "and we can put some of my ink in the inkwell on your desk."

How had he known? Rose straightened, proudly. "Thank you," she said, and rose and went downstairs after her twenty sheets of paper. She would still have ten cents for carfare. Probably that would take her as far as Centralia. She could walk the rest of the way. She had not come so far to be defeated now.

"What do I care for the strangers about me?" she thought, as she went back to her desk. "Why am I afraid of people who care nothing for me or for

what I am doing? Who except the teachers will know if I fail or pass? But *I'll not fail*. I'm going to High School this Fall—*this Fall*."

Eagerly she took up the printed slips marked: "Arithmetic," and began to work the first problem. "It is twenty miles from A to B," read the problem, "and thirty miles from B to C. If Arthur starts at A, walking at the rate of fifteen miles per hour, and John starts at C, walking at the rate of twelve miles per hour—"

ROSE GIGGLED, with no thought of those about her. "It is twelve miles from Cold Springs to Centralia," she thought, "and five miles from Centralia to Labadie. If Rose Kieble has ten cents which will pay her way to Centralia, how long will it take her to walk to Labadie?"

Across the aisle Lawrence Kelly grinned back at her, and bent to his own paper.

The long day ended. Arithmetic, Reading, Orthography, Grammar and Geography were behind her. Tomorrow there waited History, Civil Government, and Physiology. The Carter Siding girl named Emma with whom she had lunched on the river bank, came to link arms with Rose on the stairway, and together they went down to the corner to wait for the interurban car which would take them home. Emma got off at her home stop, two miles before Centralia. Rose had a glimpse of a big white barn, a house set in trees, a gingham-aproned woman waving. Emma waved at her as the car slid past, gathering speed.

"See you tomorrow," she called, gaily.

In Centralia, when the car stopped at the station, Rose went wearily down the high awkward steps into Centralia's late afternoon. She was more tired than she had known. The sun was low over the Western hills, and she went into the



station to look at the great round clock over the ticket window. It would be late when she got home, she thought. Her father would be angry with her. If she were home before him, he would think she had a ride with someone. Hattie might have asked her. Even though the Creweses had Lawrence with them, they could have made room for her. She could have sat in the back of the buggy, with her feet dangling over—she would not have minded. She wouldn't have minded at all.

The interior of the station was blue with tobacco smoke, musty with old smells. A Negro porter swept leisurely at a great pile of rubbish in the center of the floor—torn newspapers, grains of cracker-jack, gum wrappers, cigar stubs, a black banana peel. Rose drank deeply from the rusted tin cup which was chained to the drinking faucet in the corner, noting that the clock, with its one broken hand, indicated the time as five-thirty. Sighing, she turned back to the still sunlit street, wormed her way through the score of people waiting for the northbound car, and turned southward to Beach Street. A few short blocks along, then Beech Street's wide, uneven brick paving would merge in the narrow, rutted Labadie Road. She had traversed scarcely half the first block when she heard footsteps pounding behind her and a breathless voice calling:

**R**OSE! HEY, ROSE! Wait a minute, will you?"

It was Lawrence Kelly. He came up to her, concern on his honest face.

"Where you going, Rose? You ain't walking home?"

She nodded, wordlessly. Then: "It's a nice evening. I—I *like* to walk."

"Haven't you got carfare?"

Rose's quick anger flamed at the intrusion.

"I'll thank you to mind your own business, Larry Kelly," she declared, tartly.

"Whew! Spitfire! I didn't mean—Listen, Rose—" coaxingly, "don't be so all-fired independent. I only—I mean—Say, I got money. My own money. I got a dollar. Let me pay your way home, won't you?"

Rose walked steadily on, her lips compressed tightly, her cheeks flaming. The nerve of him, thinking she'd take his money! Just because she was a Kieble—Jim Kieble's daughter. The Kiebles didn't take charity, anyhow. Oh, why didn't he go away? Why need he follow along in this maddening fashion?

"Go away, you!" she cried suddenly.

**L**ARRY STOOPED to pull a blade of grass, and chewed at it reflectively, looking at her with a sidewise grin.

"Sorry! There's some mule in the Kelly tribe, too, I'm told. It's a nice evening. I *like* to walk."

"But I don't want you walking with me."

"The road's free, isn't it?"

"You were riding with Creweses. Why didn't you go home with them?"

"Because I saw you heading out Beech Street—and now I'm walking with Rosie Kieble."

"My name is Rose," icily.

"Indeed?"

"Indeed, yourself!" she stopped to stamp her foot. "Larry Kelly, will you go back and mind your own business. I *don't* want to walk with you."

"That's all right. I won't talk to you."

"But I don't want your company."

"You'll get used to it." Serenely he kept pace with her suddenly-hurrying footsteps. "It gets dark early on the river road, you know. It's no place for a girl alone. Tramps camp in those woods along the tracks."

"I'm not afraid of tramps. I'm not afraid of anything."

"Except walking with me."

"Oh, shut up!"

"Yes, ma'am."

Larry Kelly whistled, "Ta da, ta da,

ta da, ta da,—” marching time. Rose marched with her nose in the air. Larry Kelly might be Tom’s best friend, but just now she hated him with a bitter hatred. She hated him for the length of a city street, and a half mile into the country. Then she stole a glance at him. How funny he looked, marching along with a stick over his shoulder, eyes straight ahead, whistling that martial air. Like a soldier on parade. A soldier with red hair and freckles. She wondered if the Crewes family was sitting in Centralia waiting for him, or had he told them he wasn’t going with them? What excuse had he made?

“Ta da, ta da, ta da, ta da,” continued Larry.

She stopped to stamp her foot again. “Larry, you’re crazy. Will you stop that awful whistling!”

The whistle stopped abruptly, and Larry surveyed her with a slanting grin. An answering smile broke on Rose’s face. Then they were both laughing—wild, hilarious laughter, that set tears coursing down their cheeks and made them hold their sides for pain.

“Oh, dear!” Rose shrieked, “if you knew how funny you looked, marching along there with your lips puckered up, whistling that—and that stick over your shoul—shoulder—”

**I**F YOU KNEW how funny you looked with your nose stuck up in the air like that—”

They stopped at last, and scrambled to their feet from their seat on the bank where they had sat to give way to their hilarity. They went on toward Labadie, the march turned into a friendly kind of stroll. They talked of Tom.

“He always did have a lot of nerve. I bet you he does find gold, Rose—or earn it, anyway. Tom’s all right, you bet.”

They talked of high school. Larry’s brother Pete said that Latin was tough, but algebra was a cinch.

“Wish I didn’t have to take Latin. It’s not much good for a farmer.”

“You going to be a farmer, Larry? I should think you’d hate it. Don’t you want to get away from here?”

“I guess not. It’s sort of up to me, the farm. Pete’s going to be a doctor, you know, and Jack’s studying law. John’s taking over Uncle Pete’s implement and feed business. Jim has Grandpa’s farm and I’ll have to take our place, some day. Pa’s back bothers him a lot, since he fell out of the haymow. He and Ma’ll want to retire and move into town like Uncle Mike. Guess maybe he’ll go in for politics, then.”

**B**UT I SHOULD think you’d hate it, Larry. Never to get away from the country—”

“But I like the country, Rose. I wouldn’t like town at all. The darned houses are too close together. You can’t see anything.”

“You can see *everything* in town. I’m crazy about towns.”

“Well, you can’t see sunsets very well, or stars. Look at the sunset now. Swell, ain’t it? All them reds and purples and pinks. Gee! look at the hills away over there. The sun’s going to duck back of them pretty soon—ever notice how it dodges out of sight like a kid trying to hide? Look at that bunch of walnut trees over there by the river. Pretty, aren’t they, sort of standing out before that pink sky?”

“Yes—pretty enough, I guess. But sunsets aren’t everything. You can’t live on sunsets. You can’t *wear* them. I don’t want to stay in the country, Larry,” bitterly. “I’m going to get educated and get away from here. I’m going where people don’t even know me.”

“Where people don’t know she’s a Kieble,” thought Larry, pityingly, only half understanding what his comrade of the road was feeling. “It must be tough, being one of Jim Kieble’s kids. They don’t have much chance.”



"I'm going to make a chance for myself." He was startled by Rose's answer to his unspoken thought.

"Sure. Sure you can, Rose." The seriousness of the girl made the lad vaguely uncomfortable. "Look! there's a butterfly. Let's catch it."

"Let's." Plans for a hypothetical future were driven before the sweep of a butterfly's velvet wings.

**THEY CHASED IT** breathlessly over a fence, down a hillside and through an Osage hedge. On the opposite side of the hedge they were stopped abruptly by sight of a red bull, placidly grazing. The bull lifted its head, gazed, and started toward them.

"Gosh! Beat it, Rose." They scrambled hastily back through the narrow opening they had found.

"Guess we don't want that butterfly." Larry mopped his freckled brow with a red bandanna handkerchief and proffered Rose the mop. "Want to use it, Rose? Hope you don't mind 'cause it's a bandanna. Mom sure wouldn't like it if she knew I went without a white one this morning."

Rose buried her face in the red folds, and wiped vigorously at her white throat. Imagine having two kinds of handkerchiefs! She had never owned one. Matie tore scraps of worn calico for winter colds; summer perspiration was dried on the backs of aprons, the hems of skirts, the back of a sleeve.

They had wasted more time than they realized. Suddenly the sun was gone, the road violet with twilight. Their talk languished and they hastened their steps. A whippoorwill began to call plaintively somewhere in the swamp-land. The road grew more wild and lonely. Tangled berry vines and sassafras bushes lined the fence rows. The ruts became deeper, the mudholes more frequent. This road was little used, except by farm folk, driving in to Centra-lia for Saturday shopping or Sunday

meetings. The main highway, graded and gravelled, ran two miles to the eastward. In bad weather even Labadie people were obliged to travel that longer way to town.

The railroads lay between the two highways, electric interurban and its rival steam road running side by side all the way from Big Bend to Mentor, the lake port twelve miles beyond Cold Springs. Now the two wayfarers had glimpses of a bonfire, burning in the oakwood along the road, of dark, disreputable forms and bearded faces. Larry had been right about the tramps camping in these woods. Rose shrank near to him, and walked a little faster. And Larry, seeing her fear, took a firmer grip on the stout stick he carried. But the tramps did not see them. They were too busy stirring the food which they cooked in a tin pail slung over the fire on green sticks. The two young ones smelled savory onions and boiling coffee.

"Gosh! I'm hungry," said Larry, when they were well away. "That stuff smelled good. I hope Ma saves me some supper."

**ROSE WAS** hungry, too, but she was still thinking of the tramps.

"I guess I'm not as brave as I thought I was, Larry," she confessed, abjectly. "I'd have been scared to death, alone. I'm glad you came along, Larry."

"Oh, that's all right."

Velvet darkness settled all about them. Sometimes they slipped in the ruts, and stumbled in the mudholes, still wet with the waters of yesterday's rains.

"I'm glad my shoes aren't very good," thought Rose, remembering that Larry was wearing new ones.

Once, when she nearly fell, Larry took her hand, and after that they walked along together, hand in hand. Thus securely led, a feeling of peace came over Rose. It was the same feel-

ing she sometimes had when she lay on the river bank watching the clouds drift overhead and feeling that Rodge, her twin, was beside her.

"What are you thinking about, Rose," asked Larry, softly.

"Oh, about a poem, I guess. I was trying to think a poem about—about all this."

"All this?"

"The night and the quiet, and you walking along here with me, and the whippoorwill we heard a little while ago—"

"Tell me about it. Say it for me."

"I haven't thought a poem since Rodge died. I used to write so many of them for Miss Kate's little book."

"Tell me this one."

"It didn't get very far. Maybe I'll finish it tomorrow, if I can. But sometimes ends to poems don't come—just middles or beginnings. And sometimes it's just ends—did you ever write a poem, Larry?"

"GOSH, NO! I'm just a farmer. Hey, you going to tell me this one, or ain't you?"

In the daylight she couldn't have done it. But there was a spell in the darkness.

The road is long, but the night is sweet  
And the whippoorwill is calling—

"Gee!" Larry's exclamation was pregnant with admiration. "That's swell. You're a smart little kid, Rose. Two years younger than me, and ready for high school, already."

"If I pass the exams, you mean. That arithmetic was awful."

"Oh, you'll pass all right. Maybe you will be a great writer some day, like—like Longfellow, Rose."

"Oh, Larry, if I thought I could!"

Then the spell of the night was rudely broken. A horse came trotting along the road toward them. It was too dark to identify the shadowy figure on the high seat, and they drew away from the road to let the equipage pass. Abreast

of them it halted, and a rough voice hailed them.

"Rosie, is that you?"

"Oh! Yes, Papa. It's me."

A string of oaths was hurled at her. And: "Where you been? I told your mother you were up to no good, traipsing around the country at night. Who's that with you?"

"Larry Kelly. But, Papa—"

"SHUT UP! Get in here." He jerked her roughly over the side of the buckboard. "You'll get the lacing of your life when I get you home. And you, young fellow, I ought to horsewhip you—"

"But, Papa—"

"Shut up, I tell you. Giddap!"

Lady, her tender mouth lacerated by a cruel hand, backed until the front wheel ground against the side of the buckboard, reared into the sassafras brush, clambered back to the road. The long buggy whip slashed unmercifully at her slender flanks, and she broke into a gallop.

(To be continued.)

## Neighbor

By Georgina Davis

*When darkness gathers for the night  
I watch to see your evening light.  
The minute that your lamp is shone  
I feel I'm never quite alone.  
I see the family gather round  
And though I cannot hear a sound,—  
You may not think that this is true,—  
I spend the evening there with you.*

*But even when the blinds are drawn  
And cracks of light play on the lawn  
I cannot see you, but I know  
That things are happening thus and so.  
And when I see the darkness fall  
And find there is no light at all,  
In a cheerful tone I try to say,  
"I see the folks have gone away,  
"I'll have no company tonight."  
Oh, how I need your friendly light!*



## Fishing in Maine

By Frances Quinlivan

THE COMMAND, "Fear not: from henceforth thou shalt catch men," had always seemed remote from our experience. Yet this summer at Black Rock off the coast of Maine, we indulged in this sport of fishing—at least we baited our hooks and did a little casting.

To this windy but sunny island in Penobscot Bay we had come, lured by an advertisement which promised the epicurean delights of lobster and blueberries, the deliciousness of cool evenings spent before a wood fire, the blessed silence of "no radio."

And the promise was fulfilled. Each day we paid unstinting homage to the sea, swimming in its icy waters, hunting rack pools when the tide ebbed, helping the tolerant lobster man bait his pots with ripe and fragrant herring, shivering through four hours of a deep-sea fishing excursion for the fun of blistering our hands pulling in an obstreperous pollock. Every evening we chatted before the fire on a vast variety of subjects.

We were all successful professional people: two doctors, a journalist, an advertising expert, three librarians, a poet, a research chemist, and the inevitable schoolteachers. Politics, social problems, and literature were the staples of our conversation. Frequently, rather noticeably often, we two Catholics found ourselves arguing against the others. We could not accept their beliefs that morality and art must be divorced, that human pity justifies euthanasia. They, on the other hand, rejected our claim for the supremacy of family over state in the education of children, our plea for an individual charity like that of St. Francis of Assisi. Nevertheless we got along amicably.

One afternoon, huddled in a rocky nook for protection from a whipping wind I caught snatches of a nearby conversation. "The Catholics of Quebec are only parasites. We must take their power from them if Canada is to progress. . . . And their families! Ten, twelve children. . . . Isn't it ridiculous to find a church in every Quebec village no matter how few or how poor the people are. . . ." I recognized the British accent of our genteel Canadian friend. She confessed to a faint misgiving about England's attitude toward the Ethiopian war, but even in that she found extenuating circumstances.

AS THE END of the week approached we inquired about getting to Mass on Sunday. Until that time it had occurred to no one that we were Catholics. We had had no occasion to mention it and apparently our differences of opinion had aroused no such suspicion. Immediately we noticed a difference in attitude. No longer could we argue freely. We were opinionated—constrained by authority to support certain points of view. We were obliged to favor Fascism over Communism; whether convinced or not, we had to denounce birth control; we were forbidden to doubt the right of the individual over that of society. Whereas, before we had been given credit for independent thought, now we were regarded as automatons, mere spokesmen for the Catholic hierarchy. That we had exercised our own reasoning powers to arrive at certain conclusions did not seem credible. When we openly disagreed with some of Father Coughlin's financial theories we felt we had a right to do so. While making every effort to dispel our associates' naïve illusions about our intellectual dependence, we were nevertheless somewhat flattered. They did after all recognize in Catholicism a solidarity lacking in other religions; they instinctively knew that Catholicism gives its members a philosophy of

life and the assurance of the truth.

On Saturday morning the maid greeted us with special interest, eager to tell us about a notice in the post-office. A New York doctor who had recently purchased the largest estate on the island was to have Mass in his home the coming Sunday and every Sunday for the remainder of the summer. All Catholics on the island were invited to attend.

**F**ROM THE MAID, suddenly grown loquacious, we learned more about the island. In a population of 1700 there were but three Catholic families. Of these, only one remained staunch, for mixed marriages had broken the faith of the other two. Years before, there had been a few more Catholics but never enough to start a parish. An adjoining island once boasted a Catholic population of a thousand. Today only the tower of their church stands among deserted dwellings. Unable to wrest a living from the sea, the entire population migrated to the mainland. To the islanders in that region, only in summer is a church available—in fashionable South Haven.

The unprecedented event of Mass on Black Rock became the sole subject of conversation that day among the islanders, and certainly among the guests. When we suggested walking to the doctor's estate for further details we had numerous offers of company. All, with the exception of our Canadian friend who remained coldly aloof, wanted to see this strange man of wealth who was a Catholic, who had another estate in Westchester County, and who had—horror of horrors—twelve or fourteen children. With a choice few we started along the lane, stopping at intervals to pick wild raspberries and blueberries, conjecturing always about the twelve or fourteen children. Our friends seemed surprised and we were secretly elated as we met a few of the children—charm-

ing, beautifully mannered, and eager to give information. As we left, we heard one of them call to her mother. A slender, smartly dressed woman answered from the tennis court where she was instructing a cunning Chinese boy in the art of holding a racquet. She was hardly the careworn mother our friends had visualized.

The next morning had we offered any encouragement we might have taken the whole party to Mass with us. In fairness to the doctor we refrained, and so they had to be content with our report.

The bombardment of questions did not cease for two days. No, it was not quite true that there were fourteen children—only eleven. . . . No, the Chinese boy is not the son of the eldest daughter who is a missionary in China—just one of her underprivileged charges sent here for an education. . . . Yes, the eldest daughter is a nun. . . . Yes, her family was as wealthy when she entered a convent as it is now. . . . No, the priest was not a good speaker. He stuttered and fumbled for words, but he was earnest and the substance of his sermon was sound and well-ordered. . . . Yes, that is exactly what we mean; the Mass is essential, the sermon is not. And so on. We survived the attack, and emerged feeling like somewhat exhausted apologists.

**W**E CONTINUED to enjoy our sojourn on the island, but we never regained our positions as individuals; we remained the representatives of the Catholic Church. As such we participated in discussions. "Your church" recurred with amazing frequency. While we did not provoke religious controversy we accepted all challenges, maintaining a spirit of good humor and tolerance. If occasionally we saw a tightening of lips or a half-concealed grimace we only breathed a prayer that our pity was not apparent in our faces. Con-



scious of our many deficiencies as exponents of Catholic culture, we felt nevertheless that we had stimulated a new interest in Catholic philosophy and practice. We realized that the formal lecture hall campaign of Catholic action can be supplemented by incidental *causerie*—over the tea cups or in a fishing boat.

Were we to renew our acquaintance at Black Rock, one grave question would perplex us. Ought we direct our purposeful activities toward the conversion of the 1700 natives, minus one fervent and one lukewarm family, or concentrate on the winter readers of the *Review* who constitute the summer intelligentsia of the island. In any event, Black Rock—perhaps all Maine—is literally and figuratively a fisherman's paradise.

### Charity

By Eileen Duggan

*Ah, justice has a cool nobility!  
It measures time and seasons like the sun  
That stays in summer on the Arctic shore  
The day's full round as compensation done  
Or balance for the equatorial more.  
It is the mode to censure charity  
Whose dear, haphazard, overflowing heart  
Breaks alabaster seals to spill its nard.  
Stand off this virtue, for it will endure  
As long as Christ: and there is no dispart  
'Twixt it and justice, saving when the poor  
Are fobbed off with a mealy-mouthed dole  
Till independence drops a sturdy guard.  
You reave their right to give as well as take  
And none can give an alms with brighter will.  
Learn from the ant that never had a soul  
But has a heart; it will the beetle slake  
And let the feckless cricket share its hill.  
Ah, not for naught the bee supports the drone!  
The lesser lives confute us day by day.  
Justice is level-eyed, aloof, alone,  
But charity finds comrades all the way.*

## Mary's Shrine at Bonhofen

By Martin Dempsey

THE RECENT LEGAL persecutions that affected the Church in Germany give reason for our selection of a shrine to Mary, loved and honored for centuries, but one which suffered grievously under the infamous May laws of Bismarck over half a century ago.

At that time, prominent among the churches and buildings of interest in the Rhine province of Prussia was the ancient monastery of Bonhofen. It had become, in the course of centuries, a place of devotion to pilgrims who came there to seek aid through the intercession of Our Lady of Sorrows. This object of their veneration was a Pieta that stood in a small chapel on the gospel side of the altar.

The approach to the church itself was an avenue lined on both sides by canvas covered booths, where the usual objects of piety could be purchased. This is one of the features of Catholic custom that, even today, disedifies Protestants. They are apt to see in merchandise "the cloven hoof," and cannot comprehend that souvenirs and medals cannot be created from the air. People must make these, pilgrims like to have them—therefore they are sold. Beyond this avenue and about the gardens Stations of the Cross and various pictures of sacred interest were placed that the pilgrims might find every assistance in their pious work.

Up to the time of the Napoleonic Wars the Capuchin Fathers had served the Church, cultivated the soil and dispersed that charity for which all the sons of St. Francis are noted. The conquering armies of the French devastated the place, and from 1812 to 1850 the building was not only deserted but part of it desecrated by being turned into a public hostelry; or, more truly, a drinking tavern.

In 1850, the Bishop of the See after many difficulties, was able to repurchase the buildings, and at his request the Fathers of the Congregation of the most Holy Redeemer took over the shrine. For over twenty years a large and active community worked there until the infamous laws of 1872 accused them of being affiliated to the Jesuits. They were arbitrarily ejected. Their offence had been hard work and laborious missions in all the surrounding parishes. From mid-July to November they ministered to the streams of pilgrims that came from all parts of Germany to do honor to Our Lady.

Up to that time the months of August and September were the most popular for pilgrimages. The feast of Our Lady's Nativity, September 8th with its octave, was by far the most favored time of all. These pilgrimages were made with every form of splendor and ecclesiastical magnificence — a setting that was only improved by the scenic beauty of the country and the great flowing river down whose waters many of the pilgrims sailed.

**T**HINK OF THE picture at full Pilgrim tide: the Rhine literally laden with craft of every kind and description. Many of them were decorated with flags and flowers, and in the midst of them stood forth the gilded processional Cross, surrounded by white clothed torchbearers with priests in vestments, and the chant of pilgrims rising to God through the summer air.

At that time, authority allowed religious freedom to all classes in Germany. Bismarck had yet to learn the bitter lesson of Canossa. In 1873 most external manifestations of religion were ordered to be concealed. The pilgrimages were shorn of their external splendor and were only continued because the legal bullies feared the reaction of the populace. Nevertheless, no priest

could lead processions in his official capacity. An attempt was made to prevent the singing of hymns in procession by road or river; and though priests, of course, did go with their people, the whole affair had to be very carefully arranged with a minimum of external worship.

**I**T WAS A custom at Bonnhofen that these pilgrimages should carry with them a tribute of large wax candles, many painted and decorated like those presented to the Holy Father on Candlemas day in Rome. These wax torches were then arranged, each one in its own appointed socket, on both sides of the sanctuary. They remained lighted there as long as that particular pilgrimage lasted, after which they were melted down and made into altar candles.

During those unsettled years faculties had to be secretly sent to priests accompanying the pilgrims. The usual prayers were said at the shrine and the sermon, followed by Benediction, closed the devotions of the day. Prior to these laws, a procession used to leave the church, wind its way along the mountain paths, while bonfires were lighted on the hills around. This was all forbidden in 1876.

Persecution is still a vicious enemy. When priests cannot officiate in public or perform any ministerial act outside the limits of their own parish, then acts of Faith are heavily handicapped. Since the expulsion of the Redemptorist Fathers none but the local parish priest of Bonnhofen can say Mass, preach or hear confessions. Pilgrims arrive at the shrine and find the whole place deserted except for two lay-brothers of the Congregation who are allowed to take care of the church, provided that they do not wear their habit. To prevent the whole place from falling into the hands of this anti-Catholic government it was purchased by a local



Catholic gentleman, who himself had been imprisoned for some months on the charge of offending against the recent ecclesiastical legislation.

The years have rolled on since these laws and their eventual repeal. Statesmen who so foolishly enacted them, and officials, who more or less unwillingly enforced them, now lie as dust beneath the land from which they tried to exclude the freedom of Catholic Faith.

There is a shrine of Our Lady of Sorrows at Bonhofen, there is a shrine of Our Lady of Consolation at Kevelaer, there is a shrine of Our Lady at Ornsberg near Cologne; and so on goes the history of places where Mary the Mother of God is loved and revered in peace as in persecution in the German Fatherland.

**A**T PRESENT our fellow Catholics face repetition of penal legislation as they did some fifty years ago. If experience of how to do the devil's work has been gained from the oppression of the past, so, too, has the Catholic sufferer of today the inherited heroism of his ancestors who valiantly opposed the persecutions of their day.

In time, no doubt, the present rulers of Germany will realize that the Catholic Church is a nation's steadiest bulwark, that Catholics are obedient to the just laws of men as they must be to the authority of their Church. But before that realization comes, what suffering may have to be undergone, what pain and misery endured!

Mary, our Help and Protection, Mother of Consolation, keep and guard the Catholics of Germany. Shield them in their dangers and exalt them in their bitter tears. Let all those prayers of past pilgrims ascend to the throne of thy Son, and by His power may the hands of enemies be withheld and the suffrages of thy children find merciful response from thy throne.

## Learning to Wait

By Katheryne Weckel Bradley

**S**TELLA JUMPED UP from her easy chair, strode across to the radio, and snapped it off, as the announcer completed the storm warnings to all who travel.

"That means that Paul is grounded in New York—" then she stopped, caught her breath, and with strained voice continued—"that is, if he got as far south as New York!"

"Now, don't start worrying about Paul. He's a fine pilot, and wouldn't jeopardize the lives of his passengers with foolhardy flying in the face of the storm." Stella's grandmother, Mary Byrne, did not look up from her rapid needle-working.

Stella walked to the wide bay window, pulled aside the lacy curtains, and unsuccessfully sought to pierce the veil of vapor that hung over the city and river.

"Aren't you going to the concert tonight, Stella?"

"No, Grandmother, I'm not." Her words were shaky, as though she sought to stand them up in spite of their inclination to spill over.

"They are playing 'The Ninth Symphony,' your favorite," she added with a touch of coaxing in her tone.

"Not tonight, Grandmother." Stella turned from the window, and her grandmother could see tears in her eyes.

"Now, what in the world can the matter be!" exclaimed the stoic old lady, just as if she didn't know.

"Granny, I can't go out tonight," Stella pleaded. "I can't stand to listen to the radio, and I can't bear to tear myself away from it. I'm not very brave—six months of marriage to Paul have proved that."

"Nonsense!" rebuked Mary Byrne. "I don't know any brave people. All of us are cowards of one sort or another. We

fear this—or—we're afraid of that. Bravery—if it can be termed that—is the cloak we use to mask it before others."

"I can't go on wearing my cloak, Granny. My husband is an aviator, you know. I don't know where he is tonight; but perhaps the radio will tell me in the next news-broadcast if he has crashed—"

"Stella, stop it!" commanded the grand old lady, rising from her chair. She towered like a straight, firm tree that has weathered all the storms of many seasons. Stella felt her strength pouring out of her. Clenched fists could not dam the flood of wasting energy, and her burning eyes could not quell the rising tears. She fled from the room, and the older woman heard her drumming footsteps beat a stricken retreat up the stairs. She found, by some instinct, her old room. It had not been changed since the handsome aviator besieged the citadel of her love, and conquering, carried her off to the modern apartment house on fashionable Massachusetts Avenue. Hearing her grandmother enter the room, she attempted composure.

"My, my, what delicate creatures we breed these days." The grandmother knowingly smiled to herself. "I wonder where this country would be today, if the early settlers had been blessed with feeble-hearted wives like you, Stella!"

THE GIRL jumped to her feet, an exclamation of shock and surprise cutting off her tears. "What do you mean? What do you know of waiting—always waiting, and never knowing if the one you love will come safely home to you?"

"Don't I know?" countered Mary Byrne. "I can remember when that river out there was a thriving source of commerce in this section of the country. Georgetown was a busy port then. Ships brought cargoes from many lands, and when they were discharged,

small canal boats carried the precious stuff farther into the interior of this thriving, expanding nation. We all had a great work to do, women as well as men. Washington, what there was of it, was usually mired in mud. We couldn't hop into a taxi and order, 'Constitution Hall' for a concert—or 'National Theatre' for a first night—or just 'F street' if we wanted to indulge in a nice movie," She paused, and looked out the window. The fog hung like a huge curtain, blocking the view that she knew in such intimate detail: the river, lovely Virginia across the water, canoes on summer afternoons, and Analostan Island.

"AND THE MEN we loved—" she smiled at Stella,—“we saw them seldom, being so busy with our own endless tasks. It was something of a privilege if they had time to sit down with us and exchange a little gossip of the day.”

"But, Granny," interrupted the girl, "Grandad had a wonderful business. He left you all this—this grand old house,—enough money to keep you independent always."

"He didn't always have it, Stella. We both worked and worked hard for the success we built up together. Many and many a night, I've sat by this very window, a baby in my arms, watching for his ship to come back to port. Sometimes I wondered if he would come back at all, and I didn't have the comfort of a radio to tell me of storms at sea or fog on the river that I knew he, too, would hear and heed. I had only prayer." She stopped to regard Stella curiously; she asked as though suddenly tired of the subject, "Are you going to the concert?"

"Yes, Grandmother. But will you wait downstairs for me? I won't be a minute."

Mary Byrne smiled contentedly, and saw with clearer sight than Stella



imagined, the picture of her granddaughter, penitent on her knees before the shrine that had grown old with the room.

"Forgive me, dearest Mary, for being so shallow. Bring Paul safely home to me tonight, and every other night that he must fly. I'm not very brave, but I'm going to hide my fears better after this. The world is such a gentle, understanding place—all of us sharing together our fears, our hopes, our faiths. I'll wait for Paul patiently, and each time he returns to me, I'll thank thee, sweetest Mother, and you and I alone will know of my tears for his safety."

Mary Byrne and Stella took their seats in quiet dignity in famous Constitution Hall. Mary Byrne's days of waiting were over. Stella had taken up the task as brave souls everywhere preserve the glorious tradition of prayerfully awaiting those loved ones who sail the seas, or fly the skies, and all those on unselfish quest.

## Suggestions for Catholic Press Month

By Auleen Bordeaux Eberhardt

**P**RACTICALLY ALL of you readers of THE AVE MARIA are aware that February has been set aside as Catholic Press Month. You know that sermons are preached on the merits of the Catholic Press during this month, and that its praises are sung by lecturers and speakers. You take it for granted that everyone will rally round and give the Catholic Press the support that it deserves.

But what are you personally doing about Press Month? What tangible help are you to the Catholic Press? That is a different question. You really hadn't thought much about your share in Press Month work. You pay your subscription as a matter of course because

you are well satisfied with your weekly magazine. It is like a tried and true old friend, always welcome in your home. But there your interest ends.

What else can you do? Many things. First of all, you can tell your friends and neighbors about THE AVE MARIA. Whet their interest to such an extent that they will subscribe. A ridiculous suggestion, did you say? Not at all. If you like the car you drive, don't you brag about it and tell your friends all about its comfort and beauty and economy? You pay for, and get full value from a Catholic paper just like from any other commodity. Don't you tell people about "good buys" and special bargains? Don't you recommend certain foods and drinks to your friends and neighbors? Of course you do, for you want them to enjoy good things too.

**W**HY NOT recommend THE AVE MARIA to friends? Tell them the kind of magazine it is, dwelling upon its many valuable and interesting features. Suggest it as an appropriate gift for families on birthdays and anniversaries. Keep it displayed on your reading table. Make the people with whom you associate conscious of THE AVE MARIA. Discuss its editorials with your friends. In this way you will be giving your favorite Catholic magazine the "personal publicity" that it deserves.

Is THE AVE MARIA in the Public Library of your town? If not, why not subscribe for it to be placed on the library reading table? If you cannot afford the extra subscription, suggest the matter to a wealthy friend. You do a tremendous amount of good in placing a Catholic paper in a public library. Scores of people—many of them non-Catholics—read it every week. People who never before have known about the Catholic religion become interested in it by reading about the Church in a publication available to them at a Public Library. Many converts have been

made in this manner. Fallen away Catholics have been brought back to the fold by the chance reading of a Catholic publication.

Have you ever thought of sending THE AVE MARIA to state and federal prisons and reformatories? Do you realize that within the grim prison walls are many men who long for the consolation of spiritual reading? Prisoners have time to read—and to reflect. Your subscription to a Catholic magazine for the men in prison may be the means of saving immortal souls.

What about the orphanages? Has the thought ever occurred to you that the girls and boys in these institutions might welcome a copy of THE AVE MARIA with its splendid youth's department and its many fine stories and articles? And while on the subject of institutions, what about remembering the homes for old people? There are hundreds, yes, thousands of old people in homes for the aged who never get a chance to read a Catholic magazine unless some kind benefactor sends one to the institution. The few magazines that are on the library tables are worn with use; they are read again and again; and there never seems to be enough to go around.

**P**ERHAPS THE cost will deter you from subscribing for a copy to be placed in institutions. If this is so, why not get a group of people together and ask each for a quarter? No one would refuse this small sum for so worthy a cause. And all, then, would share in the merit that comes from doing a good work.

There are many ways by which you can aid the Catholic Press during February. I once knew a group of women who subscribed to copies of a Catholic publication to be placed in offices of professional men where they would be picked up and read by the people in the waiting rooms. This is a genuine

form of Catholic Action for through it you bring the Catholic Church and its teachings to the attention of a great number of people not of our Faith. Everyone reads in a professional man's waiting room. Why not have Catholic literature available?

How about giving THE AVE MARIA to a poor family for a year? Here is a real charity—for while the state or county will care for the bodily needs of the poor, their minds and souls are often starved for the comfort and the spiritual strength that a religious paper can bring to them.

**H**ERE, THEN, is a suggestion for Press Month: resolve to do everything you can to make the people with whom you come in contact Catholic Press conscious.

Remember this always: the Catholic Press is your strongest bulwark against the forces of evil, of ignorance, of bigotry, of radicalism. Support it to the utmost and you support one of the greatest powers for good that there is in the world today.

### ♦ Dierdre

By Bert Cooksley

*Under the white stars all that Beauty loved,  
Made wise and delicate, gave of her gifts,  
Walked nearby always whereso Dierdre moved;  
Under the stars now, where the skylark lifts  
His wild song still, and other hands caress,  
And newer lovers sigh out from their deeps,  
Eager, impatient, hurt with tenderness—  
Under the high white stars of Heaven she  
sleeps.*

*She lived with April always, April stirred  
Beneath her hands, no April but was hers;  
Only the April smiths can forge a word  
That will remember her to wonderers,  
Woman to come, to hear her name, to ask  
If such great beauty truly spoke and moved,  
Knew ache and laughter, work and every task  
Their own hearts carry; and by man was loved.  
Only the April vineyards can invent  
A wine to give her beauty sacrament.*



# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

A little Filipino boy's pronunciation of knife: *Kay-niff-ee.*

Hydrogen is said to be the lightest of all substances. A pound of it would fill 750 quart bottles.

Ancient knights used to drink water in which a sword had rusted, hoping to absorb strength from the steel.

Choose the work that you would do if you had a million dollars and didn't have to work.—*Voice of Experience.*

In 1937 the taxes on liquor and tobacco alone in this country amounted to more than one billion dollars.

There was a time when "Ahoy" was the usual way of opening up a telephone conversation instead of "Hello."

In all types of schools from kindergarten to college there were 1,073,000 teachers in 1936. Only 226,000 of these were men.

When asked on one occasion why he seldom used intoxicating liquors, Mr. Edison replied that he had "a better use for his head."

*Travelore* is authority for the statement that on June 15, 1829, residents in Cazorla, Spain, were greeted with chunks of ice, some of them four pounds in weight, falling from the skies.

X-rays were originally so called by their discoverer, Wilhelm Conrad Roentgen, because X is ordinarily used to symbolize an unknown number or quantity.

It is on record that an Englishman named Morton had such a marvelous memory, he could repeat the exact words of a lecture immediately after it was written.

According to life-insurance statistics, American babies born this year will live on an average twelve years longer than those born at the beginning of the century.

It is said that the immortal Windthorst would stop in the middle of a Reichstag speech to say the *Angelus*, while Bismarck and the other authors of the May Laws looked grimly on.

A certain movie magnate is authority for the statement that when apprized of the possible forthcoming of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, certain exhibitors wrote in with the request to "lay off on the Wild West stuff."

At present, manufacturers use merchants to dispose of goods. A century from now we may find merchants looking for factories to manufacture goods. That should be a natural development since merchants, being close to the people, are in a better position to gauge public wants.

The United States Weather Bureau organization consists of approximately three hundred regular observing stations throughout the United States, in Alaska and the West Indies, with the Central Office located in Washington. In addition to the regular observing stations, the Bureau maintains approximately five thousand cooperative stations.

## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**Primitive Revelation**, by the Rev. Wilhelm Schmidt, S. D. V., translated by the Rev. Joseph J. Baierl, S. T. D. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. \$2.75.

There are various and perplexing questions that arise when we study man in regard to his origins, his ideas, his practices through the very long history which modern study indicates was his. The answers given in most English works of general reference, and in the current popular presentations usually have little respect for the biblical account. Take Bible *or* Science is the general attitude.

Father Schmidt's book is a very welcome one in that it approaches the offerings of Genesis with the findings of pre-history, ethnology, and anthropology, and not with the "theories" that are inextricably bound up with the evolutionist principle, theories in sociology, comparative religion, biology, and even in the literary criticism of the Bible. The result of Father Schmidt's effort is most favorable to the history contained in Genesis. That an intelligent Adam could have existed as far back in time as conservative anthropologists demand, that he could have believed in one Supreme Lord and Creator who "makes, judges, and avenges the laws of the moral order," that Adam could have fellowship with Eve his equal, could have been given revelations of definite supernatural truths and been able to receive such—even though he had not passed through long ages of biologic and cultural progress—is the conclusion of this book. As always when man studies patiently and honestly, he learns that God did not err in His revelation to man. Here is an invitation to accept Bible *and* Science.

We recommend *Primitive Revelation* to sociologists, anthropologists, teachers of Religion and Apologetics, who

must sometimes wonder at the difficulties that face them from a biblical and religious point of view, and to the general reader who wishes to further his knowledge of primitive man, his conditions of life, his religion, his practices,—questions that are always important, always of interest.

Joseph J. McCartney.

**Introduction to Catholicism**, by the Rev. Martin J. Scott, S. J., Litt. D. (107 pp.) P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price: paper, 25c; cloth, \$1.50.

Father Scott's busy pen has made another addition to his constantly growing collection of popular apologetics. This time he has given us a clear, concise primer of Catholic doctrine. It is a modest work. It makes no pretense at originality, but merely tries to set down in an elementary way, and within the span of a hundred pages, some of the basic truths of the Faith. Its purpose is more practical than speculative. It does not seek to give a complete synthesis of Catholic doctrine. Rather, its aim is to go out to meet the mind that is groping for truth, convince it that only in the Catholic Church that truth is found in its fulness, and thus lead it on to the sources of that truth where it can drink more abundantly.

The first part of the book is a brief, popular presentation of fundamental theology. In it Father Scott shows the necessity of religion, and proves that there is only one true religion—the Catholic Faith. The second part of the book is a presentation of the Church's dogmatic and moral doctrine in the form of a commentary on the Baltimore Catechism.

While this volume is not the most significant work which Father Scott has given us, nevertheless it should



prove of considerable usefulness to those who are interested in convert work. Perhaps it will be especially helpful, as the author himself suggests, to priests who are conducting instruction classes. Ordinarily, when a newcomer enters a group that is taking instruction, he is handicapped by not having heard the previous talks, which are necessary for an understanding of what is to follow. This book will give him sufficient background to carry on with the class.

Bernard Mullahy.

**Economics and Society**, by ~~John J. Burke~~ John J. Burke, S. S., Ph. D. The American Book Co., Cincinnati. Price, \$2.50.

Economics may be the "dismal science," but it is also a very popular subject as well as a vital concern of current affairs. *Economics and Society* increases its popularity by avoiding the "dismal" scientific aspect of the subject, and enhances its vitality by making it more easily understandable and real.

The descriptive approach to the physical, historical and legal background, the realistic treatment of the specific problems of modern economic society, the favorable comparison of moderate democratic over authoritarian systems, the terse and pertinent analysis, the social point of view in the examination and interpretation of proposed solutions of the problems—all successfully attain the aim of the author to reach the average intelligence by way of reality. The principles of the Encyclicals and Catholic social theory naturally and unobtrusively appear where they pertain. The reserve of the author, the absence of panaceas and dogmatic pronouncements convince the reader that the author comprehends the problems and their social implications. The fact that he judges economics and society from their ends adds to his trustworthiness. The style is clear and simple. The facts abundant.

If the work is designedly incomplete in principle and in detail, the deficiency is adequately supplied in each chapter by annotated reading lists. The bibliography is classified in three appendices: pamphlets and reports; non-technical books on economics; and a teacher's bibliography made up of general and special standard works on economics.

For a semester course in economic problems, this book is an excellent introductory survey; with a generous use of the bibliography, it is adequate for a full year course. For private study, especially for priests and study clubs, it offers a good starting point to an intelligent understanding of the problems and difficulties of modern economics, and presents an efficient guide to a fuller knowledge of this most popular and vital subject.

John J. Burke.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

*The Holy Ghost Prayer Book*, by the Rev. Frederick Hoeger, C. S. Sp.; *My Hobby of the Cross*, by Madeleine Sweeny Miller, profusely illustrated with photographs, by J. Lane Miller; *The Early Years of Isaac Thomas Hecker (1819-1844)*, by the Rev. Vincent F. Holden, C. S. P.; *Morality and the Mystical Body*, by Emile Mersch, S. J.; *Share the Profits—The Story of Richard Wolfe and His Associates*, by William H. Stuart; *A Modern Flower of St. Francis—Sister M. Francis de Sales*, by a Sister of St. Francis; *The Prospects of Philosophy*, by John J. Rolbiecki; *A Catechist's Manual for First Communicants*, by the Rev. Joseph A. Newman; *Heroines of Christ*, edited by Joseph Husslein, S. J., Ph. D.; *The Human Christ*, by the Rev. F. J. Mueller; *The Little Virtues*, by David P. McAstocker, S. J.

## YOUNGER READERS

### The Secret of the Shuttered Door

By Frances Y. Young

**SYNOPSIS:** Mrs. Blake, a widow, lives at Happy Corners, a sparsely settled suburb of Chicago. Her own son, Goeff, accused of many petty crimes, has left home. Now Mrs. Blake is mothering two youngsters, Gerry and Gene, while their parents are abroad, traveling to regain their health. The boy and girl go to Chicago each day to school, then return to enjoy the widow's home. The other children of the neighborhood are unfriendly toward Gene and Gerry. Gene fights with the village bully, and is victorious. Gerry later overhears a group of men planning to rob Mrs. Blake. Some days later, still, both Gene and Gerry observe a mysterious-looking shack from whose shuttered window they are conscious of a pair of eyes watching them. They hear a noise from within the shack, evidently made by some machine operated there. Now go on with Chapter IX.

#### Chapter IX—The Queer Old Woman

**AS THE WEATHER** improved, Gene and Gerry began to make excursions on foot around the country. Gerry was developing an interest in botany and Gene collected small stones for a walk in their rock-garden at home.

On their rambles the G's had made acquaintance with a boy who lived not far from them, southwest from their house, along Main Road. He was a very nice boy, but not one who could join them in their rambles, for this boy walked on crutches. His name was Norbert Dixon and Gerry had waved to him when they passed him standing at his open front door, on one of their first walks. From waving, they took to dropping in to see him and almost every day, Gerry would run in for at least half an hour on her way home from school.

Norbert was lonely: his mother and

father worked all day in the city, and he was an only child. Gerry felt that life was very complicated for what would Norbert do when they left after the next three weeks? Half of the six weeks had already passed. He had no companions, for the Dixon house stood alone; his father taught him lessons at night and he studied and read all day; it was a desolate life indeed, for the poor lame lad!

**HIS MOTHER** came home early on Saturdays, so this Saturday the G's felt free to take a long walk. Gene was anxious to explore the house with the shuttered door, just as Gerry had dreaded, for Gerry, remembering that peering face, hated to go near it. Yet, as Gene argued, it was still broad daylight and as long as they did not actually go near the house, no harm could come to them. Gerry liked to do what Gene wanted, because he was always polite about asking her what she wanted to do. The G's did not quarrel: each had too much respect for the other!

The tract of land where the shuttered house lay was a long narrow triangle with the point made by Main Road and a railroad track which crossed it. It was hardly more than a right-of-way, for few trains used it and those only freight. From the spot where the house lay, the ground sloped sharply about fifty feet down to the track. There was no other house nearby; it stood in a small clearing among many trees and bushes and rank undergrowth. There could hardly be a more isolated spot so near civilization!

The G's walked along the high bank, on an almost obliterated path, which ran back of the house, separated from



its grounds by a heavy barbed-wire fence.

They looked up and down, searching for a gate into the enclosure. There was none; how did the people who lived in the hut get in and out? Gerry, spying some new specimens of wild flowers, dug them up and put them in her bag while Gene continued to scrutinize the house. The house had no windows; and a very small shed, attached to the back of the house, held the only exit. Its door held two narrow panes of glass in the upper half and these were closely curtained. On the side of the house which was visible, there was a window but a large bush grew close to it so Gene could not tell whether or not this window was shuttered like the others.

If Gene could only find the gate or even some kind of opening in the fence, he decided that he would go up to the back door and ask for a drink of water. He would like to see whether people really lived there, and if so, what they were like. No harm could come to him especially with Gerry waiting outside. Gene squeezed apart two lengths of the wire and began to squeeze between. They were strung close together and tightly stretched. Before he was sure whether he could make it, a voice called from the hut—a shrill voice, high and strained!

**"GET AWAY** from there! No trespassing! This is private property!"

One of the narrow door-lights opened and Gene saw an old woman standing there—a woman with frowzy gray hair, many wrinkles and deep-set dark eyes!

"You been snooping around here too much, you two brats! This is private property; get out!" She waved clenched fists in exasperation and menace.

"Sneaking and spying on a poor old woman! Well, there's nothing to see here, I can tell you that! Can't I have a little privacy without all the kids in the neighborhood bothering me?"

"I just was going to ask for a drink," said Gene. "But we won't bother you any more."

He joined Gerry who had fled back to the edge of the ground above the tracks. The half-door closed abruptly and the house looked as secret and deserted as before. Gene and Gerry resumed their walk in a different direction and Gene commented:

**"IT'S ODD,** isn't it, Gerry? An old woman who lives alone and doesn't want anyone to come near the place, even. And she runs some kind of machinery when everyone else is asleep. And no gate to get in the place!"

"It was that old woman I saw peering between the shutters the other day when we went early to school—remember? Or maybe someone else who lives there. Gene, I bet those two men I heard talking in the grove that day have something to do with this house! I bet this is where 'Jake' is that they talked about; they were so funny and so secret! Gene, I'm almost sure those men have something to do here about that machinery, and the old lady keeps house for them or something. I just bet they have something to do with the secret of the shuttered door!"

#### Chapter X—The Theft of the Silver Gun

Every Sunday morning after their return from Mass, Mrs. Blake and the G's always had a big leisurely breakfast. The sunlight was getting stronger every day; soon it really would be spring! In the morning they would have a fine stroll, and in the afternoon, Mr. Dixon, Norry's father, was going to take them all for a ride. So far they had not needed the companionship of the neighborhood children.

After breakfast, Gerry went out on the porch and saw Angela, one of the girls of the crowd, who was going toward Marilyn's house; Marilyn was the girl who had laughed at her the first

day. Gerry was about to turn back into the house but something in the shy look Angela turned on her, made her decide to speak to her. It was her duty to be pleasant to others, she knew. That was one example the saints set for all; they had been sweet and kind even to their tormentors. It would do no harm to try, anyway; make an act of humility if Angela happened to be disagreeable!

"Hello!" she said with her friendly smile. Angela answered the same way. "Hi!" she said, looking down the moment after, and scraping a foot back and forth on the lowest step.

"You're the first friendly girl I've met here," declared Gerry, frankly, descending to be on the same level as Angela. "The others, they act like I was poison or something."

"Because you're strangers," explained Angela. "I don't go to school with them; I go to the parochial school. The public school is about a mile from here so they all go there; they're my cousins. They said you and your brother are high-hat and think you're better than we are. But some of us girls—we know Marilyn is a trouble-maker and lies about everybody, so I said I was going to speak to you and maybe if you want to, you could come to my birthday party next week; do you want to?"

**"I'D LOVE TO!"** Gerry answered fervently; "that is, if these boys don't go!"

"Just girls are coming," assured Angela. "I don't like these boys either! Marv is a bully and were we girls tickled when your brother knocked him out; we laughed and laughed! He was so wet and muddy when he came to, and he had to walk home like that and we call him that now all the time—'Old muddy-clothes Marv!'"

"I think they are the worst boys I ever heard of!" Gerry was thinking of their laughing pleasure in torturing the helpless bird.

"The rest aren't so bad," said Angela. "Just Marv and Ellbert; they think they're smart and they are the leaders—the other kids do just what they say. But now that the good weather is here they'll have to go back to Parochial, all but Marv, he's been expelled!"

"I pity the Sisters!" said Gerry; then hearing Mrs. Blake summoning her, "Well, I got to go in! See you soon."

"I'll let you know about the party—what day and all," said Angela. So she had come after all, to make friends! Angela was all right! She had been dominated by Marilyn at first.

**G**ERRY WENT into the dining room where Mrs. Blake and Gene were in consultation.

"Gerry," said Mrs. Blake; "it's silly to ask you, but did you see anything of those eggs I had down cellar? I brought in two dozen, and when I went down just now to get them to make a cake, they were gone; and a whole side of bacon! We never had thieves here before; and nothing else is missing. Who could have taken them?"

"When could anyone have gotten in to take them?" queried Gerry. "Booker is such a good watchdog that nobody could possibly get in when he is here!"

"We had Booker with us at Norry's last night; remember?" said Gene. "We walked over and Mr. Dixon drove us home, Booker and all. Norry is crazy about Booker; he'd love to have a dog but his mother hasn't time to take care of it, she says; so he can't have one. That must have been the time, Mrs. Blake, because you went to town at the same time."

Gene felt that he had lined up the clues very cleverly. He knew the time when the crime was committed; the motive was hunger; but how to find a suspect? The men whom Gerry had heard in the grove? Gene found it hard to believe that they were any but



neighbors, talking where they could be alone. He had a doubt about the gang of boys here; would they steal? He would keep that in mind and look for clues! Perhaps they took it just to be mean, and were going to make Mrs. Blake suspect Gene—so as to get even with him for knocking out Marv! If so they were wasting their time; Mrs. Blake was very fond of the G's and trusted them implicitly!

They had a fine ride with Norbert and his father who let the boys get out to watch a large passenger-plane take off at the airport which was not very far away from Happy Corners. That was a thrill for the boys!

Booker shared the front seat with Norry and his father, and he enjoyed the ride more than anyone, although he leaned out so far to get a good look at the other cars that Gerry worried when they went around corners. Booker always thought a ride was a race and barked indignantly at any car that tried to pass them. He was a noisy companion, for the roads were full this fine Sunday afternoon.

THEY ARRIVED home tired out and Gerry decided to have a nap on the dining-room sofa. She curled down among the pillows, reaching for the heavy steamer-blanket which Mrs. Blake always kept there. It was gone! This did worry Mrs. Blake! This was much more serious than taking food!

But even that was not so serious as something else. In his room, Gene pointed out silently to Gerry the empty place in the rack where Geoff's gun had rested. The gun was gone and the box beneath bore the marks of finger-prints on its dusty top. The key was gone from its lock where Gene had left it after finding it in the bureau drawer. The box, for all its mystery, had contained only some old timetables and a few cheap novels. Who had locked it again and taken the key? The same per-

son who had stolen the gun with the silvered barrel!

Gene was disappointed; he had looked forward to some target practice now that the weather was better. Doctor Flynn had taught him how to shoot and his father had given him permission to handle a gun, provided he promised solemnly to abide by certain rules.

AND NOW the gun was missing, and the cartridges too. What thief had known there was a gun hidden in that dark corner and had taken the chance of going up the stairs to the room where there was no possible way out? For the windows were too small for anyone but a very slender person to climb through; no man could—and no boy larger than—well, than Marv for instance. But Marv would hardly take a blanket and bacon and eggs!

If Mrs. Blake had come in and found him there, the thief would have been taken like a rat in a trap, for she would have called the police or one of the neighbors. So the house had been watched until they were all out, and the thief had taken what he needed—food and covering and a gun. Almost any desperado would take those, so it was hardly a clue. Gene determined to examine the locked box. There might be a clue there!

(To be continued.)

## Winter Is a Lady

By Grace Sayre

*Winter is a lady*

*Whose shawl of spangled lace  
Is laid on naked field and tree  
And veils the mountain's face.*

*Winter is a lady*

*Whose ermine cloak is spread  
Upon the roofs of house and barn  
And draped across the shed.*

*Winter is a lady*

*Whose heart is warm as gold;  
She hides the lilies in her breast  
To keep them from the cold.*

## ✿ The Weekly Postscript ✿

By M. M. Wirries

**YOU OFTEN DREAM** about the ideal place in which to do your writing. Some day you will retreat there—you and your typewriter and your family—and there you will write and write and write; and, doing thus and so, you will be just one step this side of perfect contentment. Or so you think. But your ideal place for retreating varies.

I suppose you'll always dream about that rustic retreat in Michigan. There was a house there once; but now there is just an old white pine in the yard, a heap of stones where the cellar was dug, a tangle of berry vines and orchard trees down the hill behind. In the Spring you have found jonquils there, and grape hyacinths and Stars of Bethlehem twinkling in the tall grasses; in the winter you have floundered up that snowdeep hillside with your arms filled with wild holly from the marshes across the road; larks spring from the meadow below the hill, and nimble little garter snakes slither through the grasses; and there's a wild rose growing by the driveway, and wild grapes on the tumble-down fence. You wanted to build a log house there, with modern bedrooms upstairs and a modern kitchen down. And, flung all the way across its front, *two* living rooms, one for you and your books and your typewriter, and one for the children, their radio, piano, and games. You'll always dream about it, won't you? And wonder if they've built a house there yet, and if you ever will go back; or are the new roots already too deeply set?

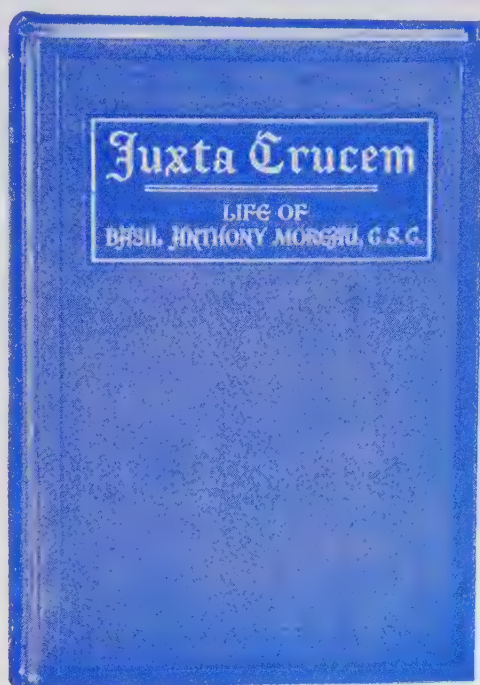
But just last year you were dreaming again, this time of that ranch in New Mexico. "You'll be crazy about it," your friend told you dreamily. "At night you stand in the ranch-house doorway and see the moon coming up

above the Rim—it's beautiful. There's something awesome about the Rim, seen by daylight. Climb up to it and you are in another world. Baby fawns come down to your dooryard and whole families of Navajos come up there to gather pinons. Wait until you see the pine forests—hundreds of acres of them. We found an Indian burial place up there—we were snowed in for months. But it's only twenty miles from the highway—and what a book you could write up there—" New Mexico!

The seaside! There was a stone house on a California hillside—what a house! The sea breakers beat on the wall at its foot; queer animals and shells and bits of wreckage washed up on the sands and stayed there when the tide went out. You liked to feel the wet sands between your toes, liked to sit and listen to the tale the sea was telling, liked to watch the tall spars of ships come over the green horizon. But the sea is ever noisy. Perhaps you'd weary of it. Perhaps you want peace: the peace of the farm in Michigan, or the ranch in New Mexico, or the peace of the desert.

**IT'S SO QUIET** on the desert. Remember that hacienda you found hidden in the hills? There was an ocotillo hedge about it, and a cottonwood was there. The adobe walls were four feet thick—ah, that's the kind of house you want, isn't it? One with adobe walls, four feet thick—cool in summer and warm in winter. The owner had set a water-tank on the mountain beside him, and piped running water into his desert home. He had planted every species of cactus in his dooryard, and every flower that would withstand the desert heat. Wouldn't you like to live there? Wouldn't you?





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## NEXT WEEK

The Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S. J., Fordham University, New York, indicates to readers how to assist at Mass in a meditative rather than in the recitative way. *At Mass with the Ceremonies.*

Miss Mabel Osborne, Virginia Avenue, Pineville, Ky., in *I Remember Old Kentucky* gives arresting hearth, home and parochial recalls about a small section in the Blue Grass State.

*The Sin of Juan Ramon*, by the Marquesa de Frechilla (pen name), Kent, England. Juan was not bad really. The *Vino del Pais* did it; and Juan was very, very sorry.

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THE AVE MARIA is indexed in THE CATHOLIC BOOKMAN and THE CATHOLIC MAGAZINE INDEX.

## OBITUARY

Rev. Patrick J. Ford, Brooklyn Diocese. Sister M. Valeria and Sister M. Alacoque, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Mary Lucy, Sisters of Providence; Sister M. Helena, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Harry Lynch, Josephine and Michael Henel, Dr. P. S. Jacobs, Carl Saunder, John Pepin, Maurice P. Hayes, James A. Lavin, Mrs. Mary Rita Moon, Miss Mary L. Mulholland, Mrs. Minnie Kaupp, H. J. Farrell, Mrs. Mary Ellen McLaughlin, Mrs. Matilda O'Neill, Martin R. Cesare, William O'Brien.

May they rest in peace!



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You will do THE AVE MARIA a great favor by sending your renewal direct to the office just as soon as you receive notice that your subscription is about to expire.

☞ The figures appearing on the address label of your magazine indicate the date of expiration. For example: 3-40 means that the subscription is paid to March, 1940. The first figure (3) indicates the month; the second (40), the year.

THANKS A LOT.



# YOUR COOPERATION PLEASE

« « To Whom It May Concern » »

*This notice may or may not concern you. If it does, it may be a means of saving you money that otherwise might be used for a purpose for which it was not intended. It is not a rare instance; in fact, it is a most common happening, a daily occurrence, that we receive in the mails remittances of various denominations without any reference whatever, as to what they were sent to pay for.*

*By attributing to us powers which we do not possess, these remitters make our efforts to interpret their minds very difficult. After a prolonged search through our records, we might discover a charge which seems to harmonize with the amount a person sends in, and with the place from which the remittance originated. To credit such a charge might entail future complications. To write, when the name and address are given, often involves valuable time, annoyance and, not infrequently, embarrassment.*

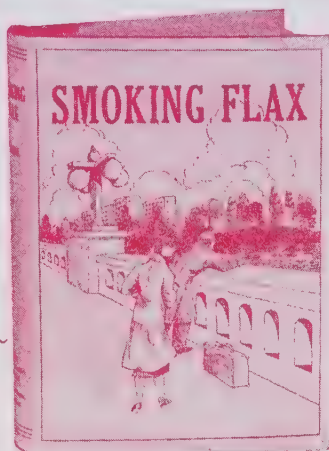
*Permit us to give one or two concrete examples by using fictitious names: First and foremost are the Sisters, those good Nuns whose manifold duties during a busy day do not give some of them time, it would seem, to pin a little note of explanation to their remittances . . . a check, a money order, or bank note, enclosed in an envelope, that is all, and Presto! that bill is paid. What bill? But let us be more specific:*

*Sister Mary Anne, Holy Innocents Convent, Buffalo, N. Y., has purchased \$3.00 worth of books on credit. A week later we receive a check in the amount of \$3.00, signed by the Sisters of St. Roche, Buffalo, N. Y. That is all. A search through our records is begun. There appears to be no book item against the Sisters of St. Roche, Buffalo, N. Y. We then turn to the subscription files and lo! there are several items to which the remittance might possibly apply. St. Brendan's School, conducted by the Sisters of St. Roche, has a subscription that is now due, so we assume the check in question is sent for its renewal. Sister Mary Anne becomes provoked when she receives later a statement soliciting payment of her account for which, as you might now surmise, the check sent in by the Sisters of St. Roche was intended to pay.*

*Then there is the person who sends money loose (always risky) in a self-addressed return AVE MARIA envelope and forgets to return our bill or to give his name and address. Please send remittances by Postoffice Money Orders, Registered Mail or Checks on U. S. Banks, to insure yourself against possible loss and don't forget to return our subscription cards, or invoices for books, etc., or state clearly what the money is sent to pay for. By cooperating with us in this way your accounts will be handled promptly and efficiently to the mutual benefit of all concerned. Thanks a lot.*

THE AVE MARIA

# *Smoking Flax,* Father P. J. Carroll's new book



Father Carroll, at one time or other administrator, professor, pastor, writer and now the editor of THE AVE MARIA, draws from the stores of his vast knowledge and experience the materials with which he builds up his sixth and latest book of fiction — **SMOKING FLAX.**

With a fine play of psychology; Carrollisms, full of meaning, humor and brevity; with a means to justify the end, Father Carroll captures the interest of his readers from the very beginning, nor will they want to put his book down until the last chapter will have been read.

Warren Hall was hardly the kind of a young fellow that a mother would like to see going with her daughter. To begin with he was somewhat of an agnostic; had a strong urge for liquor; was a reckless driver, and almost at the

beginning of the story engaged himself to one girl while actually bound to another.

"'Smoking Flax' relates the troubled romance of Marjory Dawson and Warren Hall. Marjory is a devout Catholic and Warren an agnostic. Their different views on religion, coupled with Warren's weakness for alcohol, provide many complications. It takes almost a miracle until the obstacles to their love are surmounted. Father Carroll tells how that feat was accomplished with the aid of a saintly blind girl. His book is charmingly simple, direct and genuinely readable." — The South Bend Tribune.

**\$1.50**

*Monica Selwin-Tait's new book,*

## *Winding Ways*

It is not uncommon to know persons of different religious beliefs who love one another ardently in many respects and yet, on points of religion, are just the opposite. Miss Selwin-Tait, author and lecturer, and a convert to Catholicism, knows from experience, the attitude Protestants oftentimes have toward Catholics and vice versa.

In her new novel, **WINDING WAYS**, Miss Selwin-Tait depicts in the leading characters that opposition sometimes met with in social life, and builds up her story round a romance at once intriguing and inviting.



Squire Martin's second wife, a fallen-away Catholic, is torn by remorse in the thought that her baby died without the sacrament of Baptism. The Squire passionately loves his wife but bitterly hates Catholics. On one occasion he tells the young man who is secretly engaged to his only daughter, Marjorie, that he has one insurmountable obstacle: "You belong to the Church of Rome, and I would rather see my daughter dead than married to a Catholic."

How he overcomes the obstacle is arrestingly told in this work that will delight you with its delicate tracery of character; it will thrill you with its dramatic situations; above all it will edify you by what it teaches about God's all-embracing Providence.

**\$1.50**

**THE AVE MARIA PRESS**

**Notre Dame, Indiana**



# THE AVE MARIA

CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

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FEBRUARY 10, 1940

## *World News in Brief*

**THE CHURCH** In Vatican City, Cardinal Hlond, Polish Primate, announced that thousands of priests in Poland had been arrested, transported to distant places, and never heard of again. . . . The Congregation of Rites announced a double canonization ceremony—Blessed Marie Pelletier and Blessed Gemma Galgani—to take place after Easter. . . . ¶ In New Orleans, a class in Catechism for all Catholic children attending public schools was made obligatory by Archbishop Rummel. . . . ¶ In New York, a book on St. Malachy's prophecies was announced for spring publication. . . . ¶ In Hartford, 4500 adult persons attended the first school lectures of the Catechetical Conference.

**AT HOME** In Washington, the Treasury disclosed that the annual federal payroll amounted to five billion dollars. . . . Huge wastes were charged to agricultural appropriations. . . . John L. Lewis assailed Secretary Perkins as "woozy in the head." . . . A regional office system improved the federal tax machinery. . . . Witnesses exposed a plot to link representative Dies with Fascists. . . . Secretary Hull again protested to Britain against the treatment of American ships. . . . Seventeen million received government aid during October, it was revealed. . . . The President retained hope for the Canadian seaway treaty. . . . ¶ In Chicago, the Illinois A. F. L. suspended printers from its organization. . . . ¶ In industry, three companies bought over

half of the TVA power. . . . Pan-American Airways planned faster service to South America. . . . New Dealers advocated a bureau to maintain a watch over business. . . . Stocks receded again, making January one of the duller months in years.

**ABROAD** In Helsingfors, new successes were reported by Finnish troops, though Finnish cities were heavily shelled by Red planes. . . . ¶ In London, the usual royal courts were cancelled, thus deferring social aspirations of Britain's debutantes. . . . German planes attacked four hundred miles of English coastline, bombing fourteen ships. . . . Premier Chamberlain made further friendly overtures to America and to Japan. . . . A casualty list revealed traffic as England's worst enemy. . . . ¶ In Bucharest, foreign pressure turned Roumania's oil wealth into a doubtful asset. . . . ¶ In Berlin, Hitler began his eighth year as dictator by threatening Britain and France with full Nazi war strength. . . . ¶ In Tientsin, Japan tightened the blockade on the British-French concessions. . . . ¶ In Cape Town, South Africans urged a break with England. . . . ¶ In Moscow, Soviet officials again warned Norway to give no aid to Finland. . . . ¶ In Budapest, the Hungarian press launched a bitter attack on Roumania. . . . ¶ In Helsinki, President Kallio of Finland offered to negotiate "an honorable peace." . . . ¶ In Paris, Ambassador Bullitt sailed home to report on war conditions to Secretary Hull.

## Notes and Remarks

Three units of the religious of Holy Cross in the United States participate in the production of THE AVE MARIA.

**Gone from the Proofroom** Sisters of Holy Cross have charge of proof and bindery departments;

Brothers take care of office, press, canvassing, and mail distribution; Priests of literary and editorial work. So it has been since the founding of the magazine seventy-five years ago.

The death, Tuesday, January 30, of Sister Mary Alacoque makes this reference to THE AVE MARIA's production personnel an informative help to a better understanding of its traditional set-up. Sister Alacoque was the oldest in point of service—and likely in years too—of THE AVE MARIA's producing force. She practically began with Father Hudson some fifty odd years ago, and continued in her work some twelve odd years after his retirement. Like all the nuns in the proofroom, Sister Alacoque had unerring eyes for errors in galley and page proofs. That THE AVE MARIA has come out and still comes out week after week without misprints or misplacements has been and is due to three proofreading nuns who have never taken and never now take any manuscript or galley proof on faith. THE AVE MARIA misses Sister Mary Alacoque from the proofroom. She served there. It seemed her temple of service. She left it to retire to her bed where she remained a short two weeks until she died. She was given no period for rocking-chair reminiscence about a very sheltered but a very busy service. She liked just that. The Lady of the Lilies whom she served so bountifully will give her a glad welcome home. When we ask our readers to pray for Sister Alacoque we but re-

peat her last wish as she gave her last look at her last page of proof. Hers was a full-time service unheralded here, as she wished it, but beyond here known and remembered by the ageless Woman for whom she labored.

How well-informed Russian soldiers are, under the benign influence of the Communistic freedom of the masses, was well-demonstrated

**Russian Education** last week. It was a Finnish radio broadcast, an "information please" program with forty Russian prisoners from the destroyed Forty-Fourth division sitting as the "experts." Cigars were given to those who answered their questions correctly, but only eleven men merited such rewards. All failed when asked the following questions: "Who was Rasputin? What are the Olympic Games? Who is Jesus? Napoleon? Nurmi?" One said that the Scandinavian countries were Sweden, Finland, and Turkey. Another thought that Dictator Josef Stalin was president of Russia. He had never heard of Soviet President Michael Kalinin. Still another missed his reward by saying that Berlin was the capital of France. Such is the fruit of an enlightened era nurtured by Russia to liberate the workers, and of a philosophy seriously advocated by so many of our own countrymen.

The surest sign that Communism is discredited in this country is its general repudiation by classes and masses.

**Out, Communism!** John L. Lewis, speaking recently to labor groups in Columbus, Ohio, felt stung with insult when a Communist (or a practical joker) contrived that a sickle-and-hammer flag dangle from the auditorium



ceiling above the speaker's desk. It was no joke to Mr. Lewis who does not want himself or his C. I. O. to be added up in the Communist column. Communism is without sanction, but purloins the sanctions of legitimate institutions. In Russia, where it was to bring the equality of emancipation, it is without justice, efficiency, strength or bravery. Stalin, its high priest, lives behind the mystery of a dozen likenesses. He distrusts and is distrusted. There is nothing distributive about his communistic justice except the distribution of poverty and death. The worth while within his misgovernment, he kills because they think. Stalin illustrates a tyrant who maintains his tottering, decaying setup through espionage, transportation and murder. He has widowed wives and made children orphans. Russia is a lonesome, silent, dark land; the Russians hungry, famished and stricken with the brutal might of ruthless and godless overlords. This, unfortunately, is not fiction. It is an accumulation of fact which is finally unfolding, as the ugly thing it is, to the American mind.

Will Durant, who tells stories of philosophy to those seeking an abridgement of knowledge, spoke before the

### The Durant Remedy

Executive Club of Chicago last week. Before he finished, he had parceled out six remedies for "the greatest problem in Western civilization," namely: the waning value of marriage to society. "Marriage today," he says, "is sick, a condition which has resulted in a loss of the family economic function, postponed the economic independence of males, and made wives and children a luxury which none but the poor can afford." To clear up this stupidity, Mr. Durant advocated: (1) A return of the dowry; (2) An increased income-tax allowance; (3) Endowments for mothers; (4) A redefinition of the term "illegitimacy"; (5) Sterilization of the feeble-minded; and (6) Adherence to a religious ritual in wedding ceremonies. As we study the problem, we marvel at the unabashed willingness of the modest Mr. Durant to tackle "the greatest problem in Western civilization." He glibly specifies a religious ceremony that "should burn the moment into the memories of each partner, and be remembered as a vow of honor, not a material contract." While he searches madly for a sanction and a stability for this "vow of honor," not once does he avert to a solution through the power of prayer for divine help to strengthen us in a partnership instituted by God, elevated to the dignity of a Sacrament and binding in conscience with ties of everlasting stability.

Some months ago THE AVE MARIA had an editorial expressing regret that the French Army High Command required Catholic priests to serve in the business of gunning the enemy in the present war. Now comes a letter from a lady which appears to correct this *poilu*-impression of French priests called to the colors,—an impression which is perhaps a hang-over from the World War. The correspondent encloses the following letter which gives the status of French priests serving in the present conflict. At her request we very gladly reproduce it in translation:

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The headquarters of Division Chaplains has become, in a certain measure, a sort of episcopal center of unbounded activity. Everywhere soldier-priests have united and devoted themselves to an ever-growing movement: the formation of Catholic Action groups provided with leaders capable of maintaining their morale should they be without a priest; the establishing of social centers; the distribution of literature; the warring against all forms of immorality. Moreover, among our Senegalese regiments there have developed

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missionary action and Catholic action under the leadership not only of European but also of colored catechetical apostles. The influence of the soldier-priest on this whole movement is edifying and admirable. A new spiritual life is evident in the army and, with God's help, will not fail to produce a splendid harvest. It will presage a victory of Christianity over barbarism, even greater than the victory of the Allies over Germany.

If this letter presents, as we presume it does, the new status of the French priest in the army, we gladly acknowledge our initial mistake. It removes, we hope, a misconception relative to the present status of the clergy in the French army service. Over this no one rejoices more heartily than THE AVE MARIA.

We have often said in these pages that the recognition of Russia by this country was a grave mistake even if the trade relations between the two nations were profitable. But when they turned out to be a fiasco there was nothing to recommend Russia to us but its godlessness and crime. And still the Administration continued to make friends with the mammon of iniquity. There can be little doubt that our Government knew the facts. Thomas Dewey said in a recent speech in New York: "In Russia, a godless government has raised up to a state creed the sterile doctrines of Atheism. It achieved power by assassination; and it maintained power by the annual murder of its own people. It is a perversion of government, abhorrent to the conscience of mankind. Our own Government knew these things from the files of its Republican predecessors, if not from common knowledge. It also knew that Soviet Russia had previously obtained recognition from great European nations by plain trickery. It promised our Government two things: That it would recognize its debts and

that it would refrain from sponsoring communist activity against our form of government. These promises were immediately broken." The trial of Mr. Browder and the investigations of the Dies Committee have proved beyond a doubt that Russia is doing everything in her power to undermine our form of government, and yet the Administration has done nothing about it. We still keep Russia on our white list despite its depredations.

Economists have been telling us that it is impossible for our Government to continue spending money as it has been doing without going into bankruptcy. And while the average citizen would believe

### **Government Spending**

such a story about a neighbor, he seems to think there is something mysterious about the Government that will keep it from disaster. Boak Carter has tried to reduce the problem to its lowest terms. "Citizen Jones," he says, "knows that he must live within his income or be sued for nonpayment of bills, lose his home and go smash. If he has been earning \$50 a week and is cut to \$30 in bad times, he cannot go on living on a fifty-dollar standard. What must he do? Lay out a new budget, of course, and spend less. That means sacrifice. The theatre is out; less expensive restaurants; curtail electricity in the house; cut down the use of the automobile to save gas; go without that new suit or dress. If he is weak-livered he will continue to live on a fifty-dollar standard by borrowing the difference. His debts pile up. He is healthy, he is strong, his mind is clear and active—he tells himself. So he persuades himself that bad times will soon disappear and he'll quickly pay off the debt. But returning to a fifty-dollar salary does not mean he can pay off the debt rolled up. He is still living on the fifty-dollar standard. He may not need to borrow



now but he has nothing left to pay the debt. He might expect a raise but that is wishful hoping since fifty dollars was tops for him in lush times. Suddenly he realizes that his standard of living has been false. He recognizes now that he must sacrifice even more than he would have been required to do at \$30 a week, because he has not only the debt but the interest as well. And so he has to go down to a much lower level than if he had retrenched in the first place. Our Government faces exactly the same problem." And it has to be met very soon, whether we like to think about it or not.



Mr. H. L. Mencken believes that Russia's attack upon Finland has cleared up the atmosphere regarding

### **The Atmosphere Is Clearing**

the wizardry of the Kremlin. No one believes any more that they

are smart. They have turned out to be a gang of politicians as stupid, grasping and dishonest as any in the business. "The hard thing to grasp," he says, "now that the facts have been spread upon the minutes, is that anyone was ever idiot enough to fall for their buncombe; yet it was done with loud gloats and ejaculations up to a little while ago, and by virtually all the self-consecrated idealists of this great Republic. Never a week passed that they were not hymned in the *Nation* and the *New Republic* as if they had been archangels. The whole so-called liberal movement fell under their sway, and anyone rash enough to question their high and singular virtues was denounced as a goon of either Wall Street or Hitler, or both. This touching confidence in a gang of palpable frauds survived even the harsh lesson of the Spanish war. All forward-lookers, regardless of past differences, were hot against Franco, and full of enthusiasm for the heroes who were to throw him

out. The cause of those heroes, it appeared, was the cause of truth, justice and chastity, as the cause of the altruistic English is today. The aid they got from Moscow was of a character almost celestial, and could not be imagined as failing them. It turned out, of course, to be really the kiss of death. It not only did not succor them; it actually wrecked them. But American Pinks kept on believing, and even today there are die-hards among them who mingle curses of Franco with their sobs for the poor Finns." That sums up the Pinks rather well. They are dying hard, but they *are* dying. Many have already dropped from the ranks.



Lest you be caught unaware we beg to remind you that Wednesday, February 7th begins the season of Lent. Do

### **Lent and Peace**

not forget to assist at morning services in your

parish church and to receive your assignment of ashes. The act of reception will serve to recall that Lent is a period of prayer, penance, holy and humble living. Much of the world is suffering from the effects of hate, distrust, lust for power and possessions. There is such confusion among peoples, that destruction of life and what contributes to the continuance and happiness of life seem the chief business of much of the world today. American Catholics, at the moment blessed with the benediction of peace, have a manifest duty of charity during this season. Do penance and pray that God may show mercy to the peoples of the world even now when so much of the world tries to manage its affairs without Him. There is privation, pain and loss among the nationals of Europe. Many of them suffer through no fault of theirs. Pray that God may melt the hearts of those that rule them. The Lord is still mighty to save. Make Lent a season of peace talks with God.

# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

## Ashes

**A**SHES IN dictionary definition: "The earthy or mineral parts of combustible substances remaining after combustion."

So the load of brown, gray or murky dust and (very often) clinkers which your husband, your son or (if your budget permit) your janitor wheels to some ash receptacle is identified in your experience as the "earthy or mineral parts of combustible substances, after combustion has taken place."

The color of ashes depends somewhat on the fuel you burn. Coal ashes are often gray. If the coal is good, there will be few or no clinkers, and vice versa. Peat, which is cut into sods out of peat fields, is often rust colored; whereas black turf, which is shovelled out of a bog and made into sods by the artistry of hands, leaves as its deposit after burning, white, fine ashes. All which is not of concern at the moment.

This, instead, is your concern. How do we come to associate ashes with penance, humility and tears? Father Herbert Thurston has an article in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* after the word *Ashes* which does not altogether tell us. It does say the Jews used ashes when they were down-and-out, to indicate their change of heart so as to get back again into God's favor. It says that the Old Testament has a number of passages connecting ashes with mourning. When the armies of Holofernes were threatening to beat down God's people, God's people ran for ashes and sprinkled their heads with ash dust. The widow Judith, before setting out on her high resolve to cut off the head of Nabuchodonsor's general, put on haircloth and poured ashes on her head. In simple truth, the Jews used the sym-

bol plentifully, as you will learn from any most cursory reading of the Old Testament. Perhaps one may say without being accused of anti-Semitism, that often enough the Jews offended God so seriously, the very least that could be expected of them was to run to the ash heap.

Father Thurston, then, does not indicate why the Jews, and later the Christians, used ashes as a symbol of penance rather than, say, sawdust. He does say that ashes are much the same as dust; and that as we all spring from dust, applying ashes to ourselves is a reminder of our lowly origin. And that should make us humble.

Though you do not question Father Thurston, when he indicates that the Hebrew word for *dust* is used just as well as the word for *ashes* to symbolize penance, you can still arrive at the conclusion that ashes would serve as a symbol if the Jews never sprinkled themselves with dust.

**W**HY? WELL, ashes are a cast-out or a cast-off or a discard or a good-for-nothing residue; or anyhow, used to be before applied science made glassware and floor-matting out of them. So when you pick up two handfuls of ashes and apply them to your hair, beard and face, you want to indicate you are very much down spiritually through offences against God. And you wish to express your sinking-of-the-heart, your groveling-on-the-ground emotion by putting ashes all over yourself to show just how you feel about it. Of course, on Ash Wednesday ashes are not applied by the priest with any such lavish hand. The ritual does not call for it, although you may have plenty pre-Lenten memories to make you feel a truckload of ashes not too much to cover the multitude of your sins.



# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## Franciscan Marco Polo

By Arthur C. Bromirski

**B**ECAUSE OF THE missionary nature of their work, Franciscan Fathers have always been great travelers and trail blazers. Especially was this true in the first days of the Order when these brothers of Lady Poverty were sent far into unknown and uncharted lands to spread the Kingdom of Christ. One of the most famous of these early followers of Saint Francis was William of Rubruck. The great journey that this friar made in the middle of the thirteenth century marks him as one of the greatest travelers of all times . . . a Franciscan Marco Polo.

As a matter of fact it was over much the same path which Father Rubruck took that Marco Polo himself later followed. While Polo's travels have overshadowed, to some extent, those of the Franciscan, the latter's must nevertheless remain among the most remarkable and important in history. The record of his travels, which he wrote upon his return, has been recognized by historical and geographical authorities alike as a masterpiece. It is just as important a document as that of Marco Polo and preceded it by many years. William Rockhill, the eminent historian, has said of him, "No one traveler since his day has done half so much to give a correct knowledge of this part of Asia," and Sir Henry Yule calls his record, "one of the best narratives of travel in existence."

Across Europe, Russia and Asia, into China to the court of the great Khan, and back again, the journey took the friar a total distance of ten thousand

miles, extending from 1253 to 1255. Up to the time of his travels little or nothing was known of Asia and the East. Never before had any European ventured so far into these territories. Others who had gone before him had not penetrated nearly so far as he did, nor were the records of their travels so full of important information concerning the people and the land therein. Not only did Father Rubruck bring back the first accurate historical and geographical facts of those regions, but he was mainly responsible for the opening of trade with them as well. From his record, enterprising Venetian and Genoese merchants could not but see, and make preparations to take advantage of the great possibilities which they held out for trade. To him also, as one of the earliest and greatest of travelers, must credit go for stirring up the adventurous spirit in men's hearts and enkindling in them the zeal for new discoveries.

**U**Ntil the time of his journey Father Rubruck' life was more or less obscure. Little is known of him outside of that which is gleaned from the record of his journey, the few notes concerning him in the writings of his brother Franciscan, Roger Bacon, and from the meagre records of the Franciscan Order. Historians differ as to the time and place of his birth. The generally accepted belief is that he was born in the town of Rubruck (whence his name) in French Flanders about the year 1220. (He is also known by the names William of Rubruquis and

William Ruysbroeck). Before he appears in history as a friend of King Louis IX of France, afterwards Saint Louis, he was just one of the untold number of Franciscans of unpraised deeds who live, laboring for Christ, and die, leaving "no memorial, but a world made a little better by their lives."

It was, however, as a result of his friendship with Louis that he undertook the journey for which he is famous. Louis, ardent defender of the Faith that he was, desired to convert the people living toward the East, a race of Mongolians known as Tartars. At the same time he desired to make an alliance with them against the Saracens who were then threatening Christianity. Previous attempts at negotiations with the Tartars had met with the sternest rebuffs, but Louis was determined to make another attempt.

He therefore obtained permission to send Father Rubruck as an envoy to the chieftains of these people. The young friar—he was only thirty-three—went in the rôle of what we would today call an "ambassador of good will," to sound out the Tartar leaders and try his hand at negotiations. Four companions accompanied him on his journey.

**W**HAT A journey it was! Instead of a comparatively short trip which it originally was intended to be, it turned out to be a great journey that was destined to go down in history alongside that of Marco Polo, Columbus and other renowned voyagers and discoverers. From one Tartar chieftain to another he went,—one-fifth of the way around the world, and back—across deserts where the extreme heat, coupled with the lack of water almost killed him; through regions in which the cold was so severe that "stones and trees are split by the frost . . . where, when freezing begins, it continues uninterrupted until the middle of May." But

the extremes of temperature were not the only hardships which lay in his way. Every mile of the ten thousand miles presented some new obstacle. The lack of sufficient food and water was, perhaps, the greatest difficulty. . . . "Of hunger and thirst and weariness there was no end . . . sometimes my associate was so hungry that he would cry while telling me. . . . We might have died of famine had we not had some biscuits." Add to these the hardships and dangers of traveling through wild regions, often on foot, beating trails over mountains, fording swollen streams and rivers, and you have some faint conception of the magnitude of his journey.

**C**ROWNING THIS achievement is the record he wrote, and from which quotations have already been given. Aside from its geographical and historical importance it is a narrative so full of life and color that even today, some seven hundred years later, it makes most interesting reading. The few glimpses of Father Rubruck that we get from his record reveal him as a fat person, with a keen intellect, and a sense of humor, which must have helped immeasurably in keeping up the spirits of his fellow travelers during the long journey. . . . "They always gave me a strong horse, because I was very heavy, but I never dared to ask them whether or not the horse rode gently. Nor did I dare complain although some of the horses that they gave me rode hard."

Throughout the record there runs the same spirit; and this, mixed with the keen and intelligent observations that he made during his two years in Asia, make his record truly "one of the most remarkable records of travel in existence."

Probably the most important part of the Franciscan's recall is that in which he gives a description of the Chinese people—"These people of Cathay



(China) are short and they speak through their noses. Like other people of the East their eyes are narrow. They are excellent craftsmen and their doctors are well-acquainted with the virtues of herbs and they diagnose sickness by the pulse. . . . The money of Cathay is made of cotton paper, about the size of the palm of the hand, on which are some printed lines resembling the seal of Mangou Khan. They write with a brush like painters use, and one character of theirs stands for a whole word."

Here we have the first accurate account of the Chinese in history, and, although it is brief, it is nevertheless quite complete. Here, too, we have the first mention of paper money in European history. The record reveals Father Rubruck as having a good knowledge of the method of Chinese writing and customs. But one must not for a moment imagine that the extent of his contributions is limited to China alone. Throughout the record he gives clear and accurate descriptions of the lands through which he passed and of the customs, beliefs, and culture of the peoples with whom he came in contact. His story serves as one of the main sources of knowledge for the history of those territories in early times.

**A**T ONE PLACE in Father Rubruck's writings he speaks of people who "attach to their feet polished bones and glide over the ice and frozen snow" . . . one of the earliest reports of ice skating on record.

He also reports of houses which "twenty-three oxen draw upon a cart"—the thirteenth century forerunners of the modern trailer.

Emily Post certainly would not have approved of Tartar women from the description of them as given in the record of the Franciscan. . . . "They never wash any apparel . . . they beat

those women who do wash. . . . They never wash their dishes or bowls, but when their meat is cooked they wash the bowls with scalding hot broth out of the pot, and then pour the broth back into the pot again. . . . The day after a woman is married she shaves her scalp from the middle of her head down to her forehead. . . . When they desire to wash their hands or their heads they fill their mouths with water and spout it into their hands a little at a time and this way they wash." Father Rubruck also mentions that Tartar women with small noses were esteemed fairest—which led them to indulge in the practice of cutting down their noses.

**W**HILE THE Mission of Father Rubruck was not successful, the journey was, and still is, one of the most remarkable of its kind in history. Yet the modern historian has failed to give to it a just share of the fame which it so richly deserves. Whatever the reason for this neglect of the journey of Father Rubruck, he was truly a Franciscan Marco Polo.

## Shadow on the Snow

By Sarah Van Alstyne Allen

*I looked and saw a shadow grow  
Along the alabaster snow.  
There was no cloud across the sky,  
No wind of winter passed me by;  
And yet I saw a shadow there.*

*Once on a white, a marble stair,  
I saw the pattern of a leaf  
Making an echo, tremulous and brief  
Along the unreceptive stone.*

*And here the wind has claimed its own.  
Austere, invisible and cold,  
It woos the whiteness, fold by fold,  
And leaves the imprint of its will  
In the cleft hollow of the hill.*

# The Road is Long

By Mary Mabel Wirries

## CHAPTER VI

### Turning

LARRY STOLE A sidelong glance at Rose. She had not looked at him this morning. White face bent above her desk, her eyes never left the papers on which she wrote so doggedly. There was a red welt across her cheek, and a purple bruise on her arm. Hot anger rose in the boy's breast when he saw them.

"That old Jim Kieble oughtta be lassoed and tarred," he thought, angrily. "Folks oughtta run him out of the county for the way he treats that family."

Rose finished her physiology paper first, and left the schoolroom alone. Larry, out ten minutes later, sought her eagerly. He found her, a forlorn, unhappy little figure, seated at the base of a great oak tree where the lawn sloped to the river. Silently he seated himself beside her, and began to toss bits of bark and old acorns into the water. It was a long time before either spoke. Then the boy broke the silence.

"I'm sorry, Rose," he said awkwardly. "Did—did he hurt you very much?"

"You couldn't help it," said the girl, dully. "He—he just didn't understand. He was drinking."

"Yeh, I know. I told my mother he was drunk. She was worried about you, Rose. She wanted to come down to your house and explain to him, but my father wouldn't let her. He said it's best to keep out of neighbors' affairs, and anyhow Jim Kieble wouldn't listen to anybody."

"Not when he's drinking. Not ever, I guess. I—Oh, I was so ashamed, Larry. When you were being good to me, walking home with me—"

"Shucks! Just forget that. It was you I was thinking of."

"I guess you'd better not think of me any more, Larry. The Kieble kids can't have friends, really. Pa won't ever let us."

"But—gee whiz! I am your friend just the same, Rose. I was Tom's friend and I'm yours. Gee! I think you're the prettiest and the smartest and the—the *sweetest* girl in Labadie—and I don't care what anybody says. I'll always think so. I—I— Here, take this—" He was on his feet now, standing above her. He stooped and laid something in her lap. And then, quite crimson with embarrassment, he turned and ran across the yard, hallooing another boy as he ran. But the trinket remained, there in her lap.

TEARS STARTED as the child looked at the treasure Larry had given her. It was his "luck piece," the heart-shaped silver bangle from a lady's bracelet which he had scuffed up from the sand one day when the five of them were going home from school. It had been his dearest possession—and he had given it to her—to Rose Kieble. It was her first real gift from anyone, with the single exception of the poem book from Miss Kate. Her fingers closed on it tightly.

"I'll keep it always," she promised. "*Always!* Larry's lucky piece—and mine."

It was the middle of June when the eighth grade diplomas for the Labadie graduates came by mail to the home of the school trustee. Mr. Crewes was washing at the well when he saw Jim Kieble driving past from work, and hailed him.



"Hi, Jim!" he called, cordially. "Wait a minute, will you?"

"Well?" Jim Kieble drew his horse to a stop, and waited, with one leg swung idly over the buckboard, while his black eyes traveled insolently over Crewes' face. "What's on your mind, Crewes?"

"I've your little girl's diploma in the house. Just wait a minute, and I'll get it. She passed with honors. She deserves a lot of credit for that, man, after the hard winter she had, nursing her Ma."

"**YEAH?**" STILL insolent, "if that's all you want, I'll be going on. She don't need the diploma. Just a piece of paper, ain't it?"

"It won't take me a minute to get it, Jim. Oh, Marthy, bring out Rosie Kieble's diploma, will you?" calling in to his wife. "Better take it along to her, Jim. The kids like to keep 'em—have 'em framed, you know. And she'll need it for high school entrance."

"She ain't going to high school," said Kieble, sourly.

"Oh, come now. She's pretty smart. You ought to send her."

"Ain't no law to make me, is there, after the eighth grade? And you just said she passed that."

"No, there's no law. But I supposed—"

"You supposed wrong. Giddap, Lady." A slash of the whip and the buckboard was lost to view in a cloud of dust over the hill.

"For goodness' sake!" Mrs. Crewes spoke behind her husband. "If that man isn't the worst I ever saw! Did you see how he hit that horse? What's the matter with him?"

"He's mad because I said something about the kid going to high school."

"You should have known better. Of course he won't send the child to high school. He'll expect her to get a job of housework some place."

"But she ought to go to high school," insisted her husband. "She's as bright as a new dollar. Look how she won that

spelling contest against our Hat—and our Hat's no fool."

"I should think not," Mrs. Crewes sniffed. She had never quite forgiven Rose for the spelling contest. But, even while she sniffed, she was fair in her speech.

"Trash, that's all he is," she said. "He's a detriment to the community. He'll drive that girl away the same as he did the boy—and then what'll become of her?"

Mr. Crewes had no answer to the question.

Jim Kieble carried his resentment home with him.

"That blanked fool Crewes was trying to stick his nose into my business," he informed Matie as he ate his supper. "Wanted to give me Rose's diploma."

"My diploma? Oh, Papa!" Rose dropped her bread in her excitement. "Did I really pass? Oh, where is it?"

"Where's what?"

"My diploma."

"I didn't bring it. You don't need it. That fool Crewes said you'd need it for high school entrance. High school!"

"But I will. I'll have to go up after it."

"**N**AW, YOU WON'T. You're not going to high school. What fool idea's that you got in your silly head? You're through with school from now on. There's work to be done around here. Your Ma needs you."

"But I can get along, Jim." Matie spoke tremulously. "Of course the child can go to high school if she wants—"

"I *am* going to high school! And no one is going to stop me. No one, do you hear me?" Rose was on her feet with her eyes blazing. "I worked and worked, so I could pass this year. I promised Tom I'd go. I'm going to make something of myself. I'm going to learn things. Even if I am your daughter—even if I am a Kieble—"

Jim Kieble was stunned before the white flame of her unexpected wrath. Then his own cold anger mounted. He pushed back his chair and brought his fist down on the table with a mighty blow that broke three dishes.

**"YOU'RE GOING** to school, are you? How are you going to school? Do you think I'm going to waste my money paying your carfare in to town? I'm no Rockefeller. Do you think I'm going to buy you fine clothes to wear? Or books? And who is going to do your work at home while you traipse off to school, getting your fine learning? You'd leave it all for your mother, would you, you lazy lummox!"

"I'll have my own money for clothes and books—if you don't take it away from me again—*steal it*, the way you did last time. I'll pick strawberries."

"You won't have time to pick strawberries this summer. You'll have plenty to keep you busy here at home."

"Then I'll walk to school. I'll wear the clothes I have. As for my books—don't you owe me something for all the work I do around here?"

"What about your board and room?"

"Oh, Jim! Rosie—"

"You keep out of this, Mate. I'm boss, here. Talk back to me, do you? Why, you—I ought to horsewhip you! Get out of my sight! But—first listen to me: If you can find the money for your books and clothes and carfare, and pay somebody to do the chores you are supposed to do at home, you can go to high school. And if you can't find the money, then keep your mouth shut about high school. You don't need high school any more than a cow needs specs."

Matie set the coffee-pot she had been holding back on the stove with hands that trembled as with palsy. She had thought Jim would beat Rose, for talking back to him. Her relief that he had not almost overwhelmed her.

"He's a queer, hard man," she thought. "He likes the child better

when she does stand up to him. But—oh, the poor little kid! She can never get the money to do all those things—and he knows it. I couldn't scrape up that much for her, ever—and if he won't let her pick strawberries and earn it—and he won't. He'll be meaner than dirt, now."

Up in her attic room that night Rose cried into Tom's old torn overalls. "He won't let me, Tom. I can't go. I can't keep my promise. Oh, Tom, come back and help me—Tom, Tom!"

The June sun grew hotter. June was gone. July came, and grasshoppers were thick in the dusty fields. Cherries were ripened and gone. The weeds grew overtime. Rose's face browned, and her hair bleached in the scorching sun. Her small hands grew hard and calloused with much handling of the hoe.

The twenty-first of July was her birthday, and she spent the day pulling and hoeing weeds in the truck patch. The midday sun was high, and the child's face streaked with sweat and dirt when Matie called from the kitchen where she was canning fruit.

**T**HE MAILMAN stopped, Rosie. Run down and fetch the mail. Maybe it's the new catalogue."

There was no catalogue. Instead there was a letter in the box, a soiled and wrinkled envelope, addressed: "Miss Rose Kieble," in Tom's sprawling script. So many weeks, so many months, she had looked for this letter, addressed in the dear familiar handwriting, and now it was here. The sight of it made her quite sick and weak. She sat on the grass there at the foot of the mailbox, and hugged it to her breast, rocking back and forth with it and crying: "Tommie, Tommie!" while tear streaks mingled with the sweat streaks on her young face. When she finally opened it, her hands shook so she could hardly tear the end from the envelope, scarcely take the sheet of lined paper from inside it. A blue slip fluttered to



her lap, but she grasped eagerly at the letter.

"Dear Rosie:" he wrote, "Guess you thought I'd never write, but I have been busy ever since I left their. I am well and hope you are the same. How is Matie and the baby? I had some luck and this is for yure birthday, and don't forget what I told you about high school. This will help sum. 'Don't let Him get any of it. Bye the baby a dress and Matie, to. The rest is all for you. Tell old Larry I said he's a blockhead and hello just the same, and stick to farming, becauz its a good job with three meals a day however I can't com- plane becauz Im doing all right as you see by the enclosed. Hopping this finds you enjoying good helth yure loving brother Tom. p. s. i'll be gon when you get this so don't write to me here. Wate till you hear from me again."

The blue slip—money! A postal order for two—she looked again, thinking her eyes had tricked her, but no, it was two—*two hundred dollars*—a fabulous sum of money—wonderful, wonderful money! Wonderful, wonderful Tom—Laughing and crying, she sped up the road and threw herself into the surprised Matie's arms.

"**M**ATIE, MATIE! It's from Tom! He's well, and he's working and he sent me money. Two hundred dollars, Matie. A new dress for you and one for Janie—and money to go to school—money to pay Chester to do the chores—money for books and carfare and clothes—on nice days I can walk one way, Matie, and save on it—Oh, Matie! Oh, Matie! Tom's *alive*—do you hear me? Tom's alive—and he sent me two hundred dollars—"

"God help us, then! What's that you're saying?" Matie was beside herself with the girl's excitement. "Hush yourself down, now, and give me the letter, child. Sit down, and cool off. You're sweating like a trooper—your

face is so red, you're like to bust if you keep on dancing around—"

And all the while Matie herself was dancing around, as well she might, red-faced and perspiring and beside herself with joy, too. It was only twenty minutes later when sober thought intervened, and shadow drew about them.

"Pa'll take it," she whispered, fearfully. "He'll never let you keep it, Rosie."

"**N**O, HE WON'T." Stern resolve made the child's face suddenly older and harder. "He'll never get a dime of it. He'll never know how much Tom sent me, nor where it is. My name's on the paper, Matie—see: 'Pay to Rose Kieble—' I can go to town right now and get my money. Where do you get it, Matie?"

"At the post office, child. There's a window marked 'Money Orders.' My sister Hazel sent me one, once, before she died. It was the time we lost the other baby, and were so hard put for money."

"I'll go to the office right now, and get my money. And I'll put it in a safe place. He'll never know about it. I won't even tell you where I put it. I'll use it for what Tom sent it for, and nothing else—and wild horses won't make me tell where it is. Two hundred dollars is a lot of money, ain't it, Matie?"

"It's so much it scares me," said Matie, honestly.

"Don't you ever, ever tell Pa I got it—got that much, I mean. Promise me, Matie. We can say Tom sent me some money—and I'll hire Chester for the chores—he'll be glad to do them five days a week for ten cents a day, and Saturdays and Sundays I can do them myself, and help with all the other work, too. Oh, I'll work hard, Matie—and I'll graduate from high school and get a schoolteaching job, and write books and make so much money. I'll buy

you black silk dresses to wear for everyday, Matie, and Janie shall have a hundred pink hair ribbons—oh, Matie! ain't it glorious, glorious, glorious! Come on, Matie, let's dance for joy—"

"Get along with you, Rosie, it's completely daft you're gone. God help us, then, whatever would a body be doing canning tomatoes and slopping the pigs in a black silk dress?"

"Can I go to town to get my money, now, Matie?"

"Yes, yes. Maybe you can borrow a dime for carfare from Mis' Mays—"

"I don't need carfare, going. I could not sit still in a car, with two hundred dollars in my pocket. I'll walk, I'll run, I'll fly, Matie. Oh, where's some clothes to wear to town?"

"Well, wash your face before you change your clothes. Honest, Rosie, you look like the wrath of God."

Rosie kissed her fervently. "Do I Matie? But I feel exactly like His Smile."

(To be continued.)

## Father Tom Burke: Irish Dominican

By James F. Cassidy

ON SEPTEMBER 8th, 1830, there was born in Galway City a man whose golden tongue was to win him a sway over Irish hearts never equalled by anyone save the great Liberator himself. With O'Connell he was destined to surpass through the glory of his eloquent appeal to the masses the best oratorical genius that a land of orators had ever produced. That man was the great Dominican, Father Thomas Burke, whose name is as treasured in the national memory as that of the famous Kerryman who was his contemporary.

Of the factors which were to contribute to his fame, two manifested themselves at an early age. At school

under Dr. O'Toole he was known to be the possessor of a very remarkable memory. At an earlier school he developed an ardent love for his native land and its glorious and tearful history, a love which was to give him in later days much of the orator's fire. Hence it was that he ever treasured the memory of old Brother Paul of this school who told him that "next to the God who made him, he should love the old land of his birth."

**Y**ET, FOR ALL the fame that was to be his, his beginnings as a preacher gave little promise of his distinguished future. At Woodchester, England, where he started his pulpit career as a deacon in 1852, "he wrote out his sermons carefully, word for word, and took great pains in preparing them. He used to preach with his eyes shut, and showed great timidity. He would rehearse his discourse before others, and then ask them what to change, and with child-like docility took their advice." It is very likely, however, that at this stage of his career it was lack of confidence rather than lack of facility in expression which hampered his progress.

This timidity, however, did not take long to disappear. Three years later, as Master of Novices at Tallaght, County Dublin, he was already a speaker of considerable power. One of his novices bearing witness to this fact says: "daily he addressed us in homilies on the spiritual life and the spirit of St. Dominic, each of them a masterpiece of touching eloquence." Here, too, the power of his words began to be felt in the world outside. Tallaght, which at this time was in a state of serious spiritual destitution, he stirred to its depths by his preaching. One of his most famous sermons of this period was that on Church music, in September, 1859. By now, indeed, it was realized that a great preacher had appeared, a realization which led people



to compare him with the great Italian reformer and preacher, Savonarola. Henceforth, till the very end of his life the magnetism of his word was to keep him one of the busiest of men.

From 1859 to 1864, accordingly, we find him frequently in the pulpit and seated at the retreat-master's table. During some of those years so great was the demand for his eloquent wisdom that he was known to give twelve retreats in as many consecutive months. In these retreats he was heard to a special advantage for his lectures were characterized by an exquisite adaptation to the particular needs of those to whom he spoke.

A new field for his eloquence came to him in 1864 by his appointment to the Rectorship of San Clemente, Rome. Here, as early as 1865, he sprang into prominence by finishing a course of sermons begun by Dr. Manning in the church of Sta. Maria del Popolo. This honor of taking Manning's place in the pulpit came his way owing to the recall of the distinguished Englishman to the deathbed of Cardinal Wiseman. After this he graced other Roman pulpits at Lenten conferences.

**B**ACK IN IRELAND in 1867 he was soon to find himself at the topmost pinnacle of his fame. The event contributing to this oratorical triumph was the removal, in May, 1869, of the remains of O'Connell to the crypt beneath the tower at Glasnevin Cemetery. On this occasion he pronounced a magnificent oration before a vast assemblage of 50,000 people. This eloquent display, which lasted for two hours, was one of the finest efforts of his whole career. No wonder that in this such was his success, for his subject, a grand and moving one for any gifted speaker, was especially inspiring for a man who had the highest admiration for the spiritual and patriotic calibre of the Liberator and the magnificent work he accomplished. With this feat to his credit he

entered a very busy life of lecturing and preaching. In 1871, for instance, he gave twenty-one retreats and preached 172 sermons. The better to appreciate this colossal achievement we must realize that each retreat lasting seven days and producing four daily lectures added to his pulpit labors must have attained the grand total of 760 discourses in a year.

**T**HUS LAURELLED at home he was sent to the United States in 1872. In the great Western Republic he expected to stay only a few weeks, but the glory of his golden words so won the soul of that land that his Superiors extended his stay in this foreign clime to eighteen months. His first most important undertakings were Lenten discourses in the Church of St. Paul in New York. These sermons proved to be so attractive that the church could not hold the crowds which thronged to hear him. Even four or five hours before the time fixed for a sermon all available space in the church had been taken whilst its approaches were jammed with crowds seeking in vain admission. After this he preached for many weeks, three times a day, and this sometimes in churches quite a distance apart, whilst harassed by serious lung trouble. Such strenuous efforts left him so fatigued that with the unfailing humor that was his he could describe as follows his condition: "I can only compare my case to Ned Burke's dog during the famine: they had to support his back at the wall to enable him to bark." Yet, for all his weariness, the rest he took was short and September, 1872, found him addressing at Boston an audience of 40,000, the largest the New World had ever witnessed. Subsequently, he spoke in St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, New Orleans and other great centers of population. Everywhere vast crowds gathered to hear him. In New Orleans, for instance, so large were his congregations that he

found it necessary to address them in the open air from the steps of the Cathedral. Everywhere the throngs were profoundly impressed by his oratory for America was a land which especially delighted in noble addresses, and Father Burke, sensing that enthusiasm and the free atmosphere in which he spoke, was moved to a general splendor of expression never attained, in all likelihood, in any other land.

**HIS GREATEST** American achievement was yet to come through his rebuttal of Mr. Froude's, "The English in Ireland," a series of lectures delivered in the States and designed to justify in American eyes England's occupation of Ireland and her administration of affairs in that country. These lectures the great Dominican courteously but decisively refuted in five discourses delivered in the Academy of Music, New York, in November, 1872, to audiences of 5000 people. A giant accomplishment this, seeing that Froude was a brilliant opponent who had given plenty of time to the preparation of his case and had, for this purpose, access to excellent libraries whilst Father Burke had to collect hastily his material from sources far inferior to those of the English historian. Thus did he crown a tour into which were packed four hundred lectures exclusive of a multitude of sermons, a tour in which the undying beauty of truth gleaming through a rare glory of words won for the sublime ends of charity the magnificent sum of £80,000.

Recalled to Ireland soon after his great triumph over the English historian, Father Burke, despite frequent and painful illness, spent the last ten years of his life busily devoted to his apostolate of preaching. Indeed, some of his most famous sermons during this period were preached when the great Dominican was in the grip of pain that would have driven the average man from the pulpit. When, for instance, he

preached at the consecration of Dr. McCabe, Auxiliary Bishop of Dublin, he describes his suffering as follows: "I was in such agony the whole time, that I could have thrown myself from the pulpit. I felt as though I stood upon a bucket, and that the Angel of Death was about to kick it aside." Yet, for all this suffering he was so impressive as a preacher till the close of his life that he delivered one of his most noted sermons, as late as July, 1880, on St. Ignatius in Farm Street church, London.

For this great success as a preacher he could lay claim in the natural order to a nobility of expression rich in imagery, color, music and vigor. To quote the graphic words of the well-known writer, Miss Rosa Mulholland, his language was "a new revelation of beauty and holiness. Color and vividness were given to half-hidden truths; dusty old facts were clothed with extraordinary splendor; the meanings and purposes of religion took a rich roundness of contour and filled the mind; while the selfish motives and teachings of the world withered into obscurity and ignominy. People came away with Christ's Kingdom shining in their hearts, and feeling as if a rare and beautiful picture had been studied, or a rich and original poem had been read, of which the theme was old and familiar, but the imagery, the color, the music and the vigor were new."

**SIDE BY SIDE** with this splendor of diction went a clarity of reasoning which led his audience with ease along a luminous path towards a well-defined end. And this reasoning was so well-seasoned with persuasiveness that he managed to win as easily the assent of the conscience as the conviction of the judgment.

And then, to render still more marvellous the glory of his words and thoughts, we must remember that, except for his early efforts, he never used a manuscript when preparing for a ser-



mon and never spent many minutes considering the plan of a discourse. His usual preparation was the selection of a few leading thoughts and, this done, the rest of his subject's development seemed to come to him with astonishing facility.

**T**O ALL THIS dignified appeal of his oratory he added a dignity of manner well worthy of his diction. Never seeming to be in a hurry, he uttered his sentences with grace, pausing when necessary and then calmly resuming the thread of his discourse. And with all this dignity, his oratory had a remarkable fire and vigor well-sustained by dramatic gestures, eyes and limbs that spoke as eloquently as tongue and lips:

The most sublime factor, however, in his eloquence, that which more than aught else wrought conquests of the spirit for his noble words, was his special cultivation of the virtue of humility. Indeed, the very fame which his oratory brought him was one of his primary reasons for seeking to be spiritually lowly. Accordingly, he often sought for his sermons the criticism of his novices before he gave them to the public. Furthermore, on his way to the pulpit he was wont to say a few Hail Marys that "he might not make a fool of himself," for he had a very special devotion to Our Lady. And this lowly confidence in the Mother of Good Counsel was amply rewarded, for his sermons on Mary had a remarkable ring and pathos that most profoundly moved his hearers. The man who said, "I could sleep without the least fear on the crater of Vesuvius, if I had Our Lady's Rosary in my hands," could not but find a very special power to win souls through a glory of words sustained by an even greater glory of child-like humility. For this reason, we can well understand why the Irish Lacordaire could speak of his eloquent appeals as "mere thunder and turf" and never thought their revision worth-while to

prevent faulty reports in the press. Hence it was that he had a signal gift of reaching the intelligence of the common man, of popularizing theology, as Cardinal Manning asserted, for the glory of his tongue never led him to preach Father Burke at the expense of the Lord. "He remembered," said the great Cardinal, "God and forgot himself. It was the eloquence not of study or self-manifestation, but of a great soul filled with God and speaking for God. The whole man spoke and yet, in the pathos and beauty and light of what he spoke, we never remembered the speaker. He concealed himself, as it were, and, therefore, moved and swayed the hearts of those who heard him." Or, to put it in his own words, he always sought the conquest of the pulpit through the conviction that "all the preaching that ever yet was spoken never convinced a single man, never converted a single soul, never made one Christian, unless the man who spoke was a living illustrator of the word."

**T**HIS DOMAIN of sacred eloquence was not the only sphere in which he excelled. Steeped in the history, literature and legends of his native land and profoundly admiring the national soul whence they came, he spoke with rare enthusiasm, beauty of imagery and nobility of expression of the sorrows and triumphs of Ireland. "The master passion of my heart," he said, "after the love I have for God and my religion is my love for Ireland." Hence it was that the masterpieces of his brilliant career as a lecturer were those which dealt with the national poetry and music.

Such was the greatness of the man familiarly known to his countrymen as Father Tom Burke. It was, indeed, a greatness which placed him amongst the most distinguished of the sons of St. Dominic and, in all likelihood, guaranteed him an immortality of veneration and love in the national mentality of the land that gave him birth.

## Incidental to a War

By E. M. MacEoin

**W**HEN WE FIRST came to Bilbao, we were warmly welcomed, gathered into the midst of a friendly, charming circle of people who had liked my husband's predecessor and so were disposed to like us too.

They were all so eager for us to like Spain. "Do you like our country?" they would ask, and we would feel they were holding their breaths until we said, yes. Wherever we went, with whom-ever we dined, had coffee, or played tennis, inevitably there was dropped into the conversation this inquiry which became for us the *leitmotif* of the days of our introduction to Spain—"But have you met Miguel?" It seemed we could not appreciate Spain until we met Miguel. Yet when we met him finally, our first impression was in no way arresting. We had gone to the Tennis Club that afternoon with Antonio Irri-guty, a fiery, forceful young law student, classmate of Miguel's, and, he assured us, his best friend.

Out of the welter of gay greetings, we finally drew near to a table at which a young man sat alone. "And this," said Antonio, as proudly as a father exhibiting his first-born, "is Miguel!" Miguel stood up, a very tall, broad-shouldered but rangy Spaniard; he smiled at us rather shyly from behind thick, black-rimmed glasses. "Won't you sit down?" he invited.

We did, feeling rather at a loss. Antonio and Miguel immediately fell into a voluble, intimate conversation from which Antonio emerged at intervals to beg our pardon for neglecting us. But we were glad of this opportunity to observe the young man of whom we had heard such warm-hearted, not to say, fulsome praise. I am afraid at first we were a little disappointed.

He was about twenty years old; dark,

as you would expect, and rather handsome in a strong way. His straight black hair was brushed back from a fine, high forehead; a large, well-modelled nose; a wide, firm, yet sensitive mouth above a square, slightly cleft chin. But it was his eyes one liked, almost at once: brown, gentle eyes that looked at you shortsightedly through the thick glasses, with a quite unexpected glance of kindness in them. He was dressed well, but not obtrusively so; you would not have known he was very rich, unless you had been told. He and Antonio, no doubt out of courtesy to us, were talking in English, which they both spoke very well. Miguel's was however, a little less perfect, a little more halting, than Antonio's. Yet we hardly listened that first time. We wished afterward that we had, for too soon he was called away, said good-bye to us graciously, and was swallowed up in the milling crowd at the entrance.

Antonio looked at us chidingly. "You hardly spoke to him!" he reproved.

"No," we admitted feeling guilty.

**A**NTONIO'S GREEN eyes gleamed. "He has a good mind, that one," he said, looking after him fondly.

We saw Miguel often after that. Sometimes he went by in his long, shining, silent car; sometimes we saw him at the Tennis Club where he came every morning the sun shone to practise his very excellent game. And again we would see him at the beach, where he would throw his long, breathless length on the white sand beside us, after a hard swim through the choppy Biscayan sea. He liked to talk to us. That is, he liked us to talk to him. With a shyness that we found charming because it was so unexpected and unnecessary in one of his birth and position, he too seldom ventured to give an opinion or to carry on a conversation. More often, he listened. Not that he was stupid. His friends told us, eager



to dispel any doubts we might entertain as a result of his own modesty, of his brilliant record at the University. "He has a good mind, that one!" they would say, using Antonio's words, with Antonio's affection.

It was curious how fond one grew of him, after so brief an acquaintance. Perhaps it was, as I have said, the completely unexpected qualities of his quietness and reticence in that city of Latin personality and volubility. But I think it was this, too, and even more so: you felt in him the kindness and gentleness to which his eyes and mobile mouth testified, and with this, an immense store of good-will towards humanity, an intense warmth, a very fire of kindness in which all he met sought to comfort their hearts.

Then in the late spring we missed him. We said nothing, thinking he had made one of his hurried trips to London. And then on an afternoon, looking much the same as usual, he appeared once more at the Tennis Club, where we sat with Antonio watching a stiff game. Group after group of people seized upon him with cries of joy.

"Quite a reception," my husband murmured to Antonio.

**YES," AGREED** Antonio. He was watching Miguel, his eyes grave and troubled. "Yes. We have been worried about him.

"Worried!" I exclaimed. "But why—" I broke off. Miguel, smiling, was coming toward us. He pulled out a chair and sat down, placing his arms folded on the table, leaning toward us.

"You will pardon my not having been to see you," he said with a gentle apologetic air; "but I have been in prison."

We were too startled to reply. Antonio leaned forward, his face stern. "Why?" he demanded. "Why, Miguel?" We stared in surprise.

"For being a Fascist!" said Miguel

calmly. Turning to us, he added with a half smile, "We are much persecuted here."

"Miguel!" cried Antonio with such intensity that we were silent, feeling ourselves intruders. "Miguel, you are joking?" His eyes dropped to Miguel's lapel. There, as a silent answer, was the little pin which even we, had come to recognize as the insignia of the National-Syndicalist (the Fascist) movement. Antonio stared at it.

"Miguel, you fool!" Antonio said it quietly. We were horrified.

**MIGUEL LOOKED** at the Basque. His expression did not change, but the smile faded. He said nothing. After a moment Antonio stood up. I could have sworn there were tears in the green eyes.

"Miguel," he said in a low voice. "Miguel! If you were not—if you had not been—my friend, my best friend, I would slap your face." He turned and walked away.

Miguel did not look after him. We kept our eyes on the courts. When we dared look at Miguel again, the glimmer of a smile had returned. He shrugged.

"You see? We are, as I said, much persecuted!"

I plunged. "You are gallant, Miguel!"

"Not gallant, Madame. Only sincere!"

He was, we knew; nothing else in those eyes, that face, that voice. "Antonio? You know how I feel. But it had to happen. He is a monarchist; he is a Basque, you see. . . ." His voice trailed off.

"And you are a Fascist?" I prompted.

"Yes. Oh, yes!"

"Why, Miguel?"

"Because it is the only thing to save Spain, to keep it for the Spanish. Antonio cannot understand; nor, I suppose, can you. But I feel it—feel it here." With an unaffected gesture, he laid his hand upon his heart. "The Republic weakens daily, it cannot last, and then—then, shall we permit our coun-

try, our beautiful and Catholic country, to become but a suburb of Russia?" He was becoming impassioned. His voice had risen slightly; a flush crept up under the olive of his cheeks; his eyes burned. This was a new Miguel! And then suddenly he realized his own vehemence. "But, my friends, I preach to you, do I not? Inexcusable! Forgive me. Will you now have coffee with me? We shall talk of the tennis only, I promise you!"

**WE HAD COFFEE**, we talked of tennis, then he drove us to our hotel. But as we parted, I pressed his hand, and looking up into those dark eyes, I said very softly so no one would hear, "I'm sorry, Miguel!"

He looked down at me. A curious expression crossed his face, like that of a little boy trying hard to be brave in the face of severe punishment. "Truly, I thank you, Madame," he said, and turned away.

After that he seemed to us, in our briefer glimpses of him, to be busier, more preoccupied. We saw him very seldom. At this time we met his mother and his sister. His mother was a tall woman, dark, thin, very much the *élégante*, and strangely repressed. She talked little, but you felt intuitively that hers was a powerful personality. I mentioned Miguel to her.

Her black eyes shone. "You know him then, Madame?"

"Yes, indeed. My husband and I have met him several times. But we have not seen him recently."

"No," she admitted. "He is very busy these days; too busy I tell him. He works very hard, you know, for his party—for his country—"

"Yes, I know," I said rather uncertainly.

"Ah, but you don't know!" she contradicted breathlessly. Her slim hands pressed together. "You can't know. You, Madame, are secure! But my son

would die for his country!" The dark eyes turned to me unseeing. All about us the light chatter of the tea hour swirled. Her voice was very low, but I heard it. "He *will* die for his country, one of these days!"

"Oh, no!" I said involuntarily. I was bewildered; I felt exhausted by her intensity. She turned quickly and went away, a tall woman in modish black, speaking to no one. I stared after her. There, I thought, is the explanation of Miguel. Miguel came to the Tennis Club no longer. Antonio came, but even he was altered, less gay, abstracted. There came a time when we did not go anymore. . . .

The atmosphere of the whole city was subtly changed, very different. We outlanders were ignorant of the cause, but none the less aware of the effect. Blanketed hot and heavy in the sultry heat of July, the city simmered sullenly in the sun, and then quite suddenly boiled over.

It was the eighteenth of July. We rang for tea in the late afternoon, feeling too oppressed to leave our rooms. It was the waiter who told us.

**YES, QUITE** a few people had been put in jail. Yes, the army had revolted against the government. The navy too, some said. But it would not last long; the government was very strong. Oh, yes, most of the military were Fascists. Yes, most of the rich, the aristocrats, who had Fascist sympathies also, had been jailed. He sincerely hoped that— But, of course, none of the Senora's or the Senor's friends would be jailed. Oh, no, it certainly would not affect the Senor's affairs; he personally could assure the Senor that it would all pass like a summer rain. In fact, he thought it was but the heat that had brought it on.

He personally was a short and swarthy individual whom we had never liked; but for want of any more trust-



worthy opinion we accepted his. We could reach none of our friends by telephone, but aside from that things about the city seemed quiet enough. We settled back to await the return to normalcy.

**B**ILBAO WAS, on the surface, quiet as usual. The Basques, fanatical in their reverence for law and order, saw to that. We disapproved of the position they had assumed in the conflict, but we admired the way they kept the peace—on the surface. At first we felt no fears for the safety of Miguel, or the little Count, or Father Juan, or the Senora de Ybarra and her two blonde and lovely little girls, or any of the rest of our friends who were, as we came to know at last, confined to the prison ships that lay, innocent enough in appearance, moving lazily at anchor in the black and oily current of the Nervion.

No, at first we felt no fear. Then my husband began to get reports from the east, from the south—we were not so sure. And we would do nothing. It was not safe, we were somehow made aware, even to talk of our friends, whose families in conversation must needs ignore their names, their very existence, as though they had never been.

In August we met Miguel's mother again. It was then we learned her other younger son was in one of the prison ships too. The Senora greeted me casually enough. "Luis is away with Miguel, you know," she said swiftly in a high level voice, and went on to speak of the weather. I knew enough by that time to speak of the weather when I replied.

For the most part she remained in seclusion with her daughter in their tall, narrow, elegant house in the Gran Via, seeing no one.

All this time the Fascists were approaching nearer to the city's gates; all this time they were demanding the city's surrender. And all this time the

Basques were saying "No," very determinedly; and as determinedly emphasizing the fact that all those in the prison ships, all Fascists or suspected Fascists, were being held as hostages to insure their city's safety.

Then it was September, and late in that lovely month, the Insurgents would wait no longer; or could wait no longer. They made known their intention of bombing, as their first objective in the subjugation of the great industrial city, the huge gasoline tanks which bulk along the waterfront. The people caught terror wholesale, foreseeing a city strewn with burning death. The strong anarchist element made itself felt immediately, and demanded with fierce savagery a show of violence at once.

The next day at dawn, the prisoners were dragged from their dank and rotting cells deep in the hulls of the prison ships into the flushed grey light of the early autumn morning; dragged in chains; and in chains on the quays were led to form about the great tanks looming black against the sunrise; a frail, human, Fascist wall of protection against Fascist bombs.

**T**HE PLANES came over the hills with the morning. They came swiftly, flying low and direct to their targets. We watched them from our windows, strangely without fear for ourselves, but with our thoughts tensely focused on the poor human beings who stood or drooped in their fetters down on the quays, waiting a tearing death. We saw the planes go over the city, saw them swoop and circle and dive, and dive again.

No bombs fell. The planes went as quickly as they had come, humming into the silence back of the hills. The pilots then, we said, looking at each other with agonized eyes, must have seen their brothers and fathers, their relatives and friends, there below them.

In the streets crowds grew, overlain with an ominous sound: a man's angry

mutter multiplied a thousand times. It seemed incredibly as though these people had desired the bombs to be dropped. "Aristocrats!" One heard the word hissed in wild sentences hot with fury. The prisoners had been dragged back to their ships, all but one. He was a bishop and old; and now he lay unvenerated and dead in the dirty street where he had fallen at last, after all the days and weeks of waiting and praying and trying not to lose hope. None dared touch him.

**B**UT WAR IS still war, and the Insurgents still determined. They came again the next morning, this time without warning, and very early before the prisoners could be dragged out again for their ghastly guard duty; so early that most of the city was awakened, by the first shock of a bomb falling harmlessly. It stunned a people not yet accustomed to more than the preliminary speeches and demandings of war, and not yet knowing horrible thunder, wounds and blood. The speeding planes had discharged their cargo and gone before the city had the sleep rubbed from its startled eyes. The first look, the first question: the tanks? But they had not been bombed; perhaps the pilots still feared.

The streets filled instantly. We looked out. We saw down a débris-strewn avenue the drunken and staggering wreck of a building we had known as a bank. And we saw the people streaming past our hotel with menacing faces and clenched hands. They were going down to the quays.

We dared not go. We must leave the city immediately, we knew; and many arrangements must with difficulty be made. So that we did not know until the afternoon, what had happened down on the quays that day. The little chambermaid told us. She had been there, but she had not been able to get very near.

"I did not mind, Senora," she said philosophically, "because I do not like blood anyway. I only heard the shooting. There was a fine crowd though. Who was shot? Why, I don't know, but I suppose they were Fascists. No, Senora, I don't know how many. Not very many, I think, because I heard a man say it was a crime they wouldn't let more be shot. That's what they're doing now: going to see the president about it."

When we had our trunks packed, and the Consul's secretary had been able to secure our safe conduct passes, we put on dark coats and went down the stairs. The hotel seemed quite deserted; the elevator stood still and empty, and the porter grumbled that the boy had gone off with the crowd which was bent on demanding "justice" from President Aguirre, and seeing that all the Fascists were shot. We went out without answering him, heard him come out after us and go off in the direction of the Gran Via, from whence shouts were still borne to us down the wind. We turned in the opposite direction. After a moment of walking in silence we met a man. He hailed us in the gathering dusk.

**H**HEY, COMRADES, come along to the Council House, why don't you? The show is over down there, a poor one it was. Fifty Fascists! What is that? A mere nothing; it is not enough. They cannot satisfy us that way. Coming? No? Ah well, every man to his fancy. A good-night to you, my friends!" The clatter of his boots diminished into the empty streets.

Fifty Fascists! We shuddered terribly and hurried on. These streets leading to the wharves were deserted. We saw no one now, and our footsteps echoed heavily down each narrow alley we passed. Away in the distance we saw a dull-red glow spreading over the lowering clouds. . . . Now a slow rain began



to fall and the shadows darkened in the streets; we turned up our collars and hurried on, not speaking. The air began to smell of salt and mud and oil; cobblestones were smooth and slippery under our feet. At first we saw nothing and walked with both caution and haste, feeling fear.

**T**HEN WE CAME to a place where a group of people stood with an air of helplessness. The rain had already begun to wash some of the blood away, but there was still much left. Some of the bodies were left too, huddled together as if for protection against the cold rain and the wind. Most of them lay on their faces. With a courage born out of our fear, we turned one of them over gently. A soft old face looked up at us without rancor or pain in the sightless eyes; even as we watched, the rain began to wash the blood away from the small hole so oddly in the forehead, and drops ran slowly down the thin, greyed cheeks like tears.

Impossible not to wonder who he had been. A great, crested ring gleamed dully on his hand. Strange that they had not taken it I thought. Methodically, and with as little emotion as possible, we looked at them all. They were mostly all old, but there was one who was just a boy, and another who looked almost a boy too, though his hair was very grey. Newly grey, as we well knew. These two lay together a little apart. Their hands had been folded, as if in prayer.

We had known she would be there, but still it startled. "My sons, Madame!" said the small voice in my ear. We would have thought she was introducing them proudly, if we had not caught the undertones of sorrow. The tears which had been pressing hot behind my eyelids started.

Dressed in black, her thin face drained of all color, only her dark deep eyes revealed what the mother of these two sons felt. A slender girl leaned

against her sobbing. The Senora's glance was keen even in that misted light; she saw my face well enough.

"You must not weep, Madame," she said softly. She patted the girl's hand which clutched her arm so tightly. "Nor you either, my dear. They would not wish it."

"Thank you for coming," she went on after a moment, looking at me with that tragic gaze. "But you must go now. There is nothing for you to do. No, no—do not say anything. . . . Do you not see how difficult it is for me—" The steady voice quivered and then firmed again. "You must not be seen here. I shall stay only until my servants take them away. . . ."

For a long instant we were silent, with an effort controlling the emotions so turbulent within us. When she spoke again, it was loudly, sharply.

"My sons are the last of a line that goes back to the birth of Spain!"

I was startled, confused. I sought for an answer, remembered. . . . "They died for Spain," I said, awkwardly.

**S**HE DID NOT speak for a moment. Then, in the dimness, I saw her face twist uncontrollably.

"Ah, no, Senora," she whispered half to herself. "Spain dies with them!"

"No!" My rejection was involuntary.

"Yes. Spain is a mother, Senora, and a mother dies a little bit with each of her sons. Spain lives only in peace, not in bloodshed between brothers. Ah, no, Miguel has not died for Spain, Senora; but—that he, that they have died not knowing this makes me as happy as I may ever be now!"

I did not answer. Was there an answer?

The little group of mourners retreated further into the shadows; in the light from a lone window the rain glistened with incongruous gaiety on the cobbles, where the sodden bodies lay, dark splotches on the quay, on Spain.

A rough sentence thrust itself out of the night, and we were aware of steps approaching. In a self-conscious endeavor to assume the nonchalance we could not feel, we began the motion of walking again, as though we were returning from a pleasant evening stroll. Two men stopped squarely in front of us, and peered into our faces.

"What's this! Where are you going? What have you been doing?" The voice was rasping as the hand that dragged at my arm.

"That will do; we are Americans." The firm American voice convinced—to our relief. The tone changed, and the hand fell.

"Well, what do you think of our little show today? Only a rehearsal, of course; but not bad! Filthy Fascists, they'll get all they deserve in the way of medicine! See if they don't!" He laughed. He was, we thought, odiously friendly.

**T**EARING AT OUR hearts was the thought of the little group standing in silence a few feet away, and the other little group lying in a greater silence. We said nothing.

"Filthy aristocrats!" muttered the second man, touching with the toe of his dirty *'spadrille* a still hand which lay at his feet, and on which gleamed a ring. He bent and when he arose the light no longer showed more than the paling fingers. With the same breath he grumbled, "Wretched night!" pulling up his collar and motioning to his comrade to come on.

"Adios!" said the first who had spoken to us, and then laughed as the other jerked out: "Fool! One does not say Go-with-God any longer. We're Communists, my friend. You seem to forget!"

We got back to our rooms somehow. In that rain-swept night we left Spain; it was the twenty-sixth of September.

## The Vanishing Family

By Mrs. John Tiernan

**C**AN THIS BE the "land of the free and the home of the brave"? We may limit working hours, fix wage scales, allot acres for production and apportion commodities, but what self-respecting person would undertake to usurp the most sacred and inalienable of all God-given rights?

Would not our Revolutionary patriots turn over in their graves and our hardy old Civil War Veterans regret their sacrifices, could they see the insidious forces working to undermine that which they gave their all to preserve and defend—our homes and country? For as our homes are, so will our country be.

During the last few decades we have been worshipping that senseless old goddess, Dame Fashion, and because public opinion frowns upon the fruitful mother of children, childless homes have become a fad. More than one or two children rated their parents in the class of dolts and illiterates. According to no less an authority than Robert Cook in his interesting article, "Bootleg Birth Control" (*Collier's*), it would seem that almost as many human beings are sacrificed on the altar of fashion every year as died in the World War. His figures make Herod seem like a benignant personage. If this is true we certainly merit worse punishment than a mere depression, and if we don't "about face" we are riding to our fall.

Certainly there are trials, disappointments and heartaches at times, in this job of raising a family. But it is all in the game of life, and the feeling of pride and joy that results from a worth-while job, well-done, is even greater for the passing difficulties experienced. In fact, I would say this is one investment which if properly handled is sure to pay dividends, not only during life, but for all eternity.



# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

Gold, as filling for teeth, is practically unknown in many parts of the world. In Russia, steel is commonly used to stop up a cavity.

Besides having the biggest this, that, and the other thing, New York City can also boast of owning the world's biggest rubbish pile.

According to Warden Lawes, only twelve and a half per cent of the prisoners under him are "aggressively anti-social and dangerous."

During 1939 Federal prisoners borrowed over 800,000 books from institutional libraries, one-third of them being of the non-fiction type.

Thirteen buttons are used across the tops of the trousers of United States sailors. These buttons represent the thirteen original states.

There are over 42,000 telephone employees in the metropolis of New York City, of whom 21,000 are women. Of these nearly 11,000 are operators.

The dining rooms of a great trans-Atlantic liner use, in one round trip, 70,000 eggs, 7000 chickens and game-birds, besides 35,000 pounds of meat.

The amount of energy in a gallon of gasoline is sufficient to propel a 3000-pound car traveling at the rate of thirty miles an hour for two hundred miles.

The world's largest Swiss cheese factory is in Wisconsin.

Till I had commenced writing the series of essays on the Mission of Christ, I had no thought of ever becoming a Catholic.—*Dr. Orestes A. Brownson.*

It was a good answer which a poor woman gave to the question, "What is Faith?" "I cannot answer well," she replied. "I am ignorant, but I think Faith is taking God at His word."

We sow our thoughts, and we reap our actions; we sow our actions, and we reap our habits; we sow our habits, and we reap our characters; we sow our characters, and we reap our destiny.—*C. A. Hall.*

The Institute of American Meat Packers is authority for the fact that last year the people of the United States consumed over eighteen and a half billion pounds of meat and lard, a total representing 145 pounds for every man, woman and child in the country.

In a "There-Ought-to-be-a-Law" contest, sponsored by one of our papers, the following were some of the pet peeves registered: doughnut dunking, out-of-order doorbells, talking baby-talk to St Bernard dogs, crashing ticket lines, tar on streets, slapping sunburn sufferers, munching popcorn in theatres.

Professor Ernest Weekley of Richmond, England, nominates a Liverpool lady as being the possessor of the oddest collection of Christian names. Professor Weekley says her surname is Pepper and that she was christened alphabetically: Anna, Bertha, Cecelia, Diana, Emily, Fanny, Gertrude, Hypatia, Inez, Jane, Kate, Louise, Maud, Nora, Ophelia, Patricia, Quince, Rebecca, Starkey, Teresa, Ulysses, Venus, Winifred, Xenophon, Yetty, Zeno.

## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**The Flahertys of Aran**, by Agnes C. Lehman. The Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.

This storybook is for children from about eight to twelve years of age. It has no plot, only a few unifying items, but it certainly is not wanting in interest and just as certainly it abounds with good cheer. The children of merry, simple, serious Aran are happy and wholesome, relish their fun and adventure, have hearts of sympathy, know the joys of the commonplace, and in general make a great deal out of the little which is theirs, the while the supernatural is a part of their daily living. The simple incidents sound more important than they actually are: the fair, the fishing trip, the dangers on sea and land, the finding of money, and the fairies, to mention some. The author handles them as suited to the child-mind, neither overdrawing or straining for effect. The Flahertys are indeed good company; especially the children, Sheila, the lame Katie (who will have an operation to make her well), and Pat; and maybe we had better mention Uncle O'Reilly who can tell about the faraway places he has visited.

Thomas Moreland.

**The Pope's Plan for Social Reconstruction**, by Charles P. Bruehl, Ph. D. The Devin-Adair Co., New York. Price, \$3.

This volume can be divided roughly into two sections: Dr. Bruehl's critical evaluation of the forces, developments and institutions within our American industrial system, and his presentation of a system of reform.

Finding flaws in our present economic set-up, he wants to eliminate human misery and rectify much wrong by instituting a corporate economic society, that is, an organization of all economic activities along vocational lines, something similar to the medieval guilds,

which would function at all times to promote the common welfare, simply because all of its members, or at least the vast majority of them, would recognize a general community of interests. The artificial classifications between employers and employees, common laborers and professional workers, etc., would be largely eradicated. Production would be guided by consumption, and consumption in turn would rest upon the reasonable wants and needs of all men. The new society would observe all moral obligations in the domain of economics.

Dr. Bruehl does not like our present industrial system very much, for he rolls up his sleeves and pummels away vigorously, and he is too enthusiastically attached to his own very idealistic scheme. From the "run of the mill" sweeping condemnations and broad generalizations, the reader early becomes so aware of the author's bias that he knows a general "cure-all reform" awaits him in subsequent chapters. The volume would have been ever so much more worth-while if it contained less emotionalism and more hard-headed economic realism. Other authorities have gleaned different ideas as to what precisely was the mind of Pope Pius XI.

This reviewer does not subscribe to the author's contention that our American industrial system is a hopeless failure both morally and economically. It is indeed true that the present system has many shortcomings and some extensive flaws. But, it works. That fact must not be underestimated. Furthermore there is no other system in the world that produces so many commodities or pays out so much income per capita. Government figures reveal that in 1929 our 123 million people exercised more purchasing power for consumers' goods than the five hundred million inhabi-



tants of Europe. We might well consider then if it isn't possible to remedy the principal defects before we "chuck" the whole system "out the window."

Dr. Bruehl's proposed reform system, corporatism, is altogether too ideal. When subjected to careful analysis, it leaves too much to be desired socially, politically and economically. There lingers the suspicion that human nature will continue to be "cantankerous" and that the same forces that brought the downfall of the medieval guilds will once more become destructively operative.

James A. Fogarty.

**Community Structure**, by Thomas E. Wiley, J. D., with forty-two illustrations. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$2.

*Community Structure*, a textbook on economics and sociology for Catholic high schools, is a Catholic text, an important consideration assuredly in these days of false thinking and false writing. A student should admit that it is clear, easy to read, not too-detailed, and that it states what is right and what is wrong; an instructor should appreciate its authoritative teaching and welcome its objective guidance, though at times he will add to the text as required by circumstance, his own experience, good judgment, or prudence. Wisely, each of the twenty chapters provides questions and problems to help the student check and review the matter covered; topics are given for discussion; and a list of further readings suggested. As has been said, the book is for high-school students; and let us add that educational institutions are allowed a liberal discount.

No doubt many Catholics and many more non-Catholics need both reading and study on the subjects which are treated by *Community Structure* in a Catholic way. Consider the topical ideas of the various chapters: the social

nature of man, the family, school, neighborhood, recreation, transportation, domestic problems, crime, poverty, social welfare, work, the industrial revolution, property, capitalism, corporations, distribution of the income of the nation, production of wealth, living wage, and the reconstruction of the social order. How many understand what is sound Catholic teaching on those subjects? And would that everybody were trying to follow the words of the encyclical: "... lay people must educate themselves to the proper manner of healing the wounds of the economic order. The youth of the land must be organized and instructed in the ways of justice and charity in order to bring these great virtues over into our occupational lives."

John Breardon.

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#### PAMPHLETS

J. Fischer & Bro., New York: *Mass in Honor of the Holy Name of Jesus* (for S. A. T. B.), by Philip G. Kreckel, 80c. *Missa Festiva in Honore Beatae Mariae Virginis* (for mixed voices and for three treble voices), by Albert Lohmann, 80c. *Mass in Honor of St. Ignatius of Loyola* (for three male voices and for S. A. T. B., with chorus part optional), by Richard Keys Biggs, 80c.

Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind.: *The Home Prayer Book* or *Diamonds and Pearls* (A complete collection of indulgenced aspirations, ejaculations, invocations suitable for any time or place), compiled by the Rev. Charles Taylor, O. M. I., 10c; *God and His Church* (the existence of God, the Messiah, the divinity of Christ, and the true Church), by the Rev. Patrick F. Harvey, S. J., 10c. *The Catholic Tradition in Literature*, by Brother Leo, F. S. C., 10c; *What Catholics Do at Mass* (including study club outline), by the Rev. Dr. William H. Russell. 15c.

## YOUNGER READERS

### Diary

By Jean Rasey

*Nan has discovered  
A hidden nook  
In which to keep  
Her secret book.*

*Its snowy leaves  
Are wearing thin  
From Nan's continually  
Writing in.*

*She stains her pen  
With vivid dyes—  
Midnight silver,  
Moonlit skies.*

*And she wears a light  
That never grieves.  
It is easy to know  
Nancy believes*

*That life's romance  
Consists in part  
Of writing thoughts  
From her secret heart.*

### The Secret of the Shuttered Door

By Frances Y. Young

#### Chapter XI—Gene Finds a Clue

GENE TOLD Mrs. Blake about the missing silver gun but he did not mention the locked box because he wanted to open it himself. Mrs. Blake turned pale and asked him a great many questions: Was the window open? Was the gun loaded? Was anything else missing? Then she went into her room and closed the door, saying she wanted to be alone to think.

Gerry was in bed and asleep five minutes afterward. But Gene could not sleep. He tried to open the box but the metal lock held. With a screw driver and a hammer he could do it but he hated to make that noise and disturb Mrs. Blake and perhaps waken Gerry.

But it would be useless to try to

sleep, keyed up as he was. It was such a bright moonlight night he would like to go and take a look at that house behind the shuttered door! Booker could not be taken into his confidence lest he should bark at the wrong time and betray him, so Booker was enticed into Gerry's room where Gene closed him in. Booker respected sleep; he would be quiet.

GENE COULD see the road very well when the moon shone. The moon, however, struggling to stay away from the pursuing clouds which constantly caught up to it and strangled it, gave forth only a fitful light. Everything was quiet except for certain rustlings and small animal noises which showed that spring was really here; the small beasts and the birds and insects had come out of winter quarters!

For a moment Gene hesitated. Doubt arose in his mind as to whether he had a right to pursue his investigations. He had no right at all to go seeking adventure—that was the kind of thing that the boys did in the silly adventure stories of the cheap comic-strips. He thought about it seriously. Was he just seeking adventure? Was there any real danger to him? It was not brave to run into danger; it was plain silly—really wrong, too! For to risk one's life for which he is responsible to God, for anything so silly as a thrill or even for curiosity is a real sin.

Was he seeking adventure? Was he just curious? Gene wondered if he should turn back. Well, in the first place, there was not likely to be any danger; he would take care of that! And while he wanted to know the secret of the shuttered door, it was not just boyish curiosity; he felt that there was something sinister about it; nobody



else seemed to notice or care about it. If he told the police, he had nothing to base his suspicions on that something was wrong. What could he tell them? That a house had a queer door and a motor noise and a funny old lady lived there? Besides, if the police came, probably the people who lived there were ready for them—if they were criminals. And suppose the old lady was harmless—and doing no harm at all? It would be too bad to frighten her with police investigation—he hardly had a right to do that! It would be best just to find out what he could without getting himself into any real danger and then if he did find out anything, he would know whether to tell the police or not.

**THIS HOUSE** might harbor people who would hurt or rob Mrs. Blake. They had already stolen from her. If Gene could help Mrs. Blake in any way, he felt that he should. Now that he was here, the best thing was to go ahead and find out what he could.

The house with the shuttered door was dark. There was no sign of life at all, so Gene walked around the triangle corner to the back. The door opened letting out a shaft of light. There was the old lady! She was standing silently—not moving at all. Then, apparently satisfied that she was not being watched, she filled a can in her hand from an oil tank which stood close to the shed adjoining the house, then returned to the house and the light went out. The place looked absolutely dark.

Gene, listening, could hear the motor running with a curious little catch every little while, as if the engine needed re-fuelling—whatever kind of motor it was—and whatever its office was! While he still listened, it began to run smoothly again.

Gene moved softly around to the front of the house. It too, was dark. The door was one massive shadow, heavier than the rest of the shadows.

Gene wondered, not for the first time, why such a tiny house had such a big door? That it should be closed so tightly and closed so that no one outside the house could possibly open it, was odd enough—but why make it so big? Did fat giants have to pass in and out? The overgrown path led around the house; there were tracks beside it, very deep and very wide as if the mud had been still fresh when it went through. Some huge truck, then, had brought something heavy to this house; the depths of the ruts showed that the load was heavy, and the size of the door showed that it was something big—so big that the door had to be enlarged for its passage.

And the door was left big because the heavy thing would have to be taken out again some day! Gene felt that he was doing some pretty clever detective work! . . . Through what gate? There was no gate! Suppose, the barbed wire had been put up after the passage of the truck. That was probable! And it all must have been done late at night or the neighbors would still be talking about it. Mrs. Blake said that they talked over everyone and all their affairs until the subjects were worn threadbare. There was no sign of people living here. Did the old lady live alone, then? What kind of machinery did she tend—and why?

**HAD THE** disappearance of the food, blanket and the silver gun had any connection with this secret house? Or was it just coincidence that two mysteries should develop, with no connection?

Gene incautiously stepped on a large loose stone which slithered under his foot, clicked sharply against another and sent flying a shower of smaller stones down into the road. Had the noise been heard? Everything else was so quiet! He had better lay low, anyway! Taking his own advice literally he threw himself down into the gutter close beside the grass; fortunately it

was full of leaves which had been blown dry. He lay there for some minutes not daring to move a finger. Above his head then, he heard a window cautiously opened. Knowing that he was in the heavy shadow of the tree near whose roots he lay, he dared to raise his head very slowly. He saw the shutters of one window open gradually and something thin and long and stiff came sliding out inch by inch. The moon briefly escaping from a pursuing cloud, burst into view and glinted on a silver rifle-barrel! So here was a clue that tied the two things together!

Gene watched a long time until gradually the rifle-barrel was withdrawn and the shutters closed. Still he waited: then crawled into the heavy shadow of the tree, around to its other side and waited again. He scuttled across the road there and crossed the fields to the grove and through that on a run not minding the darkness as he dodged the groups of trees. In a few minutes he had reached the safety of Mrs. Blake's. He had a good clue now to the mystery of the theft! The silver rifle had been stolen by someone in the secret house behind the shuttered door!

**G**ERRY BECAME good friends with the girls at Angela's party. They could never fill the place of her friends at school and at the hobby club, but they were nicer than she had believed. The boys, too, had taken to yelling a friendly "Hi!" at Gene—all but Marven and Ellbert who still sneered and jeered at him openly.

The boys used to gather at a gas-station half a mile away on Cross Road, the opposite direction from Main Road. Marven's brother, Dick, worked there and Marven sometimes helped him; this was an excuse for all the boys to spend their time there.

One day Gene went there to buy a can of gasoline for Mrs. Blake; Gerry went along and Gene was glad she did, for it gave him an excuse to leave—

that and the fact that Mrs. Blake was in a hurry. She had had no change and asked him to tell Dick to charge it.

"We don't run any bills;" said Dick in a very mean way. "What do you think we are? Tell that dame she better get that money over here tonight—or else—" The rest of the crowd laughed and Gene said quickly:

"Don't worry! She has to cash a check—didn't have any change. I'll bring that money tonight if it's the last thing I do! I promise you that!" He and Gerry left and were glad to leave.

**T**HEY DID make me mad," Gene admitted on their way home. "They know Mrs. Blake better than that! I'll certainly bring that money back, no matter how late she gets back! We haven't more than forty cents ourselves—I must cash Dad's check—or I'd pay myself. We need carfare tomorrow so I can't use any of it. Trouble with that gang, they haven't anything to do. Now if they were nearer to us they could come to the hobby club—wouldn't take Doc long to polish them off!"

"I was telling Angela about the club," said Gerry. "She was crazy about it, but she said nobody could ever start anything like that around here—no place to have it for one thing; their parents don't care for anything like that—pretty old-fashioned, I guess. She says they don't like anything—the boys especially—where they have to keep quiet—they don't any of them read except maybe a detective magazine or a comic-strip."

"Detective magazines," said Gene thoughtfully. "I could maybe write a story for one—one of the good ones, I mean—not the trashy kind. I made up nearly a whole story for myself last Sunday night!" And he told her about his expedition to the hut with the shuttered door. Gerry was aghast; it was foolhardy! He should have told her so she could go along too! It was danger-



ous and he wasn't fair to go alone! So there was where Geoff's gun had disappeared!

"Well, don't tell anybody—except Norry. He won't tell; I told him all about it when you were at Angela's this afternoon. It gave him a thrill I tell you! He's allowed to walk a few blocks every day now that the weather is all right and he's going to walk that far tomorrow and look the place over for himself. His father says Norry is a lot better since he has us—he ought to get around more; that's good for him. I guess he'll miss us a lot when we're gone—especially Booker; he's very fond of Booker!"

"Who isn't?" retorted Gerry. "Well, Mrs. Blake will think we have been gone a long time; it took Dick so long to wait on us. She hasn't lighted up yet though. I do like to come along and see that pink china globe shining in the window. It's cute. Oh, Mrs. Blake, here we are!"

There was no answer. Probably she was still in the chicken house. Gerry lighted the dining-room lamp and sat down there to study. Gene went out to the chicken house to deliver the gasoline. He came back with it still in the small delivery wagon.

**I** DON'T KNOW whether she wants it there or not. She isn't there, Gerry. Funny she should be out this time of day—she never is. Well, let's study until supper. I have a theme to write but I have my other lessons all done." So they studied until they grew hungry and began to watch the clock. Six o'clock and no Mrs. Blake! Gerry and Gene cooked themselves some supper and ate it and washed the dishes; still she did not come!

Gerry began to get nervous so Gene tried to think of something to do which would distract her. How about the mysterious locked box upstairs? He could work at it as noisily as he liked now and disturb nobody. Gerry was in-

terested and held the lamp so the light would fall on Gene's work. It was not easy for him to take off the lock so that he could replace it without spoiling the box. It should be more interesting this time. Nobody would bother twice to lock up old time-tables and cheap books. The box was not heavy which was rather a disappointment; maybe it was empty after all!

**F**INALLY HE was able to pry off the lock. Gerry's hand shook the lamp she was so excited. The cover stuck, then gave suddenly. Gerry and Gene looked down into the box which was filled with slips of green paper, among them similar slips of yellow paper. Gerry held the lamp closer; it was money! Many dollar bills, some fives and a few tens and twenties. Some person had stolen the rifle and at the same time left his treasure here! Was it honestly gotten? Who could tell? It might be loot taken by a gang of burglars in the shuttered house who for some strange reason had hidden it here. But it was money! Gene had had on his mind all evening, his promise to pay Dick tonight.

"I'll take one of these dollars," he said, "and put it back when Mrs. Blake comes home. She'll be back any minute now. I'll tell her about this money, then. But I'm not going to have that guy there—especially as he's Marv's brother—say I didn't pay. You wait downstairs and I'll scoot down to Dick with this dollar! I won't be a minute." He folded the money and put it into his pocket, after carefully closing the chest.

Dick was politer this evening and said he was only teasing him. He took the dollar and put it in the till, giving Gene his change in small coins.

"Where'd you get the money if Mrs. Blake hasn't gotten home yet, as you say? Hold somebody up, did you?"

Gene made an evasive answer; wouldn't Dick have been surprised if he had told him the true story!

(To be continued.)

## ✧ *The Weekly Postscript* ✧

By M. M. Wirries

AS WE WRITE this page, it is late January, and basketball is king among sports. No parent, it seems to us, can grow with a family of children and not get sports-minded. For us basketball fever started when the two oldest were in the eighth grade, back in Indiana, and it has grown worse with the years. Invariably our most severe attacks are accompanied by a sore throat. Yes, we yell at games. We yell without knowing we are yelling—yell until our young daughters remind us in shocked and amused tones: "Why, Mother!" And then we tell them it's the Potowatomi in us—and yell some more. Because we love the game, and the smiling boys who play it, and it's our opinion that all red-blooded Americans yell at good, live, clean American games. If you're not going to get excited about the game why not stay at home and play Anagrams?

We are dyed-in-the-wool "Indian Brave" fans. We go to every game at Skinner Gym (Mother and Dad taking turns keeping store, so the other can go) and we go hot and cold by turns as the game progresses. Resolve to be lady-like though Mother does, she suddenly hears someone shouting loudly, "Take it away from them! Take it away from them! Get that ball!" and realizes that the shouting lady is herself. And once, to her horror, she heard herself saying: "Of all the crazy decisions! If that referee was closer I'd hit him!"

Most of the teams that visit our school are tall and rangy. They grow boys tall here in the Southwest. They tower above our Indians, who are, with two exceptions, small. Looking upon our little ones the visitors are apt to underrate them. "This game's a setup," they boast, "a breathing-spell." But in-

variably, they get surprised. Our small boys have poker faces, and a shifty passing game that bewilders opponents. And oftentimes, as this week, they upset more highly-rated teams, and leave them wondering what happened to them. From every melee our youngsters come up smiling. For good sportsmanship, give us our Indians.

Sportsmanship—a fine trait. If our school sports taught our lads nothing but this, they would be worth while. The coach who fails to instill courtesy and a Golden Rule attitude in his players is a failure in any school, and his team, however many games it may win, is a failure. Student-body spectators quickly recognize this. How quickly sound the derisive catcalls and boos for the boy who loses his temper in a game! And how well we like the lad who coming up from a scuffle takes time to help a fallen foe; the one who extends a hand with smiling congratulations to a victorious adversary; the one who says to the team that he helped conquer, "You play a great game!" the boy who smilingly recognizes that the player who fouled him did so inadvertently and has a "Sorry, old fellow," for that player, when the referee calls the penalty.

TOMORROW night the Braves clash with the Knights, our parochial high-school team. Fifteen is a Knights fan—they defend the honor of her school. "Whom are you rooting for?" asks Dad with a wicked grin. And Fifteen sighs, "My own school, of course. But I just know I'll forget, and go crazy when Larry or David or Henry or Slim makes a basket. And I'm worried about you and Mother. I know you'll yell for the Indians, and what will the St. Mary's fans think of my family?"



■ 54 Short and Arresting Vignettes selected from the author's "Weekly Postscript" in *The Ave Maria*



## WAYSIDE IDYLS

By Mary Mabel Wirries

Most of us are so busy with the details of one thing or another that we seldom take the time to really taste the happiness which God intended us to get out of everyday duties of life. When we do get the leisure, the memories of those activities are often too vague and distant for us to recapture.

Mrs. Wirries has given us an excellent remedy by bringing before us the experiences of everyday life in such a vivid and natural way that we actually re-live those activities all over again. And in re-living them, we enjoy them as we never could have enjoyed them in the more inexperienced days of years gone by.

"Among the fifty-four vignettes may be found personal sketches which appear to have been born of the talents of a genius. Such character portraits as 'Grandmother,' 'Grandfather,' and the 'Maricopa Woman,' remind one of the works of some of the greatest biographers-in-brief that the world has ever known. The same genius extends itself in the descriptions of the events and sites of San Diego, Long Beach and Tia Juana.

"Throughout the entire work are noted undercurrents of spiritual thought, which at first glance seem to be exhortations pure and simple, but on reflection change into manifestations of the dependence and complete subjection of a really humble soul upon God." — *The Cantian*.

**\$1.00**

## SHADOWS ON CEDARCREST

Mary Mabel Wirries

In this story for children, Mrs. Wirries portrays in a captivating manner, the shadows that hung over Cedarcrest for years — shadows that were cast upon the old Roswell estate by the mysterious death of one of its occupants and the equally mysterious disappearance of its immediate heir.

How Phyllis Eaton, a fifteen-year-old daughter of a family in dire straits, gets a position at the Roswell estate and learns, to her great surprise, secrets that have baffled the law for years, is interestingly told from beginning to end with a resultant satisfaction that is sure to delight the youngsters.

Exciting in its portrayal, tragic in its climax, the story unfolds a plot that is at once natural and satisfying. **\$1.00**

## PRAYING PINES

Mary Mabel Wirries

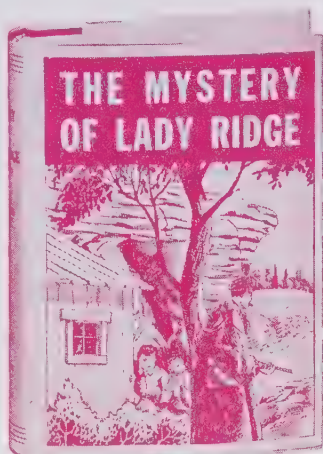
Mrs. Wirries, herself a mother of several children, knows children, their likes and dislikes. She has injected into her stories those ingredients which make her books so eagerly sought after by younger readers — charm, character traits, ingenious plots, and mystery.

**PRAYING PINES** has just enough of the adventurous about it to keep youthful readers in a constant state of expectation. The story hinges about a little Catholic boy who, by the death of his parents, is suddenly thrown into new and entirely unexpected surroundings. The companions he meets and the complexities that arise from the nearness of certain mysterious neighbors make a really thrilling story. **\$1.00**

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## TWO BOOKS CHILDREN WILL ENJOY



### THE MYSTERY OF LADY RIDGE

*By Anne Moorehead*

Children, generally speaking, like mystery stories and when they are coupled with adventure there is a double fascination about them. Just such a story is **THE MYSTERY OF LADY RIDGE** wherein a wealthy family, on merely circumstantial evidence, is faced with disgrace and reduced to poverty.

Mrs. Wayne and her five children had left for Miami to spend the Christmas holidays, expecting Bertram Wayne, the father, to rejoin them on Christmas Eve. And then came the dreadful news on the 24th that the bank, of which Mr. Wayne was President had been robbed the night before . . . the watchman shot . . . and the last words he uttered: "Wayne — last night — got me." The mysterious disappearance of Bertram Wayne and later the recovery, several miles down the river, of a body supposedly that of the bank President.

The Waynes now change their name and move away to a small New England village where an old ruined paternal homestead shelters the heretofore well-to-do family. Then the "fun" begins: With G-men, suspicious characters constantly loitering nearby, a devoted mother and faithful children playing an active part, the story is interestingly done with a surprising climax. It is a book that every boy and girl will thoroughly enjoy. **\$1.00**

### CAPTAIN JOHNNY FORD

**A Book For Boys — Full of Thrills**

*By Brother Ernest, C.S.C.*

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Just to give you a hint at what follows: There is a "hit and run" accident at which Johnny befriends its wealthy victim and is generously rewarded; a haunted house and the exciting adventure of solving the ghost mystery; a chiropractor who was more than a mere name; the return to school, and Johnny's vocation — all delightfully told in a style that is sure to satisfy. **\$1.00**



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An absorbing selection for leisure reading . . . .

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By the MARQUESA DE FRECHILLA



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## NEXT WEEK

*Credit Unions*, by John J. O'Connor, 385 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. A useful article which indicates in detail what function the credit union performs.

Mrs. Alice Schumacher, Dooley, Mont., gives us a humanly interesting story of her soul's search for her soul's comfort (the Church) in her autobiographical bit—*My Quest for Faith*.

*Washington's Secretary*, by Miss Maude Gardner, Shelburne Falls, Mass., *Some Long-fellow Shrines*, by Miss Annette S. Driscoll, 29 Hancock St., Everett, Mass., are timed to the birthdays of the President and the Poet.

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## OBITUARY

Rt. Rev. Msgr. P. McInerney, Diocese of Leavenworth, Kans.; Rev. Charles W. Brennan, Diocese of Hartford.

Brother Rene, C. S. C.

Mother Maria Concepta, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister Mary Celestina and Sister Mary Euphemia, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister Mary Elizabeth, Sisters of Mercy.

John Crowley, Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Moran, Mrs. Catherine McKenna, Barbara Lou Wirries.

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## CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

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FEBRUARY 17, 1940

### *World News in Brief*

**THE CHURCH** In Washington, a solution of social problems was outlined by the Hierarchy in a new joint pastoral. . . . ¶ In New York, Catholic Charities expended a total of ten million dollars. . . . ¶ In Vatican City, completion of negotiations for a new concordat between Spain and the Vatican was held imminent. . . . ¶ In London, a dispensation from Lenten fasting has been granted in almost every British diocese. . . . ¶ In Louisville, Colonel Callahan, noted Catholic prohibitionist and economist, died, aged 63. . . . ¶ In Miami, work on Florida's first Catholic college was begun.

**AT HOME** In Washington, Rep. Hook (D. Mich.) finally conceded that the letters in a plot to discredit Representative Dies (D. Tex.) were forgeries, and apologized. . . . President Roosevelt conferred with Democratic committeemen, and was urged to run again. . . . Vice-President Garner's vote broke a senatorial deadlock and upheld economy measures. . . . Chairman James Farley chose Chicago for the Democratic convention. . . . American officials decided to soften their attitude toward Britain. . . . Roosevelt defied critics to prove that "the country is bust." . . . The Senate approved a bill permitting additional loans to Finland. . . . ¶ In Detroit, federal agents arrested twelve on charges of recruiting for the Red army in the Spanish civil war. . . . Henry Ford challenged the Labor Board's right to limit free speech. . . . ¶ In industry: Business labored under a threat of profit taxes.

. . . A new federal power project hinted of losses to the midwest. . . . The Department of Justice planned a drive on building codes. . . . ¶ In New York, Robert William Wiener, treasurer of the Communist party went on trial charged with forging passports.

**ABROAD** In London, police reported a series of bombings throughout England on the eve of the hanging of two Irishmen. Yet crowds attending the executions were orderly. . . . ¶ In Paris, French statesmen pushed a drive for aid to Finland. Meantime the British-French war council studied the situation. . . . ¶ In Helsingfors, Finnish flyers in night raids, bombed Russian campfire groups. . . . Large numbers of Russian infantrymen were trapped north of Lake Ladoga. . . . In Rome, the Balkan States and Italy were believed ready to negotiate pacts. . . . ¶ In Amsterdam, the supreme commander of the Dutch war forces resigned his office. . . . ¶ In Berlin, Germany denied reports that it would help Russia fight Finland. . . . ¶ In Ottawa, Defense Minister Rogers announced that the third contingent of the first division of Canadian troops had arrived safely in England. . . . ¶ In London, officials scanned the sea along the east coast for clues to the explosions which flash against the sky during the night. . . . ¶ In Berlin, Germany acknowledged the loss of 236,957 tons of shipping since the beginning of the war—which is only ten per cent of the allied loss of 409 boats. Later, Britain claimed these figures were exaggerated.

## Notes and Remarks

The Legion of Decency membership receives its regular weekly gradation of screen plays. In view of the long runs which some

**You, Not George!** of these low-graded plays experience from time to time we begin to wonder if the Legion's earlier enthusiasm is not on the wane. We have no definite returns for our surmise beyond box-office returns; but good box-office returns satisfy movie-house managers, directors, actors and producers. It is a commonplace of experience that movements making for moral betterment often begin with a fine flare, to die later for want of active fuelling. The Legion of Decency took time, agitation, organization and zeal to get started. A discontinuance of zeal will quench agitation and disrupt organization. Time will do the rest. On Catholic movie-patrons, therefore, depends the future of the Legion of Decency. If our Catholics forget their pledges and return to the old outlook of following the line of least resistance our "clean-the-pictures" movement will end by switching into an unused siding. You, Sir and Madam, Mister and Miss, can make the Legion of Decency a going concern or a disused carrier. And this means you, not George, remember.

So many food cautions come our way in every mail we begin to wonder what is left to eat. We always thought raw,

**Raw Apples** ripe apples were good for the human system, but a dietitian—we forget the name at the moment—cautions to the contrary. This dietitian says that apples should be offered cooked—baked preferably—before con-

sumption. She gives her reasons for the baked preference but we forget what they are. Result: every time we see a raw apple we think of a baked one; and every time we see a baked apple we think of a raw one; and every time we see a raw apple we want to eat it; and every time we see a baked apple we do not want to eat it. Will not some dietitian reader write in to say that raw apples are all right for temper and system? We want the sanction of the diet kitchen.

Americans who have thus far looked with some misgivings upon the work of Representative Dies and his committee, need fear his gen-

**Dies Vindicated** uine value no longer. During the past two weeks, his enemies have more than substantiated his assertions that the Red menace in America is a dynamic and a desperate reality. So forcefully has Mr. Dies attacked them, they decided to stop him at any cost. That they should resort to such vile methods of discrediting him as to forge documents linking him with Fascist organizations, reveals not so much the innocence of Mr. Dies as it does the guilty exasperation of those whom he is smoking out of hiding. We cannot but note that all these men are New Deal enthusiasts. Mr. Dies, it will be recalled, has received little or no encouragement from the Administration. Indeed, New Dealers made a great fight to kill the committee, but failed. Now, a smearing campaign lends its vileness to the cause. By their very actions, it is quite obvious that Dies' enemies are not half so interested in the true welfare of the nation, as they are in the downfall of Mr. Dies, for the very good reason that



he is out to nip Communism, no matter where it is nurtured. In their estimation only one thing matters: his findings must not be brought to light. The baseness and the turpitude of his adversaries can no longer be doubted. By the same token, the genuine value of his revelations has not only been confirmed, but even heightened by this added display of meanness. As a result of this latest episode, we are convinced that Mr. Dies will receive added impetus and encouragement from the American people. He rightfully deserves their support. As for his enemies—the boomerang of their latest smear endeavors will take care of them. Now we know in part why the Dies Committee has met so much opposition.

There has been a good deal of humorous comment about the seventeen young men, called members of the Christian

### The Great Plot

Front by the newspapers, who were recently found with rifles and ammunition in their possession. In justice to the G-men be it said that these youths were described as members of two rifle clubs, and that it was the Press that saw fit to link them with the Christian Front in an endeavor to discredit that wide-spread organization. The charge made in the papers was, of course, ludicrous. That there could be any serious danger of seventeen boys with rifles overthrowing the Government is simply absurd. The *Detroit Free Press* remarked: "If the G-men had only added a couple of those Daisy air rifles to their seizure the boys might have captured Canada, too. This great plot to seize America will go down in the funny books of history to be written about the New Deal long after the headaches of it are over—to keep company with Mr. Roosevelt's daily reports last summer of finding fleets of U-boats off our coast every time he looked out of the window." It

would seem now that all the talk about these boys—and none of them has thus far been proved guilty—was a plot to make the Christian Front organization look like an anarchistic society, and in this way to smear Father Coughlin for his encouragement of it. It looks as though the shot misfired and made the Communists look ridiculous.

Some weeks ago we quoted an article from *Harper's Magazine* to the effect that educated people who are sincere in

### An Outstanding Proof

their beliefs do not stay with Communism for any long period.

As a recent proof of this statement we point out the case of the well-known minister John Haynes Holmes who seriously believed in Communism at one time but who now thoroughly repudiates it. "I am sick over this business," he says, "as though I saw my father drunk or my daughter on the street. And all the more since I feel that I have deceived myself as well as been deceived. If we liberals were right on certain single aspects of the Russian Revolution, we were wrong, disgracefully wrong, on the question as a whole. We were wrong because, in our enthusiasm over Russia's liberation from the Tzar, our hope for the future liberation of the Russian people from economic as well as political serfdom and our vision of a new world springing from the womb of the Russian experiment we permitted ourselves to condone wrongs that we knew to be wrongs. We consented to violations of principle that we knew to be fatal to the moral integrity of mankind. We defended, or at least apologized for, evils in the case of Russia which horrified us wherever else they appeared and by whomsoever they were done. We accepted covertly, if not openly, the most dangerous and ultimately disastrous idea that can lodge within the human mind: namely,

that the end justifies the means. What we can learn from this ghastly experience—not only we liberals, but everybody—is that immoral means can never lead to moral ends. Above all that it is the prime business of men to be true to themselves, to be faithful to the best and highest ideals, to safeguard the moral law, and to serve no cause at the expense of liberty.” Dr. Holmes has learned a lesson, we take it, that will prevent him from following future isms that are not based on morality.

Austin, Texas, came into the headlines some time ago through public hearings in a hospital superintendent's trial

### Public Hearings in Austin, Texas

before the state hospital board of control on charges of improper conduct toward some of his women subordinates. Ministerial groups from San Antonio are reported to have instituted the proceedings. We do not wish to indicate for our readers the zeal of the ministers, the alleged indiscretions of the superintendent, the abashed modesty of the women who had to give details of the superintendent's improprieties. These belong in the records of the case. Instead, we wonder, as you must, why the hearings were not within closed chambers before the trial judges and the principals only? Why must Austin, Texas, cast aside its customary suits of solemn black to make holiday over the human frailty of our too-common kind? It follows, one supposes, our present day American tradition of making an exhibitivish showing of sex grossness to satisfy a perverted sex sense. The ministers might have insisted on a private trial, so emphasizing a merciful reticence, even at the loss of some publicity. The offended women would have been saved battalions of greedy eyes and ears, and the alleged culprit could have been dealt with in chambers, without converting his

exit out of office into a public spectacle. But then Austin, Texas, would have been denied its free performance.

Cardinal Hlond, Primate of Poland, gives terrifying reports of conditions in Poland under Nazi domination. In a letter written to the American clergy, Cardinal

### Outraged Poland

Hlond enumerates among the tragic griefs of Poland: the slaughter of priests, the mistreatment of the laity, the forceful expulsion of residents of the Archdioceses of Gnesen and Posen, the dechristianization of twenty million Catholics, the demolishment of scores of churches and the closing of hundreds of them, the destruction of wayside shrines and statues, the expulsion of religious, the arrests of priests, leaving whole provinces without priestly ministration, the deportation of Polish boys and girls to Germany, the confiscation of institutions of learning, the ruining of church art treasures, the prevention of religious instruction everywhere, and millions of people exiled from their homes.

All this seems as if we were dealing with a Saracen invasion, not with a modern civilized government. We do not, of course, attribute all this savagery to the German people as such. They, like other peoples, are human, kindly and express in their lives the traditions of civilization. At the moment they are under the domination of Hitler and his system. And Hitler and his system are brutal, ruthless and devastating. Hitlerism shows no regard for the rights of minority nationals. Its objective seems to be the encirclement of peoples under a materialistic, efficient, brutalizing system. The Poles have suffered before for their Faith and their nation. They suffer now again. Their release will come in God's own good time, when the freedom-loving



nations of Europe unite in a common effort to put an end to Hitlerism, and its half-brother Communism.

Congressman Dies, in a recent article in *Liberty*, has established the fact that the present Administration has been

### Our Friendship for Russia

very friendly toward Russia and that several persons in Washington have been receiving money from the Russian government for certain favors. He says: "Sam Carp, an American citizen, and a brother-in-law of Premier Molotov, was given a large sum of money by the Soviet government to bring to the United States. Carp admitted that he has paid about 32,000 to Scott Ferris, a Democratic National Committeeman, and about the same amount to Preston McGoodwin, now an aide of Charlie Michelson, the publicity director for the National Democratic Committee, in consideration of services in helping the Soviet government to secure approval of a battleship to be constructed in the United States. What has not yet been proved is that many politicians in and about Washington also received large sums in cash. We have been investigating another bank account in the City of Washington and have found the same situation as in the Carp matter. It is clear that some of the so-called liberalists have not hesitated to take money from Russia. After the Ferris letters were made public, I requested the State Department to permit me to inspect the Carp files. This request was refused and I think that the real reason for refusal was the unwillingness of the State Department to permit me to see how closely our government was working with Soviet Russia." Recent attempts to discredit the Dies Committee by endeavoring to show that it was linked with the Silver Shirts and outlaws calling themselves the Christian Front shows how uneasy

Red sympathizers are at having the spotlight turned upon them.

In much of the secular press, the posing presences of so many men and women seeking or achieving divorce is disturbing because it is ominous. What constructive reason, pray, can the world's

### Featuring Bad Example

greatest or the world's worst newspaper give for presenting the pictures of men and women every morning, every evening, in or out of Hollywood, whose only contribution to their kind is the vicious kind of example they give. Reasons that extend from tantrums to infidelity are spread on the records of most divorce suits. Hollywood has set the fashion of brazen insincerity in making marriage vows and breaking them much more easily than they permit the breaking of their high-salary contracts. And unfortunately for the morals of the country, people not of Hollywood, are too ready to follow Hollywood's example. The men and women of the Hollywood colony—or too many of them—are lyric and frothy about romance and the heroism of love in pictures manufactured at so much the square foot. In the substance of real love, sacrifice and fidelity that are the pillars of marriage, Hollywood stars have almost diminished to vanishing. Ministerial groups, college presidents and their professors talk of America's manifest destiny to save democracy in Europe. Let us rather save democracy in America by saving marriage, family and home from the degrading influence of too many picture stars of varying magnitude, and the men and women who follow their vicious tendencies in sundering ties that hold together the communal reality we call the nation. In aiming at the million, identified as European democracy, the intellectuals are missing the unit—the American family.

# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

## Depression

THE WORD DEPRESSION has been having a run since finances began to topple some ten years ago. Hitherto, the years when banks went under, building ceased and big fortunes disappeared were referred to as "panic years" or just plain "bad years." Then some professor of economics and banking described our more recent world-wide collapse of business and finance as "depression."

Depression is a word that indicates a level below the normal level. And in the sense that the general financial and business set-up all over the world has been since 1929 below the level of normal business and finance the word is sufficiently exact. Thus, a depression in a road, in the floor of a house, in a stretch of countryside means very definitely a sinking of the surface of road, floor or land below its normally measured grade.

We all experience depression of mind or mood or temper or spirit, or whatever word will indicate just what part of us is really down. We also experience elevation of spirit. In depression we are sad, troubled, anxious, feel no zest in life. Whereas, when we are lifted up the whole world and whatever is in it are white, bright and wonderful. Very often we readily trace the sources of our depression and elevation. If you fail to secure a good position on which you had set your hopes, if you ventured some money, counting on good returns and lost it and the returns, most surely you can put the index finger of your right hand on what is responsible for your sinking of heart. If a letter come to you containing five hundred dollars which you need ever so much, you will

have no trouble in answering why you sing all over the house.

There are times, however, when our moods—especially our depressed moods—are not so easily determined. You most certainly have been sad or gloomy or "down" without being able to put a label on the cause. It is said that some people are never sad. Very likely, then, they do not think, or they are very superficial or very indifferent, not caring whether or not the spring brings promise or the harvest is plentiful. There are some people of that temper; but not many.

You are depressed then; and you can determine the cause only vaguely or not at all. You are sad, but you can find no reason for being sad. Some medical men will tell you that such a state of temper springs from a liver condition. But suppose you are sure that your liver is quite all right, and that you have had its sluggishness corrected—what then?

THE FACT IS, that same reality may be a cause of depression to one person and not to another. And the livers of both function properly. Thus, certain saints experienced a profound sinking of spirit reflecting on the countless sins committed all over the world through which God is offended. Whereas, to most of us—good enough people in our way—any such reflection will not sink or shrink us; if indeed we ever spend ourselves on any such reflection at all. Artists of every age, culture and kind are known to have experienced depression. It is because they think so deeply, feel so keenly, are fashioned so finely. Rough hands feel pain less than smooth ones. So, rough minds feel less deeply and tenderly than minds refined by culture.



# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## At Mass with the Ceremonies

By Francis P. Donnelly, S. J.

**F**ATHER: THIS MORNING I shall accompany the priest, noting his every movement, dwelling on its significance and directing all my thoughts to the heavenly virtue of charity. I know that I can find all the virtues enacted in the Mass, but I wish now to think especially of the first and greatest commandment and learn better from the outward ceremonies of the priest how to show love to the Blessed Trinity for the love which the Trinity shows to me.

The Father by creation gave me body and soul with their powers, and I have misused them by sin. I bow at the foot of the altar in reverence to God's offended majesty, praying for His light and for my return to Him. I beat my breast while humbly confessing my sins. My sins come from pride and selfishness, two great enemies of charity. With my hands I bless myself, using my lips in the blessing of prayer and absolution, and accompanying the priest I ascend to the altar. When he kisses the altar in reverence to the place of sacrifice and to the relics of God's martyrs, I shall remember the love of the Prodigal's father, and his kiss of loving forgiveness, a faint picture of the love of my Heavenly Father for me, the prodigal.

I enter upon the Mass with a blessing of hands in the sign of the cross; I widen my arms in prayer, reverencing the Trinity in the greater Gloria as I do through the Mass in the smaller Gloria. If the Mass is not chanted, I can still hear the echoes of choir and of celebrant and voice my gratitude, which

is the musical accompaniment of love. God has given me body and in His goodness has promised me its everlasting glory. I shall kiss the altar again and shall embrace with outstretched arms the whole world, crying in universal charity, 'The Lord, the Father, be with you all,' and I may hear the answer of love, 'And with thy spirit.'

**T**HE FATHER gave me my soul and created within me a new spirit. I incline my head in grateful worship to Him and make my soul speak to Him in prayer while I repeat the Collects. The Father answered the prayers of His children when He gave His only Son in promise by revelation of old and in fulfillment by the new dispensation. With gratitude then by Epistle and Gospel I review that revelation and its most perfect realization. Finally there has come to me the most precious gift of faith. I accept again in the Creed what God has in His love bestowed upon me. It should not be difficult for me to love the Father and all His children for His forgiveness of me, for His creation of my body, for His renewed creation of my soul, and it is a joy for me to show my love with head, with hands, with lips in the ceremonies of the Mass.

*Son:* I enter now upon the real sacrifice of the Mass, where the Saviour repeats for me His sacrifice of love. "Be followers of God and walk in love, as Christ also has loved us and has delivered Himself for us, an oblation and a sacrifice to God in an odor of sweetness." Now when I hear the priest say, 'The Lord be with you,' I shall pray

that Christ, the Saviour, will be with the celebrant and with all mankind. Every inclination of my head shall reverence all men as Christ did. With the double blessing of both bread and wine I shall as St. Paul's 'follower of God' bless every one without exception. I shall cleanse my soul of all hatred, as the priest washes his hands, praying for innocence that I may not be destroyed with 'men of blood' but rather 'have my feet set straight' as a follower of God. I bow at the Gloria ending the psalm and incline more profoundly to the Holy Trinity as in the twofold Gloria before. The priest turns for the last time until Communion, and with arms as widely outstretched as the arms of Christ on Calvary, he bids us pray. Then I and all mankind, who are the brethren of the Saviour, petition the Lord to accept for all the sacrifice of God's love.

The preparation for the sacrifice is completed, and I begin the Canon. After the Preface there is silence at the altar, now the sacred center of all hearts. The inclinations become more frequent and more profound. The genuflection, which honored the Incarnation in the Creed, occurs repeatedly. The arms spread wide for prayer are lowered only to bless and once to strike the breast, renewing the humble contrition I had beginning Mass. "To us sinners grant a share with the saints," cries the priest breaking the silence but once with the first of these words.

**F**OR THE REST of the Consecration lips move in silent prayer. The great miracle of the change of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of the Redeemer takes place in solemn whispers but with the manifest actions of uplifted arms and bending knees. Multiple blessings and genuflections mark the little Elevation as they marked the great Elevation. I accompany all this in my poor way. I beg that the act of su-

preme charity, of sublimest love and of the most divine sacrifice may be fruitful in all the souls that Christ visioned in His death, saints and sinners from the first soul to the last. May I love all as my Saviour did, even should it demand some little sacrifice on my tiny Calvary!

*Holy Spirit:* I noted three stages in the sacrifice. The bread and wine were blessed. They were consecrated. Their acceptance for all was asked for in prayer. I may note now three stages for my participation in the sacrifice. With the Holy Spirit and with the grace of which He is the dispenser, I prepare for the Communion of Charity; I receive Communion, and I am blessed with an increase of charity from Him who is the love of Father and Son.

**T**HE PRIEST raises his voice and I repeat with him the Our Father, especially insisting that I shall forgive as I have been forgiven. My offences against God are greater than any temporal evil done to me, an insignificant creature. I accept that measure and sanction of charity. I will do for all what God has done for me. To live that noble resolve, I pray for peace of soul, for the light of love which overcomes the darkness of hatred and ensures love's lasting splendor in my soul. The priest blessing the chalice with the Host has with a triple cross prayed for me the peace of the Lord, and as the moment of Communion approaches I pray for peace and for the defeat of sin, the only enemy of peace of soul. I bow and I beat my breast with triple petition to the Lamb of God and a triple prayer in silence.

The Holy Spirit is the light of my soul. To Him the sanctification of mankind is ascribed. "I shall not leave you orphans," promised the Saviour, and "the Giver of gifts, the Father of the poor" is made "the Light of hearts." The seven colors of the rainbow are the



seven sacramental rays through which the Spirit dawns upon the soul in the white daylight of holiness. Now I am to receive the Sacrament of sacraments, the Holy Eucharist. I genuflect; I beat my breast, proclaiming my unworthiness; I am blessed with an absolution of my sins, and I hear, "Behold the Lamb of God." I share in the sacrifice and receive the Divine Victim whole and entire. May the Body of my Lord, Jesus Christ by the help of His Holy Spirit guard me even unto eternal life!

**T**HE PREPARATION for Communion and its reception are over. I now look to have the Holy Spirit dwell ever in the temple of my soul. I try to be grateful because gratitude is the echo, the harmonious answer to love. The priest turns to me again, and prays that the Lord be with me. Or does he now say: "The Lord and His Spirit are with you?" I move once more my lips in prayer, when the priest again gives me the same greeting. The Mass is over. I ask the Holy Trinity to accept the sacrifice for myself and for all, and upon me comes the solemn blessing of Father, Son and Holy Spirit. St. John, whose Gospel I now read, insisted on one thing, "My little children, love one another." Teach me, St. John, your charity that I may bow my head in reverence to the divinity in my fellow man, created by the Father, that I may use my hands to bless my brethren redeemed by Christ, the Son, and that my lips may be ever praying so that we all may be saints of the Holy Spirit, made more perfect by the sacred meaning of every ceremony of the Mass.

### Little Old Lady

By Garald Lagard

*Her eyes are soft from gentle deeds  
Her slender hands have done;  
And thankful, see her worldly needs  
Made trivial one by one.*

### I Remember Old Kentucky

By Mabel Osborne

**E**ACH TIME I GO to Mass where there is a resident priest and see the snowy altar linens, the gleaming candelabra, the soft lights and fresh flowers, my mind flies back for a minute or two to the way we attended Mass in Mt. Olivet, Kentucky, the little town where I was born, where we lived until I was ten years of age, the other children eight, six, four, two; and the baby a few months.

My father was born in Mason County, Kentucky, my mother in Fleming County. They met, fell in love and were married when he was twenty-four, she twenty-two. They went to Mt. Olivet, Robertson County, to live, where my father was in the saddle and harness business. Incidentally, he not only sold saddles and harnesses, but made them; and I was told recently by a Mt. Olivet citizen that even today in Robertson County when a man lists his valuable assets, if he has a "Jim Osborne" saddle, it is counted. It is so long since my father made saddles there are few of them in existence at the present time, but they were so well made and were considered such handsome possessions, that where they have been taken care of they are still treasured.

Robertson County is the smallest in Kentucky. Mt. Olivet, the county seat, has a population of less than one thousand. The county is agricultural, though not fertile like the Blue Grass section. Its area, of course, limits its production, but the quality of tobacco it raises is good white burley which commands a high price in the tobacco markets.

Ours was the only Catholic family in Mount Olivet; and there was only one other in the county—the Larry Burns family. Once a year we could count on Mass at our home. Father Hickey from Mayslick twenty miles away, would

come in his old-fashioned buggy over roads that were none too good, spend the night at our house, hear confessions and say Mass next morning. He would let us know in plenty of time so we could send word out in the country to the Larry Burns' home. A big dresser was used as an altar, the mirror covered with a sheet, and the altar linens spread on the dresser itself.

**T**HIS WAS A great event in our family, and the citizens were excited each time over the advent of the priest. My father had his friends come down after Mass to meet Father Hickey and chat with him, and the dear old priest enjoyed it; always hated to leave and dreaded the long, muddy journey home.

Next to our small home was the public school building in a big lot, and next to that the Campbellite church, set in the midst of a country graveyard. They offered their church building to us many times for Father Hickey to say Mass, but he did not use it.

Several times Father Glorieux, from Maysville, came out in the stagecoach. When I was old enough to make my first confession, Father Gorey, later secretary to Bishop Maes, and at that time assistant to Father Glorieux, said Mass for us and heard the first confessions of my sister and myself.

I wanted to go to confession, but my heart was quaking and my knees were shaking so that they could hardly hold me when I went into the living room and knelt down by the side of a big old chair in which Father Gorey sat. It was an experience not to be forgotten. He was a young priest but knew how to be gentle and understanding, and how to talk intelligently and kindly to a child about the mysteries of the Faith and the wonderful privilege of confession.

An air of sanctity hovered over our little home on the days the priests were there and for many days afterward.

When I go to Mass now and hear pastors admonish parents about sending their children to Mass and Confession, and upbraid them for not doing so, I think of how we learned our catechism "the hard way," and how easy it is nowadays for the children of the Church, with the nuns in so many places ready to teach them, and the resident pastors in other places holding daily or weekly instructions.

Do not think that we didn't have to study and to know our catechism! Our mother, with six children to look after and sew for, three meals a day to cook, a house to keep (and only one old, black woman our dear "Aunt Ellen") saw to that! Every Sunday we had an assigned lesson. We used to go over to the schoolhouse next door and write it on the blackboard. When we had studied it and announced ourselves "ready," our mother gave out the questions, heard the answers, made explanations and gave us little talks on the beauty and comfort of our Faith—many of them far more enlightening and heart-reaching than one hears in a lifetime of public effort.

**I**F WE WERE going on some family excursion on Sunday, which frequently happened, the catechism had to be studied and recited on Saturday. One of the greatest treats of our lives was when we drove to Blue Lick Springs to spend Sunday. Our father got a team and surrey from the livery stable and we set forth. I imagine a good many of the young people nowadays have never seen a surrey and do not know what it was. It was a two seated vehicle, light and comfortable, and could be drawn by one horse or two. My father and mother went; and the three older children, Anna May, John and myself.

I thought the Blue Licks Springs hotel must be the biggest hotel in the country, and I felt the dancing pavilion



was certainly the prize one of the world. All hail to the glamoured imagination of childhood! I have been over to Blue Licks several times in the past few years, and the hotel, the same hotel, is an ordinary, two-story, frame building, with no bathrooms; plain furniture and kerosene lamps for light. The pavilion (the same pavilion), is a small wooden structure which would not attract attention anywhere.

**T**HEN IT WAS great! When the season was on and the hotel open, young people from Carlisle and Flemingsburg came there, the young men driving high-stepping horses in rubber-tired buggies, the girls dressed in the height of fashion. A band played in the pavilion, and it was always my dream to go there some time in the week when dancing was allowed. Alas, I never made it. Ice-cream, a great delicacy to us, who cut our ice from the ponds in winter and stored it in ice houses, was served every day at noon; and croquet games flourished from daylight until dark. It was a glimpse of heavenly worldliness to us, and each time we could have wept when our elders announced it was time to go home.

While my father ran his saddle shop, he studied law at night and in due time was admitted to the Bar. Personally I do not remember the saddle shop at all, as he had a law office from the time I was a baby. As soon as he was admitted to the Bar he sold his shop and opened a law office, with the Statutes, the Code, and a few other books on his shelves. At the time he died he had one of the best law libraries in the local Bar of Cynthiana, Kentucky. I can say without boasting that he was a fine lawyer. He soon had the best practice in Robertson County and was urged by his friends to run for County Attorney. I remember one night before the election when a friend of his came down to see him on matters political.

"Jim John," he said, "they're bringing your religion up against you in this race. You know no one around here knows much about the Catholic Church and they are telling some queer things."

My father laughed the good, honest country laugh that stayed with him until his death. "That doesn't surprise me," he said. "I've been sort of expecting it."

"Well, we've decided," said his friend, "if you'll just sort o' say that it's your wife is the Catholic and that religion don't mean much to you, it'll be a big help."

"Ed," said my father, "you just go back and tell them that I'm sticking to the religion I learned at my mother's knee. I want this office and I'll make them a good County Attorney, but if I have to renounce my Church to get it, I'm not taking it."

A wee bit melodramatic maybe. But why not? He was young and the dramatic way of expressing himself appealed to him. He was elected by a handsome majority, and one of the Protestant ministers, the Sunday night after the election, prayed for the new officials who had gone in—in these words:

**W**E PRAY FOR our new County Attorney, a young man, but one from whom most of our church members with wrinkled faces and hoary heads could take lessons. His religion is a strange one to us, but it means much to him, for he sets it above political preferment and worldly advancement. We predict success for him. We congratulate ourselves in having him to serve us."

As long as we lived in Mt. Olivet we made yearly pilgrimages to visit our grandparents. In summer time my father would load us in the surrey, my mother having packed for days ahead of time, and we would set forth before

dawn on our way to Flemingsburg, twenty-four miles away. It would take us all day long to go. We could hardly wait for lunch time to come, as our mouths watered when we thought of the fried chicken, the sandwiches, the dressed eggs and the little cakes which filled a huge box in the bottom of the surrey. We would stop at a spring or near some country home where we could get milk, and eat to our hearts' content. We would reach Flemingsburg late in the afternoon, where our cute little grandmother would greet us with chirps of "How is my punkie pie?" And then a big hug and a kiss for each one of us.

ONE OF THE things that made the deepest impression on me was the church at Flemingsburg. They said that when they were building it a Belgian artist was there for many months. He took a great interest in the building of the church, and decorated it for the priest and his congregation. To me it was the last word in beauty.

Just a few years ago a minister from a Protestant church held a revival in my present home town of Pineville, Kentucky. I met him in a social way at a dinner and during the evening he learned I was a Catholic. He said then, "Have you ever seen the little Church at Flemingsburg?" When I told him it was one of my earliest and sweetest memories, he said: "It is a little gem. I held a revival in Flemingsburg a few years ago. The first day I wandered into this little church and thanked God I had seen its perfection. It is not only perfect from an artistic standpoint, but it has an air of sanctity that induces reverence from anyone who enters it."

I was delighted to hear this. He said that each day he remained in the town, he went to this small Catholic church to commune with God and to ask His help. And while I am on that subject I

must tell of a Presbyterian minister, who said that the most reverential place he had ever seen was a convent chapel. Of course, I inquired where it was, and he said "at St. Cecilia Academy, Nashville, Tennessee." It struck a true chord, for that is where I went to school.

I remember well the first High Mass I ever attended. It was at Flemingsburg. I, a little ignorant child who had attended Mass a few times in her own small town home, thought heaven could not be more perfect. I was stricken with consternation, and realization of my own shortcomings because I had not the faintest idea, without watching someone else, of when to sit, kneel, or stand. Two pews in front of us sat one of the loveliest young girls I have ever seen. She was not only beautiful, but exquisitely dressed, and listened with attentive devotion to the Mass. She stood, sat, knelt with the utmost grace, at exactly the right moments, and with an air of seeing nothing but the altar. As soon as we came out I asked my cousin who she was, and she said Miss Nell Bowden. I resolved then and there that at the first opportunity I would learn how to hear High Mass, what to do and when to do it. I did, and since then it has been to me one of the most beautiful and impressive devotions of the Church. It is well worth one's study to know what each vestment means, what each act of the priest denotes, what to do and when to do it. I did not learn how to act at High Mass until I went to St. Cecilia to school, but I learned first thing then and have loved it always.

WHEN I WAS quite young my father's younger sister entered a convent. She had visited us in Mt. Olivet and had had a gay time as a young girl who loved parties, danced and had a way with young people. Her going into the convent created a stir in Mt. Olivet which did not die down for months. Our



friends came to call and to ask my mother every question imaginable.

Was it true that she would have to cut her lovely hair? Was it true that she could never again visit her people? Was it true that she could have only crusts of bread to eat and water to drink? Was it true that she could wear no rings or watches or jewelry of any kind, and she a young girl so fond of pretty things? Was it true that her mother was crying night and day, and begging her not to go? Was it true that my father, as County Attorney, was going to prevent her by law?

**W**ELL, SHE ENTERED the Dominican Order at St. Cecilia Academy, Nashville, Tennessee, and is there yet, as Sister Mary Anthony. She has been a teacher and for several years, has taught in the Dominican School at St. Ailbe's, Chicago, and this year is at St. Mary's, Star of the Sea, Phoebus, Virginia.

The visits to our grandparents in Maysville were never-to-be-forgotten affairs. Beginning when I was four years old, many times Anna May and I made the trip without any of our elders along. We went on the stagecoach, a thing now no more. I have written in the past few years to everyone I ever knew in Mt. Olivet to get a picture of the old stagecoach, but there seems to be none extant.

It was gorgeous, painted red and gold, with a high seat in front for the driver and his attendant, windows all along the sides, and two steps at the back for passengers to enter. The driver, Burns Trigg, was a Mt. Olivet tradition. He drove four horses, handling them with graceful ease. Halfway on the journey they were taken out and four fresh horses put in. When the load was extra heavy or the roads unusually muddy, six horses drew the stage.

On the days we were to go, our

mother awoke Anna May and me at about half-past three in the morning. Of course, night had not lifted and we shuddered with delight at the sense of adventure and at getting dressed by lamplight. Our mother tried to have us eat breakfast but we were usually too much excited.

At about five minutes of four we would hear the prancing of the horses, and the stagecoach horn, as Burns Trigg drove his well-kept steeds down to our house. He had to stay in his high seat and take care of the horses, which were dancing with eagerness to be off, but the attendant would alight and help us on, and our father would hand him our luggage, an old-fashioned telescope, to put on top of the stage. They would see us off, with many admonitions to be good, not to be homesick, to write to them, and to give Grandma and Grandpa their love.

The door would slam, Burns Trigg would blow a lusty blast on his horn, the horses would lunge forward, and we were off. Before we reached Sardis, our first stop, Anna May would be leaning out of the window, losing her breakfast and her dinner and supper of the day before, while I would be torn trying to decide whether to hold her head and comfort her, or pretend to the other passengers that I did not know her. My humiliation was great!

**T**HE CHURCH in Maysville was much larger and handsomer than Flemingsburg church, but to me it did not impart the same feeling of reverence, nor did it have the simple beauty. I remember being taken to see Father Glorieux' goldfish pool when I was quite small, and it made me feel that he must be very human to have such beautiful pets and to provide such an interesting home for them. Also at Maysville was the first time I had ever seen any nuns. I loved to go to church

and see them file in, in their black habits, and occupy the front pews.

One of the family scandals was that one of the babies was many months old before he was baptized. He was born in the early part of a very severe winter when my mother could not make the trip to Maysville, Flemingsburg or Mayslick with him, and Father Hickey could not get out to Mt. Olivet. They said when Father Glorieux saw them coming he took the baby in his arms and said casually, "How old is the child?" When my mother said, "Six months," he blazed out, "What!" And he nearly dropped the baby, frightening him half to death, so that the christening was accompanied by loud bawlings.

When I was ten years old we left Mt. Olivet and moved to Lexington, Kentucky, where we stayed only a few months; then to Cynthiana, Kentucky, where my father formed a partnership with Honorable M. C. Swinford, who is still living and from whom I had a recent letter, written in his own hand. He is up in the eighties and is the father of our present Federal Judge Mac Swinford, who at the time of his induction into office a few years ago was the youngest Federal Judge in the United States.

**T**HE DAYS OF having Mass in our home were past. I daresay there has never been a Mass said in Mt. Olivet since that time. We had a resident priest at Cynthiana, and St. Edward's; the church there had a congregation which was well off materially. The stained-glass windows, carpeted aisles, Gothic confessional, were all up-to-date, and the church was fitted and kept as a church should be. Mrs. Huerkamp, one of the members, within the last several years has given a pipe organ; and when my mother was buried from the church in 1932 I thought it had one of the most beautiful interiors I had ever seen. During the Mass the nuns

chanted the Requiem, the odor of incense filled the church, and rays of sunlight penetrated the stained windows and fell on the casket as if showing the way to her heavenly home.

My father had died in 1913, at the age of fifty-six, but my mother reached the age of seventy-three. They had lived useful lives and had seen the fruition of many of their dreams. After we moved to Cynthiana another child was born to them, making seven in all. My father had a good law practice and served one term as Circuit Judge of the Judicial District, composed of Harrison, Robertson, Nicholas and Pendleton Counties.

**A**LL OF US had good health and were blessed with the capacity to enjoy life, its ups and downs, its sadness and gladness. Looking back to a happy childhood requires little effort, and always brings a feeling of happiness and some degree of appreciation for one's blessings.

## Speech Beyond Words

By Helen Maring

*There is a speech past words, that lovers know,  
A tongue of earth and stars that needs no  
voice;*

*An acquiescence with nor doubt nor choice,  
Agreement like the winter wind and snow,  
The summer wind and sun, the leaves that blow  
Close-bosomed to the tree where glad birds  
poise,*

*A speech of mood without a worded noise:  
Whither thou goest there also will I go.  
The silent acquiescence is a speech  
That lovers use in converse out of time,  
A mood of love wherein earth is sublime  
With hearts in tune, and happiness in reach.  
Oh, Mother Mary, guide them on their way;  
And teach them that the heart must learn to  
pray.*



# The Road is Long

*By Mary Mabel Wirries*

## CHAPTER VII

### High School

MRS. JOHN KELLY, who, had been Miss Kate Harrington, the "school-ma'am" at Labadie district school, was making a cherry pie for her John's supper, moving lightly and quietly about her sunny kitchen so as not to disturb Jackie, Jr., who napped the nap of a mischievous eighteen-months-old, in the bedroom just off the sittingroom. The oven was hot and the pie just about ready for the oven when the doorbell rang.

"Oh, bother!" said Mrs. Kelly, vexedly, "if that's another agent selling carpet sweepers—"

But her frown changed to quick delight as she saw the figure on her doorstep.

"Why, Rose!" she exclaimed, "you blessed child! I'm so glad to see you. Come right in, and tell me all about everybody at Labadie. It's been months since I saw you."

Rose smiled shyly. "I'm glad to see you, too, Miss Kate—I mean Mrs. Kelly," she replied, coming in to seat herself gingerly on the edge of a chair.

"Let me take your hat and get you a cool drink. Stay for supper, won't you? John will be home soon, and we've breaded chops, and cherry pie—Oh, honey! wait until I put the pie in the oven. I'll be right back." She was off to the kitchen, and back in a minute. "Now let me take your hat."

But Rose shook her head. "No thank you, Miss Kate. I can't stay. I have to get the next car, or I won't be home before Papa, and he—well, I have to get home. But I had to come to see you.

Miss Kate, it's very important. Miss Kate, will you take care of my money for me?"

Mrs. Kelly looked bewildered. "Take care of your money, dear child? But I don't understand. What money?"

"This." Rose unfastened Matie's purse, and took out a roll of bills. "It's two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred dollars! But, darling, you should put it in a bank—have a savings account."

"Will you do it for me, please, Miss Kate? And not let anybody know about it? You see, this really is my money—all mine. Tom sent it—my brother Tom. You knew Tom ran away, Miss Kate?"

"Yes, dear. John's brother Lawrence told us. We felt very sad about that."

"WELL, I NEVER heard from him until today. He sent this. It's so I can go to school. But if my father knows where it is, he will take it away from me. And it's my money—my very own. Tom doesn't want him to have any of it. If you'll just take it, Miss Kate, and buy a dress for Matie out of it, and one for Janie, and—and give me ten cents for carfare—that's all I want, now, until school begins. And then maybe you'll help me buy the things I need—books and clothes. Look, Miss Kate—here's Tom's letter. You'll see I'm right about doing it this way. Even Matie doesn't want to know where the money is—and she thinks it's all right for me to put it away somewhere. Because Matie knows how Papa is. Why, Miss Kate, he even took the strawberry money Tom and I earned. That's why Tom ran away. And he just drinks money up—he never buys us things with it."

With mingled feelings, Miss Kate read young Tom's letter. Her eyes smarted a bit at what she read between the lines. When she had finished reading, she folded the letter and placed it in its envelope.

"He must be working very hard," she said, simply.

"Maybe he struck gold, Miss Kate. He was going to look for it."

"Well—" Miss Kate made up her mind. She took the roll of bills from Rose's hand. "I'll do it, Rose. I can see that the money is rightfully yours. It's a splendid present, isn't it? I'll take care of it, put it in the bank for you, and help you spend it wisely. Will your father let you come into high school, now that you have this money?"

"Yes." Rose told her of the bargain Jim Kieble had made with her, and added naively, "Papa always keeps his word, once he gives it."

"Well, that's good."

The thought that her mission was successful was suddenly too much for Rose. She put her face into her hands and began to cry.

"You are so good," she sobbed. "You are so kind to me."

"**N**ONSENSE! Why, Rose, darling, stop crying this minute. There, there!" Tenderhearted Mrs. Kelly's arms were about Rose's thin form, holding her comfortingly. "Here, let me dry your eyes. You're all worn out. Rose—" with a sudden flash of intuition, "did you walk in to town?"

"Yes, ma'am," meekly. "Matie didn't have any money—and I didn't want her to borrow it from Mrs. Mays. I didn't want her to know I was coming in to town."

"Poor child! No wonder you're all in. Now listen to me—you've thirty minutes until that car is due, and you can catch it right here at this corner. You

sit right over here in this easy chair and relax, while I get you a glass of fresh buttermilk and some cookies. Here, I'm going to play this little music box for you. It will help you forget your troubles. And then I'll get your carfare, and you can be on your way. There you are! Put your feet on this footstool. Comfy now?"

Rose smiled wan and grateful assent. Presently she was munching cookies and listening to the tinkle of the old-fashioned music box, while Miss Kate, out in the kitchen was taking from the oven a slightly scorched fresh cherry pie.

"**K**ATE KELLY!" demanded her lord and master. "Where did you get all that filthy lucre?"

"Curiosity once killed a cat, John."

"Woman, I'm no cat. But I'm thinking you robbed a bank. Whew, what a wad! That would just about buy that rubber-tired buggy and the bay mare Tim Smith wants to sell me. She's a good trotting mare, too—won the Decoration Day race over at the Springs."

"I'm not interested in that bay trotting mare, John, and you know it. You have enough to do without racing. This is Rose Kieble's money, John."

"Whose?" in amazement.

"Rose Kieble's. Tom sent it to her. Her brother, Tom."

"That kid? Say, how much is there, Kate?"

"Two hundred dollars. Or, to be exact, one hundred ninety-nine dollars and ninety cents. I gave her carfare out of it."

"Where'd Tom get that money?"

"That's what worries me, John. But he's been gone a long time now. Do you suppose he managed to save so much?"

"Nonsense! A kid like that—not



trained to anything. He'd be lucky if he had saved ten."

"I thought that, too—but here's the money. And I'm not naïve enough to believe, as Rose does, that he may have struck gold. His letter was postmarked Kansas City. Have you heard of any gold-fields in Kansas City, John?" smiling faintly.

**I**N KANSAS CITY, is he? Well, I suppose she could write and find out what he's doing."

"That's just it—she can't. Because he says he is leaving there and not to write until she hears from him again. She wants me to take care of this money so she can have it to go to high school. Her father doesn't want her to go."

"He wouldn't, the old—"

"John!"

"You can hold your ears. A man has to cuss once in awhile. And I always feel like cussing when I think of Jim Kieble. Being brought up a farm away from him has something to do with it. But listen, Kate—what in Sam Hill are you doing with this money of the kid's?"

Patiently, Kate explained.

"But—I don't like to have you mixed up in a thing like this, Kate. Suppose he finds out you have it?"

"How can he?"

"You have me, there. But he'd raise Holy Ned if he did. He'd probably come down here and—"

"He couldn't do anything with you here, John."

"That's right. He couldn't. A Kelly can handle him any day. But he won't let her go to school anyway, will he, Kate?"

"I think he will. She thinks so, anyway. She says he told her, not thinking that she could do it, that if she got the

money to buy her own clothes and books, and hire someone to do the chores she could go. And she says he never breaks his word. It's a sort of pride the man has."

"Even the devil has his good points, eh? I wouldn't have believed it. Kate, come here. I want to kiss you."

"Indeed? And since when do I have to run after you to be kissed?"

"That's how you got me in the first place, running after me."

"John Kelly, 'tis a black untruth."

"Remember that box social where you practically made me buy your box so you could eat supper with me?"

"Listen to the man!" Mrs. Kelly dimpled. "You paid two-fifty for my box before you could buy it, and was I mad! I was dying to eat supper with that good-looking nephew of Mrs. Crewes."

"That snake from Chicago? Bah!"

"He was a very handsome snake. I got no bargain when I drew a wild Irish farmer instead."

**D**REW HIM FOR life, Mrs. Kelly. Will you come here for the kiss, or must I come there?"

"What do you think, Sir?"

"I think you're an impudent young beggar—but I'll come there." He suited the action to the word.

"Well! Of all the great gruff bears! Now look how you mussed my hair! And you woke Jackie, too—bless him! Honey, I burned the pie a little. You won't mind, will you?"

"I'll boil you in oil. You forgot to ask me what the kiss was for, Mrs. Kelly."

"Oh, was it for something special? What was it for, then?"

"It was for you, for being the kind of woman who is a friend to a forlorn kid like Rose Kieble. You are a very

fine woman, Mrs. Kelly. I'm glad you married me."

"You're a very fine man, too, Mr. Kelly. I'm glad you married me."

"Let's form the Kelly Mutual Admiration Society, what do you say?"

"Grand! Shall we let Jackie in on it?"

"Why not?"

"I'll bring on the chops, while you're admiring. I know you're starved." She hurried to the kitchen door but paused to look back with a faint wrinkle between her brows. "Honestly, John, I just can't help being a little worried as to where Tommie got that money."

"**G**O GET YOUR chops, darling, and stop worrying. It's Rose's money, right enough. And it's my private opinion an angel dropped the money in young Tom's hands."

"I hope you're right."

"I am. It was probably an Irish angel, something like yourself, Mrs. Kelly. With blue eyes and black hair, and dimples—"

"And wings, being an angel, Mr. Kelly." She disappeared in the kitchen and returned with the chops. "Hush your blarney now, Johnny, and eat your supper before it's cold."

"Amen, Mrs. Kelly. Hold your tongue, and I'll say the Grace."

So was the matter of Rose's finances settled by Tom and the kindly Kellys. And high school came to Rose, to set her feet on a path of higher learning.

High school. A strange, new world of books, books, books. Five teachers, where before she had one. Two hundred boys and girls to share her days, where there had been less than thirty. The fact that she was a Kieble made little difference to most of these. Her name might have been Jones or Smith or anything at all. She was in no way different from these others in dress or manner. Thanks to Tom's gift of money

and Miss Kate's unerring good taste, she was properly dressed. Her cheeks sometimes burned when she thought how she might have come to school with patched stockings, holey shoes and faded clothing, and so set herself apart at once. "I'd have done it, though," she thought, defiantly, "rather than stay at home. I wouldn't have missed this for anything."

She was different from her comrades in just one thing: she attacked her books as though each day were her last, and all knowledge must be absorbed in that twenty-four hours. She triumphed in English, struggled with algebra, studied history eagerly, searched with new-seeing eyes for the Botany specimens with which she had been familiar all her life. She must know everything, get to the bottom of every question, drain each cup of knowledge to the dregs. Sometimes Miss Kate, slightly worried, tried to laugh her out of her insatiate, unnatural desire for learning.

"You've a lifetime ahead of you, darling," she would say. "You need not work so hard. You cannot do it all at once."

But Rose only smiled and went on bending her pretty, earnest head over dry-as-dust textbooks. How could she explain to Miss Kate her feeling that all this might stop any day, and stay her forever from learning all the things she wished to know.

**T**HE TWO HUNDRED dollars Tom had sent her stretched surprisingly far. Only a very little went for clothing. Miss Kate became suddenly adept in finding slightly-worn, out-of-date articles of clothing which made over into surprisingly smart new ones. It was well that this was so. For Rose's Freshman year ended, her sophomore year was behind her, her Junior year was no more. And when she was a senior and a graduate, there was still no further word from Tom.

(To be continued.)



## The Sin of Juan Ramon

By the Marquesa de Frechilla

**I**T WAS Candida Lopez, an old Spanish gipsy woman of Osuna, a small, medieval fortress town near Seville, who told me the story of the sin of Juan Ramon and the working out of the long penance that he imposed upon himself for his transgression.

Later on, many people I spoke to about it assured me that the story was true in every particular, one of them being the great Valencian sculptor, Don Mariano Benilime, who had himself played an important part in it.

Here is the story, written down, literally word for word, as Candida Lopez told it as we sat in the shade of the big tree in front of her little cottage.

"Twenty years ago, during Holy Week in Seville, the procession of 'Our Lady of the Macarena,' the patroness of the gipsy quarter of Seville, wended its way slowly through the streets back to the church from which it had set out.

"It was near the close of a hot day, and everyone who has been in Seville during Holy Week will know how hot it can be there at that time. Added to the heat of the sun is the close atmosphere of the narrow thoroughfares mixed with the pervading odor of incense.

"Imagine to yourself the street so closely packed that there was not room for a blade of grass between the sweating bodies of the people. Down the road came our 'Madrecita la Macarena,' clothed in laces fine as cobwebs, and wearing jewels worth many a king's ransom."

Candida paused to sigh and shrug her shoulders.

"There she was, the Macarena, swaying high over our heads, borne on the shoulders of the Cofradia, her beautiful, pale face so sweet and sorrowful

that we women of the Triana sobbed in sympathy with her grief.

"The men, as is their way, broke into ecstatic 'vivas,' wild with enthusiasm, extolling her beauty as if she was a creature like us, of sinful flesh and blood. Aye, truly it was a sight not to be forgotten! Such saetas sung from balconies and street corners, such fervor, such masses of flowers strewn upon the cobbles, making a fragrant carpet for Nuestrita Virgencita to pass over! Never have I seen such a Holy Week as that. None since has surpassed it in beauty and grandeur.

"Well, just as the 'Macarena' was passing the door of a taberna, Juan Ramon, who had been there for some time with his friends rehearsing the saeta he had prepared to sing when the Virgin should pass that way, with a copita here and a copita there, for he was ever one to lose his soul in a pigskin of good vino del Pais, though when sober—which to say but the truth was seldom—he was a good fellow and honest withal, with a voice whose sweetness would have called the angels out of Heaven—he, I say, rose to his feet and staggered out into the open.

**T**HE GRAND moment had come at last when he would sing his saeta in honor of the 'Macarena,' even as he had sung it often in rehearsal under Seville stars. His friends, aware of his condition, tried to restrain him. Shaking off their clutching hands, clinging to the sides of the door of the taberna, he straightened himself up with an effort. But such was his emotion, poor man, that, to his grief and consternation, he found that not a sound could he bring out of his parched throat.

"He tried again and yet again, but still no saeta came from his lips; while there she was, soon to pass out of sight. He, Juan Ramon, the sweet singer of Triana, would be shamed forever.

"We all saw him, his face pale and puckered up with misery like that of a sad, unhappy child, his hair lying damp and dark on his brow. Suddenly, we saw him lift his hand and throw straight at the blessed Virgin his half-drained glass of wine! In a voice that was rough and full of emotion he cried: 'Take, Virgin beloved, the only gift that poor Juan Ramon can call his own, his heart, with this gift.'

"The glass, with its contents, hit the 'Macarena' on the side of the face, making a tiny cut from which two tears, as it were of blood, from the red wine, stained her cheek. The broken glass fell at her feet in splinters.

**F**OR ONE horror-stricken moment nobody stirred or breathed. Then everyone seemed to go mad. Shrieks, curses—and the Civil Guard pressing back the crowds! Making for Juan Ramon, the 'Civilis' bound him, restraining the infuriated people from tearing him limb from limb only with the greatest difficulty. There he stood, half-dazed, with the tears coursing down his cheeks muttering—"I meant no harm. I did but throw a flower—a red flower! What have I done to make you all so angry?"

"Order being restored at last, the procession went on its way, and Juan was taken off to spend the night in jail, where, for the good of his soul, he was kept for several weeks. It was the best place for him. Had he been allowed to go free the people of Triana would have killed him.

"But time breeds forgetfulness and, somehow or other, the real truth of the case began to spread among the people. I think the wife of the jailer started it. She learned the facts from her husband, whose kind heart was touched by the grief and remorse shown by Juan who, when his brain was no longer drugged by the fumes of wine, had come to realize just what he had done.

"When he came up for trial he had

many sympathizers in the crowded court. Called upon to speak by the Judge, he humbly told his story, explaining how anxious he had been to honor the Virgencita with the best and most beautiful saeta ever sung in Seville to her honor. As the day was hot, he had been prevailed upon by his friends to drink wine while waiting at the taberna for the procession to pass. He drank many copitas until he lost all notion of place and time.

"Hearing the sounds of the procession coming down the street he went to the door, found that he was unable to sing a note, and then, thinking that it was a rose he held in his hand, threw it and knew no more until he found himself being led away to the jail. Not until the next day did he get a clear idea as to the reason for all the trouble.

"The Judge, seeing him so contrite, and having spoken the previous night with some rich hacendados who held the poor gipsy in much esteem for the voice of gold that was his—Juan having sung many times in their cortijos at the fiestas they gave—was minded to let him off lightly. He was sent back to jail for six months. During his imprisonment he would relieve the tedious hours for himself and his companions in misfortune by singing the songs for which he was so rightly famed.

**O**N BEING released, the first thing Juan Ramon did was to go to the church, where, before the 'Virgen de la Macarena,' he humbly implored pardon for the outrage done her. 'Virgen de mi alma!' he cried, 'here at thy feet kneels poor Juan Ramon. Very poor he is, but very rich in love, and here does he swear to follow thy procession each year, for twenty years, if life be given him, from the dawn to the setting of the sun, and that upon his bended knees! Help, O Virgen Santa, help Juan Ramon to pay his debt.'

"And every year since then he has kept the vow he made, with the help of



the Virgin, for without such heavenly aid he could never have done it. All Seville has wept with him each Holy Week as the people have seen him dragging himself over the rough stones, singing his saeta to 'La Macarena' at every stopping place. Such a voice he has! The very angels must envy him."

I asked Candida Lopez if what I had heard was true, that the best sculptors and painters of the day had tried in vain to repair the damage done to the 'Macarena's' cheek, and she said that it was true.

"The great Don Mariano, the sculptor, has worked hard to repair it," she said, "and he succeeded so well that for several weeks no sign of a disfiguring mark could be seen. Then the cut opened again."

There was a pause. The old gipsy gave me a keen glance, and I looked at her with a question in my eyes.

"You want to know the end?" she asked. "Ah, well, it is very simple! Last year was the twentieth—the last one—of Juan's penance. Every year during that time the cut on the cheek of the 'Macarena' became less and less noticeable. Now there is no cut at all. Last Holy Week, as the procession passed the taberna from where the wineglass had been thrown by Juan, twenty years before, a small, sharp-eyed boy in the street cried out in suddenly excited astonishment.

**I****N A SHRILL**, loud voice that rang out for all to hear he called on us all to look at the Virgin. Lo and behold! There was our lovely 'Virgen de la Macarena' with her pure and serenely beautiful face as unblemished as it had ever been. Juan had worked out his penance, on that very day, and the Virgin had forgiven him.

"A proud and happy man was Juan then. I, too, was glad, for is he not one of my own people? A truly honest man he is, a trifle over fond of 'perrascaros,' though red wine he will not taste again.

But what will you? A man without a weakness is not a man at all. If such there be, beware of him, for he is not as other men.

"And I will tell you this also," Candida went on to remark, her bright, old eyes upon me, "be not over sure of thine own heart, and less of any woman's who calls thee friend. I am old and have seen and heard much, but what I have seen and heard I know, in my own heart. And that is enough."

## Playtime and Praytime

By Mary Lanigan Healy

**T**HE CHILDREN are playing Church. Careful consideration has been given to the selection of a doll for the rôle of priest, and it is now time for the devout congregation of Mary Ann and her little brothers to rise for the opening hymn. The ensuing selection will be a chanting monotone, not quite in English and only hinting of Latin.

"Let's pretend we're going to Church!"

How often I've heard the beginning of this favorite game. For no matter how many miles are traveled on the Choo! Choo! or the arduous hours spent at work, almost always a good portion of playtime is reserved for whispering, kneeling and singing that is a childish impression of going to Mass.

Theirs is first hand experience for this absorbing game. For small as they are (and numerous too) on Sunday morning we all go to Mass together. To my way of thinking this participation in services does ourselves a great deal of good and no one else any harm. Were these five small children a distraction or disturbing element to devotion, we would of course not bring them to Church. On the contrary, because of their very youngness they are careful to be on their good behavior. Delighted that they can go to Church they have an exaggerated seriousness

that sits sweetly on their few years.

Three pairs of eyes alert (the bundled twins sleep from *Introit* to *Ite Missa est*), Mary Ann, Tim, and Jim watch everything and everyone about them. And even if their hands sometimes blunder to the wrong shoulder for the Sign of the Cross, they themselves are satisfied with their knowledge of proper conduct for the Sabbath. If the children's Father and I decided to leave them home it would be rare indeed that we could attend Mass together. Rather our Sabbath morning would be divided into shifts where each would have a turn at "minding the family."

**SUNDAY**, OUR one day of home together, would consist of separate breakfasts and each going out alone. Off Daddy would have to hie to an early Mass, and at home I would prepare for a later one amid a turmoil of riotous play, inevitable bottle boiling and formula measuring and varied and vigorous baths. And when Daddy hurried in for a solitary breakfast, I'd take my uneasy mind and haphazardly groomed body to a Mass where distractions would plague me as I wondered, "Will Daddy remember to shut the outside gate? Will he get so interested in the paper that the buggy will be jolted off the porch by the older children? Will they all be there at my next count?"

Instead, Sunday to us is an adventure. Up are we in the wan gloom that only hints of the shining day to follow. Preparations in the hush of the early morning take on an aura of importance. Quickly pulling on small socks and brushing unruly locks we proceed in happy teamwork. With the last beret on a small head, we are on our way. Since we take on the semblance of a procession, it is necessary that we be among the earliest arrivals. So helping short chubby legs over kneeling benches and carefully balancing two blanket bundles of people, we are safely in our place before the last minute sleepers are

strolling in. This is the high moment of the week! Sunday and Mass! There sits Mary Ann, prayer book perhaps upside down, but none the less there. And the boys not to be outdone, emulate the eldest.

As the voices outside lessen, as the congregation wends toward hot cups of coffee in waiting homes, as the sunlight comes like muted violin music through the stained glass windows, as a few pious figures kneel as much a part of the church as the vigil lights and statues, we and our children stop to pay our respects to God. And somehow, we feel that there is intimate understanding among us all: two little girls, three small boys, Daddy and Mother and the Boy from Bethlehem.

### Peanut Brittle

By Lucile B. Young

**SIX PAIRS!** Jean looked hopelessly at them. Full of holes, and such dreadful ones! How could Ron get such terrible gaps in all his socks, when he knew that money was so scarce?

"Money," she laughed rather bitterly. Where had she heard that word before! There was Mrs. Newton at the door.

"Jean, want to go to town with me? I have to take this cream up to the station."

"Well, I, that is, I—"

"Oh, sure, come on. You can mend those socks later. Get your hat; the ride will do you good."

Jean turned hastily. "All right. Be with you in a minute."

"I'll rush out to the car, I hear the engine gasping like it had asthma. It's hard to start if it goes dead."

Jean got her purse out of the table drawer and peered disconsolately inside. No need to look; she already knew. One lonely nickel. Didn't she *know*! Hadn't she moved all the furniture and shaken the rug several times in



the hope of finding a stray quarter?

But a nickel. What good was that? It wouldn't buy anything. Oh, yes, it would too. Now she could darn those socks. Of course, they were all different colors, but the holes would be filled up anyhow. Yes, that's what she would do.

SHE PUT ON her coat, and her once jaunty beret. Where were her gloves anyhow? Things were all so crowded into that little room that she could never find anything. She found the gloves, picked up several letters, in stamped envelopes which they had purchased at the post office several weeks ago.

"Any luck with the applications?" asked Mrs. Newton with a glance at the letters.

"Well, we get plenty of answers, but they know only one sentence and that begins, 'We regret to state—'" She managed a wry smile.

"Don't worry, Jean. You'll get a break soon. It can't last forever."

"Neither can we! I feel as old as Methuselah right now."

"We'd better get started. I have to get back to attend to that brooder."

The ride to town was a pleasant one in the rickety Newton car. There was a hint of spring in the air. The wheat was beginning to look like soft green velvet.

Jean breathed a swift silent prayer as she so often did. Father Schulte might have been somewhat scandalized at the way Jean sometimes talked things over with the Blessed Virgin. If she put a cake in the oven she would think, "Now dear Blessed Mother, please, please don't let our cake burn. Let it be extra good, 'cause I know Ron will be tired and discouraged tonight and he will need something extra nice to cheer him up." Or at another time she might say, "Dear Lady, please help me to be a good wife. I get grumpy so often, and for no real reason at all, and

Ron is so sweet and dear to me."

This time, her little thought-prayer was, "Dear Lady, there's just a nickel left. You've helped us before, when we got down to a dollar; you showed Ron the way to some little job, so we could get by. But this time, I know it'll be harder 'cause we're down to a nickel now; but please think hard and see if you can't figure some way out of our difficulties."

Jean suddenly awoke to the fact that Mrs. Newton had been talking to her, and she blushed as she realized she hadn't heard a word of her companion's conversation. In the neighborly chatter that followed Jean forgot financial difficulties, and by the time they reached the Town Square she was actually whistling.

"I declare Jean, I haven't seen you look so pretty for weeks."

"I have been awfully mopey lately, haven't I? Well, I've just decided to quit. It's spoiling my—physical and mental complexion!"

THAT'S THE spirit! Well, here we are. I'll meet you here in half an hour. I must see about the cream, then go over to the feed store and get some mash for the chickens. Then if I have any money left I'll buy some groceries."

"My shopping won't take long. Me for the Dime,—I mean the *Variety* Store," Jean amended.

She loitered along. Half an hour to kill, so she might as well window-shop. It used to be fun to pretend that you *could* buy anything you wanted—only you just didn't want to. But now there was a queer little tug in Jean's heart that made her rush by the rest of that block without seeing the merchandise displayed in the windows. She thought of Ron's gloves. She would have to get a pair for him. She walked slowly through the door of Everetts Variety Shoppe. There were no other customers, so both clerks looked up expectantly.

"Yes?" they said in unison.

"Where will I find the darning cotton?" She knew very well where it was. Why did she have to ask such a sappy question!

"Right here, Miss." The spinster clerk laid a hand upon the cluttered counter with uncanny readiness.

"I want some darning cotton in a—er—rather neutral shade; something that will go with most everything."

The clerks exchanged amused glances.

"How about our assorted package here for twenty cents?"

"No, I—I think I'd rather have just the one. There, I believe that grayish one is what I want." And she handed the nickel to the woman.

"Ten cents please!"

"Ten cents? But I thought,—isn't darning cotton only five?"

"No, not now. The new larger spools with improved wrappers are a dime."

Those holes in Ron's socks seemed to leer at her. She thought she even heard a mocking laugh. She looked around rather desperately. All she could see was the candy counter. The woman behind the counter looked at her as though in doubt as to her sanity, but said nothing.

**T**HE RIDE HOME was a silent one. Mrs. Newton was occupied with mental gymnastics concerning her cream check, and Jean was filled with remorse.

When they reached the gate Jean got out of the car, mechanically thanked Mrs. Newton for the ride and walked slowly up the lane. Ron hurried out to meet her. He had a queer look in his eyes, but Jean was too miserable to notice.

"Did you have a good time, Sweet-heart?"

"Uh—oh—yes, sure!"

"Then why look like you'd just robbed the village bank?" he demanded affectionately as he gave her a lopsided kiss on her ear and another on her pert little nose, before finally land-

ing one in the proper place. Jean gulped, and began:

"You remember that nickel?"

"What nickel—Oh, *the* nickel, you mean."

"Well—it was our last cent you know, so I, well I needed some darning cotton for your awful socks—"

"Yes,—but I don't see—"

"Have a piece, Ron."

"Piece of what—darning cotton?"

"Yes, of course," with a feeble attempt to match his puzzled humor.

**P**EANUT BRITTLE! Well, of all the— Why, honey, you poor little thing!" and he picked her up tenderly.

"But darling," he continued with a choke in his voice, "I can buy you *ten* pounds of peanut brittle *now* if you want. I rushed out to tell you the good news, but you looked so solemn I thought something must be wrong."

"My Sweet, behold 'Professor Ronald Finley, Department of Economics, of Eaton College,' taking the place of their Professor Wilson who is on sick leave for at least a year. We must be there by Monday."

"Ronnie! Oh, darling! And it was our last nickel too. Oh, thank you, Dear Lady!"

"Jean dear, you sound hysterical!"

"No; I'm so happy, Ron, I could cry."

And suddenly she was—sobbing. Ron's arms were around her, holding her tightly. He was crying too.

## Post Communion

By Kathryn Ullmen

*Wait till the singing altar boys have gone,  
Wait till the crowd has left the church; ah,  
stay*

*Quietly praying till the lights are out and one  
Flickering candle burns; it's not too late;  
Make a thanksgiving here in solitude,  
Knowing the comfort of unnoticed tears,  
Weeping for gladness or for sorrow; altar  
boys*

*Singing reminds you how your soul appears.*



# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

A special newspaper is published for beggars in Paris.

♦ ♦

After-dinner speeches in Japan really come before the meal.

♦ ♦

Tongue twister: A school coal scuttle; a scuttle of school coal.

—♦—

The wagtail is so called from its habit of jerking its long tail as it perches or runs.

♦ ♦

In many broadcasting stations a silent paper is used which will not crackle or rustle.

♦ ♦

Women compose about one-third of the total number of factory workers in the Soviet Union.

♦ ♦

Every year in this country butter takes about eighteen million quarts of milk off the market.

♦ ♦

The average life of an artificial eye when constantly in use is somewhere in the neighborhood of fourteen months. After that, corrosion of the surface is apt to develop.

♦ ♦

The most famous dye in the world was discovered by a dog whose lips and mouth were found to be stained by what is now known as Tyrian Purple after he had eaten some little fish called *conchilis* which he had found on a Mediterranean beach.

Character shows itself in critical hours, but is formed in our hours of ease.—*Anonymous.*

♦ ♦

The eel reverses the order of the salmon, migrating from the river to the sea in autumn in order to produce its young.

♦ ♦

Oil in sufficient quantity does actually calm the ocean by reducing the friction between the surface of the water and the wind, thus allowing the latter to slip over the waves more easily.

♦ ♦

Rattlesnake steaks at two dollars a pound are sold in various places in the United States. New York and Chicago lead in the consumption of this kind of meat which is used chiefly as a *hors d'oeuvre* at cocktail bars.

♦ ♦

A century ago there wasn't a factory, a shipyard or a modern street in all Japan. Today Japan has eighty thousand factories, miles of ship-building yards at Kobe and Nagasaki, underground railroads in Tokio, two thousand newspapers, and a fleet of over two thousand merchant ships.

♦ ♦

Due mostly to carelessness, nearly forty-two million acres were swept by forest fires in 1934. It has been estimated that it would cost us four hundred and fifty thousand dollars to reforest this burned-over land and that it would take about two hundred years to do it at the rate we are going now.

♦ ♦

Neutrality consists of remaining so fair-minded between two or more belligerent nations that the said nations will not be inspired to step over and hand the bystanding country a few hearty pokes. This is somewhat harder than walking over Niagara Falls on a tight wire, but not so hard as balancing on the end of a feather.—*George Fitch.*

## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**The World's Great Catholic Poetry**, compiled by Thomas Walsh. Revised edition (1939). The Macmillan Co., New York. Price, \$1.69.

One cannot fail to be amazed by the inclusiveness of this anthology. Pieces from Virgil, and from the New Testament open a volume that ranges over every age and place to conclude with poems by such present and active AVE MARIA contributors as Eileen Duggan and Norbert Engels. The most diverse minds and talents are represented, even the work of those termed by Thomas Walsh "dissidents and . . . enemies of the Church," but among whom "one discovers the residual traces of its cultural forms, which create, in a way, a body of Catholic poetry not altogether of its fold, yet definitely and unmistakably to be based on Catholic foundations." Thus the compiler accepts bits from William Blake and William Wordsworth, and from the very great Rainer Maria Rilke of our own time. In ideas and themes this book is also various; yet most often you find these poets expressing their awareness that this world is "news of God," offering simple, lovely, prayers to Our Lady, and affirming the power of the Lord Incarnate and the membership of man in the Body of Christ. The tone, triumphant and unwavering throughout, is reverence for the supernatural; the lines of this multitude of writers of every nation and century have certainly been "dipped in the instincts of heaven."

I regret the omission of Gertrud von le Fort and her *Hymns to the Church*. She is one of the most effective and liturgical of modern Catholic poets; likewise, I feel that T. S. Eliot should have a full place in the section gathering together Christian poems by non-Catholics—almost any of the choruses

from *The Rock* would be suitable. Nevertheless, this collection will continue to be a complete and rich experience for all readers who have knowledge of God's dealings with what Alice Meynell calls "this ambiguous earth," and who, like the poets themselves, are witnesses always of "His earth-visiting feet," of "the heart-shattering secret of His way with us."

Frank O'Malley.

**Mary's Garden of Roses**, by the Rev. Hugh F. Blunt, LL.D. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Price, \$2.

Distraction in prayer is a common occurrence, perhaps more common in the saying of the Rosary than in any other vocal prayer. There is only one way to rid oneself of a distracting thought, and that is to supplant it by another. The mind must have something to fasten itself on, something to be fascinated with, so that it can combine vocal and mental prayer, the desirable goal in the reciting of the Rosary. This can happen only when the mind busies itself with thinking through the mystery commemorated.

*Mary's Garden of Roses*, a book of meditations on the mysteries of the Rosary, has the special value of storing the mind with thoughts on the different mysteries. Father Blunt takes us through the inner meaning of the mysteries, and stresses Our Blessed Lady's association with, and her unique rôle in, the drama of Redemption. One outstanding quality of his book is its compactness; he compresses much into little space. Long after the book has been laid aside, one is astounded at the ease with which he calls up scenes, persons, interesting facts found in it. The quality of writing that gives rise to this ease of remembering has a very definite value for those who recite the



Rosary daily or frequently. It enables them to focus their attention on the mystery commemorated, and aids greatly in their effort at recollected prayer, thus helping the soul to be "divinely bent to meditation," while the mouth speaks the praise of God and His Mother.

Felix D. Duffey.

**Stenciled of God**, by Burton Confrey, Ph. D.  
Magnicat Press, Manchester, N. H. \$2.

This modern manual of perfection was written primarily for college men by a lay professor who evidently for years has worked prayerfully and intelligently among Catholic college men. Much of the material of the book, which was gathered through questionnaires, presents in the students' own words their reactions and opinions on various procedures suggested to them for living the Christian life. These reactions are grouped according to subject matter into thirty-five chapters, and the chapters are further divided into five sections.

The second section, that on Spiritual Reading and Meditation, is unusually good. Here are the chapter headings which will interest both college men and their spiritual directors: Inculcating Ideals through Spiritual Reading; Thinking with Spalding; Reacting to Spalding's Ideals; Father Cavanaugh's "The Price of a Soul;" Introducing College Men to Meditation; Aphorisms and Reflections for College Men; The Year Around with Mary the Sorrowful.

The book is not only a record of important moral and religious work already accomplished, but also, of greater importance, it is a wise and readable guide for any young man interested in living an intelligent and full Christian life. Sermon ideas, subjects for discussion groups are to be found on almost every page. The author's observations and reading suggestions are especially valuable.

John J. Cavanaugh.

**Spain and America**, by Doris K. Arjona, Rose L. Friedman, and Esther P. Carvajal.  
Scott, Foresman and Co., Chicago. \$1.88.

This book is designed as a complete course for the second-year student of Spanish and aims to present "language in its true character—as a means of conveying thought." It surpasses the traditional language textbook in attractiveness and variety of presentation, without, however, sacrificing anything essential to such a text. The lessons are built around reading exercises which contain much worth-while cultural information regarding Spain and Spanish America. The book is composed of five "units": In the Spanish Homeland (Review), Spain in Our South and West, On the Road to Mexico, Spain in Mexico, Spain in South America. At the end of each unit there is a fairly long piece of "plateau" reading, and thirteen English essays on Spanish and Spanish-American life and history are sprinkled through the work. In all these essays and in the reading exercises there is a fair and just evaluation of the rôle played by the Church in the Spanish colonization of America. The authors in their inductive treatment of grammar have tried to deal with this bugbear in as painless a fashion as possible. Great variety has been achieved in the exercises. *Spain and America* deserves a successful career in second-year Spanish courses, principally in high schools.

Walter M. Langford.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

*The Great Tradition*, by Frances Parkinson Keyes; *The Queen of Angels—An Angel Describes Mary's Coronation*, by the Rev. Frederick Abair; *Spiritual Conferences for College Men*, by Burton Confrey; *Through Hundred Gates—Noted Converts of Twenty-two Lands*, by Severin and Stephen Lamping, O. F. M.; *Christian Denominations*, by the Rev. Vigilius H. Krull, C. PP. S.

## YOUNGER READERS

### The Neat Kitten

By Patricia Buchanan

*I wonder how my kitten knows  
That he must wash his face and toes?  
His mother does not have to scold  
He does it without being told.*

*Although he's always neat and trim,  
There's not so very much of him.  
My baths are harder, for you see  
There's such a dreadful lot of me!*

### The Secret of the Shuttered Door

By Frances Y. Young

#### Chapter XII—The Secret Railway

AND STILL MRS. BLAKE did not come! Gene and Gerry became alarmed. Gene wanted to take Booker and go out to search for her but Gerry, afraid to stay alone, went with him.

"Now what can we do?" queried Gerry. "We can't go and ask in every house if Mrs. Blake is there, can we?"

"There's just one house where she would stay as late as this," returned Gene grimly. "And only because they kept her there, for some reason."

"You mean—kidnapped her?" queried Gerry breathlessly.

"Well, sort of," said Gene. "I don't think they'd harm her because why would any one harm a lady like Mrs. Blake? Maybe she knows something—or maybe they want her to give them money—a ransom. What we have to do is to find out—if we can."

"But how can we?" Gerry walked so fast that she was almost out of breath, keeping up with Gene. "You know that Daddy told us before, that we had no right trying to solve mys-

teries—that we might get into serious trouble—and so, Gene, we mustn't!"

"I know, Gerry I don't expect to solve any mystery—although I *would* like to know about that shuttered door. I'm not so smarty as all that. It's only that I don't know what to do about Mrs. Blake—I want to sneak up and listen—I can do that. I did it before; I'll be terribly careful. Then if I hear her voice or anything there—and if she sounds like she was in trouble—then we could get the police. But we can't just tell them to go there to look for her when maybe she isn't there even—and maybe it's a perfectly harmless house—but we've got to *do* something and I don't know what else to do! Do you think it's all right? If not, then what?"

Gerry had to admit that they had to do something and that it would be a good idea to listen and try to hear anything that would give them a clue to Mrs. Blake's whereabouts. If they were older they would have known enough to go straight to the police, knowing that that would be the quickest and the safest way to find her. But Mrs. Blake had not notified the police about the stolen gun so it never occurred to the G's that there they would have had help. So with one accord, they turned toward the house with the shuttered door.

GENE MADE Gerry stay on the opposite side of the road while he investigated. She held Booker's mouth shut with a hastily tied muzzle made of her handkerchief, so that he could not bark. Booker never growled; he became completely vocal on any provocation!

Taking her rosary from her pocket, Gerry prayed—prayed that Gene would



soon find Mrs. Blake safe and sound—prayed that Gene himself would come to no harm.

Gene turned toward the back of the house around the triangle-point, slipping, in his rubber-soled shoes, from the shadow of one tree to that of the next. Suddenly he stopped short, hearing the sound of iron wheels on the railway track below the hill.

A hand-car appearing dimly through the darkness, slowed down almost to a stop on the tracks. There was a man waiting in the shadow of the bank below beside the rails—a man whom Gene had not known was there!

**THE HAND-CAR** slowed down; it had but one occupant. The man on the ground put several packages on the car which immediately got under way, passed the point where Gene was standing, and disappeared with its one passenger.

As the other man climbed the bank very near him, Gene almost stopped breathing and tried to make himself seem part of the bulk of the tree trunk. If he found himself in real danger, he would yell. If he did, Gerry was to run as fast as she could to Norry's house and call the police.

Mrs. Blake was not at Norry's house when the G's had called there before coming out for a real search. Norry said not to tell his mother and father but he was ready to join any searching party if he were needed. Norry liked to *think* that he could do as much as other boys.

But Gene would not yell yet—not unless the man saw him, and he gave no signs of it. The man walked so close to the other side of the tree where Gene stood flattened that Gene could have touched him. Then a few paces farther the man stopped and fumbled beside a fence-post; he let down several of the wires and stepped over the others easily! So that was it! They hooked the wires to a fence-post where a bush con-

cealed them and when they wanted to get in or out, just let the wires down. As easy as that! Thus with no trouble they kept out trespassers, and anyone who might be curious. The man knocked quietly on the back door—rat-a-tat-tat; then repeated it. The curtain inside the door-window was withdrawn by someone whom Gene could not see. The door opened immediately and closed as quietly and the light vanished. A queer wonder crossed Gene's mind.

Could Mrs. Blake possibly be connected in anyway with these crooks? She lived so quietly, not wanting even to know her neighbors; she made such long absences when she said she was in the chicken-house, where she did not want Gerry and Gene to come. The silver gun was missing and nobody but she and the G's had known it was there! There was all that money in the box! And locked up and the key gone!

Gene had taken the precaution to look in the garage before leaving. The car was gone and nobody else ever used it.

Was it possible that Mrs. Blake could be connected with this mysterious house so near her own? Could she possibly be in there now? If not, where was she?

**THE NIGHT** was clear with a bright moon, so Gene could see with ease. The trees threw so much shadow, though, that he could not be seen if he moved cautiously. He let down the top bars and climbing over, advanced to the side-window with infinite care lest he should step on any loosened branch or twig. So near the house the machinery could be heard more clearly; a heavy, throbbing sound. He had wondered before if the motor might be an electric icebox or oil-heater, but he could hear a piston going up and down which would be too heavy for either of them. And neither of those expensive appliances belonged in this shabby little hut. However, his purpose now was to find out if Mrs. Blake was there and if so, why. He edged between the branches of the fir-

bush which grew close to the window. Good, there was no shutter there! The branches and needles of the fir were heavy and made an effective screen. Gene peered from the side of the window, getting closer until he could see in. There was but one room to the house. He could see little but the opposite wall where there was a cot unmade: among the bedclothes he recognized the bright gray and green of Mrs. Blake's steamer blanket! Undoubtedly the bacon and eggs had come to the same place; someone here had needed food and warmth and taken it—or had Mrs. Blake given it? But why should she tell the G's it was stolen if she had given it?

**C**AUTIOUSLY HE made his way around the bush to peep in the other side. A startling sight held his horrified gaze! He saw a deep, hot red fire and a cauldron on it over which three men were bending. They were laughing and at one side, laughing too, was the old woman whom Gene had seen before. She was a strange sight, for her dress was open at the neck showing a powerful throat, strangely unlined for one so old. As he looked, one of the men wiped his hand impudently down the old lady's face—the wrinkles came away, leaving her face streaked and dirty. They were penciled wrinkles. The old woman was not old after all! Could she possibly be Mrs. Blake? This idea was dispelled when she put a heavy brown pipe in her mouth and began to smoke with evident pleasure. Women did smoke, but not Mrs. Blake, and no woman ever smoked a pipe like that. To climax Gene's astonishment, she pulled her hair off, leaving a rough brown stubble which had been covered by the stringy wig now in her—or rather, his hand. This was a man, Gene knew, even before he slipped out of a shabby house-dress, appearing in slouchy blue overalls and shirt.

So that was the trick! To make believe an eccentric old woman lived there so people would keep away! But what was it they were stewing in that terribly hot cauldron? A fireplace which Gene had noticed on the wall of the room at first was unlighted. No wonder! The men wiped their faces when they stood near to the cauldron. What could it be? And a machine, of which Gene could see only a corner, was working away busily. One of the men went from the fire to it. Another sat down at a drawing-board and busied himself with a pen and ink—slowly and carefully writing or drawing. The third flung himself down on the couch—he was probably the one who kept the late watch and was going to take a nap. He was the same man who had put the packages on the secret hand-car. But no Mrs. Blake was to be seen. The back shed was not large enough to hold a big cat, not to say an ample lady like Mrs. Blake!

**G**ENE WITHDREW from the bush and made his way back to the point of the triangle. He would signal Gerry from there that he was on his way back. Suddenly the back door opened and one of the men came out, carrying a box. After letting himself through the wire, he sat down and lit a cigarette. His attitude showed that he was prepared to keep a long vigil if necessary. What on earth was Gene to do? He didn't dare go back to the opening; it was too near the waiting figure! It was beginning to get cold. Would he have to wait perhaps for hours, and catch cold while Gerry worried herself to death? He could not move even to round the tree at the point of the triangle. And what about Mrs. Blake? Suppose she was at home worrying about them, or sending word that she needed help! Gene worried about these things, but could do nothing.

(To be continued.)



## The Honest Storekeeper

By Wouter Van Garrett

MANY YEARS AGO there was a widow and her small boy. They lived alone in a little house about three miles from town. They had not much money, and sometimes not very much to eat. One day the mother saw that they needed food so she sent her boy to the store in town.

"Get some flour, some salt, some sugar, and some tea," she said. "But be very careful not to lose any of this money." She handed him several coins. "This is all the money we have now, and we need every penny of it. You will be careful, won't you?"

"Yes, mother!" smiled the boy as he said good-bye and started away from the house. The road that led to town was dusty,—and the day was hot, and the boy soon grew tired. But he knew that he was really helping his mother so he kept right on walking, and at last reached the store.

"Hello, my little man," said the tall clerk as the boy entered. "And what can I do for you?"

"I want some flour, and some salt, some sugar, and some tea," And then he told the clerk how much of each he was to buy. In a few minutes all the things were in the basket and the lad handed the clerk the money his mother had given him.

"And here's your change," smiled the tall friendly clerk. The boy said good-bye to the storekeeper, and started for home. As he walked along the quiet street he stopped a few times to look into store windows.

"Oh, it looks good! I sure would like to have some of that candy over there in the corner." He felt the change in his pocket, and he knew he had enough to buy some and still have money left. Just then he remembered that his mother had told him this was all the money they had left. They would soon need it

for more food. And so, even though it was hard to quit looking at that candy, he turned away and started out of town.

The three miles back to his home seemed farther than ever, and the basket seemed heavier. The sun was hot, the road dusty, his feet tired. But he kept right on walking. It was almost dark when he reached home. His mother was glad to see him. She took the things out of the basket and put them on the shelf; then counted the change her boy had brought back.

"There seems to be some money missing," she said. "Are you sure you didn't lose some of the change?"

"No mother, I was very careful," he answered. "I kept it right in my pocket. I could have eaten some candy but I knew we needed the money so I didn't buy any."

"Well, I guess we can manage somehow," smiled the mother. "You must be hungry after that long walk. Wash your hands and face and we'll be ready for supper."

THE MOTHER and the boy sat at the supper table eating the simple meal that was on the table. Before they finished there was a knock on the door. The mother went to see who was there, and a tall man met her who smiled and held out his hand.

"When I was ready to close the store this evening I counted the money. There was too much there. So I tried to remember what I had sold this afternoon and I found out I had charged your boy too much for the things he bought. Here's the change. I brought it out here to you. I am sorry, Madam."

That tall young storekeeper was Abraham Lincoln, who became president of the United States. He walked three miles out into the country and three miles back to town, on a dark night, to correct a mistake he had made. And that was why people liked to call him "The Honest Storekeeper."

## ✿ The Weekly Postscript ✿

By M. M. Wirries

**C**LOUDY DAYS ARE something to write about, here in this cloudless land. We are delighting in this one—in the clouds, that dip, gray-black, to all the surrounding mountains; in the soft rains that are falling on our thirsty lawns and flowers; in the bright flashes of distant lightning and the thunder that rolls through the sky, out Wickenbrug way. "June in January"—yesterday—so hot that we threatened to install the window cooler which makes life livable through the hot months; and today, the first of February, this lovely rain.

"The air feels like May in Missouri," says the neighbor.

"I always liked rain," says the other with a wee bit of nostalgia in her voice, "I liked to walk in it, in the Spring. This air is so dry."

"That's why we are here," reminds the neighbor.

"Yes, I know. And even one rainy spell like this brings on my rheumatism. Every joint was aching yesterday. But I still like the rain. It makes me think of cattails and pussywillows and purple violets in deep wet grass; it makes me think of sponge mushrooms growing around old wet apple stumps; it makes me think of the yellow buttercups in the pasture."

"It's the wrong time of year to think of them. There's snow back there now, and bitter weather. That man who came in from the north yesterday said it was forty-one below, where he was.

"Br-r-r! That's very, *very* cold, even for the first of February. Our second daughter was born on the first day of February, in Detroit, twenty years ago. It was the coldest day of the winter. There was an influenza epidemic that year. The hospital was quarantined; there were sixty nurses ill. Only two

nurses on the maternity floor at night, and thirty-five babies in the nursery right across the hall from me—all on different feeding schedules. You never heard such a hullabaloo in your life! The four-hour babies woke up the three-hour babies, and the poor nurses were about dead before they got around to all of them."

"There's an influenza epidemic now. At least that's what they call it. I call it just old-fashioned lagrippe. Or did that go out with onion poultices?"

"Well, whatever they call it, your bones ache with both. And everyone I know is either down, just getting up, or just getting down. I had mine in November—something for which to be thankful at Thanksgiving time. The cough, like the memory, lingers.

"This rain won't help it."

**P**ERHAPS NOT. But I like the rain. And I'm getting used to the cough. I'll miss it when it's gone. By the way, where are you going for your vacation?"

"It's away too early to talk about vacations."

"Not for me. I start thinking about it when it's far away. That's the best part of it. Somehow it's always disappointing when it comes. Last year we went back to the Middle West and it rained. For four weeks, it rained. It rained in Ohio, it rained in Missouri, it rained in Oklahoma, it rained in Indiana, it rained in Michigan, it rained in Iowa. This summer we are going to the Pacific Coast."

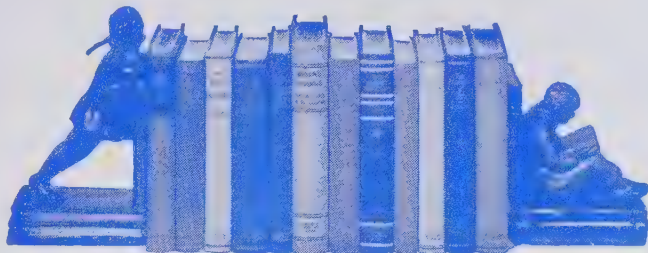
"It rains in California. But you like rain. Didn't you see purple violets and yellow buttercups back in Michigan when it rained?"

"No. It was July—and I saw my best hat ruined and my husband sneezing—what a cold he took! Well, here's where I leave you. Grand rain, isn't it?"



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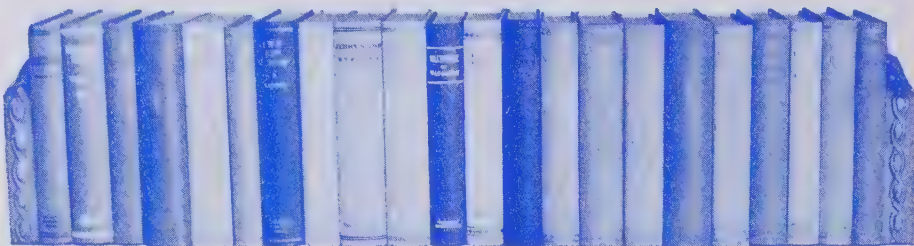
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Saint Louis' Round Table . . .  
Mission of Mr. Welles . . .  
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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

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## NEXT WEEK

Harold F. Haynes, 3808 Central St., Kansas City, Mo., in *Catholic Publications and American Business*, discusses the responsibility of Catholic editors and writers in viewing big business operatives with fairness rather than with prejudice.

Elizabeth Chute of Minneapolis, Minn., in her article, *Convert and Valiant Woman*, gives us the story of the conversion of her mother—Mrs. Helen E. A. Day Chute.

*Sue Rediscovered* is our weekly shorter fiction by Anobel Armour, 408 Cypress St., Kansas City, Missouri.

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## OBITUARY

Reverend Francis T. Wenninger, C.S.C.  
Sister St. Thomas, Sister Marietta, and Sister M. Patrick, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister Mary Benignus, and Sister Mary Vincent, Sisters of Mercy; Sister Marie Dolores, R.S.C.M.; Sister M. Dorothy, Sisters of Charity.  
Paul and Franziska Karlstetter, Mrs. Anna M. Campbell, Mrs. Mary Cronin, Timothy Mahoney, Mrs. Catherine Mahoney, Mrs. Catherine Finke, Mrs. M. Dubois, J. P. Murphy, Mary Frances White, C. R. Donovan, Mrs. Mary A. Watson, Mrs. Katherine Laherty, Mary A. Adams, W. E. Narey, Mrs. Danks, Eliza Harvey, Patrick Harvey, August Fleck, Mary Springer, Mrs. Mary McDonough, James A. Broady, Hugh Burns, and Miriam Blum, Miss Mary C. Halloran, Mrs. E. Orme, Laughlin MacIsaac, Anna Harmon, Matthew Callahan, Mrs. Mary Moran, Miss Elizabeth Mulhern, Thomas Kelly, Francis Noe, Lena Noe, Mrs. Rachel Grant, John Nichter, Mrs. M. Judge, Mrs. P. Beggin, Mrs. Elizabeth Doyle, Mrs. Anna Savino, John Burns, George M. Steinmiller, Miss Mary Carney, Mrs. Susan Saeger.  
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VOL. 51, (N. S.) NO. 8

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FEBRUARY 24, 1940

## *World News in Brief*

**THE CHURCH** In New York, the *Catholic Hour* program prepared to observe its tenth anniversary on March 3. . . . ¶ In Washington, Catholic opposition to Russia was vindicated when the Roosevelt attack completed the changed American attitude toward the Reds. . . . Papal medals were presented to twenty faculty members of the Catholic University. . . . ¶ In New Orleans, Lutherans protested against Governor Long's suggestion to give Catholic schools "some maintenance money."

**AT HOME** In Washington, Mrs. Roosevelt, in reproving Communistic friends for their attitude toward Finland, was hissed by American Youth delegates. . . . Treasury revenues declined. . . . A Supreme Court decision added to the power of the Labor Board. Meantime, Congress asked for the arrest of Board Chairman Madden. . . . The Administration became involved with Germany and England over the rights of ships at sea. . . . Republicans quoted Lincoln copiously in recent birthday speeches to show the evils of the New Deal form of government. . . . The Senate approved a bill to increase Finland's borrowing power. . . . The Welles' peace mission aroused the fury of Secretary of State Hull, as well as the American ambassadors to Europe, none of whom was consulted in the matter. . . . Postmaster General James A. Farley formally entered the Presidential race. . . . ¶ In Albany, New York, thousands of New York cit-

izens stormed the capitol in a protest against higher taxes. . . . ¶ In Kansas City, citizens voted to oust the Mayor and eight councilmen, thus ending the Prendergast reign. . . . ¶ In New York, a severe blizzard sweeping from Ohio to New England paralyzed traffic. . . . ¶ In industry, many firms reported that profit-sharing had aided business. . . . Brokers criticized the administration of recent federal securities laws. . . . The New Deal hydro-electric program survived a court test. . . . Engineers asserted the nation is deficient in vital war materials.

**ABROAD** In Helsingfors, a Finnish counter-attack regained positions lost to Reds as the Finns made a final appeal for help from the Allies. . . . ¶ In Bucharest, the economic war jolted the Balkan States severely. . . . ¶ In Moscow, Reds accused Germany of aiding the Finnish defense. Later, the two nations signed a pact to speed trade. . . . ¶ In Berlin, political shock-troops were installed in all factories to aid morale. Meantime, Nazis rejected the protest of twenty-one American Republics on her violation of peace areas at sea. . . . ¶ In London, Scotland Yard joined the British hunt for women spies. . . . The government approved recruiting for the Finnish army. . . . ¶ In Paris, the French premier faced grillings by parliament. . . . ¶ In Istanbul, Britain, France and Turkey massed armies for the Near East defense. . . . ¶ In Chungking, Japanese troops retreated toward Nanking.

## Notes and Remarks

The statement of the Archbishops and Bishops of the administrative board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference deals with

### The Hierarchy's Statement

the principles rather than with specific problems of the social order. Man as a member of society has "duties in communicative justice and duties of charity which emerge from this relationship." To determine these duties of justice and charity in a given case belongs to individuals who decide cases by applying principles, not to those who lay down principles through which particular problems are to be settled. When the ownership of industry clashes with the men who contribute their labor to the realization and upbuilding of industry, moral as well as economic principles must be applied in order to arrive at an equitable settlement. There is no such thing as absolute or unlimited ownership. . . . "Man is truly the steward of his possessions in the sight of God and has, therefore definite responsibilities both to justice and charity toward his fellowman with respect to the use he makes of his property." Here again we have the statement of a principle. When it comes to determine in a given case of, say, automobile manufacturers and their workers, what is a just wage and what are just profits, what distributive charity should be exercised toward workers, their dependents, the public—these are specific questions that must be given specific solutions. The Archbishops and Bishops who undersigned this document do not deal with cases. They deal with principles. We are not too hopeful that decisions will always be sought through the application of these principles. Interests will clash, and where a principle calls for a retreat from a position, the retreat will

be thought a surrender. Strikes, lock-outs, weeks and months of voluntary idleness in factories are but too obvious evidences of this. And yet, in the confusion of our ethical and economic standards, some such statement as this from the Hierarchy is needed to clarify thinking.

In Saint Louis the other day the five Catholic members of the executive committee of the National Round Table of

Christians and Jews resigned their membership after Rabbi Isserman had criticized the

### Saint Louis Round Table

appointment of Myron Taylor as presidential representative to the Vatican, and had made some slurring remarks about the Catholic people of Ireland that were entirely uncalled for. The Rabbi's speech was made before a joint meeting of the Temple Israel, the St. John's Methodist Episcopal Church and the second Baptist Church. Dr. Kane, of St. Louis, emphasized the fact that the five Catholic members who resigned had no official positions in their Church but were acting simply as individuals. He said in part: "Rabbi Isserman evidently does not think it a bad thing for the President to confer with a prominent Jewish Rabbi and a prominent Protestant clergyman. He only complains when Mr. Roosevelt sends an unofficial diplomat to the Pope. Are Catholics the only threat of a Church and State combination? I no longer will sit at the same table with a man who will go out of his way to criticize my religion. His remarks about the Irish were also in poor taste. It ill becomes a man, especially a clergyman pledged to promote religious harmony, to criticize or joke about the woes or troubles of a nation which throughout her history has fought against bigotry and for re-



ligious freedom." The Round Table was formed to promote good will among Catholics, Protestants and Jews and has been in existence for ten years. The Saint Louis Catholics maintain that they have always been most considerate of all classes and have sympathized with persecuted races and faiths.



Sir Kingsley Wood, British air minister said last week that Great Britain intends to fight on to "a real peace, not a patched-up pact." And

### Mission of Mr. Welles

a semi-official note from France warned that Germany must be crushed "before the world takes shape by agreement." Both statements came at the moment President Roosevelt was dispatching Sumner Welles to Europe to discover the attitudes of belligerent and some neutral powers on the subject of a conference peace. In Berlin the mission of Mr. Welles was viewed as a move instituted for domestic, political objectives. All this we learn from dispatches to the secular press. The warring nations are quite positive they do not want peace until they have achieved a victorious peace through force of arms. If they are sincere in what they say, we need not expect any peace results from Mr. Welles' fact-finding tour. May we expect something else, which is not disclosed among the objectives of the visitation? Will Mr. Welles repeat the commitments of the late President Wilson's special peace envoy to Europe, Colonel House, before we entered the World War in 1918? The *Chicago Tribune* in its issue of February 11, quotes Lord Gray's confidential memorandum, written Feb. 22, 1916 to this effect: "Colonel House told me that President Wilson was ready, on hearing from France and England, that the moment was opportune to propose that a conference should be summoned to put an end to the war. Should the allies accept this proposal and should Ger-

many refuse it, the United States would enter the war against Germany." Later, after he had returned to Washington, House cabled Lord Gray that President Wilson agreed to the memorandum, but that the last part of the final sentence had better read, "the United States would *probably* enter the war against Germany."

Is Mr. Welles to repeat Colonel House? Does his visit to European capitals mean the same commitments to one group of belligerents in the present conflict, without the knowledge or consent of the American people? The American people most emphatically do not wish to enter this war. Mr. Welles need have no delusions about that. He very likely will not secure peace for Europe. It is crucially important that he do not secure war for the United States.



Father Jerome Ludder at a recent Layman's Luncheon held in Brooklyn drew a rather vivid picture of "downtown paganism" that

### Downtown Paganism

may be of interest to some of our readers. "Most of you are husbands," he said, "makers of homes of a high middle class, far from the hungerlands of the underprivileged. Your wife and your children are safe from the nightmare terrors of insecurity. You have a few stocks, a bank account, a club membership, professional reputation and friendships. You are what people call a down-town success. When you catch your train in the morning there is a feeling that you have left something behind. When you step off the train you pass the unemployment slave markets where men are chattel and liabilities after forty. Over there are the money lenders, downtown vampires sucking blood money from trapped workers. Here are the lunch counters by the elevators where deals are made and smut stories told. Look up at the

names on the directory and wonder who belongs to the modern guild of craftsmen who at the smell of a professional fee become crafty men. This is downtown, downtown where a woman's tear is only salt water and a secretary is only a gadget on a typewriter. Here is the challenge. You can be a downtown success or a Christian fool. Foolish enough to dare to be honest by virtue and not alone by legality; foolish enough to dare to lose a fee like a thoroughbred dog who will not touch rotted meat though he must watch the pack of mongrels leap upon it; foolish enough to dare to make our employees freemen by striking from them the chains of inhuman wages; foolish enough to treat the office boy as a human being, the Negro porter as a man, and the Jewish competitor as one for whom Christ died and not as one who made Christ die, so that what Chesterton called 'the failure of the successful man' may not apply to you."

There is, and will be for some time, considerable talk about a third term for President Roosevelt. Like some of

his predecessors, Mr. Roosevelt seems in no hurry to say yes or no. He could

speaking out and end the matter, but he prefers to wait. We note some agitation by admirers of a "party" draft to meet a "party," not to say a "national," need. May we say without being accused of political leanings, that while civilian men may be drafted into the army, no such compulsion may be exercised against a citizen in the case of the presidency? If a citizen does not wish to run for that high office there is no law that can compel him to. The "draft" in the case of a candidate for the presidency or for any other worth-while political office is just a word borrowed from the army to give the sanction of compulsion to a simple act of choice.

Mr. Roosevelt may not be drafted any more than General Sherman, who said "no," emphatically, or than the late Mr. Coolidge who did "not choose to run," and did not.

The German Jesuit, Father Friedrich Muckerman, now in exile, writes an article for the *London Tablet* in

### Aims of National Socialism

which he lists among the leaders of National-Socialism not a few apostates. Among them are Adolf Hitler himself and his right-hand man Joseph Goebbels; also Heinrich Himmler and Julius Streicher. There are others, too, who have not climbed so high in Nazi régime. According to Father Muckerman, the Hitler program repudiates the Christian order and at the same time imitates that order in the new setup. Thus it struggles against the world of cathedrals and erects its own—to the devil. National Socialism tries to discover a negative substitute for the positive values it repudiates. It rejects the whole background of the Christian Middle Ages, and strives to replace it with a will-o'-the-wisp millennium of its own fashioning. The armies of Hitler can be defeated in this war, but it will take more than armed might to defeat the materialistic cult of the Hitler following.

We received considerable correspondence during the National-Communist War in Spain criticizing us for uphold-

ing the objectives of General Franco. We are assured that the

### Catching up with Communists

Abraham Lincoln Brigade and other recruiting bodies that sent American youths to fight for the Spanish Loyalists were serving the cause of democracy and liberty. Now, when Franco has given peace and security to Spain, we read that twelve of those who



worked for the Loyalist forces were arrested in Milwaukee and in Detroit for illegally recruiting American citizens for service with the Communist army in Spain. This illegal recruiting went on brazenly during the Spanish conflict, yet our government agencies did nothing about it. Four hundred men—unemployed auto-plant workers—were signed up in Detroit alone. Other workers were recruited in other cities. All told, it is estimated that upwards of ten thousand Americans served with Communists in Spain's civil war. In Chicago, \$35,000 was raised by three labor organizations to help the Loyalists, and a mass meeting for collecting purposes was sponsored by the Socialist and Communist parties of Cook County. Now, at this late date, long after the horse is stolen, the Department of Justice takes action.

We have received some correspondence protesting against an editorial in our issue of February 3, this year, entitled, "The **Setting Ourselves Right** so-called Christian Front." Therein we referred adversely, let us say even caustically, to the young men discovered in a New York apartment where, the daily press reported, they had hidden guns, bombs and ammunition for the purpose of blowing up certain buildings. We made no adverse comment on the Christian Front, merely stating that the young men arrested in the raid were not members of it. Later information disclosed that these young men came from good homes, were law-abiding citizens and in no way connected with Communism or any other lawless organization. In our issue of February 17, in an editorial, "The Great Plot," we exonerated not only the Christian Front but also these young men who were condemned in the first instance on information received from

the daily press. This is our statement of the case as briefly and as simply as we know how to put it. Most of the correspondents were gracious in calling our attention to the original editorial, although one correspondent wrote in to the effect that "on rumor alone," we "gladly crucified Christian young men." We do not think it necessary to disclaim any such motive.

It has been customary for our politicians and lecturers to keep dinning in our ears week after week that Americans should feel happy because they are not burdened with taxes as are

### Some Startling Tax Figures

the people of France, England, Italy and Germany. The constant iteration of this statement has made Americans accept it as a truism. The fact is that such a statement, however true it may have been ten years ago, is certainly not true now. The National Industrial Conference Board, the most thorough research organization in the United States, has set down some figures that will astonish many of our readers. It points out that in 1928 Americans were taxed only 12.3 cents on every dollar, while Great Britain had a rate of 18.4; Italy, 18; Germany, 19.1 and France, 27.3. From 1928 to 1938 the ratio of taxes jumped to 22.4, a rise of 81 per cent in tax rates, despite the fact that we were not preparing for war. None of the other nations had a rise that could compare with ours, although most of them were spending huge sums for war materials. Germany had the highest rate of increase and that was only 37 per cent as compared to our 81. Today the per capita debt of the United States stands 432.65, and the National Conference Board tells us that if taxes continue along the same trend, free enterprise will be free no more. It will be working solely for the government."

# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

## British House of Commons

IT IS NOT EASY to get into the visitors' gallery of the British House of Commons. If you have sufficient time, can contact the right person and all that sort of thing—well and good. Otherwise you must be content to view the seat of English legislation from the outside.

That morning in early June you had not much time, you did not belong to any constituency, you knew no living member of the very ancient and the very traditional House of Commons; and yet you got inside. How? It was a slack day. There were very, very few visitors. Hence when you questioned the Bobby he told you to sit on the bench with some others and await your turn. "I fancy it should not be long," he said hopefully. It was not. Perhaps twenty minutes.

It is somewhat of a ceremony—this presentation to the House of Commons. No uniforms, no gloves, no triple bows, no stepping up and back, and so on, as if you were presented to their Majesties. Nothing quite so elaborate with ritual. Yet you do have to go places and you do have to see official servants from the time you leave the waiting bench until you see the presences within the chamber of the Lower House.

First, here to get a ticket; there to exchange that ticket for another; along a narrow winding corridor to a very polite gentleman who bids you write down your name, temporary address, occupation, destination and so on. You sign the document with your accustomed signature and perhaps—for you are not sure about this—get a third ticket. This should admit you within the chambers. As a matter of fact it does. You ask the official who has pre-

sented you the questionnaire, just filled out, if you may keep it as a souvenir. "Jolly well not at all! We keep that for recheck."

The inside of the House of Commons is churchly: Gothic architecture is our guess—subject to correction, of course. Where the members sit are generally and properly called benches, because that is what they are. The benches are leather-cushioned, you recall; but as the day was a bit dark you do not wish to appear positive. There were few visitors at this session. You did not ask on which side the Government sat and on which side the Opposition, since this information is contained in guidebooks and you could look it up later on if it became a problem. It seems that the Minister of Labor was speaking on the subject of employment—or perhaps unemployment. It appeared from the context of his speech, which he read at times, and coasted on from memory at other times, that he was replying to an Opposition member who had sat down shortly before. He was a very polite but forceful gentleman. He gave figures showing how much unemployment there was and why. There were no "hear-hears" or "boos," or any kind of interruption; and all the members had hats off like very ordinary civilized men. The speech was as dull as a Minister's speech can be. You left before it was finished. There were many absences from the benches, but you noted the figure of Lloyd George. You were even less interested in him. You were more interested in Charles Stewart Parnell, John Dillon, Michael Davitt, William O'Brien and others who had sat somewhere on those benches about half a century ago. You saw and heard them that morning, clamoring for the free heart-beats of the sister island.



# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## Credit Unions

By John J. O'Connor

**T**HE VAST MAJORITY of the American people do not have access to bank credit at legal interest rates. When they need money in an emergency they go to usurious money lenders. The Russel Sage Foundation reports the case of a man who paid \$310 interest on a loan of \$10—and was then fined for the principal. A recent investigation in Chicago shows loan sharks actually getting \$1080 for a loan of \$30. Most states have attempted to regulate the nefarious exploitation of those in temporary financial distress; but the *legal* rate of interest can be as high as forty-two per cent.

Let us suppose that your son needs an immediate operation, or that you want to send your daughter to a secretarial school, or that you are in danger of losing an insurance policy through lapse in premium, or that repairs to the roof of your home cannot any longer be postponed, or that you must first purchase a few mechanic's tools in order to obtain employment, or that the delivery truck, which is vital to your business, must be overhauled. You consult your classified telephone directory and call up the nearest loan office. You may obtain quick, confidential service. But you will probably pay \$42 for a loan of \$100.

If you are accustomed to buy clothes, jewelry, automobiles and household goods on the installment plan, you are paying, in addition to the price of the commodity, a very high rate of interest which has been cleverly disguised. Every public agency of communica-

tion—newspapers, magazines, and the radio—is employed to induce you to buy many things which you do not need and for which you are unable to pay cash. When you resort to a credit plan, you are contracting an unnecessarily large debt which may outlast the luxury article you purchased.

No absolutely fool-proof plan has yet been devised to instill common sense into the minds and hearts of improvident people. Credit unions are not a panacea for all the economic ills that afflict our debt-ridden country. But they do offer a safe and sensible way out of financial difficulties for people who believe that it is easier to face a problem co-operatively than to try to solve it alone.

**C**REDIT UNIONS may be organized under forty-four State laws and a Federal credit union law which permits the organization of credit unions anywhere under the American flag. There are now 8200 credit unions in the United States, serving approximately two million members. According to the latest available report, they are increasing at the rate of one hundred a month. Credit unions have been organized in all types of industry, in public service groups, in church and parish groups, in schools and universities, in almost any conceivable group which has a common bond of association. It is this common bond to which may be attributed the success of the credit unions.

To a Canadian, Adolphe Desjardins, the people of the United States and

Canada are indebted for the many beneficial results of credit union work, for it was he who was shocked by deplorable revelations in Montreal and elsewhere where poor borrowers had been obliged to pay usurious rates of interest amounting to several hundred per cent for the most insignificant loans. After fifteen years of constant study, during which time he investigated the credit union movement in Europe, he established the first Caisse Populaire or People's Bank. The first installment was ten cents and the total of the first collection amounted to only \$26.40. Today, as a result of Desjardins' efforts and the untiring labor of Canadian priests and social workers, there are over three hundred and forty-eight such banks or credit unions in the province of Quebec alone, with assets of \$16,000,000.

**A** WEALTHY Boston merchant, Edward A. Filene, was well aware of exactions of usurious money lenders on working people of the United States. He interested himself in the credit union movement and in 1909, with Desjardins' help, persuaded the Massachusetts legislature to enact a credit union law which became the model for all future general State legislation. Between 1921 and 1934 he expended one million dollars in order that credit union State laws and the Federal credit union law would be enacted, and that the first three thousand credit unions might be brought into existence. Every credit union in the United States owes its existence, either directly or indirectly, to the individual generosity of Edward A. Filene.

Let us now see what function the credit union performs. Since this is nearest our interest, we will deal with it in some detail.

Roy F. Bergengren, a former associate of Filene, states that a credit union is, first of all, a thrift plan. This

is necessary in order that it may accumulate enough capital to become an adequate credit plan. It is unique in that it is particularly interested in serving the members of that group which can save the least.

**I**T IS AN easy matter to organize a credit union. After a preliminary period of study in a parish, or among people with a common bond of interest, members of the group petition for a charter. When this is granted by the State or Federal agency, the charter members choose directors, a credit committee, and a supervisory committee. A treasurer is elected. Usually he manages the organization.

Members agree to buy at least one share (generally of a par value of five dollars) and to pay for it with cash or at a weekly rate of ten or twenty-five cents. There is also an entrance fee of twenty-five cents which goes into the reserve or surplus of the union. The union is a co-operative association in which each member has one vote and only one vote. It is an organization of members—not an organization of shares. No one outside the membership can have a single thing to do with it. There is no invested capital except the capital of the members. Loans may be made only to members. The earnings on loans are divided among the members. Dividends on accumulated shares average about four or five per cent. A member may withdraw what he has put in on shares at any time. Individuals can join the credit union without formality or red tape.

It is important for the credit union to induce every member to start saving, and then to continue saving indefinitely. Members are urged not to withdraw their savings except in times of great need, it being much more conducive to consistent saving to borrow from the credit union when they require money. A general rule of all credit



unions is that the individual, who first joins to borrow, should save a bit while repaying his loan and should be required to become a systematic saver after his first loan is repaid, if he is, at any subsequent time, to be deemed worthy of credit.

The credit union is the best available thrift plan. It gauges itself down to the members who can save the least. It accommodates the member who can save the most. It operates at the members' elbows for their maximum convenience. It develops in them a sense of loyalty which no bank can duplicate.

**THE THEORY** behind the credit union is that money should be used, for the benefit of those to whom it belongs, at an interest rate of not more than one per cent a month on the unpaid balance. Loans are divided into four categories.

In the first category are included loans which may be described as remedial—to pay the doctor, the nurse, the hospital, for the needed operation, or for a funeral. The loans help the borrower over a tough spot in the road.

The second class of loans may be called constructive. They are designed to help the member improve his lot economically—to shingle his house, pay his taxes, build a garage, pay for education, buy into a small business, and do anything, the doing of which will, in the opinion of the credit committee, assist the member to be better off than he was before the loan was made.

The third type of loans are designed to break up the installment purchasing system by making the credit union members cash buyers of the things they really need. The cash price of the average things, plus the cost to the borrower of a credit union loan, is, in almost every case, a very real saving over the installment price of the same thing.

Finally, loans are available to help

the member become a seasonable buyer of the things he needs—that is, to enable him to buy right in the right market, at the right time, in the right amount and, wherever practical, to secure the advantage incidental to quantity buying.

Small loans of \$10, \$25, or \$50 are made on the character of the borrower without a further endorsement. For larger amounts, if the member has no collateral, a co-maker is usually required. Members liquidate indebtedness on terms fitted to their earning power and other circumstances. Credit unions, as a general rule, make few bad loans.

The credit union should eventually enable every member, as a result of systematic thrift, to safeguard his health and happiness, to insure himself against periods of unemployment and part-time work, and to provide for the protection of his family.

The credit union is a school. Since it is managed by officers chosen by and from the group, and since it is a co-operative society, the credit union performs an essential educational process. It teaches its members very practical lessons about this mysterious thing called money. It enables its members to challenge the usury racket, the installment racket, and all the other rackets which are aimed at the man who can least afford to use any part of his earnings in any way without commensurate return.

**IF YOU WOULD** organize a credit union in your parish, for the exclusive benefit of members of your parish, contact either the Credit Union Section of the Farm Credit Administration, Washington, D. C., or the Credit Union National Association, Raiffeisen House, Madison, Wisconsin. From either source you are assured of complete co-operation free of charge.

A few examples will serve to illustrate the amazing growth of the credit

union movement in Canada and in the United States. The first credit union in Nova Scotia was incorporated in 1932. There are at present one hundred and forty-one in operation in this province. Reports from a credit union in a small fishing community show a total membership of eighty, with savings of over \$500. A rural parish has a membership of one hundred and twenty-five, with savings over \$4,000. Both these unions were organized about three years ago.

The Bell Telephone Company employees in the United States started a credit union in 1909 with a capital of \$4.60 which grew, in ten years, to \$1,500,000. The Postal employees started a credit union with \$18.50 and a membership of eight. Today they have two hundred and forty-five credit unions with a membership of 40,574, holding \$3,338,219.

These facts and figures are a startling tribute to the ability of the common people of Canada and the United States to conduct their own banking business, by means of credit unions, where the moral qualifications of honesty, industry and character constitute the basis of membership.

### Washington's Secretary

By Maude Gardner

**P**ORTSMOUTH, New Hampshire, with its Old-World atmosphere, its winding streets and aged trees, has many fine old houses that date back to the time when this ancient city was a busy seaport and vessels put out from its harbor for distant ports to return, months later, with strange cargoes.

Just recently the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities purchased one of the most interesting of these historic structures and opened it to the public as another American shrine of patriotism.

This quaint, lovely old building

stands at 51 Hunking Street, down near the water. It was the birthplace in 1762 of Tobias Lear, for sixteen years the private secretary of George Washington. Except for the members of his own family, no one else, perhaps, was closer to America's first great hero in his later years than Tobias Lear. He was not only his valued employee but his faithful friend as well.

The Lear Mansion for itself alone is well worth preservation. Built in 1740 by the grandfather of Tobias Lear, it is a fine example of the early architecture of New England, and for many years has been a landmark of old Portsmouth by the sea.

**I**T WAS Capt. Tobias Lear III, father of Washington's secretary, who superintended the Continental Shipyard at Portsmouth and there built the "Ranger," the noted vessel commanded by John Paul Jones. Capt. Lear's prosperity as a shipmaster and later as a farmer enabled his son, Tobias Lear IV, to graduate at Harvard in 1782, and to travel and study in Europe.

With the long Revolutionary War at an end, Washington returned to his Virginia estate on the Potomac River. He was now the nation's hero. There were many visitors to Mount Vernon, much business to superintend, and Washington needed the services of a young man to take some of the burdens from his own shoulders.

Through General Benjamin Lincoln the services of Tobias Lear were secured; and until Washington's death, sixteen years later, Mr. Lear was one of the family circle at Mount Vernon. In addition to his various other duties, he tutored Washington's two adopted children—Nelly Custis, and her brother, George Washington Parke Custis; and further cemented his friendship with the family by his marriage to two of Mrs. Washington's nieces.

When Washington became the na-



tion's first President, it was Tobias Lear who went ahead to make all the preparations for his residence in Philadelphia while the new capital at Washington was laid out. When Mr. Lear told Washington of the rich and elegant style in which the state carriage was being fitted up, in his characteristic manner Washington replied: "I had rather have heard that my repaired coach was plain and elegant rather than rich and elegant."

When Washington made a journey through the eastern states in 1789, his secretary accompanied him and their visit to Portsmouth, N. H., included a stay at the Lear home on Hunking Street. When his second term as President had ended and Washington once more retired to Mount Vernon, he felt that he could not dispense with the services of his faithful secretary. So Tobias Lear continued to keep the account books of the family, meticulously recording every expenditure from small sums of pocket money for Washington to payments for fish for their dinners.

**A**ND IT WAS Tobias Lear, the faithful secretary, who was with Washington during his last hours; he who received the last message, and broke the sad news to Mrs. Washington.

It seems that aside from his secretarial and tutoring duties, Tobias Lear had also leased a farm from General Washington. In Washington's will, read soon after his death in 1799, he directed that his secretary was to have use of the farm, free of rent, for the remainder of his life.

The fact that he was so trusted and honored by Washington was largely responsible, no doubt, for Lear's appointment by President Jefferson in 1801 as Consul at Santo Domingo. This post presented great difficulties at the time and in the end proved a hopeless task, but as Consul, Lear, with great

dignity and tact, upheld the rights of American citizens during the unhappy period.

Not long after another special diplomatic mission was given him, when President Jefferson sent Washington's former secretary as Consul General to the Barbary States; and by 1805 he had accomplished the very difficult task of making a treaty with Morocco, in keeping precarious peace with Algiers and in adjusting affairs in Tunis. After the War of 1812 he negotiated exchange of prisoners with Great Britain. His last public work was as accountant in the War Department in Washington.

**T**OBIAS LEAR'S birthplace in Portsmouth contains a valuable and interesting collection of Washingtonia, collected by Washington's secretary during his years at Mount Vernon. Among the many items shown is a letter containing samples of homespun cloth from which Washington made his selection for the suit of clothes he wore at his first inauguration. There are pieces of Mrs. Washington's famous plum-colored cloak, and three exquisite china ornaments which Washington himself took from the mantel-piece at Mount Vernon and sent to the Lear home in Portsmouth. An amusing note reads: "Will Mr. Lear take his soup *en famille* today with Thomas Jefferson?" This is, of course, in Jefferson's own handwriting.

The items on display in this interesting old house on Hunking St., are mainly of a personal character and thus give the visitor an extremely interesting picture of the intimate life of the Washington family.

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### My Guide

By A. M. Alden

*He who protects the sparrow's flight  
And guards the woodland rose,  
Will lead my truant feet aright  
If I in Him repose.*

# The Road is Long

By Mary Mabel Wirries

## CHAPTER VIII

### Milestone

HORTENSE CLIFTON had expected to be bored, when she decided that accompanying her young friends to this small town Commencement was preferable to a dull evening at home alone. But she had not been bored. For one thing, there was the blue-bottle fly which so fascinated her by its gyrations about the bald-head of the man in front of her. For another thing, there was this fascinating young creature on the stage, this earnest young girl with the face like a flower and quantities of lovely red-gold hair massed on her queenly head. She was valedictorian of the class. Fancy that, thought Hortense, amusedly. A beautiful young creature like that a valedictorian! And there was even sense in what she was saying. The child was almost profound.

"That's Kate's protégé," murmured John Kelly, now.

"Really?" Mrs. Clifton spoke eagerly, "I've been watching her. Unusual, isn't she? So beautiful and so—so *fervid*."

"You've chosen the right word." John Kelly grinned. "She's so fervid she scares my wife, who used to be her teacher. Kate's been afraid she'd turn into a Socrates or something like that."

"Don't be silly, John," reproved his wife, with an impatient gesture, demanding silence. "Listen to her. Oh, she is wonderful, and most unusual, Mrs. Clifton. If you could know the struggle that child has had in order to remain in school! This is her night of nights. Sh!"

"Rose is an obsession of Kate's."

"John, will you be quiet? That's a remarkable valedictory."

But Mrs. Clifton, oddly stirred, was not listening to the valedictory. She was too busy watching the bright face of the girl speaker. Her gloved hands joined in the burst of applause at the end of the speech.

"She interests me, Katherine," she said, softly. "Tell me about her."

"There isn't much to tell, really. She's a country child. I had her in district school. Her folks are neighbors to John's people. Her father is—well, not much good. A harsh man. A drinking man. She has a stepmother—very kind, but very ordinary, I believe. Rose—well, I don't know where she gets her fineness and courage. I wish I knew what is to become of her, now."

"Katherine, could I do something for her?"

"OH, IF YOU only would!" Kate Kelly was radiant at thought of such a miracle for Rose. "I do assure you she is deserving of anything you can do."

"I'm lonely, Katherine," said Mrs. Clifton, simply. "Look, she's going up to get her diploma."

"First, because she had the highest average." Mrs. Kelly was bursting with pride. "John, isn't that dress beautiful on her?"

"It was very beautiful on another girl I know," said Mr. Kelly, gallantly. "That was my wife's wedding dress, Mrs. Clifton."

"I altered it for her. She couldn't buy a new dress, and she's so proud she would never accept a new one from me. But an old one, made over—that was different."



"Perhaps she will not accept anything from me," thought Hortense Clifton. "But oh! I hope she will. If my little Mary had lived she would be just the age of this child. I've plenty of money—Dear God! *money is all I do have*. It would be like Heaven—having a young thing in my house again. I've lived with old things so long."

IT WAS LIKE a dream, thought Rose, going home on the interurban, with her own plain dress on her back once more, and her precious diploma held tightly in her hand. A dream, a dream, a lovely, lovely dream. She was Cinderella, and Mrs. Clifton was the fairy godmother. And she was as bewildered as the Cinderella of the glass slipper. Would there be a midnight for her, too? Midnight which would change her back into plain Rose Kieble? Rose Kieble of the Labadie Kiebles, Rose Kieble of the kitchen which always smelled of cooking and grease. London, Mrs. Clifton had said. London and Paris. Venice by moonlight, and sunrise in Naples—she, Rose Kieble, having sunrise in Naples!

A dog barked as she passed by the Dodd house. Not old Rusty, for Rusty had died of old age this spring. A new pup, this—with a bark half-hardy, half-scared of its own sound. Hearing it, she thought of that other night when the dog had barked at Dodds'.

"Oh, Tom!" her heart cried, "where are you? Why don't you write to me again? You'd be glad about this, Tom, wouldn't you? I'm going to get away from here, at last. To get away, as you did—"

The house was dark when she let herself in the kitchen door. Even on her graduation night, there would be no waiting up for her. Jim Kieble's snores were shaking the house. But Matie, God love her! would be awake, waiting to hear her come in. Matie would want

her to slip in for a minute. She thought she wouldn't, though. Because she couldn't talk freely to Matie, tonight—not with her father lying there, likely to waken any minute. In the morning, with her few clothes packed and ready, she would tell them both. It would be hard to tell Matie, hard to leave her, because for Matie—life would be infinitely more difficult when she was gone.

She fumbled for matches on the kitchen sill, found them, and lit the lantern. Light spread palely from the poorly-trimmed wick, and in it sundry inanimate objects sprang into being: Matie's worn shoes, there by the door; Janie's rag doll, draped grotesquely over the swinging oven door; Baby Dick's diapers, hung to dry on the line stretched across the woodbox corner. She moved toward the attic ladder, but Matie's hoarse whisper stopped her.

"Rosie, honey, that you?"

"Yes, Matie?"

"Don't wake your father," warningly. "I been layin' here, thinking about you—how pretty you must look in Miss Kate's dress, and all. Did you recollect all your speech, dearie?"

"Yes, Matie."

THAT'S GOOD. I knew you would. When you set your head to something you always do it, I say. You hungry, honey? There's some fried chicken there in the cupboard, and some chocolate cake I saved for you—" Jim Kieble grunted and stirred, and her voice died in a quick, frightened murmur.

Rose was not hungry. She had dined sumptuously, with Mrs. Clifton and the Kellys, at the Hotel Morton after the commencement. At least, there had been a sumptuous meal set before her. Whether or not she had eaten any of it, she could not now remember, because she had been listening while Mrs. Clifton talked to tell her of the wondrous

things in store for her as her companion. But, whether or not she had eaten, she had no appetite. Yet, if she did not eat, Matie would be hurt—and Matie would have enough of being hurt tomorrow morning. Painstakingly she wrapped the drumstick and wishbone and the thick slice of cake in a sheet of newspaper and carried the bundle upstairs with her. She might be hungrier in the morning. Hungry or not, she would eat the food if it killed her.

**S**HE COULD not sleep. For a long time she sat upright in bed staring sightlessly into the black velvet night. The booming of bullfrogs came up from the marshland, and the concert of crickets from the field across the way. A single light shone from the Digby house—poor old Grandma, fighting her asthma again, no doubt. Downstairs the baby cried, and she heard Matie moving around heavily, and her father grumbling. Tom had never seen this new baby, she reflected, wondering how big he would be before she, too, saw him again. Oh, night that would never end! Oh, morning that would never come! At three-thirty she was downstairs, laying the kerosene-soaked corncobs in the kitchen range for the breakfast fire, and stirring up the batter for the morning griddle-cakes.

There was no chance to break the news to Matie alone. Breakfast was fast drawing to a close when she desperately dropped her bomb before them:

"I hope you won't mind but I—I've got a job. I'm going away today."

Matie dropped her fork with a nervous clatter, and the baby, on Rose's lap, sensed something wrong and began to cry. Jim Kieble turned startled, smoldering eyes upon his daughter.

"You're what?"

"I'm going away. I've a job, as Mrs. Clifton's companion."

"You're going nowhere. You're just plain crazy. Who is this woman?"

"It's the Mrs. Clifton whose husband, Clifton Park in Centralia was named after. His grandfather founded Centralia, or something like that. They used to have a home in Centralia but after his death, Mrs. Clifton sold it. But Mr. Clifton is buried there, in their old family burial plot, and once a year Mrs. Clifton comes to visit his grave, and look after her Centralia affairs. Miss Kate's mother was a school friend of Mrs. Clifton, and she visits them. And last night she was at the Commencement and she saw me and—oh, Papa, I don't know why she picked me, but she wants me for her companion, and a—a sort of secretary. She's going to take me with her to London and Paris and Naples and—well, just everywhere. And then we'll come back to her home in California. Miss Kate says it's a wonderful opportunity for me, because I really haven't enough education to get a good job yet, and you can't afford to send me to college—"

**"STOP!"** JIM KIEBLE roared the command. "Of all the crackbrained plans I hear, this is the worst. So this Mrs. Clifton is a multi-millionaire or something, is she? And she's going to make a *swell* out of you. Well, let me tell you, young lady, you're crazier than a loon. You're not going to Europe. You're not going with Mrs. Clifton. You're not going any place. You're going to stay right here. I've had enough of your fine lady airs. You went to high school while other people did your work here at home."

"I paid for it. That's not true."

"Shut up, or I'll knock you cold—trying to make a liar out of me. You're a Kieble, young lady, and I'm your father. You'll do as I say."

"I won't. I'm going with Mrs. Clifton."

"Rosie, please—"



"Shut up, Mate. I'm handling this."

"Keep out of it, please, Matie. I can take care of myself. Papa just talks—"

"Why, you—"

"DON'T TOUCH me." Rose spoke with such wrath that her father's upraised hand dropped to his side. "Here, Matie, take the baby. I'm not afraid of you, Papa. I never have been. If you beat me, the sheriff will be after you. You can't legally keep me at home any more. I found that out, before I told Mrs. Clifton I'd come. I'm eighteen—or I will be next month. Of course you can keep me here until after my birthday is past. I'm going, and nothing you or anyone else can say will change my mind. You're a smart man, Papa. If you wanted to, you could be somebody. You work hard, and if you'd stop your drinking and shouting and act like a man, people would like you. But you won't, and you want us all to be cut to your pattern. Tom wouldn't be, and he ran away. I won't be, and I'm going away, too. You should be ashamed, Papa. Matie and the children are afraid of you and your neighbors despise you—"

"Stop. Shut up! *Get out of my house!* And don't come back—*ever*. Do you hear me?"

"Oh, Rosie, Rosie!" Matie was sobbing, hysterically.

"Never mind, Matie. I guess it's better if I do. I was going anyhow, as soon as I could. Good-bye, darling. don't cry. I'm sorry I have to leave you and the babies, but some day—" she stopped to hug Dickie convulsively—"some day, darling, sister will come back and get you and take you away, too—"

"Get out."

"I'm going. Just let me say good-bye to Janie—"

"No. Get out!"

"I'll get my clothes—"

"You'll get nothing."

"Yes, yes, Jim. She can take her clothes. Where are they, Rosie?"

"In the bundle behind the stove—"

Matie handed them to her with trembling hands.

"Good-bye, Rose."

"Good-bye, Matie."

And then she was out on the road, walking again. Her bundle was under her arm—such a light bundle to hold all a girl's possessions. There were only four precious things in it. One was a slingshot with a straggling "T. K." carved on the handle; one was an old composition book filled with crude poems; one was a tattered prayerbook and one was a high-school diploma. But Tom had gone from home with nothing but an extra shirt, a loaf of bread, a chunk of boiled ham. And Roger with less than that.

"Oh, Tom! O Roger! where are you now?"

FOR ROGER had ceased to walk with her, and there had never come another word from Tom.

It was too early for the interurban. She had no money, anyway. The last of Tom's two hundred was gone. But she had a job now. She could still send Matie enough money to go on paying Chester Mays for the chores when Pa wasn't around to know about it.

The mists came up from the river, and hung in gossamer veils above the green fields. She passed the Digbys, the Kellys, the Martins. Robins whistled gaily and catbirds shrilled in the woods along the lower road. A slow freight crept by on the nearby railroad. It was a heavenly day. Despite her sadness at leaving home as she had, her heart and

her step began to lighten. Then a horse and buggy came at a sharp trot behind her, and a boy's voice called to her:

"Wait a minute, Rose. Come and ride into town with me. I saw you passing and I hurried to hitch Colleen and come after you. Gee, Rose, do you know I didn't get in to my own graduation last night—all because old Sadie decided to have twin calves. Aren't cows the dumbest things? And I wanted to hear your valedictory. I know it was a dandy, because everything you do is swell. How's everything?"

He was just a farmer boy, thought Rose, looking at him critically. His skin was bronzed and freckled, his red hair awry, his speech awkward. He was just an ordinary farmer boy in blue-jeans. Whereas she—she was a girl in a dream. She was Rose Kieble, Mrs. Clifton's companion. She was on her way to London and Paris, Madrid and Venice, Berlin and Naples. She would wear gay dresses, learn to speak French and Italian, have music lessons and painting. Some day she would meet and marry a real gentleman.

"**YOU'RE** VERY kind, Larry," she told him reservedly. "I'll be glad to ride. I'm in a hurry to get to town because, you see, I'm leaving today for New York."

"New York?"

"Yes. With Mrs. Clifton, as her companion. We're sailing for Europe next week."

"Oh!"

"Isn't that wonderful?"

"What? Oh, ye-ah—swell."

They rode on in silence past the place where Rose's father had interrupted their journey together, almost five years ago; past the place where the tattered knights of the road had frightened them so; past the place where they

had chased the butterfly. The red bull was still grazing in the same hayfield.

"Rose—"

"Yes, Larry." (There would be sunrise at Naples; there would be moonlight on Notre Dame Cathedral.)

"Do you think you'll ever come back?"

**I** DON'T KNOW, Larry. I guess not. I don't want to. Only—maybe some day I'll have to do something about Janie and Dick. Larry, I'm to have music lessons."

"Yes—that's dandy. But—Hey, Rose, do you still have it? The silver heart, I mean?"

"Of course, Larry. I've always worn it. Miss Kate gave me a chain. It's here, under my collar. See?"

"Yes. Gee, thanks! For wearing it, I mean. I'll miss you, Rose."

"You've been a good friend, Larry. And I'll always wear the heart to remember you by."

"You'll have nicer things, I guess."

"Probably. But I'll wear the heart anyway."

"Silence again. Then: "Rose, remember the poem?"

"What poem?"

"The one you wrote. 'The road is long but the night is sweet—'"

"Oh, that—it wasn't much good. I never finished it."

"Well—maybe you will. I thought it was—swell. I—"

"Do you mind if I get out here at the edge of town, Larry? It's still early, and I feel like walking. I want to walk the rest of the way."

The boy winced. Then he smiled assent and drew the buggy to the curb. "Her highness commands, her vassal obeys. This isn't a very swell rig, is it?"



"I—I wasn't thinking that, Larry."

"No? Well, I won't blame you if you were. This is good-bye, I suppose?"

"Yes, Larry, it's good-bye. We're leaving on the afternoon train."

"Well, when you're on the Riviera or whatever they call it, this winter, think of me over at the State Ag—learning how to raise good pigs, will you?"

"I'll never forget you, Larry. Be good, won't you?"

"Be good, yourself. Good-bye."

He watched her as she walked swiftly down the road, never once looking back. Presently he began to whistle: "Ta da, ta da, ta da ta da; ta da, da da da da ta da!" It was the marching whistle with which he had teased her on a long ago day, and it had the desired effect. She turned and smiled; she waved her hand. He gave her a brave salute, gathered up his reins, and passed the familiar field where the red bull was grazing; he could not see it for the tears in his eyes.

(To be continued.)

## Sonnet in Symbols

By Ethel Johnston McNaught

*This is the time when thought hangs tremulous*

*Between a sleeping and a waking dream.*

*While winter hastens to complete its theme,*

*Signs unmistakable appear to us:*

*Gray birds in cluster, feathers fluffed with cold,*

*Are pussy willows momentarily,*

*Interpreting the bough's expectancy*

*With early symbols eager to be told!*

*Night offers up its added candle hours,*

*Sunlight is slanted in a shorter ray,*

*And from the added measure of the day,*

*Hearts can design the spring's familiar flowers.*

*Who marks these signs, noting what they express,*

*Fills winter's last dull page with loveliness!*

## Some Longfellow Shrines

By Annette S. Driscoll

Were a star quenched on high

For ages would its light

Still travelling downward from the sky

Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,

For years beyond our ken

The light he leaves behind him lies

Upon the paths of men.

SOMEONE HAS SAID that if Longfellow could have had the selection of his birthplace, he could not have found on either continent a more delightful town, or one that was surrounded by a quieter atmosphere for his refining than Portland, which he loved as the "beautiful town that is seated by the sea," "where the pleasant streets of the dear old town are a joy never ending."

Here, on the peak of State Street, the city's most beautiful avenue, stands a statue in honor of its most illustrious son, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. In this city, on the 27th of February, 1807, the poet was born in the home of his father's sister, where his parents were spending the winter. A few months later the family moved to the Wadsworth Mansion, which became the scene of his early associations, and here, up to the end of his long life, he loved to return from time to time. The house was built by General Peleg Wadsworth, the poet's maternal grandfather. Here Henry lived with his parents till he entered Bowdoin College at the age of fourteen. Here he wrote his first poem and some of his prose works. It was really his home for 35 years, until he went to the famous Craigie House in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The Wadsworth House was occupied for 115 years by the Wadsworth and Longfellow families, and we are told that since

the Revolution there was never a period in which it did not house some member or members conspicuous in the history of the state.

In 1901 the house was donated to the Maine Historical Society by Anne Longfellow Pierce, the poet's youngest sister (who had lived in it eighty-seven years), to be preserved as a memorial to the two distinguished families whose names it bears; the lower front room to be kept furnished with their belongings, for at least fifty years. It is a most interesting place to visit. There are sixteen rooms with eight open fireplaces, where once over thirty cords of wood a year were burned.

There is a large hall with a staircase running through it. The parlor was the largest one in Portland when it was built, and contained Portland's first piano, which the poet purchased for the Craigie House at the time of his marriage. The living room retains its early appearance. For ten years it was used by Henry's father for a law office, where the poet and his brother Stephen studied law.

**B**ACK OF THE sitting room is the kitchen with its broad fireplace which has never been closed, and where utensils and china used before and during the poet's time are still in evidence. Opposite is the old dining room, where, on the desk still standing, Longfellow wrote "The Rainy Day." On the second floor are four rooms, containing a wonderful collection of the families' belongings. On the third floor are seven rooms where the Longfellow children used to sleep when visiting their aunt. Here were written "Musings," and "The Lighthouse." The children's trundle bed is still there, and the window casements are still adorned with their writing.

The House is the most historic house in Maine, and here have lived at

least eight persons who would add lustre to any home.

At one time the poet was librarian and his father, president of the Maine Historical Society, now in possession of the Home.

**L**ONGFELLOW once beautifully said: "Truly love of home is interwoven with all that is pure and deep and lasting in human affections. Let us wander where we may, the heart looks back with secret longing to the paternal roof. There the scattered rays concentrate. Time may enfeeble them, distance overshadow them and the storms of life obscure them for a season; but they will at length break through the cloud and storm, and glow and burn and brighten around the peaceful atmosphere of home."

Another place associated with Longfellow's early life is the Longfellow Farm at Gorham, Maine, which his great-grandfather bought in 1701. The Longfellow Elms which once extended along the length of the farm, were set out in 1785. One of the notable Colonial houses of the state is known as Wadsworth Hall, in Hiram, Maine, built by General Peleg Wadsworth, in 1800 where the poet also visited.

The poem most beloved by the people of Maine is "My Lost Youth" written in the old home. The refrain of each verse is the oft-quoted:

A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

One of the poet's favorite spots was the home of his brother Alexander to which he gave the name of Highfield. In 1852 he cut a slip from the Washington Elm in Cambridge, to be planted at Highfield. His last drive was to visit the historic tree, on which has since been placed a tablet suitably inscribed. The view from this place was the in-



spiration for the poem "Changed," which ends thus:

Bright as ever flows the sea,  
Bright as ever shines the sun,  
But alas! they seem to me  
Not the sun that used to be,  
Not the tides that used to run.

THERE ARE other spots in Maine holding special interest to lovers of Maine's favorite poet, but another state has at least an equal claim to their regard. One of the glories of the Old Bay State is the far-famed Harvard University, where Longfellow was for so many years Professor of Modern Languages, adding so much glory to the University that it might be called, in a certain sense, a Longfellow shrine. The famous Craigie House which the poet occupied from the beginning of his teaching until his death, is still a Mecca for travelers, and is open to the public for two hours every Saturday. It would be hard to find a more delightful place to visit. Every room is a treasure house, while the study alone could keep the visitor's rapt attention for a whole day. Arranged around the room are large bookcases, one containing the works of Dante with a large bust of Dante on top. Here in a drawer are some fragments of Dante's coffin, treasured with great reverence by Longfellow. Similar cases contain the works of Shakespeare, Molière, Goethe, etc., with the busts of these poets on top. Here is a small desk used by the poet, also a tall one where he often stood to write. Fine portraits of his intimate friends—Hawthorne, Emerson, Sumner and others adorn the walls. Here is the beautiful chair presented by the school children of Cambridge, made of the wood of "the spreading chestnut tree" and designed by Ernest, the poet's son. Here are many other delightful objects which cannot even be mentioned in a brief article. The house is now occupied by Mr. Richard R. Dana, the poet's oldest grandson, whose mother was "Edith

with golden hair." He is the most courteous of hosts and guides.

Among other spots in Cambridge having some connection with the name and fame of Longfellow, is the site of the "village smithy" marked by a stone, and nearby the Cock Horse Tea Room, built in 1811 at the home of Daniel Pratt, the village blacksmith.

Longfellow Park, named after the poet and presented to the city by his family and friends, is opposite the Craigie-Longfellow House. Here may be seen a monument by Daniel Chester French, embellished with bas-reliefs with figures of some of the best known Longfellow characters—The Village Blacksmith, Miles Standish, Evangeline and Hiawatha.

For many years Mr. Longfellow divided his time during the summer months between Portland, Nahant, and Newport, Rhode Island, where he not only obtained rest and physical strength, but often also, inspiration for some of his poems. Mention is made in his journal of walks with Emerson in Nahant, where he wrote "The Golden Fleece" and parts of "Hiawatha."

NATURALLY THE last visit paid by visitors is to historic Mt. Auburn, the beautiful cemetery where so very many illustrious dead are buried. Here, on a beautiful avenue is the simple but lovely and tenderfully cared-for final resting-place of the beloved bard who "valued his art not for its own sake, but as a vehicle of noble thoughts and sentiment. If he spoke of things common, it was to invest them with that charm of saying, or show that poetic element in them which should lift them above the commonplace."

At the time of his death an American writer wrote: "England has said many a time that Longfellow was an English poet, like Tennyson and Wordsworth, and England is welcome to its loyalty

to our poet. But the man is ours, and his ashes are ours, and his work is American."

But English and American peoples speak and write a common language, and should not we Americans find pleasure in the knowledge that across the sea, in a conspicuous place in historic Westminster Abbey may be seen a memorial subscribed to by five hundred English admirers, to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the first American to be accorded that honor? At the unveiling of the bust, the sub-deacon of the Abbey said: "A century ago America was just commencing her perilous path of independence and self-government. Who then would have ventured to predict that within the short space of a hundred years, we in England should be found to honor an American as much as we could do by giving his monument a place within the sacred shrine which holds the memories of our most illustrious sons?"

But I believe that all who knew the gentle heart of the poet would agree that far above all these visible shrines would he value the shrines of the countless hearts which have made of themselves, wherever the English language is known, Longfellow Shrines.

### My Quest for Faith

By Alice Schumacher

"**H**UMPH! I SEE BY the paper, there was an increase in the number of converts to the Church during the past year. Some more joining the Church because they happened to choose Catholic wives or husbands, I suppose." So John Public summed up the "convert-just-prior-to-marriage" person.

Even if this were the whole truth, what a glorious tribute it would be to the Church. But the public overlooks two vital considerations. The first is the mysterious fascination which the prac-

tical Catholic holds for his non-Catholic friends, and, developing from this, the startling truth that often the convert has chosen a Catholic as a mate, not in spite of his religion, but indeed because of it. Speaking as one who knows from experience, the way of the non-Catholic into the Church can be most difficult alone, and the situation brightens immeasurably at the prospect of a marriage partner who will explain, guide, and understand.

**A** PROTESTANT by accident of birth, my earliest recollections were filled with longing for some genuine religious experience. As a child I prayed blindly to Our Blessed Lady, and to St. Joseph, because my childish reason told me they, Mother and foster parent, would hear and understand. But I went blundering along until my sophomore year in a State University before I found out why the Protestant churches (and I use the plural because I had vainly attended many of them) could not satisfy my desires. It had always seemed, even in my religious ignorance, that all their churches were empty, and their services a sort of formula for killing time. Of course, at that period I could not put my finger on the reason, but later I knew that since their churches contained no Blessed Sacrament, they were indeed empty, and that since they offered no Mass, they had no motivation.

Until my memorable sophomore year I had thought that my dissatisfaction lay in my own lack of knowledge of the religion I so ignorantly professed. You see, many Protestant parents feel that they have a religious responsibility to send their children to Sunday school, but they lack discriminating powers. My parents were no exception, and as we moved often, I found myself attending one church or another, depending on which one happened to be the closest, or which one



chanced to count some of my friends in its membership. It is a fact that I knew the doctrines and dogmas of none of them, even though I was often an officer in some of their societies, and sometimes conducted meetings. Many a time I listened to a sermon, hungry for food for my soul, and was disappointed and disillusioned when I heard only an amateurish discussion of the aims of Norman Thomas, or some other equally inappropriate subject. This last instance records the last time I ever set foot in the Congregational church.

The next thing I realized, I found myself back in the Methodist church where I had been baptized (in another town) five years previously.

**W**HILE ATTENDING a service there one morning, I heard the minister, who was leading the singing, announce a certain number in the hymnal. Running true to the sensational, which colors some Protestantism, the minister shouted, "All of you who *really mean it*, stand as we sing this number." I stood with the rest, but my dormant intellect finally awoke when I realized that the song was "Faith of Our Fathers!" To myself I said, "If that minister really meant it, he wouldn't be here, but three blocks away, in the Catholic Church." Even though I was being educated in the public schools, that logic couldn't escape me. I went home and asked my mother why the Methodists always recited the Apostles' Creed when it read, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church." And she gave me the true answer—perhaps unwittingly,—that Catholic meant universal.

As I had no friends or schoolmates who were Catholics, (I lived in a town where the Catholics religiously upheld their parochial schools) I could get no answers to the questions which tormented me. I knew not where to turn for books, for fear I would get the

wrong ones, and I had seen too many of that kind already!

**I** USED TO play tennis on a court belonging to the local Catholic hospital, and though I eyed the Sisters with longing from afar, I dared not approach them, nor the priest. And I hesitate to think what my reaction would have been had I known that one day that very priest would be a bishop, and that at his hands I would be privileged to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation!

God saw into my longing heart, however, and one day I received through the mails, at whose hands I have never known, nor been able to guess, a collection of pamphlets explaining some of the fundamentals of the Catholic Church. I read them all avidly, being then in college, still seeking the true Church.

Fortified by this reading, one summer I had at the same time the opportunity and the courage to enter a Catholic church. We had been making a tour of California, and visited some of the old Missions there as places of historic interest. But they were far more than that to me, and with great joy I awaited entrance at one of these Missions after I had summoned enough courage to ring the bell. My fears left me as a smiling Brother appeared, who without any question, proceeded to lead me past shrines, and stations, and finally to the very altar itself. And now that I was at last inside a Catholic church, I knew why all the pretenders had failed to satisfy me. I knew by instinct, that is, but not by reason. I visited several other Missions, but of course had not attended a Mass. I still lacked the courage for that.

You who are born in the Church have no conception of the intensity of courage it takes for a non-Catholic to accept the true Faith. He has heard so many stories, and though he does not believe them, he does fear the unknown.

Then my sophomore year arrived. I was taking a course in European history, and the professor was an ex-Unitarian minister, who sometimes forgot that he was in a State University. You can imagine the strange turns he could give to certain European events, from the so-called Reformation, through Henry the VIII and the French Revolution. But his zeal proved his undoing. Logic again appealed to me, and I knew that nothing could survive and still be as tainted as he pictured the Catholic Church to be. So I then decided that there must be something to be said on the other side. Accordingly I studied the files of the University library, and my seeking fingers selected at least a few books which were in the right way.

**T**HEN CHRISTMAS was approaching, and the leader of the Methodist Young People's club was addressing a group of students one morning. At the conclusion of the meeting, she asked if there were any questions. One argumentative young man said, "Well, Mrs. W——, in the light of what you have just said (she had spoken disparagingly of miracles) how do you explain the Virgin Birth?" And to my scandalized ears her answer came, "Well, Bob, that is one of the first things I am going to investigate when I cross the Great Divide!" It is a wonder that my horror did not paralyze me; but, outraged, I arose and walked conspicuously out. And I never set foot in a Methodist church again.

To my sorrow I relate that the next two years, which found me completely removed from Protestantism, also found me still lacking in courage to go where my heart directed.

So it remained for me to be graduated from the University and go to another state to teach in a public high school before I had any more contact with things Catholic. Chance (or was

it?) found me rooming in a Catholic home, and for that I was profoundly glad. When the people of the house were absent, I absorbed all the Catholic reading matter they had on hand, but while it whetted my desire, you have no idea how confusing and complicated it appeared. And still I could not bring myself to go to Mass!

**T**HEN THAT summer I returned to my coast home for vacation. There I persuaded one of my non-Catholic girl friends to accompany me to Mass. Never will I forget with what trepidation we set out, and how fearfully we huddled in a rear pew for fear that we would do something wrong; or even worse, that someone would question us. I can laugh at it now. The Mass, while there was much we failed to comprehend, left its indelible mark upon me, and I realized why Catholics went to church regularly. They had something for which to go, something at which to be present. And the beauty of it all was unspeakable.

That fall I went to another town in a distant state, again to teach. And again I found myself rooming in a Catholic home. In this home there were children, so here I found what I had been seeking for years—a Catechism! I took it to my room and studied it for hours.

Now during the past five years I had been more or less engaged to a nice young man, and the fact that he belonged to the Craftsman's Club (a Masonic organization) meant nothing to me. I had regarded it as just another social organization. But somehow, marriage never materialized. Then in my second year of teaching, I met a young man, a Catholic. You can understand, as I came to be drawn toward him, with what joy I welcomed his Catholicity!

That summer I again returned to my home, and attended Mass regularly.



When I went back to my school in the fall, one Saturday, I accosted the Mission priest, whom I had only recently met, cast my fears aside forever and almost bowled the good man over by announcing, "Father, I want to be a Catholic." At last the words which I had been longing to speak for years were out. With that genuine kindness which refuses to be startled at anything, the priest began telling me the steps I should take in order to come into the Church.

On St. Patrick's day I received conditional baptism, and made my first confession. Oftentimes since I have been asked if I didn't find it hard to go to confession. And my only answer has been, "It is much harder not to go!"

And then in April, right after Easter, I was married to the Catholic boy in St. Joseph's Church, and was doubly happy in my marriage because I felt that God had guided my choice.

**WE** HAVE been married seven years this month, and my chief comment is that I have countless times thanked God that ours is a Catholic marriage, and a Catholic home. We have three dear children; and here again, it is my observation that it is wonderful to see how naturally a little child embraces the Church.

Many times I have had to listen to the old implication that I became a Catholic to please my husband, or that he wouldn't marry me unless I became one; and crowning assumption of all, that I "joined" in order to hold down my teaching job, as the chairman of the school board was a Catholic! But these insinuations I received gladly, for at last I was marked and recognized as a Catholic.

I beg of you never think slightly of the motives or sincerity of the convert, for he or she has come a long hard way, and whatever sins he may be so unhappy as to fall into, deficiency

in Faith is not apt to be one of them. He has embraced that Faith at a price, and holds it as his dearest treasure.

**N**O OTHER moment in my life still thrills me as did that when I walked down the darkened aisle of a dim church late in the night, going at last toward the Sanctuary light (strengthened by the knowledge that on the morrow I was to make my First Communion), and there to kneel and make my Profession of Faith. Another convert had come Home—to Holy Mother Church.

"Thy light and truth—they have conducted me and brought me unto thy holy mount and into thy tabernacles."

## You Will Have Strength

By Joy O'Hara

*Life never puts a burden too heavy  
On shoulders too slim;  
Straighten those shoulders  
And have courage, weary one,  
Put all your faith in Him.*

*Look all about you  
And see how Truth conquers,  
How Love comes into its own;  
Though you have burdens  
Of grief and despair today,  
You are not standing alone.*

*Though Life exacts from you  
Bitter decisions,  
What to do will be done;  
You will have power,  
And pity and wisdom,  
Such as God gave His Son.*

*The hidden road will open before you  
Straight, unswerving, and true,  
You will have no doubts  
And no apprehensions;  
What is right, you will do.*

*God will supply you  
The courage and wisdom,  
Put all your faith in Him,  
For never a burden too heavy  
Was laid upon shoulders too slim.*

## Washington's Prayerbook

By Eloise L. Clancy

**A**LTHOUGH WASHINGTON was baptized and brought up in the Anglican Church, it was his habit, during his public life, to attend divine worship in churches of other faiths and creeds, wherever he found them. In his diary for September 25, 1774, he notes that he attended a Quaker Meeting. And on Sunday, the ninth of October, he went "to the Presbyterian meeting in the forenoon and a Romish church in the afternoon." At least once again, in 1787, he mentions hearing High Mass in a Catholic Church in Philadelphia.

Several persons have attested to his private devotions. During the war, a Quaker called Isaac Potts, heard him praying aloud alone in a wood near his camp. General Porterfield found him on his knees in prayer at his headquarters. His nephew, Robert Lewis, twice interrupted his devotions both morning and evening at Mount Vernon. For it was Washington's habit during many years to spend the first hour of the morning and the last of the evening alone in his study.

Did Washington have a book of private prayers? Nearly a century after his death, there was discovered in a dilapidated trunk full of seemingly unimportant papers, just such a little book: a small, worn notebook of six inches by three and three-fourths, written, it is thought, in his early twenties. It is headed simply: *The Daily Sacrifice*; a sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving for the week, both morning and evening.

Unfortunately, it stops abruptly with the end of page twenty-four with the beginning of the prayer for Thursday

morning. But if we turn to pages 18, 19 and 20 we may read as reverently as he wrote, his

### Prayer for Wednesday Morning

Almighty and eternal Lord God, the great creator of heaven and earth, and the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; look down from heaven, in pity and compassion, upon me Thy servant, who humbly prostrate myself before Thee, sensible of Thy mercy and my own misery; there is an infinite distance between Thy glorious majesty and me, Thy poor creature, the work of Thy hand, between Thy infinite power, and my folly, Thy eternal Being, and my mortal frame, but, O Lord, I have set myself at a greater distance from Thee by my sin and wickedness, and humbly acknowledge the corruption of my nature, and the many rebellions of my life. I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, in thought, word and deed; I have contemned Thy majesty and holy laws. I have likewise sinned by omitting what I ought to have done, and committing what I ought not. I have rebelled against light, despised Thy mercies and judgment, and broken my vows and promises; I have neglected the means of Grace, and opportunities of becoming better; my iniquities are multiplied, and my sins are very great. I confess them, O Lord, with shame and sorrow, detestation and loathing, and desire to be vile in my own eyes, as I have rendered myself vile in Thine. I humbly beseech Thee to be merciful to me in the free pardon of my sins, for the sake of Thy dear Son, my own Savior J. C., Who came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance; be pleased to renew my nature, and write Thy laws upon my heart, and help me to live, righteously, soberly and godly in this evil world; make me humble, meek, patient and contented, and work in me the grace of Thy holy spirit. Prepare me for death and judgment, and let the thoughts thereof awaken me to a greater care and study to approve myself unto Thee in well doing. Bless our rulers in church and state. Help all in affliction or adversity; give them patience and a sanctified use of their affliction, and in Thy good time deliverance from them. Forgive my enemies, take me into Thy protection this day, keep me in perfect peace, which I ask in the name and for the sake of Jesus. Amen.



# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

Camel's-hair brushes are made from the hair on the tails of squirrels.

❖ ❖

In China begging is a well established profession, with its guilds, its rules, and its chiefs.

❖ ❖

The flying fox has a face that looks like that of a fox, but in reality it is a fruit-eating bat.

❖ ❖

According to Mrs. Christine Frederick, a consumer expert, men buy sixty per cent of all boxed candy sold.

❖ ❖

Actuarial experts tell us that out of 100,000 boys at 10 years of age 69,804 will be living at fifty years of age, 14,474 at 80 years of age, 847 at 90 years, and only three at 95 years of age.

❖ ❖

Most animals are difficult to deal with when in pain. As a rule, however, elephants submit passively to such treatments.

❖ ❖

Texas has enough space for a three-acre farm for every family in the United States; yet Nevada has less than one person per square mile, as against twenty-two in Texas.

❖ ❖

In his book, *The Next Hundred Years*, Furnas tells us that only one-twelfth of the potential power of gasoline gets to the driving wheels, while our electric lights are only about two per cent efficient.

It is estimated that over fifty million copies of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* have been sold in the twenty-five languages into which it has been translated.

❖ ❖

The secret of being miserable is to have leisure to bother about whether you are happy or not.

—G. Bernard Shaw.

❖ ❖

Statistics show that over sixty per cent of industrial accidents occur during the first working hours of Monday. This situation is attributed to week-end fatigue.

❖ ❖

The mail order catalogue is the world's cheapest publication. It costs the owners approximately one dollar to print, yet the customer gets it for nothing.

❖ ❖

About 50% of all Arabian horses are said to be bays, 30% of a gray color, 20% chestnut, with pure blacks and whites being rare enough to be classified as unusual.

❖ ❖

The smallest spun thread used in industry, according to Nation's Business, is the tiny filament of spider web which is used for the cross hair of each telescope and surveying instrument. Originally silver alloy threads and silk fibers were used, but since 1795 the spider has had no competition in this particular field of industry.

❖ ❖

According to data obtained by the Federation of Women's Clubs, women control 75% of the national wealth while 80% of life insurance benefits fall to their lot. In addition they hold 65% of the savings accounts, 48% of the stock in railroad corporations, 40% of the stock in public utilities, 40% of the real estate titles, 25% of all jobs, and are on the receiving end of all the estates left by men and 64% of those left by women.

## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**The Philosophy of Communism**, by Charles J. McFadden, O. S. A., Ph. D. (pp. 340.) Benziger Brothers, New York. Price, \$3.50.

In this volume of seventeen chapters Dr. McFadden has done a very commendable job in presenting and evaluating in the light of Scholastic philosophy the fundamental principles of Communistic philosophy. In the first nine chapters he sets forth, in an eminently unbiased and complete manner, the basic concepts of Marxian philosophy. He looks at the "record" and lets Marx and his cohorts speak for themselves. In the last eight chapters he evaluates this philosophy of nature, mind, history, the state, religion, morality, and revolution in the light of Thomistic principles. He is relentless in exposing the essential fallacies of dialectic Materialism.

His exposition of the Scholastic philosophy of nature and mind is especially meritorious. He has succeeded in making intelligible and readable what is so often unnecessarily beclouded. Particularly fortunate is his use of the analogy of the biological process of food assimilation to illustrate how the mind assimilates reality.

When, however, Dr. McFadden turns from Marxian philosophy to Marxian economics he proves himself a better philosopher than an economist. In his *Introduction* he admonishes us that "there is nothing that renders a defense so inadequate as misunderstanding the position and underestimating the strength of an opponent." It is quite obvious that Dr. McFadden forgot his own admonition in discussing the economics of Marxism. This is especially evident when he discusses the theory of *surplus value*. This is not the place to explain or evaluate the theory of surplus value, but anyone who has had even a slight acquaintanceship with

Marxian economics knows that those who hold the theory of *surplus value* do not wish that which Dr. McFadden thinks they wish, nor do they forget that which he accuses them of forgetting.

Nor is Dr. McFadden any more successful in demolishing the arguments of his fellow Catholics who defend the right to private property on the ground of human welfare rather than on some metaphysical grounds. It is obvious that here again he misunderstands "the position of his opponent" when he declares that such Catholics "deny that private ownership is a natural right of man." No Catholic can deny the right of private ownership and remain a Catholic, though Catholics may differ as to the basis of that right.

This review does not afford an occasion to analyze the intrinsic titles of private ownership, but he who accepts "personal labor" as a sufficient title of ownership will find considerable difficulty in defending the right to own workless incomes, such as interest and rent, as well as property owned as a result of prescription or inheritance. I know Father McFadden would not question the morality of such ownership, even though it cannot be justified by the title of personal labor.

I feel that the last half of Chapter Thirteen wherein these lapses from orthodoxy occur should profitably have been omitted from an otherwise excellent book. Certainly Dr. McFadden's volume should find a place on the book shelf of anyone who pretends to speak with authority on Communism.

Michael A. Mulcaire.

**Practical Charity**, by Sister Mary Agnes, S. N. D. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Price, 75c.

The author of this little book has already given us a very compact exegesis of St. Paul's *Hymn of Charity*. Now



she rounds out the subject with a treatment of practical charity based on St. Paul's teaching in his Epistle to the Romans.

Charity is the supreme ideal. Without the love of God and the love of our neighbor for the sake of God, we cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven. This is a lofty ideal for fallen nature to attain. Nevertheless, Christ commands us to strive for it when He says: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind. This is the greatest and first commandment. And the second is like to this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

To facilitate the exercise of this lofty virtue, St. Paul presents motives such as the desire of Heaven, the fear of judgment and eternal punishment; but more important still, he presents unselfish motives like the dogma of Creation, the Fatherhood of God, and the Redemption. Our exemplar for the practice of virtue is Christ whose whole life was a life of love of God and neighbor. Grace to help us attain an ideal is offered. Whether we cooperate with it or not depends upon ourselves.

Such is the theme of this little book, simply written and easy to understand. Yet it requires thought, for it is called *Practical Charity, a Meditation*.

John R. O'Neil.

**The Decline of Nations**—Its Causes and Cure, by the Most Rev. John F. Noll, D. D. Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. Price, paper cover, \$1; cloth, \$1.50.

What caused the decline of modern nations? How much should Communism be blamed? This book supplies the answers. Bishop Noll has been a well-informed and a keen observer of anti-Christian and anti-Catholic events these many years. Writing or quoting to picture conditions, he is a reliable witness and a conscientious authority whose judgment can be trusted and

whose conclusions can be used, others to the contrary notwithstanding. He builds up a case against Communism as it manifested itself in Europe, Latin America, and the United States. Will anyone question the statement that Communism hypocritically and diabolically spread its way, fooling some, converting others, thereby making itself a refuge for the mentally blind and the intolerant? Are there persons in the United States, and we know there are, who still adhere to the tenets which have made Stalin and Communism and all their pomps and works hideous to right-thinking people? For complete answers read the pages from 84 to 210 of this book. Frightening the facts should be. The alarm must be beneficial. Causes contributing to the decline of nations demand cures. Would that leaders in general were thoroughly aroused to do something—at once! Religion must have place if causes are to be cured.

The second part of this book (*Civilization's Builder and Protector*), which is sold under separate cover for either fifty cents or one dollar, makes a rapid survey of history to show how much the world owes to the Catholic Church—the builder and protector of civilization. Numerous quotations are used as proof. Catholics and non-Catholics testify. That testimony in itself is effective, but sifted and commented upon briefly as judgment required, its value is immeasurably enhanced.

*The Decline of Nations* is a good argument for trustworthy leadership.

Thomas Kingston.

#### PAMPHLETS

The Queen's Work, St. Louis: *Treasury of Indulged Ejaculations*, by James A. Varni. 5c. *What to Do on a Date; I Can Take It or Leave It Alone*; both by the Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S. J. Each, 10c.

## YOUNGER READERS

### Mr. Jones

By Lalia Mitchell Thornton

*Two big eyes,  
Little black nose,  
One short tail,  
Funny fat toes,  
Long smooth ears  
And silk-soft hair,  
Four strong legs  
Slender and fair,  
Sharp fine bark,  
Funny low growl,  
Left alone,  
Pitiful howl,  
Great big heart,  
How can I scold  
Mischievous dog,  
Six months old.*

### The Secret of the Shuttered Door

By Frances Y. Young

#### Chapter XIII—Gene Disappears

GERRY HAD A tiresome wait. She could hear nothing and see nothing which was a relief in a way, for it meant that nothing was happening. Or was it? Booker got very restless before Gerry finished her fifteen mysteries and slipped her rosary in her pocket. Booker began to whine softly.

She heard a door open and close softly; still no Gene. It came from the back of the house and when the sound was repeated she hoped that her long wait was over. Two men came around the triangle outside the wire fence. Gene was not with them! She decided in a flash as soon as she saw them that she had better seem to be just walking along. She reached the junction of Main and Cross before they came near her.

After all, she had Booker to take care of her and her Guardian Angel to watch over her, as Gene had reminded her. Still her heart was in her mouth as she stepped briskly along, Booker keeping pace with her. One of the men called after her,

"Hi, sister! What you doing?"

"MEETING MY big brother!" she answered, surprised at the calmness of her own voice. "Oh, yoo-hoo!" she waved down the road ahead, then began to run as if meeting someone. The men walked on and as they did so, one addressed the other as "Jake." So at least one of them was the man who watched Mrs. Blake's house from the grove! Gerry looked ahead to see if the pink-shaded globe was lighted.

The whole house was dark except for the small lamp Gerry had lighted before they left; so Mrs. Blake had not come home nor had Gene. He had been gone much too long! Even spying all around the house would not keep him out like this! He had given his word to her that he would do no more than look at the outside and Gene always kept his word; he was almost scrupulous about it! Where was he, oh, where was he? She would walk back to Main Road and then she would meet him all the sooner. She saw a dark figure—a small figure—outlined against the sky at the top of Main and Cross just turning in from the west; Gene should come from the east—but it was Gene, surely! No! For this figure limped; it was Norry.

Gerry hurried to meet him asking anxiously, "Oh, Norry, have you seen Gene? Or Mrs. Blake?"

"Gee, I'm tired! I hurried—I've got to rest! No, Gerry I haven't seen Gene and I couldn't exactly say I've seen



Mrs. Blake—not to speak to anyway—but have I got something to tell you!” His breath was halting and Gerry could not urge him to tell more although her anxiety made it very hard to wait.

“Listen, Norry. Gene went up to look at the house with the shuttered door. Mrs. Blake didn’t come back even after we phoned you; we thought maybe she had gone to that house to get her blanket—if maybe it was stolen there—and she knew it. Gene slipped around the back way there and I haven’t seen him since! I bet that queer old woman who lives there heard Gene and caught him!”

**“NOT GENE!”** returned Norry admiringly. “Gene’s too smart! And he’ll want to find out everything while he’s there; that’s Gene! I wouldn’t worry, Gerry—wait, Booker!” For Booker had slipped his leash and gone up the road directly for the house with the shuttered door! Gerry whistled in vain; Booker did not return. Now what? Everybody seemed to disappear through that shuttered door; first Mrs. Blake, then Gene and now Booker! She started to follow when Norry said faintly,

“Gerry, I’ve walked too fast and too far—I’m afraid I’m going to faint. Could you get me to your house and get me a glass of water? I—I can maybe get that far—” his breath gave out.

She helped him carefully to the house, where he sank on the sofa. While waiting for a glass to fill with water at the kitchen sink, Gerry noticed the torn letter. It was on the well-scrubbed table-top of Mrs. Blake’s very neat kitchen. And one of her heavy driving-gloves had fallen to the floor and lay near the door. Evidently she had left in a hurry. Would the letter give a clue to her whereabouts? Gerry didn’t care just then; all her thoughts were on Gene.

#### Chapter XIV—The Torn Letter

With Norry sitting up and getting a good hold on himself, Gerry turned to

the telephone. The police! They were the people to call when you were in trouble! She had just taken down the receiver when a voice called from the doorway, “Gerry! Wait!” and Gene walked into the room his eyes very bright and his cheeks flushed with excitement.

“Gene, where *have* you been?” demanded Gerry, almost angry with Gene as a revulsion from her terrible fear. She turned so white that Gene cried,

“Gerry, I’m all right! What’s the matter? I saw a lot of things I want to tell you about. Has Mrs. Blake come back?”

“No,” said Norry and Gene in chorus and added, “That’s what I want to tell you about.” That made them all laugh and released the tension of their nerves.

“Where were you, Gene? I waited and waited! Then Booker went to look for you and I came home.”

“So he said! At least that is what I thought his whines meant, when I came out on the road and found you had gone. I saw that there were two lamps lit so I decided that you had gone home like a sensible little girl.”

**H**HE RELATED he had been trapped and could not escape without being heard, although he had tried desperately to think of some plan of escape. Suddenly he saw Booker, who was sniffing at the leaves in the gutter where Gene had lain during his earlier expedition to the house.

Gene must have been there some time; but, fortunately, had not been seen by two of the men who came from the house, made their passage through the wires, went around to the front farther down the road, and then had gone out of sight.

Somehow the sight of Booker had made Gene think clearly. There was a way out, of course! Two of the men had gone down the road; one was still

smoking on the edge of the bank; that left only one, and he was asleep in the house. Gene could make it! So he hurried with caution to the front of the house, across it to the depth of the woods on the other side and, climbing a tree near the fence, had managed to jump over—into safety. To quiet Booker, Gene had had to walk some distance away from the house and returned over the fields.

"Those men called to me! Did you hear them?" asked Gerry.

**I** HEARD them say something, but I didn't pay much attention. When they passed the man on the box they said, 'We'll get the early mail and be back—' or something like that. Anyway I knew they were coming back! Was I glad to get away from there! And now where's Mrs. Blake?"

"Mrs. Blake left in a hurry," returned Gerry grimly. "And she left a note—or somebody left a note. Here it is."

"Wait!" said Norry. "I've been trying to tell you this! I was going out to have a walk because I sleep better after. I noticed a car drawn way off the road—about a quarter of a mile past our house—practically in the field it was. I didn't pay any attention to it until I turned on my way back, when I faced it. You know the curve there in the road—well, another car swung around it and the light picked out the faces of the people in the car just like a close-up in the movies. It was Mrs. Blake and a man with his hat pulled over his eyes and his chin kind of buried deep down in a big scarf he had on his neck. I could see Mrs. Blake as plain as could be, but I hardly knew her; she was as white as a ghost and the man had her two wrists held tight together in one of his hands so that it must have hurt her! I didn't know what to do, so I came on to tell Gene about it. I wonder what we ought to do?"

Gerry and Gene had been piecing the letter together on the table like a picture-puzzle while Norry talked, and now Gene said,

"This explains it, Norry! Listen! Here's what the letter says. 'Take the car and drive to the West Road—slow—then drive back—slow. This is so I can give you the once-over and know you are alone. Come as soon as you find this. I'll meet you somewhere between there and here. Bring what money you can. I'm in trouble—plenty. I've got to get away—but in case you don't come or something happens, I want you to know this. I never committed a crime, myself. Nobody would believe it but you. I been darn near it and I been with those that have. If anything happens to me I want you to know that, anyway. I've been a rotten poor son, so maybe you won't want to see me, but here is your chance to do something again for your no-good boy, Geoff.' "

(To be continued.)

## World's Great Waterfalls

By Eliot Kays Stone

**I** WAS CERTAINLY surprised when I had listed thirty-nine Falls in Africa, Europe, the North and South Americas, and New Zealand, that in height outranked Niagara Falls; and when it comes to that, fourteen of those falls are in the United States.

Now how many of these falls had you ever heard of? Yosemite, of course, and the Bridal Veil, the Rhine Falls, the Yellowstone Falls and Victoria Falls; doesn't that about comprise the list of falls you have heard of or read about?

In height, in fact, Niagara Falls are not so impressive. The Victoria Falls, with their great volume of water are at least twice as high, while the three falls of the Yosemite are nearly ten times as high. Do you realize how high 2660 feet is? It is higher than some mountain ranges, and, allowing



twenty feet to the story, a skyscraper of 133 stories would be just that high. When it comes to volume of water pouring over a fall that is another story, and Niagara is the greatest fall in the world, with the Victoria Falls on the Zambezi River in Northern Rhodesia, a close second. You will notice in the table that the Niagara River, where it takes its mighty leap, is 4750 feet wide, while the Victoria Falls have a breast of but 3000 feet. For grandness of view (not beauty, mind you, though recent rock-slides have greatly marred the face of our falls) the great falls discovered in 1855 by the missionary explorer, David Livingstone, must rival if they do not excel the Niagara Falls; for the Zambezi at this point is almost as great a stream as the Niagara River at the falls, and the fall of the Zambezi is twice as high.

**I**N NEW ZEALAND, in the South Island at Milford Sound, is one of the famous falls of the world, the Sutherland Falls over which the waters make in three plunges a drop of 1904 feet.

The Oroco Falls in Switzerland, the highest falls in Europe, come tumbling down off a portion of Monte Rosa, and with a drop of 2400 feet should hold the spectator's attention for a few moments at the least. In the Pyrenees in the Cirque de Gervanie is the second highest fall with a plunge of 1385 feet. A close third is the Krimmler Falls, a series of cascades in Austria with a total drop of 1300 feet. The fiords of Norway have numerous falls; and nine miles south of Interlaken in Switzerland, in the Bernese Oberland, is a fall, the Staubbach, 980 feet in height.

The Kukenaam Falls in Western British Guiana must be a sight worth going miles to see, taking as it does a sheer drop of 1500 feet, while "the Kaieteur Falls on the Potaro, a western branch of the Essequibo River in British Guiana, discovered in 1870 by C. B.

Brown, with a breast of 370 feet has a drop of 822 feet." I doubt if you have ever heard of them. I know I hadn't. The Tequendama Falls in the Republic of Colombia are very justly celebrated. The falls are on the Bogota River about twelve miles from the capital Bogota, and have a perpendicular drop of 475 feet. In an old edition of *Chambers's Encyclopedia*, in the article *Bogota*, I read so entertaining an account of this remarkable fall that I have not the heart to pass it by. "The River Bogota," I read, "otherwise called the Funcha, is in itself an object of physical interest. It is the single outlet of the waters of the tableland, which, both from geological features and from aboriginal traditions, appears to have once been a land-locked basin, somewhat like the still loftier and larger plateau of Titicaca. Be this as it may," the author continues, "the river has found, if it has not forced, a passage for itself towards the Magdalena. At the cataract of Tequendama the waters plunge over a precipice 700 feet high, their force having hollowed out a well 130 feet deep in the rock below; and the clouds of spray clothe the adjacent ground in the most luxuriant vegetation."

**COMING TO** our own continent, Niagara is not without its rivals. The Grand Falls of Labrador rather have me guessing. According to some authorities the height is 2000 feet, and according to others it is only 316 feet. If the former are correct, it rivals the Roraima Falls for height and should be in third or fourth place instead of 32d. They owe their name to the river which pours over the two precipices and not to their grandeur, though they must have plenty of that. By whom they were first discovered I have not been able to find out, but they were rediscovered by Kenaston and Bryant and some Bowdoin College students in 1891. The Alexandra Falls on the Hay River, a feeder of the Great Slave Lake, have

a breast of 900 feet and a fall of 250.

No where in the world are there so many marvelous falls within so tiny a bit of ground as in the Yosemite Valley, in Mariposa County, California, discovered in 1851. In that valley, the valley of the Merced River, seven miles long and from one-half to two miles in breadth, there are no less than six tremendous falls where the waters pour over the ledges of rock that nearly hem in the little valley. At the Yosemite Falls the stream twenty-four feet wide at the breast takes a plunge of 1500 feet, "then rushes 262 feet down a series of cascades, and finally plunges 400 feet to the bottom." This is undoubtedly the highest fall yet discovered. The water of the Bridal Veil Falls "descends in a broad sheet of spray and finally mist, swaying in the wind and constantly changing its form of fleecy beauty." The Virgin's Tears nearby is not so beautiful, but its single leap spans 1170 feet. The Shoshone Falls in Idaho with a breast of 900 feet and a drop of 210 feet and the Rainbow Falls on the Pierce River in Washington with a fall of three hundred feet are western rivals of Niagara.

**N**ORTH AMERICA leads all the continents in the number of waterfalls: twenty in the United States, seven in Canada, and one in Mexico. No country has so many waterfalls as the United States, the tiny Yosemite Valley in California possessing six falls, the least lofty of them having a drop of 320 feet.

In South America there are only five falls, but the three in British Guiana are enormous, the Kukenaam taking a single plunge of 1500 feet. Strange as it may seem none of them is on rivers flowing into the Pacific.

New Zealand seems to represent the Far East in the matter of waterfalls with the Sutherland Falls in the South Island.

It is only natural, when you came to

think of it, that the greatest falls, those with the greatest volume of water pouring over them, should not be the highest. Rivers pick up volume only towards their mouths, where from the nature of the ground, falls (cliffs) are not common. The higher falls are necessarily in the mountains where the streams have not picked up a great volume of water. Falls sometimes occur at a point where a smaller stream flows into a larger one, the tributary valley having not eroded as rapidly as the valley of the main stream. The usual cause of a waterfall is "a sudden change in geological structure." Where a hard horizontal stratum intrudes between two soft strata a waterfall is inevitable, because the stream cannot erode the hard stratum at the same rate as the softer stratum and must fall over a ledge of the harder stratum at the point where that stratum ends, as the stream erodes the softer stratum beginning at this point much more rapidly. That is what forms the ledge over which the water plunges. Sometimes a fall is caused by a dyke of basalt, glacial or other deposits, intercepting the course of a stream. Where the water falls off a ledge of hard rock onto a stratum of softer rock, the waters so erode the softer rock as to undermine the harder rock, which at intervals falls away, thus cutting back the point of fall, and forming a gorge or canyon below the falls. Niagara Falls has in this way traveled back up the channel at least ten miles during the centuries the Niagara River has been flowing between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie.

### Editor's Note

The death of Mrs. Wirries' daughter, Barbara Lou, on February second, accounts for the absence of the Weekly Postscript from this issue. Our readers are asked to remember in their prayers the beloved girl of the gentle writer who gives us so much comfort and cheer.



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1865 — 1940

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, U. S. A.

### NOTES AND REMARKS

A New Deal Daniel . . . .  
Courageous German Catholics . . . .  
The Right Viewpoint . . . .  
A Question of Values . . . .  
Now We Agree . . . .

### CATHOLIC PUBLICATIONS AND AMERICAN BUSINESS

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By HAROLD F. HAYNES

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This is a short fictional piece in which Sue Lathrop rediscovers through her friend, Silas Wayne, that Lon Harvey was not married after all.

By ANOBEL ARMOUR



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CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

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## NEXT WEEK

In *Christ Speaks from the Cross*, the Rev. James A. Magner, Ph. D., 7140 Dorchester Ave., Chicago, gives short devotional meditations on the Seven Last Words, suitable to Good Friday.

The Page of next week discusses the questions: Why, often, are people not virtuous well off? Why, often, are virtuous people not well off?

*Disturbing the Peace* is our selection for this week's shorter fiction, done by Marie O'Dea, 230 South Monastery Ave., Baltimore, Maryland.

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## OBITUARY

Mother M. Eleanore, C. S. C., Rev. Mother M. Patricia, Brigidine Order; Sister Xavier, Ursuline Sisters; Sister M. Benigna, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister Mary Genevieve, Sisters of Mercy.

Franz Witkowski, Mrs. Bridget H. Drennan, Mrs. Catherine O'Brien, Mrs. Sarah MacNeil, Mrs. Minnie MacNeil, Mrs. J. Doherty, Mrs. John J. Burns, Elizabeth Keenan, Mrs. R. D. Rittman, Mrs. John Sailer, Mrs. Mary McCarthy.

May they rest in peace!

# • Boys of the Covered Wagons

By Brother Ernest, C. S. C.

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From the opening chapter, when Ted and Rudy Lawson, and Newt Wilson enter the scene, down to the last page that tells of the far-away Willamette Valley, these boys and many others you will come to know and love, loom against the continually shifting background as boys that are having a good time and helping the train at the tense moments of greatest danger.

Indian tribes in feathers and war-paint lurked along the way. At times they attacked the wagons, their arrows dealing death where they fell. Great turbid rivers had to be forded by men, wagons, and beasts. Mountains rose like impassable barriers in their path. Deserts where hunger and thirst threatened were to be crossed. Disease and Death trudged along, here and there claiming their victims. All said, it is a fast-moving juvenile boys will enjoy.

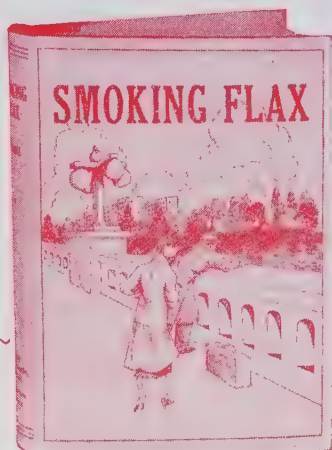
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# *Smoking Flax, Father P. J. Carroll's new book*



Father Carroll, at one time or other administrator, professor, pastor, writer and now the editor of THE AVE MARIA, draws from the stores of his vast knowledge and experience the materials with which he builds up his sixth and latest book of fiction — **SMOKING FLAX**.

With a fine play of psychology; Carrollisms, full of meaning, humor and brevity; with a means to justify the end, Father Carroll captures the interest of his readers from the very beginning, nor will they want to put his book down until the last chapter will have been read.

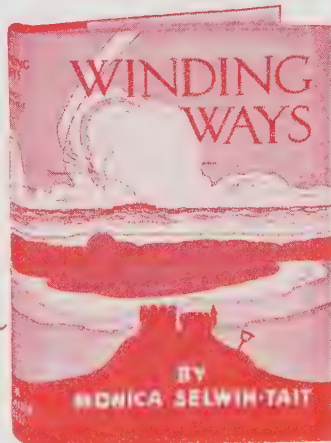
Warren Hall was hardly the kind of a young fellow that a mother would like to see going with her daughter. To begin with he was somewhat of an agnostic; had a strong urge for liquor; was a reckless driver, and almost at the beginning of the story engaged himself to one girl while actually bound to another.

"'Smoking Flax' relates the troubled romance of Marjory Dawson and Warren Hall. Marjory is a devout Catholic and Warren an agnostic. Their different views on religion, coupled with Warren's weakness for alcohol, provide many complications. It takes almost a miracle until the obstacles to their love are surmounted. Father Carroll tells how that feat was accomplished with the aid of a saintly blind girl. His book is charmingly simple, direct and genuinely readable." — The South Bend Tribune. **\$1.50**

## *Monica Selwin-Tait's new book, Winding Ways*

It is not uncommon to know persons of different religious beliefs who love one another ardently in many respects and yet, on points of religion, are just the opposite. Miss Selwin-Tait, author and lecturer, and a convert to Catholicism, knows from experience, the attitude Protestants oftentimes have toward Catholics and vice versa.

In her new novel, **WINDING WAYS**, Miss Selwin-Tait depicts in the leading characters that opposition sometimes met with in social life, and builds up her story round a romance at once intriguing and inviting.



Squire Martin's second wife, a fallen-away Catholic, is torn by remorse in the thought that her baby died without the sacrament of Baptism. The Squire passionately loves his wife but bitterly hates Catholics. On one occasion he tells the young man who is secretly engaged to his only daughter, Marjorie, that he has one insurmountable obstacle: "You belong to the Church of Rome, and I would rather see my daughter dead than married to a Catholic."

How he overcomes the obstacle is arrestingly told in this work that will delight you with its delicate tracery of character; it will thrill you with its dramatic situations; above all it will edify you by what it teaches about God's all-embracing Providence. **\$1.50**

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### SUBJECTS TREATED

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Fenelon and Voltaire  
Galileo  
The Grey Cardinal  
Wicked Venice  
Richelieu as an Ecclesiastic  
The Russian and Schismatic Greek Churches  
The Divorce of Napoleon and Josephine  
The Truth about the Inquisition  
The Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day  
And Many Others

## Some Lies and Errors of History

By Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D.

Although the lies and errors of history have been exposed and corrected by some of the most eminent Catholic writers, the fact that their works were so voluminous, or not presented to the public in a concrete form, has prevented general readers from acquiring that accurate knowledge of the truth which is indispensable for the refutation of the absurd charges reiterated in the most tiresome manner against the Church. In this masterful work, the author exhibits the falsehoods which ignorance, prejudice, and malice have disseminated; and states, with the simplicity, vigor, and clearness of conviction, truths which, sad to say, our Catholic reading public are too little acquainted.

Dr. Parsons treats in this book the subjects in an entertaining manner. Its learning, honesty, and the importance of the questions treated, no less than the author's easy, graceful style, should obtain for it the popularity which it deserves, and the approbation which all Catholics should willingly extend to a meritorious defence of the truths of history. Placed in the hands of the laity this book cannot fail to be of incalculable value.

**\$1.50**

## LESSONS IN LIBERTY

By Clarence E. Manion, A.M., J.D.

Dr. Manion, Professor of Constitutional Law at the University of Notre Dame and a regular contributor to leading legal and historical periodicals, has done the teachers and students of Civil Government an incalculable service in bringing out a new book apropos of the times.

**LESSONS IN LIBERTY** is a study of American Government, divided into three parts as follows: Book 1, Substance and Purpose of Government; Book 2, Forms of Government; Book 3, Methods of Government. This book blazes a clear, new trail through the dense, complicated forest of modern political science. At a time when Communist and Nazi Dictators are speedily and skillfully weaving their atheistic ideologies into the enthusiasms, hopes and ambitions of youth, Professor Manion puts the American system of individual freedom and security upon the firm high ground of God's Infinite Purpose where teacher and student can see it in its matchless perspective.

"Prof. Manion's demonstration of the religious-Christian source of political liberty in the United States is masterly. Nobody can read this book attentively without achieving crystalline understanding of 'Americanism,' a term that has been badly befogged, particularly in the period of expanding industrialism . . . The reader becomes educated in religion, in economics and in political ideology." — *South Bend Tribune*.



"LESSONS IN LIBERTY, A Study of God in Government, by Professor Clarence Manion. At last a textbook of Political Science which subordinates forms and methods to substance and purpose . . . Developing his thesis that all governments may be judged as good or bad according as they serve or enslave the governed, the author proves that our American constitutional democracy is substantially a good government solely because the founding fathers rooted it deeply in religion." — *The Monitor*.

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Notre Dame, Indiana



# THE AVE MARIA CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

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MARCH 2, 1940

## World News in Brief

**THE CHURCH** In Vatican City, the first *Annuario Pontificio* of Pope Pius XII showed the establishment of thirty-eight new ecclesiastical divisions within a year. . . . ¶ In Washington, Catholics were warned against joining youth federations. . . . Vice-President Garner paid tribute to the American Catholic school system, calling it "one of the country's best expressions of the principles of American democracy." . . . ¶ In Cleveland, parishioners of Holy Redeemer Church, refusing to accept their new pastor, were placed under interdict by Archbishop Schrembs. . . . ¶ In Cambridge, Mass., the Harvard *Crimson* revealed an alleged Fascist organization, the "Red Shirts," as bent on seizing the reins of government and driving the Catholic Church from America.

**AT HOME** In Washington, the silver program was attacked as an aid to Communist Mexico, and the Federal Advisory Board demanded that it be abandoned. . . . The Treasury announced a new rule for tax on all corporation retained profits. . . . A House committee was told of an elaborate lobbying organization set up by labor forces. . . . Senator Johnson (Col.) regarded current third-term maneuvers of Mr. Roosevelt as "beneath the dignity of the President." . . . Trade treaty programs were attacked in the House as harmful to farmers and labor. . . . ¶ The Wisconsin primary was considered a testing ground for the candidacies of Republicans Vandenberg and

Dewey. . . . ¶ In Baton Rouge, the political war in Louisiana raged to a finish as Sam H. Jones was elected governor. . . . ¶ In New York, Thomas E. Dewey ended a 7500-mile campaign tour full of confidence. . . . ¶ In Chicago, Representative Martin (Rep. Mass.) called American farmers "the first victims of the New Deal's misguided internationalism." . . . ¶ In New York, it was revealed Britain seized American mail in Bermuda at the point of a gun. . . . ¶ In industry, soaring ocean freight rates complicated problems for farmers. . . . The stock market rallied on the new war boom. . . . Experts sought means to boost foreign trade.

**ABROAD** In London, Britain seized the holdings of sixty American securities. . . . A new fund was set aside for the development of the West Indies. . . . ¶ In Ankara, a Turkish war council discussed the co-ordination of her army with empire forces. . . . ¶ In Moscow, Soviets announced huge Red gains on the Finnish front. Finns admitted Viipuri was in danger, and that the key fort, Koivisto, had been captured. . . . ¶ In Bergen, Norwegian officials assailed the British raid on the German prison ship as illegal. England admitted the technicality. . . . ¶ In Warsaw, Polish farms, factories and forests were ordered confiscated by German agents. . . . ¶ In Stockholm, the king of Sweden promised help to Finland—but no war. Meantime, Swedes protested the Soviet air raid on Pajala.

## Notes and Remarks

Last week, commenting on the government's arrest of twelve persons for illegally recruiting American citizens for the Communist army in Spain, we concluded by saying:

**A New Deal  
Daniel**

"Now, at this late date,

long after the horse is stolen, the Department of Justice takes action." We were wrong, it seems. A dispatch from Washington, dated February 15, reports Attorney General Robert H. Jackson as announcing: "Since these acts (of recruiting) were not prosecuted when they were new or current, it seems inappropriate to begin prosecution for activities so long known to the government." The indictments, according to the Attorney General, presented "the dilemma of either discontinuing these cases or entering upon a vastly broader campaign of prosecution."

Here are the two vicious precedents which the Attorney General's statement would establish: 1. Criminals whose crimes are of long standing need not be prosecuted "for activities so long known to the government," since "it seems inappropriate to begin prosecution" following a period of criminality. 2. Indictments of such criminals is not feasible when the number of criminals is scandalously large. You may prosecute ten; you should not prosecute a thousand. You will probably not find in the records of legal administration of state or national government any sophistry to justify surrender comparable to this. It means that prosecutors in New York, Chicago and other centers of population must not prosecute criminals of long standing, and must back down when known criminals are numerous and powerful, permitting them to pursue their careers of crime unchallenged. Mr. Jackson admits that the illegal

practices of these men were known to the national government, and a somewhat tardy prosecution was instituted by Mr. Jackson's predecessor. But because these criminals were found to be such for some time, because they were not prosecuted earlier, and because prosecution now would mean "entering upon a vastly broader campaign" against others implicated in the business of illegal recruiting, the new Attorney General issues his amazing grant of immunity. Mr. Jackson, in a sort of afterthought, assures the nation that his department will "in future . . . be diligent to apply this statute to prevent organized enlistments in this country to engage in European wars." In one breath the Attorney General refuses to prosecute present known violations, and in the next promises to act against violations not yet committed. College freshmen have been drummed out of class for much less rickety logic.

The Swiss Evangelical Press Service is quoted as viewing the evangelical churches in Germany in a somewhat critical position.

**Courageous  
German Catholics** "The churches in Germany that gave their approval to the Nazi movement because they considered its triumph a victory over Bolshevism, are now mute with stupefaction." The most serious thing about the German National Church, the Press Service believes, is not the fact that it has been oppressed by the Nazis, "but that it has been joined to it in so close a fashion. . . . One may point out, however, that there is still in Germany a militant Church which, despite the worst difficulties, has remained faithful to its supreme spiritual head."

Naziism or Communism—which? The evangelical churches chose Naziism as



a best bet. They followed the road of opportunism, and lost. The Catholic Church in Germany would not compromise with either since both would destroy the reality of Christian teaching. Both systems are out to establish a creed of atheism and materialism under an all-containing, all-consuming state nationalism of Hitler, the All Ruling, and Stalin, the All Destroying. The Catholics in Germany are persecuted under both systems because both systems want men and women to be mere creatures of a system. Catholics have Christ to live for and, if that also be demanded, Christ to die for. Christ will outlive Hitler and Stalin, and the Christianity of Christ will persist in the world long after Naziism and Redism. Catholics everywhere are proud that their coreligionists in Germany are not giving everything to Caesar and nothing to God. Because of their fine courage, Catholics will still be in Germany after Hitler has gone down the river to meet Wodan and all the tribal gods.

Those who say that the present war in Europe helps American business are short-range opportunists. Moreover,

### Helping Europe to Peace

people should not view human sufferings as gates to advantage, nor should any nation rejoice because other nations are cursed with the affliction of war. For war is not less than a curse, no matter how righteous. That we fight off a highwayman does not remove the calamity of having to fight him. Besides, war profits are scare profits: the hurried compulsion of buying what ministers to waste, destruction and death. Any business pick-up from such markets will leave buyers bankrupt when war has run its course—and so depression. The vast majority of Americans are sympathetic to Europe. Some Americans are even sympathetic enough

to think that another American effort in taking up arms in favor of one group of European belligerents will effect a permanent settlement. Over that fine dream THE AVE MARIA has no delusions. Even if our experience of 1918 did not confirm its position, it would still be against participation in any overseas war. Our best contribution to peace will be to remain in peace. The President may dispatch Mr. Welles on a peace tour of inspection. That mission may not lead the United States on to war. We doubt if it will lead Europe back to peace. It might be safer,—it would certainly show better command of nerves—to stand by for at least a hint from Europe before entering into the business of calling upon the belligerents to cease firing. “They also serve who only stand and wait.”

Thomas Lomax Hunter, writing in the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, points out to his fellow Protestants that their objection to Myron Taylor’s appointment to the Vatican seems to indicate that they hate the

### The Right Viewpoint

Catholic Church more than they hate war. “This is neither the time nor the place,” he says, “for petty sectarian jealousies, and that is manifestly the motive which prompts the criticism of the President’s act. It is a jealousy which should shame the sectarians who confess it. They too preach peace on earth, good will to men. They too are servants of the Prince of Peace, or profess to be. Are they not with the Pope and the President in their desire to bring peace? Much of the world is at war and that part of it which is not is so much moved by bias and partisan feeling that there is hardly anyone to whom the world can turn as an impartial arbitrator. Mr. Roosevelt is not a member of the Catholic Church; neither is Mr. Taylor. On the other hand there is not the smallest reason to be afraid

of the Pope. He is a kindly, cultured gentleman. I am quite sure he does not hate anybody. He has not, I believe, the smallest design on America. He does not plan to come over here and take possession of us. He does not desire to set up inquisitions here to convert us by wrack and thumbscrew. My ancestors were all Catholics once. So were yours. When Columbus discovered America there was not a Protestant in the present meaning of that word on the whole face of the footstool of Jehovah. If we were more Christian and less sectarian, this would be a better and easier world to keep the peace. It is the world's worst tragedy that Christians cannot find some way to forgive each other." If there were more men with the tolerance of Mr. Hunter, men who refuse to let religious prejudice stand in the way of the common good, war would be outlawed among our people. Racial and religious hates are the big factors that breed war.

Dr. Thorning made it clear to an audience in Akron, Ohio, the other day that if England wishes Ireland to accept

### **Ireland's Attitude Toward War**

the Allied claim that the present war is a defense of Christian civilization, she must lend her assistance toward uniting Ireland and abolishing the discord that exists between the North and South. "The Catholics who comprise nine-tenths of all the inhabitants of Eire, have no desire to spend their blood and treasure on behalf of a democratic principle, applicable in Central Europe, but denied them at home. For this reason, Eire alone among the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, has not followed Great Britain into the first-line trenches on the Continent. This does not mean, however, that the Irish people are indifferent to, or apathetic, or even unsympathetic, with many of the war

aims professed by the Allies. The Catholics of Ireland, like the Catholics of the United States, feel an abhorrence for Hitlerism and Naziism as fervently as any community in Great Britain; they are convinced peace is impossible unless predicated upon the integral restoration of Poland. But they are consistent enough in their faith in the majority rule to believe that the partition of Ireland is as criminal and as foolish as the dismemberment of Poland." This is certainly sound reasoning. If there is a country in the world that by position and by Christian culture should be unified, that country is Ireland.

We note with more than passing interest a significant experiment recently conducted by the *Denver Register* regarding the well-known

### **A Question of Values**

Gallup poll. Information printed by Mr. Gallup, both at the time of the Spanish Civil War, and more recently in regard to American birth-control figures, was so startling and disturbing to Catholic minds that the authenticity of his findings was questioned. After all, the Gallup poll is supposed to be a cross-section of American opinion, chosen to mirror adequately the opinion of the entire nation. Almost half a million Catholic homes throughout the country were canvassed by the *Register* in search of those questioned at some time or other by Gallup agents. Only one subscriber acknowledged such an experience. This action of the *Register*, while not a scientific procedure, seems to justify questioning the authenticity of Gallup findings. Who are these Catholics, we wonder, who determine the Gallup reports on Catholic opinion? They can hardly be an adequate "cross-section" of the Catholic laity, if only one man is taken to represent half a million Catholic homes scattered throughout the nation. We of THE AVE



MARIA have never encountered a single example of Gallup questioning; all of which leads us to question the validity of the Gallup findings. And this brings to our minds the sad experience of the *Literary Digest* polls, and the upshot of such activities. There is a universal reverence for an accurate portrayal of public opinion. There is, likewise, a tremendous penalty for infidelity in such reports, and for propaganda. We wonder will Mr. Gallup experience the fate of some earlier poll takers?

Just to keep the record straight. Archbishop Kiley was born in Mangaree, *Inverness Co., N. S.*—not *Cape Breton Co., N. S.* Honor to whom honor is due.

### Comedy of Errors Act II

Americans are not very well posted on the minutiae of our geographical entity. I am "tickled" that Archbishop Kiley goes to Cincinnati.—*Reader.*

We are equally "tickled" that Archbishop Kiley goes to Milwaukee. Honor to whom honor is due. And we concede the point that "Americans are not very well posted on the minutiae of our geographical entity."

For months we have stood with those who look askance at the American Youth Congress because of a decidedly red fringe about its activities and outlook. Likewise,

### Now We Agree

it was a source of disedification to us to see the first lady of the land gathering them under her protective mantle, and chiding us for our empty fears and groundless assertions. We have been laughed at, even ridiculed, by the bolder sort made secure by such an all-powerful ally willing to maintain the innocence of the American Youth Congress even against the scrutiny of investigators bent on ferreting out un-American activities. But things are different now. The Red influence in the organization is no longer a doubtful issue, as Mrs.

Roosevelt well knows. Last week, when she joined with the President in asserting that American sympathy was overwhelmingly for Finland, she became unpopular in the eyes of her protégés, against whom she had previously denied our charges of Communism. When she later told the Youth Congress that it was wrong to deviate from the American attitude toward the Soviet invasion of Finland, she was hissed from the floor in no uncertain tones. The Youth Congress is for Russian success, regardless of American opinion, sympathy, or conception of right and wrong. And not even the wife of the President is able to divert their minds to American principles—no matter how blindly she befriended them in the past. Out of this sad experience for Mrs. Roosevelt, one thing now looms certain—she can no longer be under the delusion that the American Youth organization is free from the taint of Communism. We believe she might even be willing to admit that there must have been at least a grain of truth in the sane observation and report of the valiant Mr. Dies and his much-maligned co-workers.

Amid all the confusion, misunderstanding, hatred, which the present war is planting in the hearts of peoples everywhere this saving thought must be kept in mind. God is not less powerful to

### Peace Through Prayer

silence war, not less merciful to avert its horrors from His world than He has been heretofore. For all of us, in war or out of it, it is preeminently a time in which to pray: in our homes, before the Blessed Sacrament, at Mass, at Benediction—that the miracle of a just and lasting peace may come to the nations now at war. This is one way—and certainly not the least effective way—of restoring to the nations peace and good will within the reach of all of us.

# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

## Symbols of Greeting

**H**HEAD, HANDS, EYES and lips are called to serve the purpose of hail and farewell when people meet and part. One does not say which of these organs has served longest in the business of exchange, since someone else will most certainly find an earlier evidence favoring some other organ.

However, the lips have been functioning as official love carriers for a very long time indeed. The Bible mentions the custom of touching lips as an expression of affection, peace and good will. Our Lord chided Simon the Pharisee for neglecting to give Him a kiss of welcome when the Saviour entered Simon's house, whereas He commended Mary Magdalene for kissing His feet. "Thou gavest Me no kiss, but she, since she came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet."

The Church in her ritual makes considerable use of the kiss as a form of salutation and good will. The consecrating bishop, you recall, kisses the young men he raises to the priesthood at a designated time during the ceremony. At Solemn High Mass, priests and minor clerics assisting in sanctuary, exchange the kiss of peace following the *Pax* of the celebrant. It is, of course, a very much diluted kiss, arms on arms with a forward bow, a *pax tecum* and an *et cum spiritu tuo*. Still, it goes for a kiss—liturgical, you understand.

In domestic life the kiss sees considerable service. Parents kiss their children, children their parents—especially their mothers. Women after short intervals of separation, kiss when they meet; and kiss again when they part on the presumption that they will not meet for some six hours. Nuns, who

fret not within convent narrow cells, kiss one another and their girl students at any crossroads where ways meet or part. And of course, there is the much staged and screened lovers' kiss. That, you need hardly be told, is no mere sacramental touching of lips. It is a contact of mouths that lasts as long as a slow chant of the *Pater Noster*. People call this slow return to normalcy a major expression of love. It should be dangerous as a transmitter of common cold germs.

Hand and head play an important part in the milder forms of hail and farewell. There are political hand clasps during which arms jerk up and down until the party of the first part is confident you will mark X after his name within the sacred quiet of the voting booth. There are society finger touches where the lady's hand is uplifted and you help to confer the sacrament by meeting her finger-tips with yours. And the head is called upon to nod a morning, a noon, or an evening greeting.

**T**HEN THERE are the Fascist, Nazi and Communist salutes. In these forms the arms are uplifted and the palm of the hand faces front if you have gone Fascist or Nazi; whereas the hand becomes a fist if your symbol is the hammer and the sickle. Closing the fist means, "Fight, team, fight!"

Frenchmen embrace and touch cheeks; Spaniards embrace, touch cheeks and slap lightly on the back. High ranking churchmen who feel for one another the better substance of friendship embrace also, lean forward and touch each side of the face in detached ecclesiastical technique.

At this writing Europe is sorely in need of a kiss of peace.



# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## Catholic Publications and American Business

By Harold F. Haynes

THE SERIOUS STUDENT of current events in the United States today finds it extremely difficult to orientate opinions and interpretations of happenings round the world. Naturally, a unanimity of opinion can only exist in the regulated articulations of a controlled press. But, in a world not so regulated, it is a difficult problem to separate fact and opinion, even when based on well-assimilated fact, from propaganda. The rapidity of gaining news and transmitting it before happenings are often times completed, contributes to this general state of turbulence. The mere volume of news alone might cause this condition. Of course, the tempo of life is blamed for much that is detrimental to man in our civilization; and in general it may be blamed for much of the perplexity and uncertainty and misinformation from which so many people suffer. What is fact and what is not fact, perplexes everyone who is concerned about the truth.

Among these conflicting opinions regarding every conceivable subject there remains one place where the serious student may learn of definite principles not subject to mercurial change and interpretations and opinions clearly based on these principles. That single place is the Catholic Church. It alone among institutions of the Western World presents an integrated philosophy. It alone possesses a divine mission; it alone has withstood tests that time only can conceive; it alone knows human nature from centuries of dealing with human

creatures; and it alone seems unpressed for time. So closely knit is its organization and so fully and wisely is it regulated that the principles of Christianity it teaches are everywhere the same. Opinions concerning transient affairs may differ but the basic concepts of right and wrong remain constant.

Individual Catholics may misinterpret current happenings in spite of their acceptance of all the basic truths. Judgments may be erroneous and deeply affect Catholic teachings. When statements of such individuals become too persistent, counter statements must be made to correct and clarify the issues involved. For the past few years Catholic publications here in the United States have printed many articles criticizing American business, its leaders, its institutions and the economic system of which it is a part. When these were sound they propelled a worthy work. Unfortunately, a quantity of such criticism has wandered far from fact and the charity of Catholic teachings. Doubtless many Catholics who have also been active participants in industry, have been perplexed by the violence and intolerance of such statements.

HERE IN THE United States the privileges of a free press are universal. Such widely separated minority groups as Catholics and Communists are permitted to analyze and criticize almost everything in their newspapers and magazines. This privilege should impose responsibilities on all groups irrespective of philosophy. But the responsibilities imposed upon writ-

ers under Catholic auspices are greater by far than those restricting others. This is natural since the exact truth is held in greater regard by the strict teaching of the Church than it is generally among institutions and individuals protesting her Faith. So it is that when publications print statements compounded from misunderstandings of industry and its manifold problems, and misapplication of Catholic thought relative to industry, their freedom of speech is to be deplored.

**T**OO OFTEN these authors fail to reason from a background of economic history. They do not realize that business, industry, the capitalistic system—as operating in this country—has been in disrepute for years. Criticisms from all classes have been widespread and in considerable measure just. Its staunchest supporters from within and from without, do not hold that its methods are perfect and the ends sought always proper. Many of the practices of business have been definitely injurious not only to itself but also to the nation and, with repercussions, to the world. This has been true without pause since modern industrial methods were introduced into this country. What we possess actually is a very imperfect system of economy, although on paper it might be projected to work as effectively as socialism or its cousin communism. Being man-devised and operated, it possesses all the imperfections of man. The only perfect systems in this world appear to be those creations of pure thought. Anticipating perfection of economic as of political or social life, denies some fundamental tenets of the divine plan. The attitude of these authors too often is irreconcilable with this general experience. Examples of their intolerant, loose and hasty thought are numerous. Their errors of judgment fall into some general classes.

A typical example is offered by one staff writer who terms undistributed profits “money grabbing,” which, of course, is merely another name for selfishness and greed. When making such charges, usually the attitude and problems of management are ignored. While profits may assume proportions establishing them as excessive, yet profits are essential to economic life, not to consider growth. During the past decade they have been seldom excessive, and far too often nonexistent. If industry developed steadily in a balanced manner without the fluctuations of intention and action characteristic of human behavior, reserves of capital, garnered from undistributed profits, would not be necessary to economic sustenance. Were depressions as unknown as they are unwanted, one large motor car manufacturer would not have lost 70,000,000 in only one recent year.

**S**PENDING IS as great a temptation to the business man as to the individual. Experience decrees that saving for a “rainy day” is as wise for corporations as for individuals. Technological changes rapidly make equipment and plants obsolete. Management that can build reserves for modernization are to be complimented for their astuteness. Therefore, grabbing profits to establish reserves need not be regarded as evidence of selfishness depriving workers of wages and stockholders of returns on their investments. On the contrary, protecting profits and reserves shows management’s concern for existence, and that is a right too fundamental to question.

Coupled with this same misunderstanding are the charges of selfishness and stupidity brought against industry when reduced income forces a reduction in wages. Such charges are part of the “class” distinctions so popular among those of leftist tendencies. The charges ignore the fact that manage-



ment and owners of business units are dependent for their livelihood upon the solvency of their organizations. Curtailed operations under even the friendliest of reorganizations inflict severe losses of capital investment, interest and wages on management, owners and employees. Irrespective of standards of living, all classes of workers labor for shelter, food and clothing, and the fact that some have standards higher than others does not change the basic requirements. Therefore, the safeguarding of the perpetuity of business organizations as essential to the individual stockholder's or manager's or employee's sustenance, does not seem illogical or selfish. On the contrary, the protection and maintenance of solvency by non-drastring action reducing the wages of all classes in order to safeguard the future earnings of all, should be regarded as wise.

**S**NIPIING AT business, at the system under which it operates and at all classes of people that support and are supported by it, may be an amusing pastime but the degree of unemployment, distrust, poverty and serious mental and spiritual conditions engendered by such methods is far from amusing. Widening cleavages created by the depression can hardly ameliorate economic and social conditions in terms of social justice. During probably the happiest periods of our history the middle class was growing in size, power and wealth. The past decade has seen its property values and rentals reduced, its investments seriously curtailed and its wages greatly lowered. Making fun of the hopes and labors and aspirations of this class should be left to the pseudo-intellectuals. Catholic writers and magazines should play no part in the disintegration of this class but do all within their power to reestablish its prosperity.

There is too much written today

about "classes" of men. It is a favorite doctrine of social workers that people in the lower income brackets are always exploited. Socialistic and communistic systems of philosophy and economy are founded upon this assumption, sometimes true. Some communist publications picture the dominant, grasping, selfish capitalist as of a race apart from the poor, hungry, exploited worker. Other communist propaganda depicts conditions in capitalistic states as so onerous as to demand revolution—sudden, violent and complete. They would destroy to supplant. Attainment of a more perfect condition by corrective measures, is too long and patient a method. Not possessing a realistic sense of balance from successful living in the world, they would tear down the system they term capitalistic in order to replace it with a system of their imaginations. The results would be excellent for all the people remaining in their world. That millions would suffer misery and violence in the process of transformation does not concern these visionaries, for the end is all that matters. Thus, expediency is the law. Leftist writers, therefore, possess absolute freedom. The position of Catholic writers is diametric.

**N**O MATTER where they live and under what type of government and economy they exist, Catholic writers are allowed freedom of expression only in accordance with Christian principles. They must correct the lack of balance and the abuses of their systems in order to perfect them. In the United States, as elsewhere, a balanced system is sought and all action curtailing balance is destructive. Liberalizing Christian doctrines of the rights of man and correcting abuses that subvert those rights are mandatory. But, restricting profits and the economic sustenance of those now in industry and destroying confidence in the economic

system now effective is causing injustices and fomenting cleavages that harbor trouble for years to come.

THE ENCYCLICAL LETTERS of the Popes were never so popular as they are today. Politicians, leftists, rightists, communists, socialists, Protestants, Jews and Catholics are able to find quotations supporting their various contentions. Naturally, Catholic authors find most inspiration in these Letters. The precepts of social action contained in them are based on Christian principles. For the most part, these Letters are concerned with defining principles and pointing out abuses and thus applying liberalizing policies to our social and economic structures to a furtherance of Christianity. The moral and social ideas they espouse are radical only in so far as our world today seems to be conservative in adherence to non-Christian action. They do not plan specific reforms or give specific examples of abuses; giving dates, reciting incidents and naming witnesses as a case history might do. Therefore, their broad application designed to retard pernicious tendencies and to ameliorate conditions for all peoples, permits them to be misinterpreted and misapplied. Their broad principles presuppose broad knowledge of sectional conditions. The misuse of these Encyclicals among Catholic authors in their application of them to current social and economic ills and specifically to industry in this country, is probably due to a misconception of our system of individualistic and capitalistic economy.

This conclusion is borne out by an analysis of the vocations of these authors. Seldom are they practicing or practical business men concerned with management as either employees or owners of business units. Their experience is restricted to the classroom, the pulpit, the press, the courthouse or the government. Few of these men, there-

fore, have been concerned with self-supporting projects. With few exceptions do they know the problems of working or managing self-containing and perpetuating business units. Their duties and experience pertain to activities not economically self-supporting but definitely dependent upon the residue of wealth created by self-contained industry. It is doubtful, therefore, if these gentlemen have a sufficient background or knowledge of the practical operation of the capitalistic system to criticize it and the various classes of industry developed under it.

THIS EXPLANATION of radical and loose thinking found in some Catholic publications is a simple one. It does not defend the manifold deficiencies of our times. It calls for a not so ill-advised alignment with class exploitation theories. It asks for a more balanced and longer range view of affairs in keeping with the general attitude of the Papacy. Such attitude need not conflict with a militant denunciation of abuses. It should temper the thrusts for a more perfectly adjusted economic and social system in conformity with American conceptions of freedom.

### The Carpenter of Nazareth

By Dorothy Brown Thompson

*He wrought in wood, high-hearted for the task,  
With careful skill that long outwore the years.  
His cross-beams and his nails held straight  
and true*

*Against the wind and storm. No thief broke  
down*

*The doors He made. The yokes He carved  
were light*

*And did not gall the oxen; and His ploughs  
Were shaped to fit the hand. He fashioned  
chests*

*Of cedar-wood that came from Lebanon,  
And lecterns for the synagogues, to hold  
The sacred books of golden mulberry.*

*I wonder if He ever made a cross?*



# The Road is Long

*By Mary Mabel Wirries*

SYNOPSIS:—Jim Kieble, with Matie his third wife, and Tom, Roger, Rose and the baby are living on a farm. Jim is a butcher when sober and his children are made to work like slaves in the upkeep of the farm. Roger, Rose's twin, is drowned and Tom and Rose are drawn closer together. They decide they must get some money to buy decent clothes, so they will not be the laughingstock of the community. But the father takes the money they earn for drink and Tom runs away from home. Nothing is heard from him for a long time and then Rose gets a letter from a western city with a postal order for two hundred dollars. But Tom tells her not to write as he is leaving for a new destination. With the money safe in the keeping of Mrs. Kelly, a neighbor, Rose is able to go through high school and graduates as valedictorian. A rich Mrs. Clifton takes a fancy to her and hires her as secretary. Though her father objects, Rose being of age leaves him, and goes with Mrs. Clifton on a European tour. Now go on with Chapter IX.

## CHAPTER IX

### Seaview

"THE MAIL IS HERE, Miss Rose. Where shall I leave it?"

"Thank you, Emilio. Leave it on my desk, please. And—Emilio—"

"Yes, Miss Rose?"

"Mrs. Clifton is not to be disturbed this morning. She has had a restless night—another of those bad headaches. If there are any telephone messages, please make a memorandum of them for me. I am going out for a little while."

"Yes, Miss Rose. You like me to order your horse, maybe? You like to ride, maybe?"

"No, Emilio, I think not. I think I'll take a walk along the beach instead. It's almost time for the fog to be lifting. Caesar and I like the shore when the fog is lifting."

"Yes, Miss Rose."

As silently as he had entered, the soft-footed Filipino was gone. Mrs. Clifton's house was always as hushed and peaceful as a convent garden. Voices were carefully modulated, hinges carefully oiled, footsteps muted. Sometimes the quiet got on Rose's healthy young nerves. But always, outside the house, there was the gayety of gardens. And now that they were back in California, there were the other sounds she loved—the booming of the surf on the rocks below, the throaty blasts of far-off foghorns.

THEY HAD had four years of wandering, since the day of Rose's graduation. Rose had known England of the box-yewed gardens, Ireland of the little people, France of the cathedrals, Spain of the olive trees, Italy of the sunny skies. In those pleasant places she had been born again. The shy country girl, watchful of the habits and speech of others, lest she err in her own, was gone. From the cocoon of that old self the new Rose had emerged, polished and poised and sure. Mrs. Clifton had gloried in the task of transforming her young charge.

"You are so good to me," Rose had told her often. "I am sure I do not deserve so much."

"There is no question of deserving or not deserving," her benefactor would retort. "When I am good to you, I am really being good to myself. You have no idea what a lonely woman I was before you came."

And then, abruptly, one day in Florence, Hortense Clifton had languished for a sight of home.

"ROSE," SHE had said, in her abrupt way, "would you like to go back to the U. S. A.? I've had enough of the

continent, now. Italy fills me with an odd nostalgia for California. I've never taken you there yet, my dear. You've never seen my home on an ocean hillside, the home my husband and little girl so loved. We'll go back and open Seaview again."

Once in New York, she had interrogated the girl. "Do you want to stop and see your people? If you do, I don't mind. But if you don't, we'll simply take the through train to Los Angeles."

Rose had chosen the through train. When she thought of going back to Labadie, there was a shrinking within her. She said as much to Mrs. Clifton.

"I hoped you would not wish to stop," Mrs. Clifton had agreed with her. "I should like to see Katherine, but there will be other Springs. And for you, child, there is little use in reopening old wounds."

As a salve to her conscience, Rose had sent Matie a check for twenty dollars. She had a salary of her own, now, and a small bank account.

"You are my companion and secretary." Mrs. Clifton had overridden her scruples about this money. "If you were to leave me, I should be forced to hire someone else. I have grown so dependent on you for everything."

In the letters which Emilio laid on her desk this morning, there was Matie's answer to the check. This was her first word from her stepmother in seven months. As Matie herself said, she was "no hand for writin'." Rose winced now, at the grease spot on the envelope. Matie always wrote on the kitchen table, and usually her letters showed it. The address was penciled, too. Matie couldn't write with a pen. Rose hoped Emilio hadn't noticed this messy-looking letter—but there was little Emilio did not notice.

"It must be that I'm not quite a lady, yet," she thought, whimsically. "I'm still so fearful of the opinions of ser-

vants. I must send Matie some decent stationery, and a fountain pen. But I suppose she'll still write in the midst of the lard rendering."

She ran back upstairs to peep in at Hortense, and get a sweater. She came down with one of chartreuse over her blue linen frock, and a gay gipsy scarf entwined about her head. She thrust Matie's letter into her sweater pocket, and went down the six flights of steps leading to the beach. Caesar, faithful fox terrier, got up from his snoozing place on the first landing and followed her. At the foot of the stairs she bent to pat his head, and he wriggled ecstatically.

"Let's run, Caesar," she said, gaily. "Let's run and cavort and be as silly as young colts in a pasture field. I'm beginning to feel like an old lady since we came back here. I'm all worn out trying to live up to Emilio."

The fog's soft hands clutched at her wind-blown skirts as she ran. Caesar yipped joyfully, now at her heels, now dashing ahead. When the surf broke too near them, he waxed hysterical. A quarter mile down the beach, the running girl stopped breathlessly, and began to climb the rocky headland. When she reached the promontory point, she sank down to rest, and Caesar dropped panting beside her.

"FUN, WASN'T IT, Caesar? More fun than any of your Gallic wars. Look, old Commander-in-chief, the fog is lifting. There's that boat whose whistle we've been hearing. Look at the Pacific unfolding. Glorious sight, isn't it? How'd you like to build a bridge across that Arar, old man? Look back, Caesar—Seaview's coming out, too. Are not we lucky to have such a lovely home?"

The sun crept along the shore now, the fog retreating before it. Vapor wreaths trailed skyward. Other hillside villas came into being; more boats appeared



on the Pacific. Rose watched with the fresh delight she always felt at fog-lifting time on the shores.

"There's magic in a fog, Caesar, the sun is a wizard. He lifts a golden sunbeam as a wand. 'Presto!' he exclaims, 'Disperse, ye rebels!' Like the fellow at Concord, Caesar, remember? You ought to know your history, old Roman. When he commands them, the little fog wraiths go scampering. See them going, Caesar?"

**C**AESAR LOOKED bored. He was tired of conversation. He curled up in a ball and went to sleep, emitting sundry little dream-barks so the lone curlew strutting the beach, scavenging, would know he was still alive. And Rose, having no one with whom to talk, opened her letter.

"Dere Rosie:" wrote Matie, "Your money rec'd and thank you very much. I have not kashed it yet becuz i did not get to town and i did not tell you're Pa about it becuz you know why. But will hav the dr kash it when he comes to see Janie. Janie has had scarlet fever it semes like Janie has evvything i do not know where she got this fever. The money wil come handy 4 lots things just now. It was good of you to send it to me. You are always good to me, i am glad u are back from over sees. The see is so wide and you semed so far away, i hav always herd a lot about Cal. i had a uncle who dide out there in the gold rush—at least that's what Ma thot. He went away just like Tom did but we never herd a word from him. Semes like ive give up hop hering from Tom any more to. Hav you seen him in Cal? i thot maybe you mite. Dickie is a big boy now. His eyes are the same kolor yours are. He tries to sware like Pa and it is funny but i wash his mouth out with sope. The baby is cute. he looks like Janie but is not so puny. Your Pa was sick in the cold wether. You know he never was sick before and

it was hard for him to be in bed at all he just rared about it. But the dr said it was almost lung fever. He does not say mutch. We never talk about you but i think he misses you. i wish you had stopt to see us when you went by. i told Janie maybe the train we waved at one day was the train sister was on. It must feel nice to ride on a train. Brindle has a new calf. It is brindle to-a heffer. Mrs. Mays had a baby boy and it dide. Hattie Crewes marryed a man from Chi. They say he is well fixed. People thot she would marry the Kelly boy. i gess she was willing but he was not. He went to the farm skule at Lansing and he is a regular farmer now. Your Pa says he is crazy to go to skule to lern how to plow dirt. He starts his mellons in hot beds. Well, Rosie, this is all I can think of rite now. i ben three days getting this mutch done. i am well and hop you are the same. we send you love and xxxxxxxxX. The big one at the end is from Janie. rite soon and thank you once again for the money. you're mother—Matie."

Caesar lifted his head for the third time, and looked at his mistress beseechingly.

**"B**ET SHE'S GOING to stay here all day," he thought. "She ought to know Jose gives me my dinner at noon. After this run on the beach I'm almost starved." He nosed at her hand impatiently.

"Come on, Rose, let's go."

He nipped her gently. With a start the girl came back from her sad dreaming.

"Want to go, do you, Caesar?" she asked, gently, getting to her feet and brushing the tears from her cheeks. "All right, we'll go. The sun is high, isn't it? It must be lunch time. Wait until I get down the bluff and I'll race you again, old fellow."

They raced, madly. Under the stress of physical strain, Rose's mental tur-

moil died. Caesar chased the curlew, investigated a turtle, sniffed at suspicious-looking masses of seaweed, yipped at the surf, and was at peace, too. As they climbed the long flights of stairs to the villa Rose saw, to her dismay, that there were strange figures on the terrace. Mrs. Clifton's relatives must have come a day early.

"And I look a sight," she thought, embarrassed, trying to brush the mad Caesar's paw marks from her skirt. "I only pray I can get in without being seen."

**B**UT SHE COULDN'T. Hortense called her as she laid hand on the latch of the side door:

"There you are, Rose darling. I was beginning to worry. Come in, won't you? I want you to meet my brother and his family. Mercy, this is my young secretary-companion, Rose Kieble. My brother's wife, Mrs. Whalen, Rose. Madge, her daughter. My brother, Dr. Whalen. His son, Walter."

The tall, gray-haired woman who was Doctor Whalen's wife, Mercy, nodded coolly, and murmured a polite conventionality. Dr. Whalen on the other hand, greeted her warmly.

"My dear," taking both her hands in his and looking down on her with quizzical blue eyes exactly like his sister's, "I am very happy to know you at last. You have given Hortense a new interest in life."

"You are very kind," Rose smiled at him gratefully.

"Aren't we sort of cousins, Miss Kieble?" the younger Whalen brought himself to her attention, "since you're a second daughter to Aunt Horthy and I'm her favorite nephew—"

"Her *only* nephew," interrupted his sister.

"Well, that's what makes me the favorite one—no competition. I hope I'll be your favorite relative, too, Miss Kieble. May I call you Rose?"

"Don't mind my brother, Rose," the violet-eyed Madge came to her rescue. "He prides himself on being a fast worker. Oh, the hearts he has broken! Don't believe a word he tells you. My, but I'm glad you're young and pretty. We'll be good friends, I know. When I heard Aunt Horthy had a companion I thought she'd have a—a—"

"Blue-stockings," said her Aunt Hortense, grimly. "You should give me credit for better judgment, child. Rose, we are lunching on the terrace. You will just have time to change, if you hurry."

"Thank you. I'm indeed happy to know you all, Mrs. Whalen. I've heard Mrs. Clifton speak of you so often. And I'm sorry you caught me like this. Caesar and I were having a run on the beach, and Caesar waxed too impetuous."

"But you look lovely," protested Madge. "Do you mind if I go up with you? Excuse me, please, Auntie—"

"Run along, darling. You two need to get acquainted. I think you'll get on famously."

The two girls went out together, Madge chattering like a magpie. Before the day had passed, they were fast friends.

**S**UDDENLY SEAVIEW was a different place now. The convent-garden peace was shattered. Footsteps were no longer muted, and laughter and voices echoed everywhere. Visitors drove up from San Diego, over from Santa Monica, down from Oakland and Frisco. Someone was always dashing to a dance or a tea, off to the races or a beach party. Night turned into day, and day into night. And there, in the midst of every gay party, every absurd activity, be it charades or clam bakes or dancing the new Tango to the tune of "Too Much Mustard," Rose found herself. And with her, nine times out of ten, she found Hortense's nephew, who was rap-



idly proving himself to be quite the most attentive young man whoever paid siege to a pretty girl.

The Whalens had been with Mrs. Clifton three whole weeks before she had a moment alone with Rose. But this morning Walter had a business appointment with a lawyer in Los Angeles, the doctor was out playing a game of golf with an old school friend, and Mrs. Whalen and Madge were off to the modiste's, looking at new gowns. It was something like noon when Rose finished a breakfast tray in her room, and, comfortable in dressing gown and mules, stole in to peep at her friend. At sight of the copper head in her doorway Hortense gave a cry of delight.

"COME IN, stranger. I was hoping you'd visit me this morning. Do you know, I've scarcely had time to look at you for days? Those youngsters surely travel a hectic pace—and their mother is as bad. I'm glad of a breathing space, aren't you?"

Rose nodded. "So is Emilio, I think."

Hortense laughed. "Yes. I imagine so. He has been looking pained and harassed."

"The goings-on are too much for your model servant. Yesterday he asked me: 'Miss Rose, you think maybe by'n bye Mrs. Clifton's company going to move on? All this noise very bad for Mrs. Clifton's health.'"

"And Emilio's health, too, I'm afraid."

"May I brush your hair?"

"I'd love to have you. You haven't spoiled me for quite awhile. Darling, what do you think of our new mode of life?"

Rose began to give Hortense's crown of glory long, firm strokes with the silver-backed brush. "It's fun," she admitted. "I've been enjoying it."

"How do you like my nephew?"

A wave of red ran over the girl's fair skin, and Mrs. Clifton watching her

in the dressing table mirror, laughed mischievously.

"Blushes speak louder than words," she said. "Rose, I hope you marry that boy."

"Aren't you—precipitate? He hasn't asked me, you know."

"He will. I've been reading the signs and they're all good. You will probably have trouble with his mother, though. Mercy is an incurable snob. She's the daughter of a gambling meat-packer, but in her memory he shines like an earl. My brother is the salt of the earth, Rose."

"I know that."

"He lives a dog's life. Do you think he likes this mad pace at which he lives? He is one of the finest diagnosticians in the country. Besides that, he is interested in research work. For years he's been working on a serum for the treatment of tropical fevers. He spent two years in South America—but do you think that selfish wife of his would go with him? She—she's just a parasite. And when I see her looking down on you, it makes me see red. She patronizes you, doesn't she?"

"When she isn't ignoring me. But I really don't mind."

"YOU WILL MIND when you are married to her son. Don't ever let her suspect your lack of background, will you, darling?"

Rose flushed, and shook her head. "I will be a perfect lady," she promised.

"Silly! You couldn't be anything else. But I mean—your family—Oh, darling don't think I'm a snob, too, will you?"

"Of course not."

"It's just that I want you to have the best of everything. And my brother likes you so much. It will make him very happy if you marry Walter. He needs steadying. Mercy has influenced him too much. And the lad has the making of a fine lawyer. He specialized in criminal law, you know. And now

that he is about to step into that post in Judge Henrick's office in Los Angeles, he will need the right kind of wife. You will be that kind of wife, Rose."

Mrs. Clifton, are you trying to get me off your hands? Only a short time ago you were telling me you couldn't live without me. And now you are practically throwing me at a young man's head. Do you want me to do the proposing?" quizzically.

Hortense reached up and drew the flushed face down to hers.

"I love you, absurd child," she said. "I want you to be happy. And if you marry my only nephew you will never get very far away from me. As for the proposing—well, I think Walter will take care of that."

A discreet knock at the door interrupted the scene. Emilio was there.

"Mr. Walter want to talk to Miss Rose on telephone," he informed them in a pained voice.

Mrs. Clifton laughed. "Yes, I think Walter will take care of that."

(To be continued.)

## Convert and Valiant Woman

(Helen E. A. Day Chute)

By Elizabeth Chute

### I

**HELEN E. A. DAY** was born at Mt. Pleasant, Ontario, September, 1835. At the age of two years she was taken by her parents to Kalamazoo, County, Michigan. About a year later she was orphaned by the death of her parents, upon which her uncle, George E. H. Day, after a journey of nearly three hundred miles in the dead of winter, most of the distance in a wagon, took her to his home in Painesville, Ohio, where she became the "little sister" to his other children. From there she went with her uncle's family to live in Milwaukee, arriving about July, 1845. Just before this she had visited

for ten months her maternal aunt, Mrs. Henry Dean ("Aunt Phebe"), at Eckford, Michigan, whose influence was to imprint upon the mind of the child the importance of leading a humble, holy life. Mamma remembers listening with rapt attention while she told her the Parables, or repeated verses from Proverbs. "Who shall find a valiant woman: far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her," filled her soul with admiration.

**F**ROM HER childhood she heard endless discussions as to what constituted the unpardonable sin, and as to the meaning of this or that passage of Scripture. The inability to arrive at a conclusion disheartened her, and she felt there ought to be an authoritative interpreter. St. Peter's warning concerning "certain things hard to understand which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction," and the passage from Apocalypse about—"not adding to or taking away," seemed to prove the fact that there was such an authority. She read the Bible (King James) through from Genesis to Revelation several times.

When fifteen she taught a class of little girls at Sunday school in a Methodist Church in Milwaukee; later she taught the primary grade in one of the public schools there. During 1854-1855 she attended Lawrence University, after which, at the age of nineteen, she moved with her uncle's family to St. Anthony, Minnesota. Upon driving past a cemetery (site of present St. Joseph's Academy), she was struck by the inscription over the gateway: "It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins." Praying for the dead seemed most reasonable to her.

Her contemporaries have told us that she was very beautiful. She was about five feet two inches tall, with delicate features, an abundance of black, wavy



hair, blue-gray eyes fringed with black lashes, transparent skin. Her voice was low and sweet; but her greatest charm was her just and loving nature.

She married Dr. Samuel Hewes Chute on May 5th, 1858. From the beginning they used to say the Lord's Prayer together, daily, at Mamma's request; he always saying grace before meals. She continued at the Methodist Church, teaching Sunday school, at times playing the organ and singing in a pure, sweet mezzo-soprano voice.

When her eldest child, Charlotte Rachel, was an infant, Papa and Mamma discussed the question of infant baptism. He did not believe it essential to salvation, thinking it a "relic of Calvinistic bigotry." Mamma, however, did consider it necessary, using as an argument, "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." One day she mentioned to her Uncle George, or to her foster mother, that their small children had never been christened. At this suggestion they arranged to have them baptized. At the same time she took Charlotte, and she too was baptized, though my Father did not know this had been done.

**I**N JANUARY, 1863, Mamma joined Andrew Presbyterian Church in St. Anthony. She did this at Papa's request, who, although he was quite sure that he had been baptized in infancy, never considered himself a member of any church. He said it would be hypocrisy for him. Papa's father, Reverend James Chute, was pastor of First Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati; later occupying the same position in Fort Wayne. His sons had a deep affection for and interest in the work for which their father had labored. My Father wished Mamma to join his church to help there. She felt she could conscientiously leave the Methodist for the Presbyterian Church, as under the circum-

stances it was her duty to go with her husband. She entered into the different activities of the congregation.

**A**S MAMMA continued her aspirations for the truth, the things continually said against the Catholic Church commenced to grate upon her soul. One thing which more and more forced itself upon her mind was the reasonableness of the doctrine of transubstantiation. During this time of questioning, Papa and she entertained from time to time ministers and their families who would come to town for conventions, etc. She would sometimes challenge those who would make charges against the Catholic Church. This led to many discussions with Protestant ministers, who were beginning to be alarmed at Mamma's attitude. The minister in charge of the Andrew Church at the time she severed her connection with Protestantism was greatly concerned at the prospect of losing her from his congregation. He brought her a book containing the supposed history of a man, born a Catholic, but who was taken while a child by a Protestant missionary society to be educated. It was an attempt to discredit Catholicity. Mamma read the book. Her indignation was great. Upon returning the book he asked if it had influenced her mind as to the step she contemplated. She told him that it had not; whereupon he told her that she was very "stiff-necked." Another minister (Methodist) called upon her, hoping to influence her to remain in Protestantism. He did not reproach her. He merely said, "Mrs. Chute, you think too much." He later wrote her a long letter continuing the subject. After her reception into the True Fold another minister told her that had he known that she was thinking of changing he would have tried to interest her in the Universalist belief. After talking to her for some time he said, "Mrs. Chute, you are too honest."

While on a visit to her Uncle George's home Mamma found a Douay Bible. Opening it she found the prayer: "Come, Holy Ghost, fill the hearts of Thy faithful, and enkindle in them the fire of Thy love," etc. Thereafter she said this prayer daily. She was always reading, searching for the truth. She always prayed that God would show her the light, and promised to follow it.

ON HER FIRST visit to Mr. Prince's home in St. Paul, before her conversion, Mamma was struck by seeing a rosary hanging from some piece of furniture, having always associated such things with ignorant people. Up to this time she had spoken to only one priest, Reverend Louis E. Caillet, afterwards Monsignor, who called at our house with Mr. and Mrs. Prince.

The first maid Mamma had after her marriage was Julia Duff, a lovely, Catholic girl. She noticed some books that Julia had, and asked the privilege of reading them. One of these books was, *Protestantism, a Religion of Darkness, Despair, and Death*, by Rev. F. X. Weninger, D. D. The title repelled Mamma and filled her with indignation. Nevertheless she read the book. It must have been convincing, as she continued to inquire into the claims of the Catholic Church, and to beg God for light.

Another book lent Mamma by Julia was, *The Catechism, with Quotations from Scripture Explained*. Julia used to have Masses said for her. Milner's *End of Controversy* was another volume which she read about this time. Also the relation of the circumstances of the conversion of Bishop Ives of North Carolina. After Mamma's reception into the Church she had the privilege of meeting Father Weninger. In speaking with him she alluded to the difficulties before her, which seemed insurmountable. He said, "Take one step at a time." This thought supported her many times, and she made use of

it. Father Weninger gave her a copy of his *Easter in Heaven* at this time. She read *The Invitation Heeded*, by Father Kent Stone; also the writings of Rev. Isaac Thomas Hecker, which were a consolation to her. The example of the life of Father Augustine Ravoux (Monsignor), afterwards Vicar General of the Archdiocese of St. Paul, influenced her in favor of the Faith he professed.

Her last attendance at Andrew Presbyterian Church was to bid farewell to her Sunday-school class. She told them that they would have to get another teacher, that she could no longer remain there without being a hypocrite. After leaving Andrew church, a number of the women of the congregation with whom Mamma had been accustomed to pray (Mamma took literally the words of our Lord, "When several are gathered together in My name, I am in their midst"), met morning after morning and prayed that Mamma "would not go astray." (It seems that the prayers did not go unheeded.)

DURING DECEMBER of 1868 Mamma had come to the point where she felt she must take a definite step, so she went to the rectory of the Church of St. Anthony of Padua, hoping to see the parish priest, intending by way of introduction to ask him to sell her a prayerbook. Not finding him at home she went into the convent of the St. Joseph Sisters nearby. Mother Jane received her. When Mamma told her that she was not a Catholic, and was undecided what to do, and had come to talk with the parish priest, Mother Jane said to her, "He will soon put you right." She took Mamma into the convent chapel where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. It seemed very wonderful to her, and she felt a sense of pride, as if she had arrived. She had thought much upon "the Bread of life."



When finally she went again and found the rector, Reverend Felix Tissot, at home she told him she was not sure that the Catholic Church was right, but had come to satisfy herself on that point. Mamma could see that he was praying interiorly.

**A**FTER TALKING some time she said, "This is true; and I will be a Catholic." He said to her, "Some come, and go away again." Mamma said that she was not that kind. He told her that if she was to be received into the Church her husband and relatives must come to the ceremony. She replied that it could not be accomplished if she discussed with them what she had decided to do; that they were trying in every way to prevent it. He said to her, "A woman who gets out of her place has much to suffer."

Now that she knew she must take the step, the feeling she had was anger that she must leave those whom she loved and take the consequences of acting contrary to Papa's wishes. Papa had said to her, "Were not your people, and my people good?" She would admit they were. Then he would ask, what was the need for change of belief. Her greatest trial was the thought of the pain she would inflict upon him and her other dear ones.

She resolved to be baptized. Having a family of little children it was most difficult to arrange for this. On the morning of the day on which she was received, June 25, 1869, she did not know that she would be christened that day. But in the afternoon when the household was tranquil she went to the home of Mrs. Peter O'Connor and asked her to go with her to the Church of St. Anthony. Mamma stated her errand to Father Tissot and said Mrs. O'Connor would be her sponsor. He told her two witnesses would be required, and that Mrs. Duffy, his housekeeper, would be the other. So in the presence of these

two women Mamma received conditional baptism, having been baptized in infancy. (At this period hoopskirts were worn, and as she knelt to make her renunciation of error and profession of faith the hoops cut into her knees painfully.) After the ceremony all the prejudices under which she had labored seemed to pass before her like a panorama, vanishing from her life forever.

When it became known that Mamma had entered the Catholic Church, one of the elders of the Presbyterian Church told her that if she had joined any other than the Catholic Church he could have given her a letter. Her answer, with characteristic good humor, was that the only recommendation needed to join the Catholic Church was to be a sinner.

**M**AMMA COULD not make her First Communion until October. It being impossible for her to go to an early Mass, she waited until Papa had gone to his church, then went to the late Mass, and received her First Holy Communion, being guided as to the proper time by Nellie Malone, a communicant at that Mass. While walking home a distance of nine blocks, faint and weary, a feeling of rebellion tried to take hold of her. Then she commenced to feel that she had done something heroic;—but immediately came to her the words of our Lord, "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you"—and her heart became tranquil. It was two o'clock in the afternoon before she broke her fast. Upon arriving home, Papa, who was feeling greatly grieved said to her,—“School kept pretty late?”

After she had received her First Communion Father Tissot told her that Papa should be told what had been done, and that he would call at our home. One evening shortly before the supper hour, Father Tissot came. When

Mamma introduced Papa he went forward and greeted him with apparent cordiality. Soon the supper was announced, Papa invited Father Tissot to join them. He accepted, accompanied the family to the dining room, blessed himself and asked the blessing. The meal passed off without constraint. Father Tissot with great tact commenced to explain to Papa the reason for his "intrusion." When they arose from table the priest again blessed himself, and said the Thanksgiving. Conversation continued. After a little time Papa asked Father Tissot if he would excuse Mamma and himself as they had an engagement for the evening. After this visit Father Tissot wrote a letter in which he further explained his mission of that evening. Papa handed the letter to Mamma, who never knew whether or not he had read it. He never referred to it afterward.

(Conclusion next week.)

## Sue Rediscovered

By Anobel Armour

SUE LATHROP STEPPED down from the train and saw her own little town again. The painted cottages looked like toys, scattered by sleepy children, each set down in the place nearest at hand. She liked that. Across the road, she could see kindly old Silas Wayne propped against his grocery store, in a chair that teetered perilously close to a crate of eggs.

Down the street, on her vine-shaded porch, she could make out the form of Grandma Larkin, rocking peacefully as ever. Only Lon Harvey was missing. She had expected him to be missing but, now that expectation had proved itself correct, she was disappointed.

"Aimin' to see Lon while you're here?" Silas called innocently, swinging his perilous perch from the wall and teetering it on the edge of the porch instead.

The sun haloed his white hair and gave him a truly beneficent look, but it didn't fool Sue. "You certainly missed your calling, Silas Wayne," she declared, crossing to stand in front of him.

Silas was mildly curious. "How come?"

"You should have written a book, *How to Read Minds at Twenty Paces*, and retired to live on your royalties."

Silas grinned. "Not a bad idea. Might do it yet. That is if I'm right this time. You did come to see Lon, didn't you?"

**N**O; I DIDN'T. I came back to see about my property!" Sue shattered his writing prospects promptly.

"Property?" Silas cocked an eyebrow. "Oh, you mean that patch of jimsonweed your folks left you?"

"The jimson needs cutting," Sue said firmly.

"Guess it does now. Come to think of it." Silas curled his tongue in his cheek in mock derision. Then he tacked and swung into a safer channel. "Right smart suit you have on. Always did like tweed. You must be pretty prosperous," speculatively.

Sue looked down at her trim brown suit, which had made countless trips to the cleaners, and smiled to herself. Silas never missed anything. He probably was calculating the upkeep on a suit that old at this very minute. He knew that she was not any too prosperous. He knew that she was homesick. And he knew that she wanted to see Lon. If he hadn't been such an excellent grocer, Sue would have advised him to write the book after all. Instead, she parked her suitcase behind his counter and set out on a bear-went-over-the-mountain trip—to see what she could see.

"Better meander out past the old schoolhouse while you're about it," Silas advised. "It's never prettier than just at this time of day."

She turned and eyed him with suspicion, but his blue eyes were bland.



"Maybe I will," she assented carelessly.

"I allus knew you'd come back," Silas postscripted after her.

That should have annoyed her but somehow it didn't. In her heart, she had "allus" known it too.

THE SUN POURED tawny splashes through the elms. Sue followed the hop-scotch pattern of light and shade to Grandma Larkin's picket fence. Grandma Larkin placed her fingertips together and peered at Sue over her spectacles. Sue chuckled inwardly. Grandma had always searched frantically for her glasses so that she might perch them on her nose-tip and gaze out over the rims.

"Be that you, Sue Lathrop?" she quavered. "Seems like I haven't seen you for quite a spell. Been away?"

Sue waited until the lump slid down her throat. Then she answered gently, "Yes, Grandma, I've been away."

Her knees were poplars in the wind as she walked on. Suppose Lon hadn't missed her either? But then, why should he have missed her? She had followed the highway markers she liked best, quite some time before. Lon had wanted her to follow his markers. She could recall snatches of their conversation vividly.

"I want to live in the city. I can be a successful business woman. I know I can," she assured Lon Harvey.

"Why don't you stay here and marry me?" he pleaded. "There's everything here that a girl could want—including me." He grinned impishly, as if laughing at himself. His hands rumbled his hair and his tight lips betrayed him. There was no laughter there.

"You," Sue said. "That's all I hate about leaving. Why don't you come too? There are so many things we could do together if you'd go my way. We could—"

Lon shook his head, interrupting. "I am rooted here, Sue."

Sue was puzzled. "But why are you rooted, Lon? I can't see it. Name one reason."

"I'll name two," he said obligingly. His voice bantered her but his eyes were twin crucifixes. "In the first place, I'm a farmer. In the second place, my friends are here."

"Friends!" She sniffed airily. "You can get friends anywhere."

"Maybe so. But they wouldn't be Silas nor Grandma Larkin. Besides that, you can't plow a flower box on a window sill. This is the place for both of us, Sue."

His mild insistence moved her, but not to the point of staying. She had to get out and see something. She had to!

"I want to see the world. I want to travel," she explained. "I'm going to, too," she added defiantly.

"Well, I can't stop you, Sue," he admitted finally, and his eyes were bleak.

THEY ALMOST broke Sue's heart. "I have to go, Lon. Honest I do. Why don't you come along? You'll never amount to a hill of beans in this stuffy old town."

Lon was exasperated. "Stuffy! Look at the wheat fields and the corn. Look at the orchards. Why, a man could walk miles and not—oh, what's the use!"

Sue felt that he pitied her then. She was sure that he would now because she had had her share of travel all right. From the office to the automat and from there to her room. Not that the job hadn't been a good one. Her knowledge of grain impressed the office. Living expenses were high though. But that wasn't what bothered her. Sometimes, on week-ends, she walked until she was dizzy without seeing a single soul she knew. Back-fence gossip seemed strangely sweet to her now.

The odor from the purple-tipped alfalfa fields was the deluge which got

her. Homesickness rolled over her in breakers. I don't want to go back, she wailed. This is my home. These people are my friends. Lon is— she stopped. Lon wasn't anything until she saw him and made him something. That was why Silas wanted her to go directly to the schoolhouse. He knew the whereabouts of every man, woman and child in Wayne County, and could put a pin in the map on the exact spot where each would be at such-and-such a time. Lon would be at the schoolhouse. She was sure of it. Sue ran on penitent feet.

**THE OLD SYCAMORE** was her landmark. Beyond it was the schoolhouse and, if she hadn't misjudged Silas's capabilities, Lon. Sue had to tear the picture of the old weather-beaten structure forcibly from her mind. The building beyond the sycamore was red brick and stood as sturdy as a little boy in brogans. Her schoolhouse was gone. That was an omen. Lon would be gone too. She knew it. If only he had come for her any time during these seven years, she would have come home with him. But Lon wasn't like that. He knew what he had to do and did it. It would never occur to him that Sue might change her mind. Yet, in spite of this, she always had hoped that he would wait.

Then Sue heard a familiar whistle. Lon was at work somewhere on the premises. Whistling while he worked. That was Lon, all right. She pushed the heavy door open and blinked down the dim corridor.

Then she steadied her voice. "May I go through this magnificent edifice, sir?" she demanded.

"Is that you, Sue Lathrop?" Lon raised up from his knees and deserted the floor which he had been polishing.

"In person," Sue responded pertly, but her heart was a plane in a tail-spin. Involuntarily, she took a step toward

him. Then she stopped. Sturdy little shoes clattered down the corridor and a chubby figure hurtled past her. The boy had no eyes for her. He made a beeline for the man who stood, perspiring but unembarrassed, before them.

"I found this rag on a hook in the cloakroom, Dad. Will it do?" Young tousle-head was breathless with the joy of service well-performed.

"It's just the thing for perfect polishing, son," Lon commended. He threw his arm companionably around the boy's shoulders.

How like Lon he is, Sue thought. So energetic! Her throat tightened. "I expected to see the old schoolhouse," she said lamely, thinking what a perfect janitor-team the two of them made.

"This one is ever so much nicer," the boy announced emphatically. "He built it," indicating Lon with a swift little lunge of his head against Lon's shirt-front.

"Hey, you," protested Lon, "that is not the proper thing to tell a visitor."

**THE "VISITOR"** hurt, but Sue scared up a smile. "This visitor wants to hear about it," she confided to tousle-head, not looking at Lon.

"Well he—" the boy pronounced the "he" as if it were a holy word, "he made lots of money on his farm and he said that we needed a new school, so he bought it. I'm going to start to school here next year myself," he concluded triumphantly.

"Is he telling the truth, Lon?" Sue demanded,— "about you making enough money to buy brick schoolhouses, I mean."

The hurt eyes of the boy searched hers in amazement. He didn't wait for Lon to speak. "Of course, I'm telling the truth. Everyone knows all about it. He made the money raising the best seed-corn there is." His eager pride had become defensive bewilderment.



"I'm truly sorry," Sue apologized earnestly. "I just was surprised. People don't always say what they mean when they are surprised. Sometimes, even, they are rude."

Tousle-head gave a quick proud toss of his head, as if he didn't care whether she believed him or not, Sue thought. This was followed by a swift smile of surrender and she was glad.

"**W**E'RE FIXING a place on the floor where someone skated at the program, last night," he volunteered.

Sue noticed his unconscious I-know-better-than-that attitude and her tense mouth quirked into a friendly smile. "I'd like to see all of your fine building," she told him.

Lon and Sue fell into step behind their preoccupied guide. Their conversation crossed his excited description at right angles, but he apparently didn't notice.

"Happy, Sue?" Lon plunged.

"As a meadowlark," Sue responded blithely.

"Then you haven't come back here to stay?" Lon was politely curious and that was as much as Sue expected, after seeing the boy.

"No sirree." Sue turned her best success smile on Lon and he wilted under its impact.

"I suppose it does seem dull to you here," he admitted frankly. "But I always thought—"

"That I'd get tired of travelling?" Sue interrupted brightly. "No sirree. Tired of the route to the office. Tired of the walk to the automat. Not me. Not much anyhow."

"Are you upset about something, Sue?" Lon was solicitous. Was she upset about something indeed! She wanted to shake him but decided on a hands-off policy. Sue didn't feel she could shake another woman's husband with impunity.

"Why?" she asked instead.

"Well, I just thought—well, you see—well, the fact is I never heard you say 'no sirree' in your whole life. It sounds funny."

Sue ignored the rest of the sentence and grasped at the straw. "You remember how I talked?"

"Why, sure. I remember everything you ever said." Lon reached out to touch her. His eyes were wistful boy-eyes.

Sue was stricken. Obviously, he had forgotten for a minute about his wife and boy. They mustn't both forget. She would emphasize the fact of her success a bit more. Go down with colors flying and all that sort of tommyrot.

"There's nothing to equal a career," she gloated.

Lon was patiently bored before her vivid imaginings. He was interested in other things. His expression was that of a man who looked at far spaces. Sue could see that readily enough. When she told him good-bye, he made no effort to detain her. He let her go out the door and start down the long dusty road to town.

**A**S SUE PASSED the sycamore, she saw him circle the boy in his arm. They looked strangely forlorn, like patient refugees, as they stood there. She laughed at her ridiculous comparison. She was the one who was alone and forlorn. Lon had everything! But then, he was a born family-man.

Sue walked with her head up and her heart down—down to her heels. Her eyes were emptied pools by the time she saw Silas again. I wouldn't have to talk to him again if I hadn't left my case, she thought listlessly. What if she did have to talk to people again? Why should she have thought Lon would be sitting by the roadside waiting? Sue pulled her courage out of its cubbyhole and faced Silas.

"Back sooner than I expected," the old plotter confessed calmly.

How could he be so calm? Sending her out to see Lon. Maybe he hadn't known that the boy would be there. But if he hadn't known, that made it even worse.

"I had to come back to catch my train." She smiled a wafer-crisp smile.

"Guess they changed the time on them some. Didn't know there was one till tomorrow morning," he drawled succinctly. "See anything of Lon?"

He teetered nonchalantly and Sue wondered absently if the eggs were always in a state of doubt as to their safety. Also she wondered if Silas were enjoying himself.

"Yes. I saw him." Her voice was casual. Her eyes were cornflowers with a glimmer of dew.

"Right smart boy he's got there," Silas continued affably. "Or did you see the boy?"

Sue knew that Silas had not approved of her trip to the city, but she hadn't thought he would laugh at her like this. "Yes. I saw him," she parroted and lifted her suitcase from the counter; she was going!

"Lon took him to raise when the Widow Perkins took sick and died. Ain't many bachelors would do it."

Sue heard his cluck of satisfaction as the suitcase hit her left foot and bounced unheeded into the aisle. She kissed him smack-dab on his baldpate. Then little puffs of dust spiralled under her feet.

"Ain't no use to run, Sue," Silas shouted after her. "He'll be waitin' like allus."

Sue raised her arm in a back-hand salute, without losing momentum, and continued her sprint to foster-motherhood.

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## Visitor from Riverby

By Harry Elmore Hurd

*The good John Burroughs called last night,  
Attracted moth-like by the light  
Upon my desk. There was no sound  
Of footsteps on the frozen ground,  
Nor did the pendant knocker pound  
The paneled door. He came like air . . .  
Imperceptibly . . . the chair  
That had been empty rocked  
From no apparent weight . . . he talked  
Without suspicion that he mocked  
Physics and reason, like a ghost  
Materialized. "I am the host  
Of death," I thought. His words were life.  
"Beware," he said, "the two-edged knife  
Of loneliness: a little strife  
With men is good. I was alone  
At Slabsides, gnawing on the bone  
Of life until my thoughts were long  
As time. I'm not a man the throng*

*Would seek at night. A man does wrong  
To shut himself behind a door  
Too much. A hillside sycamore,  
Upreaching to a starlit sky,  
Knows less of solitude than I  
Have known. A friend will sanctify  
An evening. I remember men  
Who pilgrimaged to Slabsides when  
The years were younger: now I sit  
In silence, reading the holy writ  
Of words with faith that I may fit  
The universe together. My thoughts  
Are full of warmth like apple knots  
Upon a hearth—a certain sign  
I'm old—but memories are mine  
To keep." The village clock struck nine.  
Edging toward the night, he said,  
"I must be getting home to bed."*



# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

A contest generally costs at least five times the amount offered in prizes.

About fifty new occupations have been created by the air-transport industry.

The tallest man-made structure in the world, the Empire State Building, is 1248 feet high.

There are some fifty thousand people in the United States who may be classed as contest professionals.

Twenty-two thousand pairs of slippers were given to Pope Leo XIII to mark the Golden Jubilee of his ordination.

Dr. W. R. Singleton of the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, succeeded in growing corn with alternating rows of red, white, and blue kernels.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company reports that seventy-four per cent of all male murderers have never before been involved in criminal trouble of any kind.

What is said to be the world's largest flower is found in Sumatra. It is called Krubi by the natives, and takes twelve years to bloom. It looks like a bell upside down, has a very disagreeable odor, and is a little over eight feet high and twelve feet in diameter.

According to June Provines in *Front Views and Profiles* (Chicago Tribune), a Russian horse is "one which can't cross the Finnish lines."

Although the West Point graduates are given their diplomas in the order of their scholastic records, the last man generally gets the most applause.

Football backs in the old days had leather straps on their shoulders and hips so that team-mates could seize them and drag them forward for extra yardage.

The shortest perceptible unit has been defined as the difference between the moment the traffic light changes and the driver of the car behind you honks his horn.

According to an official of the American Museum of Natural History, the largest animal of which we have any record is the blue whale, and this does not exclude those extinct giants, the dinosaurs.

The chances of another quintuple birth are said to be about one in eighty-seven million. Of the three dozen sets of quintuplets born in the last five hundred years, only one set has survived more than an hour.

The President of the United States has his own flag, an emblem bearing white stars on a blue background. The vice President also has a flag of his own, his being a series of blue stars, one in each corner on a white field.

Scientists of the Smithsonian Institute have made a feather count of the birds. They find that although most birds have less than two thousand feathers, the adult female mallard duck has as high as eleven thousand.

## With Authors and Publishers

**Blavatsky, Besant & Co.,** by T. M. Francis. Library Service Guild, St. Paul, Minn. Price, 75c.

Twenty years ago the Holy Office at Rome was asked whether the teaching and the practice of Theosophy were in conformity with the Catholic Faith. The answer was an unqualified No. This reply is neither surprising nor needlessly peremptory. The most astonishing aspect of the incident is the question itself. How could anyone, who had any acquaintance at all with the Catholic Faith and with Theosophy, seriously ask whether the two could fit together harmoniously? Theosophy was pledged to an undying hatred of Christianity by the clenched fist of its founder, the unpredictable, dream-eyed dynamo, Mme. Blavatsky.

The author of this short study of Mme. Blavatsky and her early associates proposes to disclose, not so much the doctrinal falsehood in their teaching as their immoral lives and fraudulent practices. Moral uprightness and sincerity are presupposed in those who lay claim to found a Religion. With a devastating array of historical documents T. M. Francis establishes beyond any doubt whatsoever that the leaders of the Theosophic movement are unworthy of trust. Their fraud is completely unmasked. Yet it requires effort to follow the author through to the end; perhaps because the reader feels like one assisting at a well-merited execution; or perhaps because the author is so much absorbed in giving documents, which speak for themselves, that he precludes an even style of literary appeal. There is no doubt, however, that the series of broken quotations do present the *facts* in the case.

There are Christians who ought to read these heavy, chilling facts; for ex-

ample, those who have a "flare" for the daring and like to dabble in the "occult," as well as those Christians who, no longer willing to conform their lives to Christian moral standards, look to Theosophy for the comforts of Religion. Would to God they would read these facts, so that disgusted and disillusioned they would turn away from the danger before it is too late.

Albert L. Schlitzer.

**Catechetical Instructions of Saint Thomas Aquinas.** Translated with a Commentary by the Rev. Joseph B. Collins, S. S., D. D., Ph. D. Joseph F. Wagner, New York City. Price, \$2.25.

This book marks the first appearance of all the catechetical instructions of St. Thomas in English. The teachings of St. Thomas have been a bulwark against heresy. The Council of Trent implied this in frequent recourse to his authority and in numerous citations from his instructions; and Leo XIII and his successor Pius X have raised him to a special prominence for our times. Hence this two hundred page volume is a benefaction in the present era with the prevailing bewilderment regarding important realities.

The commentary has an interesting flavor and achieves the task of compression, without prejudice to clarity and accuracy. The articles of the Creed furnish headings and a scheme for exposition of doctrines like the Trinity, the Incarnation, and Creation. The treatment is terse and free from digressions. A valuable asset furnished by the book is a wealth of Scriptural text with footnote references.

The objective is convincingly set forth in the Introduction: presentation adapted to the child mind, wherein knowledge will abide as something understood rather than as a "non-functional memory load." By implication



this conveys a hint to the teacher: preparation and accuracy. Erroneous impressions of doctrine received in childhood are an undesirable "memory load" to carry through life. The book aims to discourage the time-wasting and futile process of learning by rote. An alphabetical index is preceded by a set of questions for each chapter. The latter should be an aid to the instructor. Likewise, it affords a chance to a grown-up reader to test his mastery of each chapter. Catholics who have a laudable horror of appearing dunce-like when quizzed about their religion should find valuable help in the *Catechetical Instructions of St. Thomas*.

Richard J. Collentine.

**The Poverello's Round Table**, by Sister Aquina Barth, O.S.F. (pp. 811). The Sisters of St. Francis of Mary Immaculate, Joliet, Illinois. (1939.) Price, \$2.50.

This is a compilation of the lives of some saintly Franciscans—one for each day of the year. The purpose is to show how, during the last seven centuries, men and women of varying temperaments and in different circumstances have applied St. Francis' ideals of humility and self-renouncement to their own lives. Although the author has intended her work especially for the use of Tertiaries, she has nevertheless included the lives of many members of the First and Second Orders of St. Francis.

Each life is followed by a three-point consideration of an outstanding characteristic of the holy persons whose story has just been told. These considerations are practical, based on firm theology and well-seasoned with texts from Holy Scripture and the "Following of Christ." Here are some samples of the topics treated in the considerations: On the Use of Money; Concerning Christian Cheerfulness; On Taking Advice; On Patient Forbearance. Each consideration is followed by a liturgical prayer

whose theme fits in with the thoughts just preceding.

The quality of the writing varies a good deal—some of the lives are told very well, others poorly. The style is simple and to the point, but there is an annoying recurrence of several trite forms of expression. Nevertheless, this volume is to be recommended not only to Tertiaries, but also to all other Christians who are truly seeking the blessing of St. Francis: "Peace and all that is good."

J. H. Fiedler.

**My Sisters Pass By**, by Marie Rene-Bazin, translated from the French by Lt.-Col. C. P. Greig. Burns Oates and Washbourne, London. Price, 5s.

This book is a sequel to another work of the same author entitled *Some Sisters of Mine*. Its object is to acquaint the public with the work of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, a society which has branches today in many different countries. The members of this association pledge themselves to make atonement for those who, while they were on earth, fell short of what they might have done for their Lord in work, prayer, and suffering. No moment of their lives is to be exempt from perpetual oblation, the harvest of which will be known to them only in heaven. As a setting for the lives of the Helpers who are portrayed here, a few general chapters are given to describe the general activities of the Society. These works include the care of the sick, catechism classes for children, the religious training of adults and a great many other works which are performed for the Holy Souls. The biographies which form the last part of the volume show what has actually been accomplished by certain members of this society, and it is an exhortation to others to take up this great work for the Poor Souls.

Thomas E. Burke.

## YOUNGER READERS

### The Secret of the Shuttered Door

By Frances Y. Young

**SYNOPSIS:**—Gene Gordon, and his sister, Gerry, are sent to live with Mrs. Blake while their parents are abroad. Mrs. Blake, a widow, lives in a suburb of Chicago. Her son, Geoff, accused of several crimes, has left the neighborhood because of public sentiment. On their way to school, Gene and Gerry discover an old shack, apparently deserted, yet, from behind whose shuttered window, a face is seen watching them. At night a strange noise, like that of a motor, is heard coming from the building. Gene and Gerry investigate, and discover an old lady and four men busy about some secret business there. The mystery heightens when a chest of newly-printed money is found in the Blake attic, while a gun from the same chest is discovered in the shack. One night Mrs. Blake goes off to meet Geoff secretly. In need of money, Gene uses one of the new dollar bills to buy kerosene. Now go on with Chapter XV.

#### Chapter XV—The G-Men

**G**ERRY AND GENE did not know what to do. How could they call the police when Mrs. Blake had gone to meet her own son, who said that, although he had been with criminals, he had never committed a crime? Or was the letter some kind of a trap? Mrs. Blake was in terrible trouble, that was sure, and the reason for it was somewhere behind that shuttered door. It was certainly Geoff who had stood that evening in the Grove and looked at his old home. The other man had urged Geoff to go in and get them food, saying "Jake hasn't been able to get any real stuff yet—" meaning, perhaps, real food. Yet Geoff had refused to go—but who had taken the gun? Well, it was his own gun! Had he, too, brought the money there and hidden it in the old box or had someone else? Was it hidden

there by Geoff as a surprise for his mother?

**B**UT SHE wouldn't touch a penny of it, if she knew it was stolen," argued Gene, "and I bet it was! By the way, I still owe that box a dollar and I must remember to ask Mrs. Blake for it. Cheating crooks—wouldn't that be sum-pin! I'm pretty sure they are crooks of some kind—but Geoff isn't one—that letter shows that—and the way he refused to get the stuff from the house here; he's weak and he's probably in partnership with them but he says he never committed a crime—and I, for one, believe it!"

There was a loud knock on the door. Before they could even think about answering, a man opened it for himself and entered, followed by two others. He was a stern-looking man who seemed surprised at seeing only the two G's. They stood in front of Norry, protecting him, they knew not from what. A suspicion of their visitors' errand arose in Gene's mind; obviously, these were police! They were here after Geoff! He was under suspicion, yet he said he had never committed a crime. For Mrs. Blake's sake, Gene would like to give him a break.

"Who lives here?" demanded the stern-looking man. "And where are the grown people? You kids don't live here alone, do you?" He was very sharp and suspicious.

"Mrs. Blake lives here. She sells eggs. She's out just now. I don't know just when she will be back!" Gene hoped they would go before she did come back—perhaps with Geoff!

"Bring that young fellow in, out there!" And another man came in



with Marv, who looked scared but triumphant.

"You said you know the person who gave your brother that dollar at the filling-station, and that we'd find him here. There's no man here at all!"

"I didn't say it was a man," Marv said pertly. "I said I knew who gave Dick that dollar; I was there when he gave it—it was folded four times and Dick put it like that in the till. That's how I know. It was that guy there!" And he pointed at Gene.

GENE STOOD his ground. He had been foolish; why hadn't he thought in time that it might be stolen money? But how had they traced it to the filling-station, and so here to him?

"How did you get it, boy?" said the man still sternly. "You got it from somebody else, I suppose. Now who gave you that dollar?"

"Why do you want to know?" asked Norry. The men turned suddenly, their faces softening when they saw the thin little figure on the couch with his crutches beside him.

"Well, young fellow, if you must know, this money is 'queer,' as we call it. It's counterfeit. This part of the country has been getting more and more of this money from sources we can't trace; it's mostly small bills and they are never passed the same place twice—hardly ever in the same city. Last week it was Ottawa—the day before, Joliet. We've been watching the mails and we can't catch them posting it, and we can't find out who gets it and passes it on. But the oil company's collector just collected from the filling-station here and was on the watch for it because we've sent out warnings for it all over. So we heard that a bill had been passed there not many hours ago, and came right along. This lad said he knew who gave the dollar. You say you

did,—what's your name—Gordon? All right, Gordon, where did you get that dollar?"

Gene knew now what lay behind that shuttered door; they were counterfeiters! People who make false money and pass it off as good. That big machine was to make the money and they sent some of it off on that side-car; they must have some pal in the railroad yards! Evidently it was as the man here said; they were well-organized! And Geoff Blake was one of them! And his mother had gone to meet him and help him get away! Would she want to help him if she knew all? And yet, it seemed a poor return for all her kindness if they let her bring Geoff back into the trap! It was too much for Gene to decide for himself. Mrs. Blake must know about it; it was for her to settle it! Gene knew that he should be on the side of law and order but Geoff had said that he never committed a crime. If that were so, should he be given no chance? He felt that Mrs. Blake would know what was right to do. She was grown up; it was not for him to decide; so he turned to Gerry, hoping that she would know what he meant when he said:

"GERRY, I THINK Mrs. Blake should be here and know about this; you know where to find her. Tell her that Geoff should come back with her—if he is there; tell her *all* about it, Gerry!"

Gerry sped away with Booker; she was a little confused about Gene's message; did he really mean that Geoff should come back and be arrested? But Geoff said he hadn't committed any crimes! Wouldn't that be acting a traitor to Mrs. Blake? Well, all she could do was to try to find her—then Mrs. Blake would know what to do.

After she had gone, the man who had followed the stern man into the house said:

"I think this kid here knows more than he says. Let's take him to the station in town and pump him there. They will get it out of him if anyone can!"

"**C**OME ALONG then, young Gordon, and come quietly," directed the first man. "You do seem to be pretty wise about something!"

"Send him home!" Gene pointed to the leering Marven, "and I'll tell you something very important! But I won't talk with that kid around!"

"Scat, Judas!" cried the man who had brought Marven in, giving him a blow to send him off, "a tattletale sticks in my gullet. We had to use you but that doesn't excuse you from being so sneaky and anxious to tell on another kid. Now git! And stay away!" Gene almost felt sorry for Marv's crestfallen departure. He had planned such a sweet revenge on Gene! He had hoped that Gene would have had to spend at least the night in jail, and maybe they would beat him all night with a rubber hose. Marven was pretty sure that Gene knew nothing about the money and *couldn't* talk, which would be as bad. His revenge, however, as long as he could not witness it, was flat. "Now listen," said Gene, "I think I know where these counterfeiters are." All the time he was listening for the sound of Mrs. Blake's car. Would she bring Geoff back with her? A new thought struck him with horror; how stupid he was! If Gerry got there in time, Geoff would go back to the house with the shuttered door, and warn the others so they could get away. Gene must talk fast. He would have to get the police to the Shuttered House before Geoff did.

He described the place and told how it could be surrounded quietly. The policemen telephoned some brisk, brief orders. More men would be coming out—there had been four men in the

hut when Gene saw it! He however, did not mention that the fifth was out—in a car in a cornfield talking to his mother! Perhaps Geoff would give himself up when he saw how things were—then he could save himself by helping the police!

In a very short time cars arrived full of men with guns, who went off to surround the place with business-like speed. These were G-men! Counterfeiting is a federal offense!

The first G-man came back again to Gene to obtain a few definite facts. Gene suggested that the most careful approach would be from the front—to cut the fence wires.

"And open the door and surprise them!" interrupted the other. "We have our own little way of opening doors!"

"I don't think so, this time," said Gene, "because this door is big and heavy—it's an iron-barred shutter—there's not even a handle on the front door! But that's how you'll know it's the right place—by the door—as long as you won't let me go along to show you."

"**N**ONSENSE!" said the other impatiently. "We won't have trouble now that we know the place. Here's your sister back. Well, my little girl, did you tell Mrs. Blake she had callers?"

"Yes, I told Mrs. Blake you were here. She will come back as soon as she can. She left just then to drive Geoff to the flying-field; you remember, Gene? This is the night he is flying—to Canada. If they made it, the plane should be starting now and it isn't far—I guess they made it all right!"

Gerry had misunderstood what Gene had sent her for; she had warned Geoff! Would he warn the others or had he really run away?

(To be continued.)



## Learn to Make Decisions

By Eldon Blair

SOONER OR LATER everyone has to decide matters for himself. When young these decisions are made for him to a large extent. Even then, however, the larger matters are up to the judgment of his parents, teachers and others. It is a good plan to practise the art of rendering one's decisions early in life, however. Then when one must make them—as falls to the lot of every adult—the job is not so hard to do.

"I never can make up my mind what to do," a boy told me not long ago. "I try to think matters over carefully and all that, but either I don't know my own mind or else I lack confidence in myself."

"Jim," I said to him, "wise decisions are not easily made. They call for close attention to detail. All angles of a question must be carefully weighed before a choice is announced. One should obtain counsel from the best available sources, and then take circumstances into consideration. What in particular is bothering you now?"

"I don't know whether to take French or Spanish," he said.

"What do your parents think about it?" I inquired.

He laughed. "I haven't asked them."

"I think you should have done so," I said. "You should take them into your confidence whenever you are confronted with a baffling problem. You'll be surprised at their shrewd judgment and common sense."

"They're okay. I know that. But I seldom do ask them things."

"I'm afraid you're making a great mistake," I went on. "Often parents can help a lot. I do think, however, that Spanish would do you the more good because there are so many Mexicans around here. You're going to work on

that irrigation project next summer, and many of your co-workers will be Mexicans. You can take French in college if you wish. It's nice to know both languages."

"I think you're right," he agreed. "This morning I enrolled in French, then switched to Spanish and until I met you I was about ready to turn to French again. Thanks."

"I should think you would have been able to decide that question yourself had you given it a little thought," I declared. "Spanish is widely spoken around here. I don't believe you're thinking hard enough. You're loafing on the job of making decisions."

"Guilty as charged," he admitted, grinning.

THAT DECISION was easy," I reminded him. "As you grow older you will run onto problems that aren't so easily solved. I would suggest that you practice making decisions on imaginary problems—problems with which you are not actually confronted. Put yourself in the places of other boys you know who do have to decide one way or another. Think what you would do if in their shoes. But go about it just as earnestly as if you were the one affected. Be sincere. You'll find that this practice will help you a lot when you do have matters to settle that concern you personally.

## Looking In and Out

By Lucretia Penny

*The fish in the aquarium*

*Are strange things to behold.*

*They're splashed with dots and stripes  
and rings*

*In red and black and gold.*

*And sometimes when we visit them*

*They stare at Bab and me*

*As if they never could have dreamed*

*Such funny folks could be.*

## ✻ The Weekly Postscript ✻

By M. M. Wirries

"TOMORROW," she told Sister happily, "I am going to speak a piece for the Blessed Virgin."

She had thought her earthly classmates would be there in her own fifth-grade room listening. How surprised she must have been when her sister Rosemary came to take her hand and lead her to a new classroom—the shining Classroom of Heaven. Small angels listening! And the Teacher of teachers there with the beauty of His Countenance upon her! And His Mother—never had she dreamed that the lovely Lady would come in person to hear the "piece" she was speaking for her!

Surprised — ah, yes! — but never frightened. For though her coming to Heaven had been bewilderingly sudden, she had always been well-prepared for the journey. And she knew the Teacher so well. Weekly she had received Him into her heart. Even this morning she had been making ready for Him, hurrying to get ready for Mass, because it was the First Friday—His day. And wasn't it sweet of Him to receive her into His Heart instead? Because He knew what none of us knew, that in a little time her happy play-days would be over, and total blindness and terrible suffering would be her lot on earth.

All along the Way to the Classroom she must have loved meeting people she knew. She was a great child for visiting with people—"old-fashioned," a neighbor says, "surprising us with the old things she said." Perhaps she stopped at the Carpenter Shop and asked St. Joseph to show her how to make a sling-shot with the new knife she had just bought; or perhaps she lingered with the kindly Francis to show him how she had the music of his birds in her throat; or mayhap she met

her little patrons, Barbara, Cecelia and Lucy, and told them the thoughts she had been thinking about them.

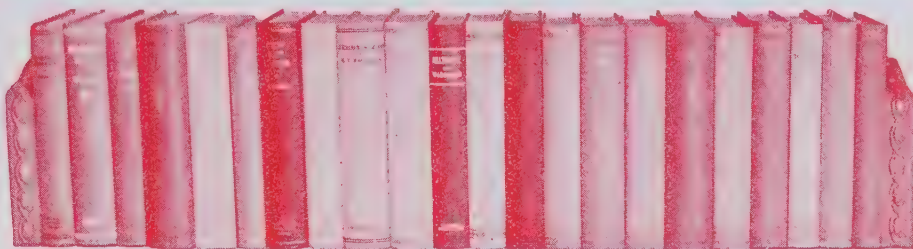
She liked to take walks. And here she was, taking a walk with Rosemary. How happy both of them must have been about that! For, as we look tearfully over the long-ago pictures of our little family, we see that in every grouping of the happy five, it is Rosemary, the eldest, who has Barbara Lou, the youngest, in her arms. And we remember that when Rosemary died, she never went very far away from Barbara Lou. "Don't cry for her," she reproved. "How can you cry, when she is in Heaven?"

NEVER FAR apart in spirit, these two, and now together *forever*. Rosemary, child of Mary; Barbara Lou, child of the Sacred Heart. Arms entwined, walking in a Garden where no harsh winds blow. Talking together, earnestly, about the things they might do for those left behind them. Of a birthday gift beyond his understanding for their Daddy, whose birthday this was; of what they might ask for their mother and their sisters; of the wants of friends and relatives they loved; of the needs of their dark-eyed Indian friends; of the hospital needed by the good Sisters whose loving care had encompassed them both; of the kind doctors who had watched, grieving and helpless, while a greater Power intervened in their healing. Of these things they talked, we think, and:

"Don't worry, Rosemary," said the little one. "We'll hurry along to God, and ask Him to fix it for them."

And He will listen, will He not? For these whom He loaned us a little while, He loved so dearly that He did not let us keep them long.





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#### What Others Say . . .

"I have prayed for this day," said a woman to Mrs. Mary T. Waggaman a short time before the latter's death, "so that I could thank you personally for the many happy hours you gave my children through your books and the many hours of anxiety you spared me because I knew the souls and minds of my children were safe and with God while reading your books."



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who achieved the Faith for herself, her  
husband and her children. Told by her  
daughter,

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# THE AVE MARIA

CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

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## NEXT WEEK

*The Symbolism of Palms.* The Rev. Richard J. Collentine, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Indiana, indicates that though the palm, as a symbol, is of Jewish, as well as of pagan origin, Christ's journey into Jerusalem, through waving palms, gives palms sanction as a spiritual victory symbol.

In *A Saint Patrick's Yesterday*, Mrs. Katharine Edelman, 4030 Warwick Blvd., Kansas City, Mo., recalls her first journey to Dublin on a St. Patrick's Day when the wide world was wonderful to her young years.

In *The Martyrdom of Mary*, The Rev. Christopher J. O'Toole, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Indiana, contributes a thoughtful article timed to the Passion Week commemoration of the Seven Dolours—Friday, March 15th.

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## OBITUARY

Rev. Timothy F. Monahan, Peoria Diocese. Sister Alonza, O. S. B., Sister M. Philomena. Mr. Rudolf Frey, Mrs. William Reed, Mrs. R. A. Gallagher, Isabella Manning, Mrs. Fredricka Mang, Joseph Skelly, Mrs. Mary Doherty, Mrs. John Hannon, John Hannon, James Kelly, Joseph Kelly, Mrs. Catherine Donovan, Mrs. Julia Weiland, Mrs. Mary Murphy, Mrs. Elizabeth Hickey, Elizabeth Gibbons, Mrs. Anna O'Connor, Dorothy Barrett, Thomas Detzel, Henry Schirmuhly, Mrs. Mary Lynch, Mrs. R. M. O'Brien. May they rest in peace!



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# THE AVE MARIA

CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

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MARCH 9, 1940

## World News in Brief

**THE CHURCH** In Cincinnati, local Knights of Columbus offered \$1000 to anyone who can prove the existence of oaths alleged by the *Lockland Baptist Witness* to be required of Cardinals, Bishops, and Jesuits. . . . ¶ In New York, the League for Separation of Church and State demanded the removal of all chaplains employed by the State in correctional institutions. Solicitor-General Epstein opposed the demand. . . . Archbishop Spellman set March 12 as the date for his reception of the pallium. . . . ¶ In Washington, the *Catholic Hour* celebrated its tenth anniversary. . . . ¶ In Omaha, the papal cross, *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice*, was bestowed on Wenceslaus F. Jelinek, Czech leader in the United States. . . . ¶ At Notre Dame, the University of Notre Dame conferred the *Laetare* Medal on Lieutenant-General Hugh A. Drum, Commander United States Second Army Corps, Fort Hamilton, N. Y.

**AT HOME** In Washington, President Roosevelt's attempt to pacify Europe and Asia was considered a step towards a third term. . . . Air-mail Clippers planned to escape British censors by ignoring Bermuda on European trips. . . . The Senate slashed the salaries of the Hopkins private brain trust. . . . A proposal to curb census snooping was defeated in the House, whose appropriations committee also rejected the President's estimate of \$227,000,000 for the Panama Canal locks. . . . Rep. Dies (D. Texas),

refused to discontinue his investigations during the Presidential campaign. . . . ¶ In New York, Judge Manton, denied an appeal, prepared to go to prison. . . . ¶ In Atlanta, the governor invoked martial law to settle a political feud. . . . ¶ In Columbus, Ohio Republicans won two Congressional elections. . . . ¶ In industry, business pleaded for a chance to use idle money. . . . A lull decreased employment and wages in the Middle West, yet Chicago companies planned to expand. . . . The war stimulated wheat buying. . . . The United States prepared to sell a ship line.

**ABROAD** In Berlin, a food shortage gave rise to petty rackets. Meantime German leaders awaited Sumner Welles, but ridiculed the idea of an early peace, as Hitler assured them of victory. . . . ¶ In Helsinki, Finns thwarted a Russian tank drive on the Mannerheim line. Yet Russians attempted to encircle Viipuri, as the Scandinavian nations pleaded for an early peace to insure their own safety. . . . ¶ In Roumania, officials braced for a "battle of oil" with warring powers. . . . ¶ In Istanbul, a Turkish army of 500,000 stood massed for any emergency. . . . ¶ In Rome, the American envoys were greeted with official pomp by the government and the Vatican, but ignored by newspapers. Later, Mr. Welles left for Berlin. . . . ¶ In London, Britains were again warned to make drastic cuts in their living standards, as Lloyd George urged them to use every acre.

## Notes and Remarks

When Congressman Dies was appointed chairman of a committee to examine into organizations that were thought to be un-

**Quoting** American, he particularly asked  
**Congressman Dies** for help from the

Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Department of Justice, knowing that his task was a very difficult one. Since a resolution had been passed in the House requesting such help, Mr. Dies naturally supposed it would be willingly granted. But the heads of these departments not only refused to give the Committee help, they even refused to give a reason for not carrying out the wish of the House of Representatives. Recently, however, when the Federal Bureau of Investigation was asked to investigate the Christian Front, it went into action at once. It would seem that Communism which openly professes to seek the overthrow of government is quite harmless, but that Christianity is dangerous and subversive. Let us quote from the Dies report: "It was now clear to me that if I insisted on my determination to expose Communism, especially as it existed in the C. I. O. and certain so-called liberal organizations, I would incur the wrath and displeasure of my own administration. This was not long in manifesting itself. Administration spokesmen, such as Madam Perkins and Harold Ickes, began to ridicule the Committee as witch-hunters and red-baiters. Newspaper columnists in Washington who are known to be close to the administration took the hint and joined in the campaign of ridicule which was largely directed at me. The whole radical press broke out in what appeared to be a concerted drive to destroy the investigation in the very beginning." This, with the recent at-

tempt to link Dies with the Silver Shirts, will show how the Communists feared investigation. And now they are trying to discredit the Christian Front to distract attention from themselves.

Do not forget, amid all this talk of war and presidential candidates, that the month of March is set apart to

honor Saint Joseph with  
**March: St. Joseph's** praise, thank-  
**Month** giving and

petition. We are so limited by time, by earth and earth-problems we are likely to forget our soul's problems which are concerned chiefly with eternity. St. Joseph is recognized as the great helper of all those who experience distress over shortages and failures. He headed a Family at Nazareth, foresaw and met its wants of food, clothing and shelter. He helped God, become man, through infancy and childhood, and protected the Mother of God. He was guardian and provisioner, meeting the day's need with foresight and enterprise. He loved his two holy Charges and they loved him. He was wise with humility, strong with gentleness. No one else, after Our Lord and His Mother, is so powerful with help and so ready to give it. You have this and that you want very much, of time and eternity things. Ask St. Joseph for time things, if you will; but do not forget eternity things, because they are so much more important. And after you have asked in your own behalf, ask for others. Include among your petitions—peace. The world needs that, surely. And most of the world will not think much or highly of your prayers. Never mind that. Think only of the charity which sees every man and woman of the earth as a child of God. Ask St. Joseph, the peaceful man of Nazareth, who watched over the



Founder of our Christian Faith and His sinless Mother, to secure for the nations of the world good will first—and then peace.



Recently, another chapter was written in the book of political mortality as the empire, created by Huey Long of Louisiana, topped and crashed before the decision of the honest voters of the state.

## Fall of an Empire

The machine established by the departed dictator still functioned, but not with efficiency from the predatory viewpoint. The scramble for power when he died naturally engendered enmities within the machine; and it was weakened. In other days, violations of federal laws by politicians were freely reported, but the great power of the federal government could not come to the help of the decent citizens of the state. A gesture to prosecute, on one occasion, was so quickly replaced by relative calm that the circumstances of restoring the amity caused the episode to be described as the "second Louisiana purchase." Few will now deny that the state was ruled by a man who was a dictator in every sense of the word. No one could raise a voice against him, and hope to survive. Last week's liberation might have been effected long ago, were it not for the fact that the politically-minded in Washington were themselves fearful of the Long machine, and so decided to retain its practical support. They retained it until internal dissension so weakened the organization as to make it practically anemic. Then and then only, did federal men swoop down on the guilty ones and bring them to justice. And now that the honest voter once more has a voice in the government of Louisiana, we seriously doubt that it was effected by federal forces, or that the citizens of the state are deeply indebted to Washington for coming to their rescue.

Last week, a leading Italian newspaper excoriated American diplomats just as President Roosevelt's special envoys were arriving on their missions of peace. The

## American Diplomacy Criticized

untimeliness of the attack was in itself an editorial *faux pas*, and created a furor in diplomatic circles. Yet, we feel that there is an ample grain of truth in the *Popolo di Roma's* assertion that American diplomats "distinguish themselves . . . for their diplomatic 'boners.'" The newspaper further stated: "As soon as an embassy post is vacant, they (the American government) fill it with the first enriched greengrocer they happen to come across, provided he has given a conspicuous contribution to the President. The greengrocer takes the job of ambassador, pulls one boner after another, which are passed off as expressions of Americanism, and when he is about to learn his trade he is recalled home because the President has finished his term, and the successor has other greengrocer friends to reward." This bold, Italian newspaper utterance is thoroughly uncomplimentary—but, we fear, true. Time and again it has been demonstrated that we are inferior when it comes to matters of international statecraft; that wily Europeans outmaneuver us at every turn. And this is due, not to the fact that American minds are inept, but because our foreign representatives have been little more than campaign contributors at home, and are thoroughly untrained in the work assigned to them. It is time that we consider these posts with the gravity that their importance demands. Long ago, Europeans discovered that diplomacy is the work of a lifetime—not a mere political plum. To continue in our present strange attitude is to continue to be regarded with "merry contempt" by the rest of the world.

The American Youth Congress which professes to represent practically all the young people of America is being criticized severely for

### **The Youth Congress**

using the names of organizations which are not affiliated with it in any way. The Christian Endeavor Union, the Young Women's Christian Association, the American Baptist Society, the American Jewish Congress (youths division), the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts of America, and a number of other societies have protested against the use of their names by the Youth Congress. Alfred M. Lilienthal, vice-chairman for the Provisional Committee for American Youth, said recently: "The American Youth Congress is the greatest political hoax ever perpetrated in the name of American youth. It is 'the little man who was not there' of the youth movement. It purports to represent four and a half million young Americans. Actually it represents only a handful of fellow travelers, pinks and reds. It is time that the full truth about the Youth Congress was brought to the attention of the American public and its elected legislators. For the President of the United States and his wife to support such an organization is a betrayal of the millions of American youth who are unrepresented. Worth-while youth groups which include the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, the Boys Clubs, the many Catholic youth groups, and others are looking for a chance to form a constructive youth movement which will safeguard sound Americanism for youth. The achievement of this end has been made extremely difficult by the open and stubborn espousal of persons in high places of the Communistic elements of the so-called Youth Congress." This thought of Mr. Lilienthal has long been waiting for definite comprehensive statement. It represents the composite mind of many millions of

American youths whom the Youth Congress would house within its clamorous, windy tent. Jewish, Catholic and Protestant boys and girls will not be robbed of their inheritance by the giant stances of intellectual Lilliputs, even though encouraged in their melodramatics by a much publicized, influential foster-parent.

When we were supporting General Franco in his fight against the Loyalists, several persons wrote in to tell us

### **Franco's Reconstruction Work**

we were making a grave mistake. General Franco may seem all right now, they warned us, but as soon as he gets control of things in Spain he will take dictation from Hitler and Mussolini. Well, up to date at least, Franco has paid little attention to either Hitler or Mussolini in his rebuilding of Spain; and he seems to be doing a very creditable job. These are some of the good things he has done, according to a recent letter from Rev. Manuel Grana: "The reestablishment of the budget for Church and clergy; the religious inauguration of the national University; the abolition of the divorce law and the pardoning of thousands of prisoners sentenced by the military courts." These things do not indicate that he is hostile to religion nor unmindful of human suffering, as some have charged. He has given his word that the State will aid the Church in restoring those churches which have been damaged by the Reds and in replacing those that have been destroyed. The divorce law promulgated by the Republic has been completely annulled. Fortunately, not many families have been demoralized by it, but there are many children who are the victims of the irregularities of their parents. The new legislation protects the family, and is in accord with ecclesiastical law. All in all, Spain seems to be on her way to



her former Catholic glory; and if our reports are true, General Franco is doing everything possible for the material and spiritual welfare of his country.



In one of our current publications a few weeks ago, a popular writer told the story of a small-salaried Southern piano player, who has

### Kelley's Philosophy

refused a dozen tempting offers from well-known orchestra leaders on the grounds that he is not particularly interested in money. He has been offered as high as two hundred and fifty dollars for a five-minute part on Rudy Vallee's broadcast, in addition to big-salary contracts by such well-known entertainers as Paul Whiteman, Bing Crosby, Ben Bernie, and Benny Goodman. To all offers he has turned a deaf ear in favor of his fifty-dollar-a-week job in a comparatively obscure hall in Houston. This attitude on the part of a modern entertainer makes all the more interesting the explanation given by John Dickson Kelley, known as "Peck" to his friends. Let Mr. Kelley explain in his picturesque speech:

"I got everything I need—phonograph, piano, good clothes, three squares, sleep fine. . . . If a man's got all he needs, he don't need any more of the same. The more you got, the more things you own, the more time you gotta spend watching them. After a while you get so many things you ain't got time to live like you want." From what we discover, "Peck" Kelley is not exactly a religious man; but he certainly has a good philosophy so far as the material possessions of life are concerned. If more of our so-called smart people had more of the wisdom of "Peck" Kelley, we would have fewer automobiles, less of the useless baggage of life, but much more of the simple living which makes for the ultimate happiness of mankind.

*Variety* has a story about Pierre Tytis the French moving picture director, that would seem almost unbelievable to people in this

### The War Hysteria

country. The director was making a film which was to depict vividly the horrors of the Nazi régime, and he needed a large picture of Hitler in an expensive frame for one of his scenes. The frame sent him by a big Paris department store seemed not to suit his purpose, so he carried frame and picture down to the store in order to explain to the proprietor how inadequate it was for his purpose. When he uncovered the picture the floorwalker took one look at it and shrieked out imprecations. A crowd gathered around. The innocent director tried to explain, but it was no use. His clothes were torn from him and he was thrown out on the street by the angry mob. The police had great trouble in rescuing him. Things like this, strange as it may seem now, were happening in this country twenty years ago when the population was inoculated with war hysteria. Men and women who were no more guilty than was Pierre Tytis were accused of being spies and traitors and were either locked up in jail or driven out of town by angry citizens. Nothing so distorts men's mental balance as the war craze which judges people without examining the facts. The propaganda leading to war is increasing steadily in this country. It is not so crude as it was before the last war because the propagandists realize that something more subtle is needed now. But practically all our newsreels are endeavoring to arouse sympathy for the Allies and hatred for Germany in the hope of working our people by slow stages into a war state of mind. Unless we look at things from a common-sense point of view we cannot but be affected by the propaganda all around us.

# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

## Merit and Reward

**WHY ARE THE** not virtuous people often very-well-off, very healthy, very happy people? And why are virtuous men and women so often not very wealthy, not very healthy, and not very happy? Should not God indicate His pleasure with the virtuous by permitting to them wealth, good health and a fair measure of human happiness here below? This would indicate to all the world that He rewards those who love and serve Him in time with the good things of time, as well as in eternity with the good things of eternity.

To begin with, it is not true that the good are generally poor, sickly, and unhappy; neither is the converse true, that the wicked are always prosperous, well and happy. We notice the first condition because it seems unfair, and pass up the second because we think it is as it should be. The unusual arrests us—a smashed car on the roadbed. Whereas we pay small attention to the fifty-odd unsmashed cars that whirl by us in the course of a half-hour's walk. Were someone given to the hobby of collecting statistics to check up the bad rich and the good poor, he would find that not all the rich are by any means bad, and that not all the poor are by any means good. Riches can and do tempt people into evil, but poverty can and does the very same thing. It is we ourselves, not our possessions or our want of them, that rise to virtue or sink to vice.

More important, however, are these considerations. Christ, Who is God, and speaks to us as God, does not promise us wealth, health or earthly happiness as His reward for our loving Him by virtuous living. Read again the Eight Beatitudes which begin His first ex-

tended discourse, the Sermon on the Mount. He there urges the practice of very definite virtues through which to achieve mastery over devil, world and flesh. And He promises rewards to those who gain command of these virtues. But these rewards are spiritual, supernatural: the riches of the Kingdom of God, not the riches of this world. The poor shall possess, but not human possessions; to the meek shall be given the land, but not the land of earth for which men fight and kill one another. Those that hunger after justice shall have their fill of what satisfies the hunger and thirst of the soul. The longest life on earth is a short one; whereas the life beyond earth is everlasting. Our business in this life of time is to use it to achieve the life after time, the life everlasting. The more we suffer in time, in order that we win the everlasting life after time, the greater sum of merits we are storing up for ourselves in our checking account with God. You may not see this convincingly now, because you are disturbed by the contrast between the bad rich and the good poor, the well rich and the sick poor. Put yourself on your deathbed, just an hour before your final intake of breath. Do you think the good things—times of waste and sin,—that money secures for people, will appear better than the bad times—times of suffering and want—which you endured patiently the more surely to win the life everlasting?

**ASK YOURSELF** that question now, as you will likely ask yourself on your deathbed, if you are able to. It is very important that you ask it while time is on your hands. And answer it now, as you most surely will answer it then.



# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## Christ Speaks from The Cross

By James A. Magner

**I**F THE WORDS of a great and good teacher and benefactor, made during the ordinary course of his career, are to be heard with respect and profit, those which he may utter, with the full possession of his mental faculties, in the face of death, are sacred. Let us listen to the last words spoken by the Divine Saviour about to expire and test our own thoughts on this solemn occasion.

### I

Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do (Luke, xxiii, 34).

As Christ, our Saviour, hangs upon the Cross communing with His heavenly Father, begging forgiveness for His executioners, we are thrown into amazement at the reason which He offers for mercy, namely, the ignorance, the lack of reflection on the part of those who have crucified Him.

He has given ample proof of His character and mission. If the people have not fully grasped His divinity and the spiritual nature of His mission or of redemption, they have at least known Him as a great and good man. They have heard Him teach a noble way of life. The scribes and pharisees, if mortally wounded by His plain speaking, have had ample opportunity to verify His claims with Scripture. The disciples have lived closely with Him, participated in His healing power, witnessed the revelation of His divinity, and professed faith in Him as the Son of God.

But when the moment of betrayal came, few, even of His friends, were exempt from general confusion. Judas,

the disciple, sold his Master, then straightway hanged himself. The multitude, which had waved palm branches, now clamored for His blood or safely retreated within doors. His own associates, except a few holy women with His mother and Saint John, made a bluff at resistance and then fled in denial. Only the rabble and corrupted members of the Jewish Council were left, to throw jibes at the dying man Whom a few hours before they had feared and respected.

How can these people be absolved on the grounds of "not knowing what they do?" Perhaps we shall find the answer in the words of Jeremias: "With desolation is all the world made desolate, because there is none that considereth in the heart." Let us not blame the Jew alone for this work of desolation. The Gentile was likewise represented there. Christ's words of forgiveness were not merely for the frenzied mob at His feet or for the timid disciples who had fled. "For all," says Saint Paul, "have sinned, and do need the glory of God."

**C**HRIST'S PRAYER, therefore, is not a denial of our guilt. Forgiveness is unnecessary where there is no fault. His infinite charity is coupled rather with a profound rebuke to the preoccupation of man, the selfish interests, the cowardly evasion of moral issues, the feverish escape from responsibilities, a proud callousness or indifference to truth, or a passive drifting with the tide. The crime of Christ's death cannot be limited or fixed merely upon that comparatively small group in and

around Jerusalem. The men and women of today, you and I, share in the reproach of having nailed God, our Saviour, to the Cross; and in our confusion of spirit we ask for forgiveness, courage, light, and generosity, for without Christ we know not what we do.

## II

Amen, I say to Thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise (Luke, xxiii, 43).

**O**F ALL THE words spoken by Christ on the Cross, none are more full of comfort and assurance for the human race than those to the good thief Dismas. Surely, there must be some special significance in the fact that of the small group faithful to Christ in His last hours, one had been a thief; and another, Mary Magdalene, a woman of the streets. "Amen, I say to you," Christ had spoken to the scribes and pharisees, "that the publicans and harlots shall go into the kingdom of God before you. . . . For John came to you in the way of justice: and you did not believe him. But the publicans and the harlots believed him: but you, seeing it, did not even afterwards repent, that you might believe him."

Penance and faith are mutually active. The secret of true and complete Christian living is not merely in the struggle of faith to do the right and the better thing, but also in the courage of repentance to acknowledge guilt when wrong has been done and to beg God's forgiveness.

Faith is not merely an intellectual matter—the proud acceptance of revealed truth and the profession of principle. It depends also on a devout movement of the will, on the courage of character, on humility of outlook, and even the power and gift of tears. The intellect by itself can become as proud as Lucifer and can rationalize on one's conduct so as to justify and even romanticize moral filth of every description in the name of the right to happi-

ness, laziness and gluttony in the name of health, greed in the name of self-protection, and indifference in the pretence that there are no certain or lasting values. And by this process faith can dry up, appear unscientific and ridiculous, and vanish, to leave the blind victim with the impression that motives can sanctify any action and that one need fear no day of reckoning.

The greatest evil that can befall a person, even in relation with Almighty God, is not sin, but rather that deadening of sense to sin, when repentance no longer becomes possible, when moral values vanish before considerations of pleasure, comfort, greed, fame, pride. When we can look upon the Cross unmoved or hear Christ's words to the pharisees with amazement and amusement, then and only then are we lost. But if from the depths of sin, sorrow, discouragement, and confusion, we can still turn to Christ and cry out with the good thief: "Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come into Thy kingdom," we shall also hear from His compassionate lips those saving words: "Amen, I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

## III

Woman, behold thy Son. After that, He saith to the disciple: Behold thy mother (John, xix, 26, 27).

**M**EN AND WOMEN who are capable of love die many times before their own death. For with the passing of loved ones, they experience, if not the actual separation of body and soul, at least that greater rending of affections and memories in the irreparable loss of human association. Add to this poignancy of natural grief the profound supernatural understanding of the persons involved, and there is no scene of the New Testament—much less of uninspired literature or human experience—to duplicate that of mother and Son in the drama of the Crucifixion.



"Whom the Lord loveth," says Holy Scripture, "He chastiseth." At least, those who love the Lord and wish to serve Him must be prepared to face the opposition, ridicule, and hostility of His enemies; and these are many. When the Blessed Virgin assumed the obligations of her divine maternity, she was aware to a large degree of the heavy road ahead. Moreover, the prophet Simeon had reminded her that a sword would pierce her heart, that "this child is set for the fall and the resurrection of many in Israel and for a sign which shall be contradicted."

**H**ER OWN experience carried out to the full and overflowing her most fearful apprehensions. The birth of the Child in a stable, the massacre of the Innocents, the flight into Egypt, her concern for the Child in the Temple, and the hardships of His public career—His poverty and persecution, which made Him a hunted man even during His days of greatest influence—these sorrows would have been enough. But now to stand beneath the Cross, to share the insults of the mob, to know Who He was, and yet be unable to raise one finger in His defence or release—this was indeed to share the death of the Redeemer, to feel the chastisement of the Lord upon the one He loved. In the words of the poet

Who could see, from tears refraining,  
Christ's dear mother uncomplaining,  
In so great a sorrow bowed?  
Who, unmoved, behold her languish  
Underneath His Cross of anguish,  
'Mid the fierce, un pitying crowd?

Deep in His own last agony, however, and concerned with the Providence of the redemption of mankind, Christ did not forget her who had brought Him into the world and even now stood at His side shadowed by the Cross. To the faithful disciple John, He turned His head and, weeping with more cause even than He had wept for His friend Lazarus, He said: "Behold thy mother."

These are words which Christendom must never forget. If ever we need justification for our devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, we need go no further to find it than in this sacred legacy of Christ Himself. In John, we find the personification of Christian fidelity; and in him, upon Christ's own charge, we find the protector, champion, consoler, and adopted son of Redemption's mother. And we, who are with John members of that mystical body of Christ, find ourselves in filial possession of that most precious endowment from the Cross. Spiritual mother of the human race through the Redemption and through the Lord's express wish, she is still with us truly and intimately in the communion of saints that we realize in prayer. In her spiritual presence, we hear the timeless words of Christ, first to her: "Woman, behold thy Son," and then to us: "Behold thy mother."

#### IV

My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me? (Matt., xxvii; 46).

**A**S IF TO make amends in his human body for every kind of sin, our Divine Lord was beaten and wounded until, in the words of the prophet, "There is no beauty in Him, nor comeliness: and there was no sightliness, that we should be desirous of Him. Despised and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity. . . . He was wounded for our iniquities: He was bruised for our sins. The chastisement of our peace was upon Him" (Isaias, liii, 2-5).

His betrayal and arrest, scourging at the pillar, crowning with thorns, the stripping of His garments, slaking of His thirst with vinegar and gall, nailing down of His hands and feet, piercing of His heart with a lance—these are torments whose significance is too obvious to miss. He had foreseen all this, and in the Garden of Gethsemane

He had cried out in agony of contemplation that produced a sweat of blood, "Let this chalice pass from Me."

But now He is afflicted with that deeper loathing of mental sin, the dryness of the abandonment of God; and with all the powers of His human spirit, He cries out, almost like a lost soul: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" The awful terror of these words is more apparent when we consider that His human nature was still physically united with His divinity. This was Christ the man crying out, not only abandoned by men, but, by force of the sins of mankind which He had undertaken to expiate, deprived of the last spark of divine comfort and spiritual consolation that might have made His physical sufferings endurable.

**IT IS STRANGE** how the spectre of death can change our perspective on life and our sense of values. This change is not merely a physical fear, a panic in the settling of accounts, or the dread of what may come in eternity. It presents itself rather as a broad view of our whole way of living, a summing up, not only of the liberties we may have taken with the moral law, but also of the direction we have given to our talents and energies. Many a man can say, in one sense or the other, as Wolsey said to Cromwell,

O Cromwell, Cromwell! Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, He would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies.

Man's abandonment of God is not to be compared with God's far more terrible abandonment of man. Christ upon the cross, weighted down, not with His own sins, but with the sins of the world, gives ample testimony of this truth.

In His own words, face to face with stark realities which some day must come to every man, He reads a lesson more cogently than even His physical suffering can do. One can bear sorrow, poverty, poor health, rebuffs of every

kind, and rise to spiritual greatness because of them; but we pray that we may never lose union with Almighty God or be forced to cry out, when it is too late, the startled question of Christ, in expiation for our infidelity and impenitence: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

## V

I thirst (John xix, 28).

**IN THESE LAST** moments of agony, Jesus looks about Himself and asks for that little comfort craved by the dying—something to slake a parched and fevered throat. Up to this time, He has asked no favor of His executioners. They have taken everything away from Him. The soldiers have even cast lots for His garments. In return, He has uttered only words of forgiveness. One might suppose that a last small request would be granted. Surely, there could be no malice now. He had not personally injured those who nailed Him to the cross. There was no chance of His escape. But to His words "I thirst," there came the pressure against His mouth of a sponge filled with vinegar and hyssop.

Christ must have been prepared for this last gesture. He had already suffered every type of ingratitude, so that this final fillip came as perfectly as if planned. Indeed, the Psalmist mentions it in prophecy. Of the ten lepers He had cured, only one returned to give thanks. The multitudes that had known His blessing were now gathered to speed His death. The disciples He had favored were now in dispersion. There were few persons left to thank Him for the generations yet unborn who would profit eternally by His sacrifice. This was the Christ Who gave thanks even for the bread and wine He was to change into the sacrament of His own body and blood.

Vinegar and gall were indeed a bitter return for the Sufferer upon the



Cross; but that has not been the last bitter cup He has been offered to drink, even by those professing to be His faithful followers. Whenever Christ's Church is subjected to national persecution, as in Loyalist Spain, Mexico, or Nazi Germany, its properties confiscated and scattered, its schools closed, its hospitals and benevolent institutions secularized and turned into barracks, its priests and religious slaughtered, exiled, or put into concentration camps, there shortly arise a host of ignorant critics to cry that the Church has been "up to its neck in politics," that it has owned most of the property, has held back education, and therefore should be crushed.

Whenever the Church asks for financial aid, a host of beneficiaries of its ministry declare that they have been bled white by its demands, at the same time as society is spending twice as much on tobacco, four times as much for alcohol and narcotics, and thirty times as much on crime as for the combined works of religion. Whenever the subject of religion is brought up, a large number of persons are ready with vinegar and gall, to stop up the mouths of bishops, priests, and nuns, by criticizing, repudiating, belittling, so as to scandalize those not of the household of the Faith.

In these solemn moments of reflection, the anguished cry of Jesus sounds again: "I thirst." And we hasten to Him with the cooling drops of gratitude, of virtuous living, generosity in His cause, and of defense of His Faith, or—with vinegar and gall.

## VI

Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit (Luke, xxiii, 46).

**A**S JESUS LIVED, so He showed Himself in His last agony with the most perfect charity towards men and complete union with the will of His heavenly Father. In every act and gesture of

His life, He professed His will to do what the Father desired. "My judgment is just," He declared, "because I seek not My own will, but the will of Him that sent Me." This also was the prayer which He gave to men: "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." And the fulfillment of the law, He maintained, constitutes the true bond of Christian relationship: "For whosoever shall do the will of My Father, that is in heaven, he is My brother, and sister, and mother." Even in the Garden of Gethsemane, when He prayed for deliverance, He said as a memorial for all: "Father, if Thou wilt, remove this chalice from Me: but yet not My will but Thine be done."

**T**HIS FINAL pledge of union with the Father upon the Cross was at once the most natural offering and the triumphal climax of a life eminently religious. For what is religion if not the union of the wills of God and man? Without this union, professions of faith are hollow sounding and fruitless.

This last prayer of the Master should be constantly in the heart and on the lips of every Christian. Like the fear of the Lord, it is the beginning of wisdom. The man or woman who can make this daily offering has learned the foundation and secret of holy, happy, successful living. From it springs true culture, which means reverence for sanctity and sacred character, a virtue which our world has largely lost, and an appreciation for enduring values. It means reconciliation with Divine Providence in suffering and death, through submission to God's greater wisdom. It means personal peace of conscience, even when sacrificing temporal gains and pleasures. It means social trust and unity, for the will and law of God are one and the same.

When the Child Jesus was first presented in the Temple by His parents, the holy Simeon took Him in his arms

and said: "Now Thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word in peace: Because my eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples: A light to the revelation of the Gentiles and the glory of Thy people Israel." These words must have come to Jesus as the glory of a sunset, now as He prepared to breathe His last. A life spent in union with the will of God! With the realization of that record, the meanness and cruelty of the scene before Him passed from His eyes. His sufferings of body and soul were dissolved upon the threshold of eternal Beauty—let us join our prayers with His: "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."

## VII

It is consummated (John, xix, 50).

**P**ERHAPS THE most wonderful thing in the history of Christ's passion and death is that the moment which His enemies believed to mark His final failure and disappearance from the scene, He regarded, and rightly so, as the climax of His career and the moment of triumph. His last words were the approval and satisfaction of a work well done.

For one thing, He had given the supreme proof of sincerity in His command of fraternal charity. "This is My commandment," He said, "that you love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down His life for his friends." He had fulfilled in all things the will of the Father. In the words of St. Paul: "He humbled Himself, even to the death of the Cross." And by His death He was expiating the sins of man, reopening Heaven's gates, and releasing the treasury of divine grace.

What were the sufferings of His life and of the Cross compared to these gains? "For which cause," cried the Apostle to the Gentiles, "God also hath exalted Him and hath given Him a

name which is above all names: that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of those that are in heaven, on earth, and under the earth: and every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of the Father." Moreover, He went to His death with the certainty of resurrection, the confounding of the forces of evil, and the establishment of His Gospel throughout the world in fulfillment of the prophecies.

"It is consummated." But in another sense, the passion of Christ is timeless. He must die mystically over and over again and rise from the tomb to show His wounds to countless doubting Thomases and regather to Himself the hesitant, incredulous, fearful disciples. This is Christ living in His people. Corporately, we must go through the passion of Christ, to suffer, to die, to rise triumphant. This also the individual follower of Christ must be prepared to do. "And he that taketh not up his cross and followeth Me is not worthy of Me." But at the same time, He gives His followers the assurance that He is the way, the truth, and the light. "I am the light of the world. He that followeth Me walketh not in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

**H**AVE WE THE courage to follow Christ not merely on the lovely mount of the Beatitudes or on the rounds of His healing mission or in the home of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus or on the mountain of Transfiguration, but also in His garden of agony? Can we watch with Him in the moment of His betrayal, stand by Him, and taste with Him the vinegar and gall?

There is no other way to know the meaning of Easter, or to inherit the joys of the resurrection than that of union with God's will, taking and giving as Christ gave and took, even to the last triumphal sigh upon the Cross: "It is consummated."



# The Road is Long

By Mary Mabel Wirries

## CHAPTER X

### Sunlight and Shadow

"HEY, YOU TWO, up there! You're missing the fun. Did you come out here to swim, or to moon on a rock? Don't be so stingy with Rose, Walt. Bring her down—ooh!" An onrushing wave caught the figure in the blue bathing suit and she vanished in spray, to reappear sputtering when the wave had passed.

Her brother, from his post on the rock above, hooted at her derisively. "Serves you right, young lady, for not minding your own business. Tend your own potato patch, baby, and I'll hoe mine." And then, turning over on his back and reaching lazily for the hand of the girl beside him, "How's that for farm talk, honey? That all right for an enterprising young lawyer who is paying court to a farmer's daughter? You are a farmer's daughter, aren't you?"

Rose deftly removed her hand from his proximity and began to press the water from the skirt of her wet bathing suit. "Do you perhaps espy hayseed in my hair?" she demanded. "I thought I brushed it very well."

"There's a wisp of straw still there. Besides, I heard Mother quizzing Aunt Horty about you."

"Why should she?"

"Ah, Rose!" Walter sat up abruptly and took violent possession of the hand that had been denied him. "Let's stop pretending. I can't waste any more time. You know what I brought you up here to say, don't you? Rose—*my* Rose—the perfect name for a perfect girl. Rose, darling, say something. Please—"

Rose strove to hold her voice steady. He must not think her a silly little school girl, to be swept from her feet by casual love-making. Mrs. Whalen had tried so patently to make her understand that Walter fell in love with every pretty face he saw and—"It's important that Walter make a good marriage, Horty. The right wife, socially, can do so much for his career."

"Say something, Rose."

"Is there something to say?" she tried to draw her hand away. "You are merely making silly speeches. You should save them for moonlight."

"Rose, you are unkind. Surely you know I am in earnest?"

"You haven't known me long, nor well, Walter," in a low voice.

"I was in love with you that day on the terrace—the first moment I saw you."

"THAT'S WHY you offered to be a cousin to me." She had recovered her poise now, and her eyes were tenderly mocking and merry.

"I'm going to marry you."

"Indeed? It's customary to consult the lady."

"I've been trying to—but you won't let me. Now I'm going to turn Turk and run away with you—"

"I'm not a Turkish lady. I couldn't stand such treatment. Look, they're going in to dress for dinner. I'm about starved, aren't you? Let's go."

Walter groaned. "Let them leave. Let them go to Guinea, for all I care. In fact, I wish they would. Then maybe I'd have a moment alone with you. Darling, I talk of love and you talk of food. You are driving me mad."

She was on her feet now, laughing and drawing her beach cape about her. "I live on food, Romeo—not love."

"Romeo! Why, you little vixen! I'll—"  
He scrambled to his feet threateningly, and she was away like a startled fawn, laughing and looking back over her shoulder as she ran. The group at the foot of the steps paused to wait for them, and Rose, panting, threw herself into the arms of Doctor Whalen.

"Save me, kind sir. Save me!"

**T**HE DOCTOR swept her behind him. "Stop, you maniac!" he warned his son. "Pursue not this fair maid!"

"He's not a mad man, kind sir. He's a deflated egotist."

"It's the same thing. Deflate a man's ego, and you drive him mad."

"She called me Romeo, Dad. Would you stand for that? Stand aside, and let me at her."

"Stand for it? My lad, I'd be delighted. It has been many moons since anyone called me a name so romantic. Ah, Romeo, great lover!"

"Yeh! Mooning under a balcony and pritheeing around. Letting a woman argue with him. Getting killed in the last act—"

"All men let women argue with them, my boy. And all of us die in the last act—"

"If this childish scene is about over," spoke Mrs. Whalen's dry voice above them, "perhaps you'll all come in and get ready for dinner. I fancy Hortense gets heartily tired of waiting for you every meal. And some of you, at least, look as though you could stand freshening."

But Rose could not always keep the boy at arm's length. It was inevitable that there should be a climax to this romance which had taken her by storm. When she finally did listen, there was

the moonlight about which she had twitted him, to help him along. Moonlight and soft music, the tinkle of glasses from the terrace below, the scent of crimson geraniums and bougainvillea and roses. A dozen couples had made the trip to San Diego to see the fleet come in and bring back Madge's current naval officer—"Madge always has a uniform in tow," Walter explained. Coming back, they had stopped at the ocean-side bungalow of La Jolla friends. There Walter had drawn Rose to a rose-trellised portico, away from the others. And there, where the crimson geranium grew to treedom beside her, a nightingale sang in the olive tree near, and silver of moonlight lay across her white dress, she had fallen into a spell.

"It's like Italy," she said, in a hushed voice.

"It's like heaven," said Walter Whalen. "Rose, will you marry me?"

"I think so, my dear," she said; then "Yes, I'll marry you, Walter." But more sober thought assailed her a few minutes later.

**W**HAT WILL your mother say to this?" she asked, concernedly. "She doesn't like me, Walter."

"Nonsense. She likes you well enough. She couldn't help liking you. It's just that she's sort of hepped on this old family stuff. That's all foolishness. Why Grandpa was just a—"

"I know. A meat packer. But a meat packer with money."

"What's money?" blithely.

"It's—a great deal."

Dear heaven! was it not! It was the difference between being a lovely woman in a silver dress, a girl with soft hands and beautifully dressed hair, a girl whom men admired and cherished—the difference between such a creature and another—a clod, in torn



Mother Hubbard, nails broken, face burned, back aching. It was the difference between culture and ignorance; it was the difference between Hortense Clifton and Matie Kieble; it was the difference between the sheltered security of a Walter Whalen and the homeless wandering of a Tom Kieble—Oh, Tom, Tom! Tom, who had gone to look for gold that she and he might “live together out there some place in a good house and have good clothes, and be somebody—not the trashy Kiebles any more.” What’s money? Oh, money was *everything*—even two hundred dollars could mean a lifetime of happiness—*two hundred dollars at the right place and time*—

“Darling, we shall get my mother a parchment showing her that your ancestors came over in the Mayflower. I’ll bet you a nickel hers came steerage with shawls on their heads.”

“So did mine, I believe. But hers outgrew the steerage.”

“You don’t look steerage to me.”

“Oh, I’m not. I’m first class. But I mean they outgrew it sooner.”

“Turned pirate, probably, and stole the money of your honest and honorable ancestors. And then ended in the meat-packing business.”

ROSE GIGGLED at his nonsense. “You are quite hopeless, you great-great-grandson of a pirate.”

“You know you are not marrying my mother, darling.”

“Perhaps I shouldn’t be marrying you, either.”

“My dear, why are you crying?” He began to kiss her tears away.

“You wouldn’t understand,” she said. Nor would he—he whose life had been so sane and ordered and planned. How could he understand the complexities of a girl who had begun life as a Rose

Kieble? But she would forget all that, now. She would be a Whalen, forever.

“We are engaged now, do you know it?”

She nodded, dumbly.

“We’ll be married next week.”

Some vestige of her sanity returned at this declaration.

“We can’t. You have to give me time to get used to being engaged. A girl doesn’t want to rush into a wedding.”

“Why not? A man does.”

BUT A GIRL has to buy a trousseau—plan things. I want a veil, bridesmaids and flowers, and a wedding in church—” she stopped with a sudden thought. Church—what church? She had none. Neither had Walter. Long ago she had been baptized a Catholic. And during her high-school days, she had made her First Holy Communion. But all that was far, far behind her. Mrs. Clifton was a rank materialist. Mrs. Whalen dabbled in Christian Science. Walter was frankly an agnostic. It would be better if she were not married in a church, perhaps. They could have a garden wedding—California gardens were so lovely.

“Why all the fuss about getting married?”

“A girl needs a wedding to remember. It’s for life, you know, marriage.” Yes, she would be Mrs. Walter Whalen a long, long time. She said it aloud. “I’ll be Mrs. Walter Whalen a long, long time.”

“That’s right, darling. Has a swell sound, hasn’t it? Mrs. Walter Whalen. Hum!”

No longer a Kieble, thank God! No longer a Kieble. Smart, prosperous young Mrs. Walter Whalen of Los Angeles would be two thousand miles and two thousand years removed from poor little Rose Kieble of Labadie.

"I don't want to wait too long, Rose."

"I won't ask you to. Shall we say—Thanksgiving?"

"You darling!"

"But your mother still will not like it."

"How about your folks? Will they want to come on for the wedding? If they can't afford the trip we can make some arrangement about that? That is, if you care to have them."

Outwardly Rose remained unruffled. Inwardly she was trembling. *Matie and Pa, at her wedding!* Never in a thousand years. Oh, Walter must never know her folks. He need never know them. She couldn't stand having him know from what roots she sprang. When she was married she would make some kind of permanent settlement on Matie, gradually end their correspondence. Walter thought of her as a poor farmer's daughter—a poor but decent farmer. He could never imagine a home like hers. He must never, never see it.

"**THEY WON'T** care to come," she said. "They're—rather peculiar people. My mother is dead, you know. I've a stepmother." Let him think it was because she had an unsympathetic stepmother. Let him think anything—except the truth.

The letter from Larry Kelly came to her with her breakfast tray the next morning. There was nothing in the appearance of the square white envelope, lying atop all her other mail, to warn her that this missive was to change the tenor of her whole life. She did not even know it was from Larry, until she had started to read. It had been so long since she saw his writing. He wrote simply:

"Dear Rose: I know you will be surprised to get this letter from your old sparring partner. I have often wished to write to you, but was never quite certain what you would think of the

presumption. The years take old friends far from one another, sometimes. But of course I have always heard from you indirectly, through Mrs. Clifton's letters to my brother John's wife, so, now when it seems necessary to write to you, I have your address.

"**R**OSE, I SAW your brother Tom in Chicago two days ago. (It has taken me that long to decide that it is my duty to tell you, even though Tom doesn't want me to do so.) My finding him was pure accident. I had gone up to Chi to see some commission merchants about my late melon crop and the ever-bearing strawberries (my Superbas are something to see!). I was walking down State Street near Randolph, when I saw a fellow who looked like Tom going into a cigar store. I followed him, and found that it was Tom. You can imagine my joy, because old Tom and I were always friends. I wanted to bring him home with me. He's out of a job and a sick man, besides. Has a cough that racks him to pieces. But he refused to come back with me, and asked me not to mention his whereabouts to any of his folks. He asked about you and was glad you were doing so well, and away from Labadie. I gave him your address but I doubt if he will ever write to you. He seems very depressed—almost despondent. Something seems to be preying on his mind. I went home with him, although he didn't ask me to. He lives in a cheap rooming house over south—see enclosed address.

"Rose, I know how you've mourned for him all these years. So, if this is betraying his confidence, I'm sorry, but I had to do it. He really is sick, and unless you see him soon, I don't believe you ever will. So—here's the address, and the rest is up to you. He promised me he would not leave this place without notifying me.

"How are you, Rose? Have the years



been kind, and have they given you the things you wanted? I run the farm, now—just a plain dirt farmer, and liking it. Fine crops this year.”

There was a little more news of Labadie, neighbors and her own people. Perfunctory talk about the weather. And then Tom’s address in Chicago.

ROSE BURIED her face in her hands and cried heartbrokenly. News of Tom after all these years. For so long she had thought him dead, else why had he never written her again? But her brother was alive—*alive*—and as close to their old home as Chicago. As her tears dried, a feeling of resentment took their place. All these years she had thought of Tom as a sort of knight, going out into the world to get the gold that would accomplish great things for both of them. She had thought of him as rich, prosperous, well-dressed, influential—all these things Tom had been in her childish dreaming. When she heard from him no more, she had erected a monument to him in her memory—wonderful Tom, who had made living possible for her. And now she heard of him as sick, poor, a failure. What had happened to him? What was the story of his years? If he could afford to send her that money, long ago, when he was just a boy—and he had sent it, else she would not be here today—why could he not have gone on, amassing wealth and prestige, making something of himself? And since he had not turned up all these years, when she would have been so glad to see him, when she had prayed daily for his coming, for even one little word from him, why did he come into her life now when she no longer needed him, when his very coming destroyed something beautiful for her? Why did Larry Kelly meddle, anyway? If he had waited until her wedding was over—but no. He had to write *now*.

“I won’t go back,” she thought mis-

erably. “I’ll ignore his letter. Tom was doing all right without me. If he had needed me, he could have written home to find out where I was—but he never did. Let him go on without me. He can’t be so very sick. He’s up and walking around. Lots of people have a cough, there in that damp climate. Later, when I am married, I can do things for him. I’ll keep his address. It won’t be very long.”

But, even while she reasoned thus, trying to convince herself, she knew that it was no use. She would go back and find Tom. She would hurry to him as fast as trains could take her. Because Tom was her brother, who had stood by her in her hour of need, and she was Rose Kieble still. She could not run away from that heritage, ever. How had she thought she could escape it? How make it be as though it had not been? In her background there would always be Matie and Jim Kieble and the little kids, Tom and Roger and her bleak childhood, with its heartburnings and its tears. One did not escape one’s heritage simply by turning a back upon it. It was always there—always.

SOMEONE TAPPED upon her door. “Rose, are you there?” It was Madge’s voice. “Are you never getting up? We are waiting for you to ride with us. Walter is pacing the terrace like a caged lion. In just a moment we shall have to appoint a keeper for him. Are you coming soon?”

“I’ll be right down, dear.”

She bathed her eyes and face, and applied make-up to cover the traces of tears. But her eyes were ravaged still, when she joined her fiancé on the terrace. He bent to her with swift solicitude.

“Rose, my darling, you are ill. Or—Rose, you have been crying.”

Oh, to lay her head against his heart,

and make a clean breast of her whole story. But she could not—she never could.

"I've had bad news from home," she told him, in a low voice. "I'll have to leave for the east this afternoon."

"This afternoon! But, darling, how can you? I can't let you make that trip alone. Wait until tomorrow, and I'll go with you. We had better be married at once, my darling—"

She shook her head. "No, Walter, I would rather not. And I can go alone very well. I'm not a child. You just want to spoil me."

"Is someone ill?"

"Yes, my brother."

"Oh, one of the babies."

"No—an older brother. My half-brother, Tom."

"I didn't know you had an older brother."

"THERE IS SO much you do not know about me, isn't there, Walter? But I hardly knew I had him, myself. I have not seen him since we were children."

"Then why must you go to him, now? Isn't there someone else who can do for him in your place? If he needs money—"

"No, please, Walter, you don't understand. But—just believe me that I have to go, and I have to go alone."

"But you'll be back by Thanksgiving?"

"I don't know, Walter. I honestly do not know."

(To be continued.)

## Responsibility

By Katherine Edelman

"Man cannot live unto himself alone,"

At every turn life's currents intertwine;  
Someone in distant Singapore may be  
Spurred or retarded by some deed of mine.

## Convert and Valiant Woman

(Helen E. A. Day Chute)

By Elizabeth Chute

### II

AS SOON AS Mamma had been received she rented a sitting in St. Anthony's church, increasing the sittings until the whole pew was rented. She subscribed to *The Catholic World*, and *The Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register*. She also subscribed for THE AVE MARIA, which put her in touch with the beautiful work of its editor, Father Hudson. It was difficult for her to turn away a representative of any Catholic publication. Whether she or the family had the clothing or conveniences they were supposed to have she would anyhow get the magazine, and trust Providence for all these things. The motto at the heading of *The Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register* was an inspiration to her—"The Truth will make you free."

After coming into the Church she used daily to kneel, kiss the floor, and say: "Out of a little dust I was made; to a little dust I must come again. Keep me humble always, and afraid, Holy God, of being wicked or unkind." From the first she made use of the sacramentals of the Church. Making the sign of the cross gave her a feeling of sweet security. She would say, "By this sign shalt thou conquer." She tenderly loved the Mother of God and daily recited the Rosary; also the beads of the Sacred Heart, and of the Blessed Sacrament. For St. Joseph she had a most tender love. She wore the scapular of Mount Carmel. For St. Anthony she felt a special veneration. One time she was suffering from stiff neck and shoulder, her breathing becoming painful and difficult. It was late at night, all the household having retired. She was almost helpless. At last,



when no other aid seemed possible, she succeeded in reaching some holy water nearby. Taking some of it on her finger she applied it to the painful places, invoking St. Anthony. Instantly the pain and helplessness were gone.

**T**HINKING THERE might be something in the ceremonial of the Episcopalian church to satisfy Mamma, Papa was confirmed in that church in 1871. Bishop and Mrs. Whipple spent two or three days at our house at this time. A number of Episcopalian clergymen would also come occasionally. Mamma would entertain them with gracious, simple hospitality. After several years, finding this to be a fruitless effort to win Mamma to Episcopalianism, Papa discontinued going there, after a while returning to the Presbyterian Church. Until ill health prevented, he was in the habit of bringing home clergymen of both the Presbyterian and Episcopalian denominations to dine. Now and then Father Tissot would call. He and Papa would talk on topics of interest to both. After Father Tissot's death in 1893, Papa told Mamma he considered him an ideal pastor; also, that he was the most consistent man he had ever known. Mamma always took pleasure in performing any duty, no matter how humble. She had no confidence in herself. When she did not know what to do she would kneel down and say a prayer. Then when the time came for action she was ready.

Papa told Mamma he did not wish us to be brought up as Catholics. She said that he would have to instruct us himself, as she could not teach us anything different from what she believed to be true. She was determined to give to her children bread, and not a stone; and to accomplish this required true courage. Without conscious effort on her part, both she and Papa soon realized that the love of the Faith had taken deep root in the souls of each of

their five living children. To be obliged to attend a Protestant service was penance, a feeling of depression weighing us down.

When thirteen years of age Mary J. had prepared herself for baptism, then asked Father Tissot to baptize her. He told her she must first ask Papa's permission. Upon doing so, my Father listened for a short time, then picked up his newspaper and would not notice her. She explained this to Father Tissot, who then felt justified in receiving her into the Church. She was baptized conditionally, and later received the other Sacraments. Agnes and Elizabeth received conditional baptism and First Communion at the Church of St. Anthony, and were confirmed by Bishop (afterwards Archbishop) John Ireland. Later on the sons received the sacraments, Louis Prince at the same place, and he was confirmed by Bishop Ireland. Frederick B., while a minim at Notre Dame, Indiana, made his First Communion there on Ascension Thursday, 1885, Father Thomas E. Walsh (President of the college), officiating, and was confirmed by Bishop Dwenger in 1886.

**T**HE MATTER of how the children could be brought under Catholic influence during their education was of grave concern to Mamma. After attending private schools and instructed by governesses at home, my Father permitted Mary and Agnes to attend the Visitation Convent school in St. Paul. Mary, later, attended St. Mary's Academy near Notre Dame for a short time.

My Mother had been hoping to send Louis and Fred to Notre Dame, this idea coming to her through Brother Francis Regis, who had come soliciting pupils. After much thought and prayer, and the use of great tact, she gained Papa's consent (almost a miracle). On January 27, 1885, the two boys arrived at Notre Dame, Father Edward Sorin giving them a

cordial welcome. Louis was entered in the "Junior" Department and Fred in the "Minim." Louis received his A. B. degree June 25, 1890, and his L. L. B., 1892, at Notre Dame. Fred was graduated in the literary course there in 1892, remaining one year longer to study law.

Mamma many times said that if people would take the same pains to please God that they take to please the world, all would be saints. She felt sorry for those who did not love the discipline of "Holy Mother Church." A choice reflection was, "Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord; in His commandments he hath great delight."

**M**Y MOTHER brought a number of people into the Church. One, an intelligent young woman, whose coming to our home was the result of her prayer when she was in danger of being contaminated by undesirable associates. She married a non-Catholic, but brought up a family of nine children in the Faith.

Mamma's desire to give to Papa, her other dear ones, and all those with whom she came in contact the benefits of her Faith kept her mind alert to place in their hands the works of Catholic authors suited to their needs, watching for the opportune moment for winning their interest. The Oxford movement and the converts won by Cardinal Newman inspired her with hope.

From the time she first read the Athanasian Creed, Mamma had promised herself to learn it when leisure would permit. This opportunity came only a few years before her death. She would recite it for our delectation and that of some of her friends, deliberately thinking out each fine distinction as she went along. She would say, "Without Faith it is impossible to please God;" then would add, "Faith without works is dead." For a while it was *The Song of the Creatures*, by St. Francis of Assisi with which we would ask her

to entertain us. We never tired of hearing nor she of reciting, "I am the way, the Truth, and the Life." We children at night dropped off to sleep under the gentle refrain of, "Sweet and Holy Jesus mine, Make my heart and wishes Thine; Never let me go astray, at Thy feet my will I lay." To hear her read or recite in her simple, natural way would make the truth strike through one's whole being. She kept Bellord's *Meditations on Christian Dogma* on her reading table, making it a daily practice to read one of them.

Children instinctively knew that she was to be trusted. Once when a little nephew was asked to give his authority for a statement he had made he said, "Aunt Helen said so, and Aunt Helen always tells the truth." She one time questioned the propriety of the pitcher's curve in baseball as tending to deceive.

Her life seemed to be a counterpart of that of the boy in Holland who discovered the leak in the dyke and placed his hand in the opening, seemingly passive, yet controlling the whole situation. It was her constant thought,— "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in that which is greater."

**M**Y FATHER WAS received into the Faith and conditionally baptized by Father Thomas Talbot. He departed this life on Columbus Day, 1913.

Mamma always had a great veneration for the Three Kings. We believe it was by special privilege that she was called on the eve of the Feast of the Magi (January 5, 1917), Father Thomas O'Regan holding the Blessed Sacrament before her gaze. Entry of that date in the diary of her son Louis reads:

Fully resigned.  
A gentle light went out.

At the time of her death it was the desire of the family to have a simple



funeral service, and that no remarks, outside of the usual rubrics of the Church, be made. Reverend James J. Devery, Pastor of St. Lawrence Church (which we then attended) acceded to the request, until he received word from the Most Reverend Archbishop John Ireland that it was his desire to attend the funeral Mass and to speak. The Archbishop gave a beautiful and glowing tribute, using as his text the passage of Scripture relating to the Valiant Woman.

(The End.)

## Greyhounds Are Running

By Helen Howland Prommel

*Greyhounds are running under the frozen  
starlight;*

*Like flashing arcs their curving bodies pass.  
I hear their padded feet ring out like silver.  
Striking the brittle grass.*

*Greyhounds are hard on the trail of a fleeing  
quarry;*

*I hear their voices thunder against the sky  
And watch their bodies blacken the far horizon  
As they go leaping by.*

*Hurry, greyhounds! Ice must leave the river,  
Water tumble over the stones again.*

*Blow your hot breath along the sluggish  
mountain,*

*Melt the white mists to rain!*

## Disturbing the Peace

By Marie O'Dea

"WHO ARE YOU to complain about people reciting the Rosary? Why should you berate anyone for praying in any manner that he sees fit? Things have come to a pretty pass when a Catholic has to put up with criticism from within the Church as well as from without. This is a free country. Our forefathers died that we might worship God according to our lights. . . ." And so on and so on. . . .

I can see you bristling, dear Catholics. I know just how you feel. In fact, it's because I feel the same way, because I want to be free to worship according to *my* lights that I rise to charge many of you with being, in plain words, *nuisances*. What do I mean? Well, if you will just calm down a minute . . . after all, it's not good for your blood pressure to get so excited. . . . I'll tell you why you are nuisances. Give me a chance to explain. First of all, you never do anything at the right time.

**D**URING MASS, you are always two prayers ahead or three prayers behind the priest; or perhaps you don't have your Missal with you at all, but you always have your beads so you say the Rosary. During the recitation of the Rosary you find that you forgot to bring your beads but you have your prayer-book so you read the prayers that are suitable for a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. During Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at its most solemn and silent moment, you suddenly remember to say the Litany.

During the Litany you are busy saying the correct prayers for the current novena. By the time that the novena services start you have already finished them so you read Vespers. During Vespers you leap ahead to Compline. During Compline you say your night prayers. When you ought to be at home saying your night prayers you are delaying the locking up of the Church by saying the Stations.

On the First Friday you ignore the Sacred Heart and devote your prayers to the Holy Ghost. On Pentecost your mind is taken up with the Blessed Mother. On the Feast of the Assumption you are absorbed in the Resurrection. On Easter Sunday you are wrapped up in the plight of the Holy Souls. On All Souls Day you can't keep your mind off the Christ Child. On Christmas Day

you are grieving over the Crucified. On Good Friday . . . well, the Three Hours Agony gives you a chance to go over the entire Catholic calendar and meditate upon everything except, of course, the Passion of Christ.

"But," I can hear you say, "what business is that of yours? Why can't I pray any way and at any time I want? This is a free country."

Ah, yes, dear Catholic, free for you but not free for the rest of us who have to put up with you.

**H**ERE WE SIT, distractedly trying to catch the priest's rapid Latin, to guess which *Collect* he selected, to follow the Mass as best we can, while you kneel just behind us rattling and clanking your Rosary on the back of our pew, saying your *Hail Marys* in a robust stage whisper, drowning out the Holy Sacrifice until we all have to pick up our Rosaries and pray along with you.

Then when we are following the priest in the Rosary trying to dwell upon each Mystery in turn, you slash across our meditations with your prayers. You are trying to concentrate, too, but not upon the business at hand. You are intent upon something else and in order to concentrate upon your own private devotions you build a noisy wall around your mind, defending your inward contemplations by a sibilant onslaught against us who share your pew.

The martyrs had no less tenacity than you. They clung to their devotions, and so do you. Yours may be a bit misdirected but they certainly are just as strong. You are a mighty Christian, a belligerent religionist. You should be a hermit. Instead, you are a demoralizer, a disorganizer, a disturber, a nuisance.

What is wrong with the Church's liturgy that it never seems to suit your mood? Surely there ought to be something in that broad array of rites and ceremonies that would claim your atten-

tion. Wiser heads than yours or mine have agreed upon the seasons, the months, the days, the hours as suited to the various anniversaries and celebrations.

There are hundreds, nay thousands of devotions, acts of piety, sponsored by the Church and each one of them has been assigned its own time and place. Why can't you leave it that way? Why do you have to mix them up and confuse one with the other? Is not each one a separate and beautiful unit in itself? Is not each one worthy of full attention? If you don't think so why attend it? Why not carry on your individual devotions at home, or in off-hours when no other service is being celebrated in the church.

Holy Mother Church has a good reason for every ceremonial carried on. First of all, it insures the proper conduct of the particular rite and, second, it surrounds it with suitable dignity. To ignore that ceremonial amounts to irreverence; and, certainly, there is no excuse for irreverence. The wise Fathers of the Church have made available to us the ritual of the Ordinary of the Mass, Vespers, Compline, Benediction and the other Latin rites. Besides that, many services come to us in English and they deserve our attention. Most of us want to hear and to understand but sometimes you just won't let us.

**YOU ARE LIKE** a certain woman who, on Good Friday, attended the Three Hours Agony conducted by a Passionist. The priest, a famous orator, was speaking on his favorite subject. We had settled down for a real soul-stirring afternoon. The church wore a sorrowful look, the statues were shrouded, the altar bare. The crowds attending were quiet, reverent, expectant.

The black-robed priest moved to the altar rail, faced the people.

"The First Word . . ."



And then, directly behind us it began, . . . "I believe in God . . ."

Suddenly surprised, we stirred and leaned forward, strained to catch the word of the priest. But it was useless.

"Our Father, Who art . . ."

"Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

How appropriate! Mustn't get impatient now, perhaps the poor soul is deaf.

"Hail Mary, full of grace . . ."

We glanced about, searching for another seat but everything was taken. We had thought of that move too late.

"The Second Mystery, the Ascension. . . Our Father. . ."

OVER AND OVER again Hail Marys sprang from her lips. They bombarded our ears, our thoughts, they surrounded and overpowered us.

". . . Hail Mary, full of grace . . ."

Our struggles to hear the priest became more and more feeble.

"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken. . ."

". . . Hail Mary, full of grace . . ."

She was on the Joyful Mysteries now.

". . . the finding in the temple . . . Our Father. . ."

If only she would let us find Him in the temple.

". . . Hail Mary, full of grace . . ."

The priest was saying, "It is consummated."

But she was, by no means, finished. She had all the Sorrowful Mysteries to do again, she had said them only twice so far.

Well, at least, if we couldn't dwell upon the Last Words we could think about our Lord's Passion.

Just as the priest ended his final sermon she came to the Crucifixion. After three hours she was now ready to consider our Lord on the Cross, His love and forgiveness, His thirst, His sufferings and grief, His resignation, His sacrifice.

We started out of our seats and curiosity overcame us. We looked back and she was just settling herself in her pew and opening a little pamphlet. It was entitled "The Three Hours Agony," and she was intent upon page one.

Do you realize just how many of you are exactly like her? Believe me, there are plenty of you. I call you "zealous nuisances."

But I can't blame all the distractions upon you. There are others on whom the rites of the Church are lost. For instance, there are the "indifferent nuisances."

You "indifferent nuisances" are the ones who, during Mass, stand or kneel mechanically, empty-handed, thinking of last night's party or tomorrow's big business deal. There are half a dozen prayer-books or Missals at home but they are too much of a burden to carry to Mass, far more of a burden than a pocketbook or a brief case.

Years, decades, centuries have gone into the building up of the rubrics of the Church, the sublime Sacrifice, the celebration of feasts, the ancient and fascinating liturgy, the Divine story, the infinite mysteries of life and death.

THEY MAY BE infinite to God and to those around you. They may be fascinating to the poor, narrow-minded fanatic who has taken the trouble to study the liturgy and has revelled with a holy delight in the solving of each symbolic move. But they are too trivial for your superior mentality. You are bored.

But, my dear "indifferent nuisances," why should you be bored? No, don't tell me, I know the answer.

"It's all so silly, all this bowing and scraping, this meaningless mummery."

Ah, so that's it. It's silly because you don't understand it. Perhaps it is too much for your head. Your mind can take care of the pressing matters of the

moment only; beyond that you are incapable of mental exertion.

You have failed to understand the fundamental principles, you can't keep up with the mental progress of those around you so you fall by the wayside and view the procession with disdain, with scoffing, with boredom.

**T**HE MOST magnificent in art, music and literature are there for you to enjoy. All you have to do is to look and listen and read, to allow its beauty and joy to swirl about you, to swing you up into supreme happiness. You could remain perfectly passive and have it all. You wouldn't even have to think very much. If you would only try it once you would find that this kind of thinking is recreation, relaxation.

But, no, you are bored. You sit there, silent, mechanical, stony. Your mind is too much occupied to accept one more thought.

However, a woman has to have her last word and I must say this to you, whether you be "zealous nuisances" or "indifferent nuisances." You don't know what you are missing when you ignore the liturgy of Holy Mother Church. Wrapping yourself up in your own personal devotions or your own personal interests separates you from the most delightful experiences man has ever known. For centuries artists have striven to produce their loveliest gems for the service of the Church. Composers have dedicated their most magnificent offerings to her use. Sainly poets have poured forth their most inspired praises and prayers.

Christ, Himself, gave us the core of all these holy rites, the simple acts of homage, of reverence, of humility, of love. After Him, came the martyrs, and saints, the artists and poets, who surrounded those simple acts with sublime beauty, with superb splendor, with depth-stirring magnificence.

So, keep your Rosary for private devotions only. Make your little visits to the Blessed Sacrament when the church is quiet and you can actually commune with the Real Presence. Get yourself a Missal and pay closer attention to the Mass, the Proper and Common for the day. Go to Benediction, to novenas, to Vespers and Compline and enter whole-heartedly into the spirit of each service. Keep track of the special devotion which Holy Mother Church recommends so logically for each season, each month, each day, each hour. Learned doctors and scholars have worked out all these ceremonies. Why not profit by them?



## Evidence

By Maureen O'Shea

*The theologians cleave a hair, and find  
One added proof of immortality.  
I scarce know what they say—having no mind  
For thoughts abstruse and high; but this I see:*

*I often look upon a certain pew  
Ahead of me in church, and wonder when  
The Smiths, who worshipped there for  
twenty-two  
Unbroken years, will hear Mass there again.*

*Then I remember what the papers wrote  
Of a vacation auto crash one dawn  
That killed a couple outright; and am smote—  
Not with the futile thought that they are gone*

*Forever from our midst, without recall,  
Forever past the fringe of friendship's hem:  
I only think, with grief that does not gail,  
How long their holiday became for them!*

*I plan the greetings of our glad reunion,  
Rehearse the spirit-handclasp and embrace;  
Count half the joys of our resumed communion  
(Scarce interrupted, save by time and place).*

*Then I forgive Aquinas' syllogisms  
And understand the theologians' art:  
God makes our natures truth-refracting prisms,  
And pens His simple Summa on the heart!*



# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

The average life of a one-dollar bill in circulation is about eight months.

Newspapers, to be read while bathing, were printed on rubber a few years ago in Paris.

In the United States there are a million people who make a living ringing doorbells.

There are 139,950,284 square miles of water on this earth to 57,000,000 square miles of land.

Women are beneficiaries of eighty per cent of all the life insurance policies in the United States.

Women return to the department stores of the country about fifteen per cent of the goods they buy.

The term, "black fast," refers to the action of abstaining from flesh meat, eggs, butter, cheese, and milk.

Over \$1400 has been spent by Ed Wynn, comedy star, for the repair of his favorite shoes which he bought in 1909 for eleven dollars.

One of the queerest things about modern life is the number of people who are spending money they haven't got for things they don't need in order to impress people they can't stand the sight of.—*Dublin Opinion*.

H. J. Heintz once peddled catsup and preserves from door to door.

The average litter of the rattlesnake varies from eight to twenty-eight; and the babies are poisonous from birth.

Although Norway does not occupy much space on the map, it has more coast-line than the United States.

In his book, *The Next Hundred Years*, C. C. Furnas writes: "Leonardo da Vinci is credited with twenty-one eternally important inventions, Edison with six.

The deepest hole in the world is said to be an oil well of the Continental Oil Company in the San Joaquin Valley near Wasco, California. It is nearly three miles deep.

Aside from the storm of September 21, 1938, the only hurricanes during the last two hundred years to cause widespread damage in New England, occurred in 1815 and 1821.

On one occasion the outcome of an election in Manila was disputed. "Count the ballots again," ordered the judge. But when the ballot boxes were opened, termites had eaten all the votes.

A specially designed electric muff made of wool, with inner wiring, is used by the famous pianist, Sergei Rachmaninoff, to keep his hands warm before filling winter engagements on the concert stage.

From the blue stamps which it pastes on each package of cigarettes, our federal government collects close to half a billion dollars annually. In addition, twenty-one states levy their own cigarette taxes, which total a hundred million dollars.

## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**The Holy Ghost Prayer Book**, by the Rev. Frederick T. Hoeger, C. S. Sp. The Catholic Book Publishing Co., 257 W. 17th Street, New York. Price, 80c to \$3.

A glance at the index shows how packed this prayerbook is. Part I has prayers and devotions pertaining to the Holy Ghost: His relations to the Sacraments, a long as well as a short novena, the Little Office and the Rosary, indulgenced prayers, the Archconfraternity devotions, prayers for special occasions, and a thought for each day of the month. Part II, which has instructions on devotion to the Holy Ghost, states that the devotion is for all ages and classes, gives the impediments and aids to and practices for carrying it on, and offers a series of reflections on our relations to the Holy Spirit. Other devotions and prayers have place: for morning and night, Mass, confession and Communion, in honor of the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and some other saints, and the Stations of the Cross.

John Marlin.

**Lacordaire**, by M. V. Woodgate. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. Price, \$1.25.

In the panorama of world history there have been certain periods and events that leaped out, flashed to glory, and then took their place with the honored past: Marathon, Actium, the Milvian Bridge, Aix-la-Chapelle, Hastings, Tyburn, a crumbling Bastille, or a memorable Gettysburg. The Napoleonic era is singular because of its proximity to our own early history, its parallel thought in politics, its effect on trade, emigration, and revolutionary adjustment. Out of that period came an emaciated doctor's son with a keen intellect, piercing eyes which scanned causes not effects, an astuteness in litigation, and possessed of an indomitable zeal for

liberalism. Follow him: he becomes a priest, a dynamic force in the revival of Catholicism in a Post-Revolutionary France that hated religion, the resuscitator of the Dominican Order in a nation that proscribed and denounced the garb of clerics, and the gifted orator (especially at Toulouse, Dijon, and in the great Notre Dame of Paris) that drew all France to him by his mastery of diction and logic, his genius and learning.

Miss Woodgate gives us an unforgettable portrait of this handsome, ascetical-looking preacher. Deftly she intersperses pen-sketches against the dramatic background of that hectic period of unrest: Count de Montalembert, the sanctified Curé of Ars, Louis Philippe, Madame Swetchine, and the proud, pitiable apostate who became a law unto himself, the Abbe Lamennais.

The book, well authenticated and for the lover of biography, is not burdened for the lover of the undocumented page with long quotations, nor slowed up with long references. It is an ideal literary refection for every seminary and convent, a sparkling life rich with interest, an appealing story of a man and a nation.

Maurice E. Powers.

**In Winter We Flourish**—The Life and Letters of Sarah Worthington King Peter, 1807-1877, by Anna Shannon McAllister. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, 298 pp. Illustrated. Price, \$3.50.

Readers of *Ellen Ewing—Wife of General Sherman* will welcome another biography from the pen of Anna McAllister. Happily significant is the title taken from the family crest, an evergreen tree bearing the motto, *In Winter We Flourish*.

The little seedling, which Sarah Worthington's mother brought with her



from Virginia into the wilderness, now grown into a flourishing juniper tree vital and green, symbolizes well the spirit of the Worthington family whose rich heritage, transplanted deep in Ohio's fertile soil, spread its sturdy roots of justice and charity over the surrounding country.

Sarah Anne Worthington, child of wealth, culture and tradition, yet hardy with the endurance and vigor of her pioneer parents, accepted life bravely and gave herself generously to the worthy living of it. Through her fortitude in bearing personal sorrow and her unselfish public service, she developed a personality essentially Catholic and preeminently American.

With charming adaptability, her character stands out equally strong against the stark background of pioneer life in the great northwest, the serene and cultured atmosphere of the east, the "dined and feted" aristocracy of Europe. Nowhere, however, is it more lovable and attractive than against the deep spiritual beauty of the Catholic Church where, after her conversion, she realized her desire to "practice those good works for the bodies and souls of men, which it had always been in her heart to do."

At the age of sixteen Sarah Worthington married Edward King, son of Senator Rufus King of New York. As his wife she dominated, from 1830 until his death in 1836, the social and intellectual life of Cincinnati, whose society Dickens describes as "intelligent, courteous and agreeable." In 1844 she married William Peter, scholarly British consul at Philadelphia. Here she founded the Philadelphia School of Design, America's first school of industrial arts, and one of her most benevolent contributions to under-privileged women. During the Civil War period we find her giving her wealth and personal service to the wounded and sick of both armies.

After her conversion in 1854 her philanthropy was extended to the educational and charitable works of her adopted mother-church. Many religious orders in Cincinnati owe their firm foundation to her generous interest and practical support.

Her letters, sparkling with spirit and keen in their observations, add a delightful personal flavor to the biography. Vivacious and clever, a fluent linguist, she met intimately the royalty and aristocracy of many lands. Consequently, through her life, one becomes acquainted with many interesting and notable people of the nineteenth-century America and Europe.

Anna McAllister has done a real service in introducing to the reading public a woman queenly and unselfish, intellectual and good, whose influence may well be extended to succeeding generations.

Sister Mary Helen, C. S. C.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

*The Organic State*, by Ross J. Hoffman; *A War-Time Prayer Book* (Vexilla Regis), arranged and compiled by Robert Hugh Benson; *Four First Things*, by the Rev. R. H. J. Steuart, S. J.; *Sanctity in America*, by the Most Rev. Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States; *The Seven Last Words*, by T. Gavan Duffy; *Now There Is Beauty and Other Poems*, by Sister M. Therese; *Along a Little Way*, by Frances Parkinson Keyes; *Our American Money—A Collector's Story*, by Joseph Coffin; *Christ in His Mysteries*, *Christ the Ideal of the Monk*, *Christ the Life of the Soul*, by the Rt. Rev. Dom Columba Marmion, O. S. B.; *Mystical Phenomena in the Life of Theresa Neumann*, by the Most Rev. Joseph Teodowicz, Archbishop of Lemberg, translated by the Rev. Rudolph Kraus, Ph. D., S. T. D.

## YOUNGER READERS

### Water

By Rena Stotenburgh Travais

*I like water shut up in a pool,  
Fresh and sparkling and clear and cool  
When summer says, it is time to swim,  
To dip, and dive, and sit on the rim  
And watch how many can master strokes  
Beyond the skill of just common folks.*

*And I like water turned into snow  
When the mercury is not too low,  
For I can coast down the longest hill,  
I'm not afraid of a little spill;  
And I can steer as well as the best,  
And I can race and can beat the rest.  
I never long for the summer back  
When on my sled on a smooth, white track.*

*And I like water, frozen and bright  
On a snappy winter's day or night,  
It seems that my skates are part of me,  
And I cut S or the letter C,  
That's for my name,—some boys can't do  
Letters except an I or U.  
These are the three best things I think  
That water is good for, except to drink.*

### The Secret of the Shuttered Door

By Frances Y. Young

#### Chapter XVIII—Excitement!

THAT WAS A night which the G's remembered all their lives. Gene called Norry's father, said Norry was with them, and asked permission for him to stay the night. The permission was readily granted. So Norry saw it all, to his great satisfaction.

The G-men took themselves off in a silent powerful posse. One shot was fired and that was all they heard. The G-men did not return; they had found what they were looking for!

Gerry told the boys how she had run

as fast as she could to the place where Norry said he had seen Mrs. Blake's car. The engine was just beginning to throb when she reached it so she called: "Mrs. Blake! It's Gerry! Wait, it's very important for Geoff!"

They had let her come up to the car then and Gerry told them about the G-men. For the first time it occurred to her that her warning might give Geoff the chance to warn his pals at the shuttered house, but instead he shrugged and said:

"You win, Ma. I won't go back to them. I'm sick of it anyway. I was afraid not to go back to the gang but if they're taken—well, I don't have to be afraid—not of them. You're sure they're G-men, little girl? But what'll I do?"

"Get away!" advised Gerry. "There's the flying field over there—see the beacons? They don't know about you; Gene told them there were four in the gang; that's all there were in the house tonight; you were out here. But hurry, because they'll go over any minute now! They had called up for the rest of the G-men to join them at Blakes just before I came. We thought maybe that Geoff would come and help the police—but Mrs. Blake said, if he didn't commit any crimes maybe he could go away for awhile and then later on, he could explain. The police will go to the house now and they're kind of excited and—" "they'll make the pinch," added Geoff, "and then—curtains. But the gang will squeal and then where will I be? Jake would betray his own mother for a nickel! And I haven't got any cash—how can I take a plane? There's one goes every night to Detroit and then it's just a short hop over to Canada.



I'll be a visiting tourist; in Canada no G-man could touch me! Oh, if I only had some money!"

"I've got a hundred dollars with me, son," said Mrs. Blake. "I can't see you arrested—and you've not really broken the law—I'll explain it all, Gerry! Let's go in a hurry—we might just miss a plane—I know one takes off about nine o'clock; we can make it! Gerry, you're a good girl! I'll be right home after I see Geoff off! I won't wait for the take-off after I get him there: it isn't fair to you children to delay!"

"You're one swell kid, Gerry," said Geoff. "I didn't know they still came like that—I thought Mother was the last of the good women. I suppose you wouldn't want to shake hands with an escaping criminal?"

Gerry put her hand in his confidently and smiled. "You'll come back and explain it later on—that's why I came—because later on maybe it might be better. Good luck to you and God bless you—and happy landings!"

The car vanished into the night and she returned home as fast as she could, satisfied with the accomplishment of her errand. Geoff wasn't a bad sort at all! Yet she wondered if she had done the right thing; perhaps she had not been fair with the police. Oh, why hadn't she thought it out more clearly? She had taken Geoff's word for it that he wasn't a criminal—yet he had certainly been with them. Why hadn't she just left well enough alone and not run to tell Mrs. Blake? It had seemed right at the time! Gerry knew then that she should have told the G-men all—and let them decide. But poor Mrs. Blake—who had been so very good to them! How could Gerry let Geoff walk right into the trap—and yet—oh, dear! The decision was too hard for her; she wished heartily that she had never been mixed up in the secret of the shuttered door!

After she returned she told her doubts to Gene; he wasn't very reassuring.

"We had no business going against the police, I guess," he said, "but maybe Mrs. Blake will make Geoff come back later. Then maybe he'll give himself up and get a chance to say that he hadn't done anything very bad. Then maybe he will off with a light sentence—we certainly got in deep, Gerry—it's too much of a problem for kids like us—well, let's make some coffee for Mrs. Blake—she'll want something, I guess, when she comes back."

They were just putting the kettle on when there was a sharp knock at the front door. The three children stared at each other. Now what? Mrs. Blake would use her key or else come around here to the kitchen door. Who could it be? One of the criminals who had escaped? Or was it a G-man who had found out about Geoff's escape and was coming here to arrest them for protecting him? At this time of night there could be nobody peaceful—and to give such a sharp, commanding knock!

Footsteps went rapidly around the house and the knock was repeated at the back door! Well, there was nothing to do but open it: the man outside was determined to get in! Booker stood sniffing at the crack of the door and whining wildly; he turned a look on Gene which the latter interpreted as "Let me at him! I'll settle that guy!"

Gene with Gerry standing close to him, flung open the door and saw on the threshold—of all surprising figures!—Doctor Flynn and Mrs. Dorothy! Gerry and Mrs. Dorothy hugged each other and even cried a little, they were so happy, while Gene and the Doctor shook hands over and over again!

"We're back for good!" exulted Mrs. Dorothy. "Doctor looked up a friend who had been wild for the appointment

and he took the lab job, and we're home to stay! Isn't it wonderful! We couldn't wait a minute to come out to see you. We haven't even gone home yet!"

Soon they were seated around the kitchen table, laughing and talking as in old times, except that Mother and Dad were not there. They both liked Norry, the Doctor in particular. He patted him on the back, saying:

"You've got a good doctor, boy, but there are some new treatments for your trouble. I'll tell him about them. And you need more life—more interest. Have you got a dog?" For Norry kept Booker close to him as much as he could.

"His mother won't let him have one," explained Gene. "But Doc, listen to what happened tonight! More fun! Your G's *are* G's! *We're* G-men! Listen!" He told as swiftly as he could the affairs of tonight and the events which had led up to them. When Mrs. Blake came in, tired, pale and sad, Mrs. Dorothy took tender care of her. To have seen her son, and to know really that he had been in with a gang of criminals and then to have him go so far away again was very hard for Mrs. Blake. His last words before she turned the car away at the air-port were that from now on he was going to go straight. Mrs. Dorothy and the Doctor assured her that almost certainly he would; he had had a bad fright tonight which should teach him a lesson!

"Geoff was a good little boy," said his mother, "but he *would* read all that trash and he thought crime was pretty smart. And this gang around here was not too good for him—and anyone could always make Geoff do what they wanted; so when he ran away, he got in with this group of counterfeiters. And then they wouldn't let him get away. They always threatened that they would tell the police, and sometimes

that they would hurt me—so he never had the strength to leave them."

"But how did they happen to come here?" asked Gene.

"Well, they had worked in different parts of the country and it got pretty hot for them, as they say. They were always wanting Geoff to blackmail me but he wouldn't, I'll say that for him! But they drifted to Chicago, looking for a place. Geoff knew of this little hut that summer visitors used, and which had been abandoned even before Geoff left home. They have confederates in all the large cities so they got their machinery out there and went to work. They had Geoff fed up with a lot of Communism; the government was all unfair, they said, so it was all right to make their own money; they planned to make a half a million here—most of it small money—and then the gang was going to separate and work the rest of it off, each having his share."

"But wasn't Geoff afraid you would see him?" asked the doctor.

"He never went out in the day-time and when he did he disguised himself some way; one of the gang used to dress like an old woman, so if anybody came snooping he could order them away and nobody would suspect. They had a handcar—one of their extra men has a job on the railroad, so he helped out that way in passing the 'queer' money from these parts. The funny part is, that although they were turning out thousands of dollars they ran out of real money and they didn't want to pass any fake money around here where it could be traced—so to get food they broke into my house; that's where the bacon and eggs went. They wanted to take more but Geoff got his old gun and wouldn't let them! He told me that it was true that he never committed a crime, himself. They used him as a driver for the car—and he cooked for them and was a good man to keep



watch, for he was the only one of them all who didn't drink. He made himself useful and so he managed to keep his hands clean enough although his association with them was criminal in itself. But they threatened to torture and to kill him if he ever quit. He hadn't the strength of character to break away. Tonight, he resolved to try to save himself—at last—that was what he wanted me to meet him for. I urged him to give himself up—assured him that he would get justice if only he would—but at the last moment, when Gerry told me that the G-men were actually there—I just couldn't do anything but help him get away. And then I was sorry—it was a hard decision for a mother to make!"

"He left a box of money in my room," broke in Gene. "I wonder why?"

"A plant of some kind," surmised the Doctor. "The others put it there so they could threaten to tell the police that Geoff's mother was concealing false money. Or else for safe storage purposes until they would need it again. Lucky they did, or we wouldn't be spending such a pleasant evening! I'm sorry, Mrs. Blake, but Geoff did promise to turn over a new leaf; he'll keep his word!"

"I KNOW HE will!" returned his mother, "and now all I can do is to hope and to pray!"

The kitchen door opened again; Geoff walked in. He walked directly to his mother.

"I'm not going. I've learned my lesson, Ma. Seeing you tonight and the way that good little kid tried to save me—" he looked over at Gerry—"makes me ashamed to be a coward any more. Here's your money; I can't take it—you worked too hard for it! I'm sick of hiding and running away. Here I am and if the G-men come and get me, well, anyway, that'll be over; I've always dreaded it and—well, here I am!"

(Conclusion Next Week.)

## The Silent Treatment

By Wouter Van Garrett

THERE COME TIMES when we must be on the defensive. Even though we have been careful to be fair and kind to those about us there are bound to be moments when we receive treatment that seems cruel and unjust. Silly rumors may get started, and untruths may be passed from one pair of lips to another. When we first hear about these things our very first impulse is to stand up and defend ourselves.

That may be the wise course—on rare occasions. It may help to stand right up and state your case, and show your colors. But, more often, that course will only make matters worse. To take time to refute a silly lie is to give it an importance it does not deserve.

That brings us to the silent treatment. There come times when the best way to treat a rumor, or a silly report, is to ignore it. Pretend you don't know about it. It really is too silly to take up a moment of your time, or a tiny bit of your thinking, so simply keep quiet. Your friends know you for what you are; they have had ample opportunity to see what sort of character you have been trying to build. They will also know that every person who rises above the crowd must expect to be "hit below the belt" at times. If, here and there, a friend chooses to believe what is being said, you can rest assured that he is not the kind of friend who will stick when you really need him.

You have a certain dignity of character to maintain, not the sort of dignity that shows itself in superiority to others, but the sort that knows it could never stoop to mean and small conduct. Keep that dignity, and never stoop to meet mud with mud. Rise above certain things, and stay above them—even when they are thrown at you.

## ❧ The Weekly Postscript ❧

By M. M. Wirries

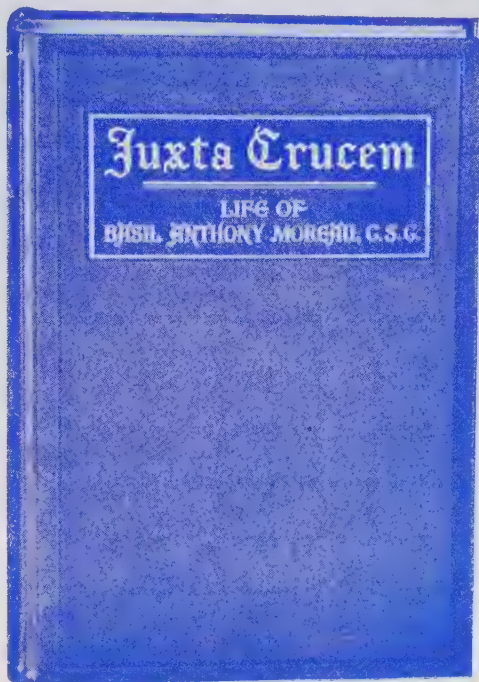
WHEN GRANDMOTHER came back from her Indiana visit in October, she brought a whole sack of Indiana seeds from the most enthusiastic flower lover we know. There were at least four dozen packets, marked in the flower lover's writing. "Zinnias," said one packet, "All colors"; "Little Marigolds," said another; "Morning Glories, large and blue"; "Larkspur"; "Rose Moss"; "Petunias, rosy morn"; "Cosmos"; "Four O'Clocks"—thus ran the inscriptions. But: "Red flowers, very pretty"; "Blue flowers—plant these once—stay out all winter"; "Gray-blue flowers—don't know name"; "Mixed colors—a kind of everlasting flower"—so, too, ran the inscriptions. We got out the southwestern seed book and looked up petunias, zinnias, cosmos and whatnot—everything known. Some we found classified according to times of planting, and some we didn't. We planted the ones we were certain about, and reserved the others. As for the red flowers and the blue flowers and the mixed flowers without names, we poked them doubtfully back in the paper sack and waited for Spring. Now it is February; the birds are nesting, the sweet peas are blooming, the grass is greening. Do you know what we've done with the seeds? We've planted them—*all in one bed*. Blithely and cheerfully we scattered them here and there over the surface of a well-prepared seed bed, and raked them in. We don't know what will come from the planting. But we have a fair idea. There may be a red flower, "very pretty"; there may be some mixed flowers "kind of everlasting"; there may be two or three blue flowers that will "stay out all winter." But, first, and above all, there will be: Bermuda grass, lots of it; wild mus-

tard, flowers very yellow; burr clover, popularly known as "bullheads"; and probably a few seedlings of mesquite, wandered over from a nearby vacant lot to remind us that with just a little encouragement and no water we could revert to desert. Because, so far, that is the kind of garden our southwestern efforts have produced.

BUT ANYHOW, the sweet peas on the front fence are doing all right, and will until the sun gets so hot that the wire fence cooks them (We know now that we should have put a small wooden frame in front of the fence and strung them on strings which don't run such high temperatures). And the Candytuft and Bachelors' Buttons in the bed before the house are thriving (I wonder: *Are they Candytuft and Bachelors' Buttons?* I planted four kinds of flowers in that bed, and Tug o' War dug up two kinds;—the two remaining species represent the survival of the fittest, but I'm not just sure which were the fittest. He dug up the stakes with the labels on them, too).

We are going to have Petunias (I hope). The parentheses are inspired by the memory that the Navajo boys have not yet strung protecting chickenwire around those Petunia and Stock beds. How do I know they are Petunias and Stocks? Well, I'll tell you. *I bought them at the nursery.* And I knew it was time to set them out because the nurseryman told me so. For the same reason I hope to have Larkspur. I say "hope," because I know my dog. He hunts field mice in the most aggravating places. Each morning he goes out bright and early and digs a fine new hole, two feet deep. And usually—yes, *invariably*—he digs it in my flowerbed.





▲

"NOT only Notre Dame enthusiasts but all admirers of sanctity will be interested in the life-story of the Founder of the Congregation of Holy Cross, which conducts Notre Dame University. **JUXTA CRUCEM**, the life-story of Basil Anthony Moreau, C.S.C., by G. M. C. Fitzgerald, C.S.C., tells the story of a man who died like his Divine Master, disgraced and misunderstood, whose life-work bore fruit a hundredfold after his death." — *America*.

▼

## LIFE OF THE FOUNDER OF THE CONGREGATION OF HOLY CROSS

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**JUXTA CRUCEM**, as this biography is called, reveals the story of a faithful disciple of Christ Crucified, a devoted son of the Mother of Sorrows to whom was granted the sublime but painful privilege of standing beside her on Calvary's hill. It is the history of the founding and development of the priests, brothers and sisters of Holy Cross whose Motherhouse was transferred from France to Notre Dame, Indiana, during the religious persecution at the beginning of the present century and whose principal establishments in America are the University of Notre Dame and St. Mary's of the Lake in the United States, and St. Joseph's Oratory, Montreal, Canada. In telling his story, Father Fitzgerald admirably combines scholarly accuracy with literary charm.

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— ♦ — ♦ — ♦ —

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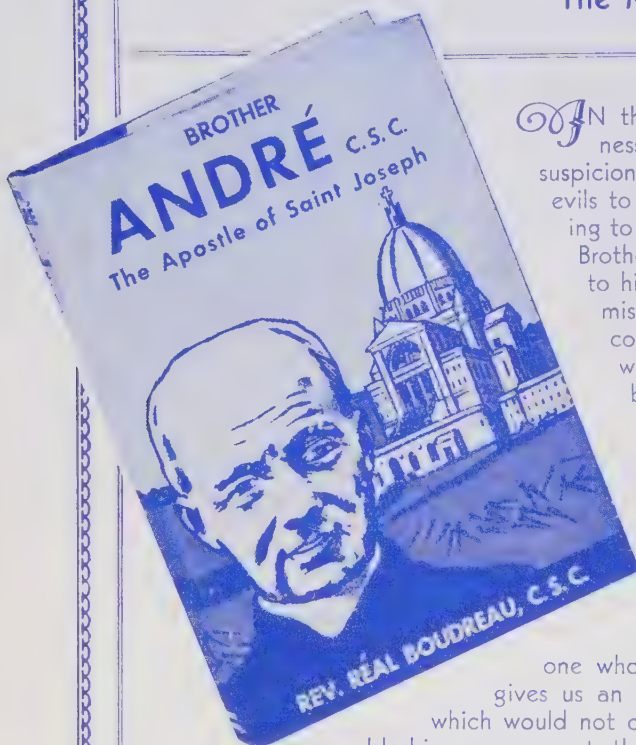
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# THE AVE MARIA

## CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

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1865 — 1940

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, U. S. A.

#### NOTES AND REMARKS

Lieut. General Drum: Laetare Medalist  
Illustrating Catholic Action . . . .  
Rabbi Isserman Replies . . . .  
Mexico's Trouble . . . .  
The Income Tax Riddle . . . .

#### SYMBOLISM OF PALMS

The palm may be traced to Jewish and pagan sources as a symbol of triumph. Like much else, the Church has adopted it as her symbol of spiritual victory.

By RICHARD J. COLLENTINE, C.S.C.

#### A ST. PATRICK'S YESTERDAY

The recall of the author's childhood journey from her home to Dublin, on the feast of Ireland's patron Saint.

By KATHERINE EDELMAN

#### THE MARTYRDOM OF MARY

Suitable reading for the feast of the Seven Dolors, celebrated this year on Friday, March 15.

By CHRISTOPHER J. O'TOOLE, C.S.C.



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CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

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## NEXT WEEK

Charlotte M. Meagher, 346 Bryant St., Buffalo, N. Y., gives memories of the Holy Week and Easter ritual in the Eternal City; *Holy Week and Easter in Rome*.

The Rev. T. S. Brennan, Berkeley, Calif., offers the first of a series of five short essays which will appear from time to time—*My Habitual Thoughts*.

Eva M. Ward, 50 Edgewood Ave., Haverhill, Mass., offers an Easter short story—*My Offering Unto Him*.

Payments in advance. Make money orders payable to THE AVE MARIA, Notre Dame, Indiana; or, register letters containing money.

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## OBITUARY

Rev. James T. Higgins, Diocese of Philadelphia.

Sister M. Serena, C. S. C.; Sister M. Monica Clarke, Sisters of Charity; Sister Mary Virginia Dean, Sisters of Mercy; Rev. Mother Francis De Sales Reynolds, Sisters of the Visitation.

Mr. Wm. Henry Greenwood, Philip Maher, James Hogan, Spenser Charles Waterman, Miss Catherine Baab, John Fuhs, Mrs. C. M. Hoey, J. McDevitt, Miss Mary E. O'Kain, Michael Stapleton, Conrad Zagwyn, Jeremiah Sullivan, Michael T. Cosgrove, Mrs. C. Groome, Mrs. Anastatia B. Reynolds, Mrs. Mary Cable, William M. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. H. Kreimberg. May they rest in peace!

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# THE AVE MARIA

CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

VOL. 51, (N. S.) NO. 11 [Copyright, 1940: The Ave Maria Press]

MARCH 16, 1940

## World News in Brief

**THE CHURCH** In Chicago, Most Reverend Samuel A. Stritch was enthroned as Archbishop in Holy Name Cathedral. . . ¶ In Washington, the first anniversary of the coronation of Pope Pius XII was observed in the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception. . . ¶ In St. Louis, Kenrick Seminary announced the formation of a national Association of Catholic Correspondence Courses. . . ¶ In London, the *Daily Telegraph* reported that the persecution of religious in Czechoslovakia is equal to that in Poland. . . ¶ A broadcast to Germany, urging peace, was made by Father Martindale, S. J. . . ¶ The Reuters news agency reported a new Nazi-Soviet pact against all faith. . . ¶ In New York, Baptists groups continued to attack Myron Taylor and the Roosevelt-Vatican pact. . . ¶ The Mother Cabrini film had its first showing at the Belmont Theatre.

**AT HOME** In Washington, Representative Reynolds (D., N. C.) asked the government to requisition certain Caribbean Islands from France and England as payment for long-standing debts. Serious Senate action was anticipated. . . The Senate voted to ban income snooping in the census. . . The New Deal's use of federal funds for utility propaganda was bared. . . The Byrd expedition fund was cut from the House appropriations bill. . . A new refunding operation extended the Treasury's debt policy. . . Representative Dempsey (D., N. M.)

asked for an investigation of Red and Nazi activities in Mexico in so far as that country is the base of their operations. . . New Deal Senators supported by slush funds opposed the bill prohibiting government workers from political activity. . . ¶ In Houston, the Remington Arms Co. was indicted for violating neutrality by smuggling arms to Mexico. . . ¶ In Atlanta, the A. F. L. announced it would fight the prosecution of building trades. . . ¶ In Los Angeles, Democrats were accused of a huge shakedown plot involving turf operations. . . ¶ In industry, an increase in steel buying was anticipated. . . Both New York and Chicago attacked slum problems. . . Air-lines reported improved operations.

**ABROAD** In Moscow, Reds reported the capture of islands in Viipuri Bay. Yet Finns denied abandoning or burning the city nearby. Meantime, Stalin's terms of peace were received by Finns. . . ¶ In Paris, virtual prohibition became effective. . . Women and boys were drafted for factory work. . . Paris prepared to receive Sumner Welles. . . ¶ In Berlin, Nazi officials expressed regret over their attack on two Belgian planes, as retaliation measures arose in Brussels. Meantime, the German government studied new ways to foil the economic blockade. . . ¶ London reported the sinking of ships and air raids, with losses to Germany and the Allies. . . The luxury liner, *Queen Elizabeth*, dashed for New York.

## Notes and Remarks

The University of Notre Dame this year goes to the United States army for her Laetare Medal choice. Lieutenant-

**Lt.-Gen. Drum:** Drum, Command-  
**Laetare Medalist** er, Second Army  
Corps, Fort Ham-

ilton, N. Y., is her man. Offhand, we do not recall any honor roster that so emphasizes by contrasts and comparisons the universality of the Catholic Church as does this long line of Laetare Medalists. Poets, judges, navy and army officers, social workers, physicians, orators, charity givers, journalists, historians, singers and the songless march by in unequal heights of achievement and renown. They are unlike in outlook, temper and service, but meet in a common loyalty to the ancient, slow-moving, much-loved, much-hated Catholic Church. Lieutenant-General Drum is a Catholic by birth, by tradition and the practice of his life. In his parish church he is worshipper and communicant in the humble pew of his humblest soldier. That is one among the chief reasons for his selection to this premier layman's honor in the United States. There are other reasons of course, but the one indicated is important. Some among us would approve the choice as a peace time gesture, but will question its wisdom in a wartime madness. THE AVE MARIA, which is always in the ways of peace, is not of this mind. The selection is a polite notice that the United States, a peaceful nation striving for peace, has two arms—navy and army—to maintain this peace against aggression, subterfuge or territorial ambitions. The act of the University of Notre Dame indicates that all creeds, classes, races within the United States are of the United States, and that her soldiers and sailors, commanding or serving, spring from all the fountains of our diversi-

fied life and flow as diversified streams to a common meeting of waters—our nation. In honoring General Drum, the University of Notre Dame honors our army, the chiefest function of which is to maintain our traditions of amity and peace in dignity and honor, free from fights for footholds that make Europe a centuries' old battleground.

Miss Sara McPike, resident of Yonkers, N. Y., President of the St. Catherine Welfare Association, New York City, writes

**Illustrating** us a letter which  
**Catholic Action** we quote in part.  
It illustrates what

Catholic women can do and are doing to distribute the fact-finding of much of the Catholic press. We hope Miss McPike will forgive us for presenting her name to our readers, since her example deserves to be revealed to so-called Catholic intellectuals who tilted their noses at us because in the Spanish Civil War we refused to follow the lead-strings of a philosopher at the sound of whose name they raise their hats and become contemplative.

I attach a clipping which has its origin in editorials and items from THE AVE MARIA. I noticed that the one paper we have in this city was writing editorials favorable to the Loyalists. I reminded the editor that sixty per cent of the people of Yonkers were Catholics and they would appreciate his publishing statements from the Nationalist side. *The Herald-Statesman* did publish every article I sent, taken whole from your weekly or *America* with the result that when the issue of lifting the embargo became acute we had the support of every pastor in Yonkers—twenty-one. The Senators from New York received more telegrams, etc., than from any other state. Of course, Father Coughlin helped mightily.

Miss Sara McPike encloses a clipping from *The Herald-Statesman* which carries its own comment:



Miss Sara McPike of 2 Elinor Place yesterday received a New Year's card and a letter from General Francisco Franco, head of the present Spanish government, thanking her for her work in presenting the Franco cause to the people of Yonkers in the recent Civil War.

Miss McPike wrote several letters to *The Herald-Statesman*, based on articles which had appeared in the Jesuit weekly, *America*, and in *THE AVE MARIA*, publication of the Congregation of Holy Cross. It was these letters that won her General Franco's gratitude.

Miss McPike is president of the St. Catherine Welfare Association of New York City and prominent in Roman Catholic activities.

A few weeks ago we quoted from a letter of Dr. Kane, who had resigned from the St. Louis Round Table because of certain remarks

### Rabbi Isserman Replies

of Rabbi Isserman.

The Doctor said:

"The Rabbi's re-

marks about the Irish were also in poor taste. It ill becomes a man, especially a clergyman pledged to promote religious harmony, to criticize or joke about the woes or troubles of a nation which throughout her history has fought bigotry and for religious freedom." The other day we received a letter from the Rabbi saying: "Neither in public nor in private, nor at the meeting referred to, nor at any other time, have I made slurring references about the Catholic people of Ireland. I am sensitive to and sympathetic with the aspirations and sufferings of people everywhere. I believe in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Wherever I have spoken and whatever I have done has helped to make not merely for tolerance but also for appreciation of all peoples. Particularly have my attitudes been sympathetic to the Irish and my relationship with many the friendliest." We quote this letter of Rabbi Isserman gladly as indicating his repudiation of racial intolerance. We wish the Rabbi were equally forthright in repudiating the stupidity of

confounding the present efforts of Pope Pius XII and President Roosevelt to achieve European peace through co-operative understanding, as a scheme to bring about a union of Church and State. We doubt if the ministers themselves entertain any such confusion about the United States-Vatican get-together, but it afforded them a chance to give their much ado-about-nothing local habitation and a name.

Roberto Pina, in an article in *The Saturday Evening Post*, blames the United States, in great part, for the troubles that pre-

**Mexico's Trouble** vail in Mexico.

He explains that votes mean nothing "south of the border" for the reason that they are counted secretly by the party in power. It is therefore impossible to get rid of a bad ruler by that method. There is another method that might be used—revolt. But as soon as this means is undertaken the United States steps in and says, "Now, now, boys! Not so rough!" This brings about peace, to be sure, but it also brings an ever-growing resentment against the gang in office and against the foreign power that is keeping it there. The point is that Mexicans cannot discard their officials by peaceful means, and they are effectively prevented by the United States Government from changing them by violence. That explains why the Calles régime burned churches and images and killed priests and forced anti-religious propaganda into the public schools, although the overwhelming majority of the people is deeply Catholic. Mr. Pina believes that if the United States would leave Mexico alone and not give such support to the party in power that a bad president could not be put out when the people desired his removal, Mexico would get along much better than it is getting along now. The Monroe Doc-

trine, he says, is a put-up job in that a great fuss is made over the need of defending people who do not wish to be defended, from a danger that does not exist, in order to keep strangers away from America's twenty unwilling stepchildren.

---

A recent number of *Fortune* states, in an unsigned article, that the titanic problems, domestic and international,

### The Only Solution

with which humanity is faced today can by no conceivable set of circumstances be solved by materialism. "Our country," says the author, "is a practical exponent of Christianity. Not that the United States is Christian in any formal sense but it is Christian in the sense that the basic teachings of Christianity are in the blood-stream. The central doctrine of its political system—the inviolability of the individual—is inherited from 1900 years of Christian insistence upon the immortality of the soul. The American owes all this to the fight the Church put up during long centuries in Europe; and he owes it to the leadership that the Church provided in the founding and political integration of his bounteous land." But he believes that the Church today is to a great extent being led instead of leading, and he regrets the fact "because the ultimate answers to the questions which humanity raises are not, and never have been, in the flesh. If these matters are left in the hands of the laity to be solved on materialistic grounds, civilization will recede. And so long as the Church pretends to preach absolute spiritual values, but actually preaches realistic secondary values, it will hasten the process of disintegration." This seems to be almost a plea for Catholicism, since the Catholic Church is today as always, preaching absolute spiritual values. The Protestant churches have

given up practically all their dogmas in order that they may not offend their congregations, so that it is no longer necessary to believe in the divinity of Christ to be a member of most churches, not to mention lesser dogmas. They have also given up their moral tenets, allowing divorce, birth control, and abortion. These churches are being led by their congregations, and as the writer points out, they are accomplishing nothing. We must get back to authority and leadership—the one true Church.

---

We sometimes hear it said that there is so much complexity about the making out of income taxes, it is un-

### The Income Tax Riddle

wise for a person who has had no experience in the matter to try it. By hiring an expert and paying him a substantial wage, we are told, the business man will save money in the end, because the expert knows just what things are exempt. It seems a sad commentary on the system that a man who is running a big business is not able to handle his own tax payments, but our readers may get an idea of the trouble if they read the income tax law. Let us quote just one sentence that has to do with items exempt from tax: "The following items are partially exempt from tax (a) Amounts received (other than amounts paid by reason of the death of the insured and interest payments on such amounts and other than amounts received as annuities) under a life insurance or endowment contract, but if such amounts (when added to amounts received before the taxable year under such contract) (except the aggregate premiums or consideration paid (whether or not paid during the taxable year) then the excess shall be included in gross income. . . ." This is only part of a sentence, but already it



has in it three parentheses. It is a model of the use of language to conceal thought. We dare say that any ordinary writer could put down what is meant in three or four declarative sentences if he could penetrate the mystery of confusion. Of course, the business man must consult an expert. And why is he an expert? He has waylaid the author of the law and by a series of questions discovered what the writer of the law had in mind, assuming he remembered what it was.



The epidemic of backbiting seems to have caught the fancy of Washington officials. Lately, Mr. Dies was thoroughly smeared. Now it

### Winter Pastime

is Mr. Hoover of the G-Men who is set upon by enemies. There is little doubt that he has made many enemies by his relentless and whole-hearted pursuit of criminals. And while this devotion to duty has been a feather in his cap, the feather has become so prominent it hides any number of smaller heads straining to get within the circle of the limelight. Professional jealousy has resulted. Again, Mr. Hoover's penetrating activities have hampered the questionable activities of some party interests, thus curbing the hitherto free-handed execution of political policies. Rumor has it that Mr. Corcoran of the White House is being crowded into obscurity, and does not see how he or his job can survive under present conditions. Regardless of this formidable opposition, we feel sure Mr. Hoover will not be forced to resign in favor of political conniving. He has done a remarkable service for the American people in stamping out crime, particularly that of kidnapping. It will be a happy occasion when the Federal Bureau of Investigation tears itself free from all politics, to pursue its work wholeheartedly to the advantage of the nation. This

fact takes on added significance when we recall that G-Men ignored all Communistic investigations, yet pounced avidly on the first rumor of a Christian Front. Mr. Hoover must find it difficult to justify such partiality. If let alone to do his work, very likely there would be little reason for him to make such distinctions in his campaign.



Every second mail brings us at least one scathing letter for favoring Hitler; also at least one for favoring the Allies.

### War Correspondence

And two correspondents complain that we follow a "milk-and-water" policy of "saying nothing positive." Frankly we do not blame people for being excited, seeing how excited most of the world is. Every day we pray that the United States may not get excited and war-mad even as we offer the same petition in our own behalf. Of course, it is vastly more important that our government stay in the middle of the road, than that a mere citizen stay there. We do not like being scolded in every mail; but when we think of blackouts, food-rationing, worries over raids and ship sinkings, fears for the lives of men on sea and on land, we conclude our lot is happy in comparison with many millions of men and women in nearly every country of Europe. We try to be impartial in a world of suspicions and hatreds. We consider all reports that come to us and discard three-fourths of them. We avoid superlative speech on war issues but ardently urge our own country to show gratitude for its isolation by continuing to remain isolated. Well, if you experience nervousness, and if a stinging letter to the editor will relieve the nerve fibres, make for the typewriter and pound out what you think of him. And, for classification purposes, conclude, "Nervously Yours."

# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

## Morning Mass

THE PHRASES, "divine banquet," "heavenly feast" are called into frequent usage by pulpit orators when referring to the Mass.

Doubtless, it would be quite fitting to qualify a Solemn High Mass as a "banquet." There are those decorative rubrical additions that appeal to the senses. We have the sense appeal through flowers, the glow of lights, the odor of incense, the stir of music, all of which contribute to the beauty of ceremonial without changing the essential character of the sacrifice.

There is what we may classify as the private Mass which fits very well into the description of a domestic housekeeper's meal. There are no decorative bouquets on the table, no vast ambitious lighting effects, no smoke of incense, no tumult of music; just a simple, unvarnished sacrifice of muttered prayers before a lesser number of worshippers: a simple morning Mass.

Let us carry on the figure a little further. Let us say it is a simple, divine breakfast partaken of by some travelling priest arrived suddenly and unexpectedly at some parish church in some strange city. The spiritual dining room has been cleared away; the morning Masses of the pastor and curates have been said earlier. There is the business of resetting the altar, as the housewife resets the breakfast table. There are things to be gone after and prepared. Perhaps the bottle of wine is in the rectory cooler. An altar boy, after you have found one, goes for the wine of sacrifice. The altar breads are in some safe place or other. The place must be found and the large particle set on the paten. It is a long process of

seeking and finding, much after the manner of the priest's housekeeper who searches her pantry for the grapefruit and the coffee and the bread for the visiting priest who has suddenly popped in for breakfast. And because this Mass is, in a sense, out of time and in a strange place there are often sudden discoveries during the sacrifice which will necessitate an altar boy hurrying to the sacristy or perhaps to the rectory, much as the housewife hurries in the kitchen for something wanted for the sudden and unexpected breakfast of the visiting priest.

You have noticed, of course, that there has been no attempt in all this to present mystical or spiritual significances in referring to the Mass in terms of food. These rather prosaic similarities between the sanctuary, the altar, the home kitchen and the dining room have been mainly kept in mind.

THE EUCHARIST as a food of the soul, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass as a divine medium through which this food is prepared and presented to us, have been discoursed upon time and time again. The more homely presentation here offered springs from remembrance and experience rather than from reading and meditation. You recall one morning in a wait between trains visiting the sacristy of a large city church in order to say a morning Mass. There was the approach, the wait, the server to be beckoned out of school, the altar to be prepared, the altar bread to be discovered in some reposition, the wine to be fetched out of the parsonage refrigerator—all reminiscent of the parish housekeeper who has to seek and search and find in order to furnish the unexpected priestly visitor his morning breakfast.



# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## The Symbolism of Palms

By Richard J. Collentine, C. S. C.

**T**HOSE WHO MISS their ham or steak during the Lenten breakfast may be prone to grow calendar-conscious now and then, especially as the end of the penitential season draws near. Their interest is liable to be quickened with the approach of Palm Sunday, even when it does not fall on St. Patrick's Day to revive hopes for the disappearance of boundary lines. Should conscience suggest that this interest leans to the vegetative or animal side, one might squeeze an excuse from the thought of the jubilant "Alleluia" on Holy Saturday.

Only a short interval still remains to the season of penance, but some bitter, heartrending ordeals in the life of Our Lord still remain to be pondered. The palms and the accompanying applause offer a contrast which only emphasizes the bitterness. Hence, some reflection on the meaning of the Palms will be seasonable.

The mention of palms suggests a word with a threadbare jacket: symbolism. As used here it signifies the attachment of an inner religious meaning to outward actions or things. The visible details appearing in the spectacle of the Good Shepherd convey a message to the sinner. He may feel that a mere push would send him into hell; but he finds hope and courage in the sight of the Good Shepherd, because the "inner meaning" is infinite mercy.

Palms have a symbolism dating back to pre-Christian times. The inner meaning may have been far removed from religion; but it was there nevertheless

and promptly recognized by the people, when for example the pagan armies returned victorious and decked with palms. Victory and triumph are age-old suggestions of the palm-branch. Guide-book authors, often endowed with infallibility by tourists, write like a reporter with a "scoop" when they point out the pagan origin of certain symbols in Catholic monuments. This is a labor of love for an author with bigoted leanings. A case in point would be the association of victory with the palm-branch in Catholic liturgy, a symbolism that clearly has a touch of pagan origin. However, in the adoption of symbols as well as in all other moves she makes, the Catholic Church can be relied upon to detect anything not in accord with faith and morals. Her infallibility has a divine source. She has taken the ancient pagan symbolism of the palms and replaced the triumph of ancient Romans, for example, by real triumph,—eternal victory.

**F**AR MORE ancient evidence of a like association in the palms is found among the Jews on the feast of the Tabernacles. This feast recalled the sojourn in the wilderness, when their only shelter was that afforded by tents. God granted them a triumphant entry into the Promised Land and a permanent place of worship at Jerusalem. They commemorated this victory and expressed their thanks by the use of palms.

Early in the Christian Era there is a link between palms and martyrdom. The victories of the martyrs are the

most brilliant ever recorded, after that of Calvary. In monastery dining-rooms religious now and then hear, in the martyrology, of a servant of God who was thrown to the wild beasts, or lay on a bed of hot coals, "fell asleep in the Lord," and "received the palm of martyrdom." In recent times the palm is associated with a martyr who did not succumb to wild beasts or lie on a bed of hot coals. On September 30, 1897, a few minutes after Saint Thérèse of Lisieux expired, a little branch of palm was placed in her hand. She died a martyr of love. When her body was exhumed thirteen years later the palm was found preserved. It is now kept at the shrine of Lisieux.

**P**ALMS HAVE long had a definite and prominent place in the ceremonies of the Church on the Sunday that ushers in Holy Week. When they began to occupy that place is an item which has given historians some material for argument, with a result not entirely exceptional among them: disagreement. One enactment, which is pointed out in the Fourth Century, deals with the blessing of palms. It was ordered by the Bishop of Edessa, and applied to Mesopotamia. Some modern historians, after much sifting, conclude that the practice of holding the palms was the first step; then came the custom of carrying them processionally; and at a still later date came the rite of blessing them.

For many generations Palm Sunday has aroused an expectant feeling among Catholics. Sunday morning or Saturday evening someone in the home will remind the family circle of the palms to be given out next day. Perhaps a member with an arthritic joint or a feverish bunion will be prodded into recalling the Lenten ordeal of standing while the Passion is read. He could dodge the ordeal by sitting down, but that would start busybodies discussing his age.

In the Church the worshippers, particularly the children, will require some time to exhaust the novelty of the scene: the heap of palms, then the blessing, and the quiet upheaval as people combine reverence and eagerness making their way to the railing. For many minutes thereafter there will be a peculiar rustling sound throughout the church, which makes the day an abiding memory. In some homes it will take weeks to tire of admiring the designs into which deft fingers have been able to twist, curl, fold, and otherwise coax a few palm leaves.

The mention of standing while the Passion is read recalls a belief that was current some years ago in certain localities. It was one of those beliefs as halloved as if it had been the object of a special revelation: the special indulgence rewards for a motionless stance during the Passion. Some took no chances, and as soon as the reading began they planted their feet as firmly as if someone were going to toss them a sack of wheat. The rubric forbade the slightest shift to one side or the other; no heed could be paid to the protests of arches, neck-muscles, or lumbar regions. While it is praiseworthy to stand with the palm in hand during the Passion, and it is charitable not to madden fellow-worshippers by neurotic squirming, neither item of conduct is prescribed under pain of censure.

**O**NE LITURGICAL authority states "the most suitable palm is the Oriental date-palm if it is procurable." But this latter species is many leagues beyond the reach of Catholics in some areas. In certain sections, especially when dirt roads axle-deep in mud were the only highways, a pastor who could provide real palms of any brand would be a wonder-worker in the eyes of the people. In these non-metropolitan centers the pious faithful went into nearby timber and gathered evergreen



sprigs. These were blessed on Palm Sunday, devoutly received by the people, and then taken home where they were as reverently kept as if they had come from the valley of the Cedron.

**T**HOSE WHO have a Missal can learn the message the Church conveys through her palms. The prayers make clear that the palms are more than a variant in the liturgical program; more than something to take home as a souvenir of a special day in the calendar. The prayers exhort us to go forth "to meet Christ with good works carrying palms and through Him to enter eternal joy." The faithful learn further that the palms bring to the homes security from adversity and danger. God's protecting arm ensures this, unless the inmates see fit to decline this merciful protection through certain forms of misbehavior. Husbands and wives, as well as children, should be able without much jogging of memory to name a few of the missteps that bar the way to this protection.

The Redemption mentioned in the prayer as a condition for this protection postulates a loyalty that puts the Redeemer in first place. A brand of loyalty that confronts the Incarnate Word with a rival would be a misnomer, for "no man can serve two masters." Fitting in as a condition also must be charity, with the ingredients that make it real instead of bogus, something with substance instead of only a veneer masking "a heathen and a publican" within. A sample of this veneer would be a smile like that of the cat which Alice met in Wonderland.

The inner meaning of the Palms is victory and triumph. Not the victory of ancient pagans moving along the Via Appia decked with palms and loaded with spoils; the Christian symbolism of the palms might well point to victory in which the winner would be a loser in the eyes of the world. Bishops,

priests, and religious crumpling before a Soviet firing squad could be victors according to the inner meaning of the Palms. Easter morning proves that one might be crucified and still achieve this victory.

Christ is the Victor over the prince of death: these words from a prayer in the blessing of the palms will sum up their meaning. This is consoling to all, particularly to those for whom defeat is a habit in battles with the tempter. Such a triumph surpasses all others. Even Finland will not match it, even should she annex Russia. It is the triumph of Christ, and the ultimate triumph of the members of His Mystical Body.



## A St. Patrick's Yesterday

By Katherine Edelman

**H**OW SWIFTLY memory unrolls the curtain of the years! Today runs back into yesterday, and that yesterday a St. Patrick's Day years and years away! . . . In the valley around Toomevara, the little fields are awakening, the thrush and blackbird are making song. Along the crooked breen shy violets are peeping from tangled grasses, and the hardy blackthorn is covered with bloom. Daffodils are blowing along the winding banks of the brook, and green shamrocks are showing their triple leaves in meadow and glen.

In the white-washed farmhouse, there is great rushing and running. The Man of the House is making ready to go in search of the shamrock, a hallowed custom that has never been broken. One of us rush after him, holding onto the strong hand that he reaches out. Up through the old furze patch, and on by the Big Lough and the Little Lough, small bodies of water between the meeting of our four middle fields, we pause a moment to watch the

cattle drinking from the bright, cool depths.

In the misted blue distance we see the Devil's Bit, a jagged bite taken out of the mountain by Satan himself. Westward, Keeper Hill rises against the sky, its crest still blanketed with the gray mists of the morning. To the east, under the bright flame of the sun, we see Knockane Castle, where the O'Callaghan brothers were outwitted by the leprechaun when they almost had their hands on a crock of gold.

**T**HE MAN OF the House has been using his eyes along the way. Soon we are returning, the small pail almost filled with shamrocks. The family crowd around as we enter. To one, and to another, the Man of the House gives a spray of the sacred little plant. We are going to wear them proudly through the day, to pin them on coat and caubeen, to show our love for the great Saint who brought us the Word of God.

Then there is great discussion of how we are going to celebrate the big day. For one of us—a little girl, with wide, wondering eyes,—the day means a first ride upon a train, a first glimpse of a great city. We are taking an excursion trip to Dublin. Gloriously excited, we drive along the ancient road to the station. We crowd into the small carriage, and soon, with a long whistle from the engine, the train pulls away from Nenagh. We are on our way!

We come to the first stop, Cloughjordan, a small Irish village, where great trees meet over the narrow roads. We pause only a minute. There was no one to tell us that a small boy was growing up in the town, whose name would be known throughout the length and breadth of the world as a great patriot and a great poet. Of those who knew Thomas McDonagh, there was none to prophesize that he would give his life in Kilmainham jail, Dublin, May 3, 1916, for the Irish Cause; but not be-

fore he poured his gay, adventurous spirit into lines like these:

Wild and perilous holy things,  
Flaming with a martyr's blood,  
And the joy that laughs and sings  
When a foe must be withstood,  
Joy of headlong, happy chance  
Leading on the battle dance.

A longer delay at Roscrea, and we see the great castle where Hugh O'Neill, Red Hand of Ulster, rode through the wide gates, and put up overnight. We move swiftly through the flat plains of the bog country, where the black, bitter water lies in deep pools. The train is full of merry people, and there is much singing and fiddling. As we sweep through Kildare, someone asks how far it is to Tara; and that raises great talk of the High Kings of Ireland, of the great palace, and of Laeghaire, who ruled when St. Patrick came to Ireland.

**N**OW WE ARE going into Dublin, with its fine buildings, its Four Courts, its Stephen's Green, its beautiful Phoenix Park. We see the statues of Daniel O'Connell, Oliver Goldsmith, Henry Grattan, and others of Ireland's famous men, and we thrill with pride of race. Our thoughts are with the glorious past, and we give no thought to the present, or to the future,—to those who are going to do great things for a new Ireland that is coming. Padriac Pearse, with his great poetry and his great sacrifice; William Butler Yeats and George Russell (AE) waiting to stir new thoughts and visions in the people with their strangely mystic words. And somewhere at the time, John Millington Synge, wandering around, filling his lonely heart with the feel of the road, and storing up the words of the peasants of Connaught, to put into his plays; and Padriac Colum, Lady Gregory, and Douglas Hyde; and Francis Ledwedge watching the birds along the Boyne. And over on the Shannon, in Athlone, a lad named John McCormack, who was to charm the world with his



voice. And up in the North, there was Moira O'Neill, and Ethna Carbery, and Seamus McManus. And scattered through the length and breadth of Ireland there were many others, men and women who were waiting to do great things for their land. But we weren't thinking of them at all.

**A** THOUSAND things to see in Dublin, and so little time! The Liffey, running under noble arches; little book shops along the Quay, and most interesting, Glasnevin Cemetery, with its Celtic crosses, and its quaint and strangely-worded epitaphs. So many poets, and patriots, and scholars sleeping under the soft earth!

Time moves fast. We rush to the Kingsbridge Station. The long train is waiting. After much whistling and warning to lagging passengers, we start on the return journey. The purple twilight rests upon the hills as we enter Tipperary, and as we leave the train a full moon leaps up from the horizon. Driving homeward under its silver light, we speak of many things,—of the Dublin people with their fine, polished accent, of the gay, crowded streets, of the ballad singer trying to make himself heard in "The Wearin' O' The Green."

As we reach Toomevara, the fife and drum band of the village is sounding stirring echoes through the street. With the pounding of the big drum, our own hearts are pounding too, swept into emotion by the lifting tune:

Let Erin remember the days of old,  
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,  
When Malachy wore the collar of gold  
Which he gave to the proud invader;  
When the King with standard of green unfurled,  
Led the Red Branch Knights to danger,  
Ere the emerald gem of the west was seen,  
And was set in the crown of a stranger.

Back to the white farmhouse, tired and weary, but excitedly happy. While

the brown peat flames upon the hearth, the Woman of the House sets food upon the table. With the gracious, reaching hospitality, which she bestows upon stranger and kind, she passes the cold baked fowl, the white soda bread, and the strong black tea. We grow refreshed, and ready for the evening. More peat is banked behind the fire. We lower the oil lamp slightly. A few neighbors drop in, and there is great talking and asking about the things we saw in Dublin. Then the quick change from the somber to the gay, and everyone joining in the "Kerry Dance," until the brown rafters echoed the rollicking tune:

Oh, the days of the Kerry dances,  
Oh, the ring of the piper's tune,  
Oh, for one of those hours of gladness—

**O** THER SONGS follow, and talk that went on into the night. Someone brought up the story of Dierdre of the Sorrows and the Sons of Usna. Another praised Sir Samuel Ferguson and James Clarence Mangan, the immediate fore-runners of the Irish Literary Revival, and the young schoolmaster, who had just dropped in, recited from the ageless poem:

Over hills, and through dales,  
Have I roamed for your sake,  
All yesterday I sailed with sails  
On river and on lake.  
The Erne, at its highest flood,  
I dashed across unseen,  
For there was lightning in my blood,  
My dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
Oh! there was lightning in my blood,  
Red lightning lightened through my blood,  
My dark Rosaleen!

Then someone looked at the clock. And there was a quick pushing back of chairs, and great hurrying and leaving-taking. Everyone said what a grand St. Patrick's Day it had been; and everyone wished everyone else many, many more of the same kind.

# The Road is Long

By Mary Mabel Wirries

## CHAPTER XI

### Wayfarers Meet Again

THAT WAS CHICAGO out there—that world of darkness and blinking lights, that roar of impersonalities. She had known it before—a jumble of tall buildings, a network of railroads, surface and El, a tangle of traffic. Policemen on horses, hurrying snappers, smart-looking shop girls. The Loop down there, and the lake beyond. Tomorrow she would walk up Michigan Avenue with the wind blowing in her face, and think of Walter. She was so much older than the young girl who had walked there with Mrs. Clifton before that European journey.

Somewhere, out there in those shadows, was Tom. In a few hours they would be together—and how different would be that reunion from the one they had planned so long ago, one far-away night in the shadows of a railroad right-of-way.

"Carry yo' baggage, Miss?"

Redcaps—dozens of them! She surrendered her baggage to the most important and followed him briskly. The crowd milled about her. Hundreds of people, each preoccupied with his or her own problems.

"Taxi, Miss? Cab?"

Of course. There was that hotel where Mrs. Clifton had taken her—quiet, dignified, not too far from the center of transportation. Dear Mrs. Clifton! How kind and helpful she had been! But how little she had approved this step.

"It's unnecessary, Rose. You will be disappointed. You and your brother will have so little in common now. You have gone on, and—probably he has stood still."

"I know, Mrs. Clifton. You sound so sensible—and right. And I don't want to go now, but I have to. I wish I could make you understand. It's something in Larry's letter—something between the lines. Tom needs me—I feel it. Not my money, but me. There are sicknesses of the body, and sicknesses of the soul. And for the one, money is no help. This may be a sickness of the soul Tom has, Mrs. Clifton. And Tom did everything for me. Even though we are strangers now, I still love him *dearly*."

Mrs. Clifton's face had softened. "You're right, of course, my child. I love my brother dearly, too—and nothing would keep me from him if I felt he needed me. But I wish this might be worked out some other way. Walter will miss you. So shall we all."

Rose had lingered, twisted Walter's jeweled ring on her finger. Mention of Walter's mother always reminded her of her own parents, of the branch from which she, Rose Kieble, sprang. If Mrs. Whalen were ever to know—

"MRS. CLIFTON," she said, "I feel such a fraud, marrying Walter. I've never told him anything about my people—not really. Just that I was raised on a farm, my mother is dead, my father unfriendly to me. Even now, about Tom—he doesn't know the true story. Only you—"

"Don't be foolish, child. What people don't know, won't hurt them. It is what you are that counts. Aren't you all the more marvelous that you came from such an environment and are the perfect jewel you are? What is more beautiful than a lily blossomed from the mire?"

"Would Walter's mother think so?"

"Mercy has false standards."



"I'll have to tell Walter, some day."

"Walter can be told, in time. And he is not marrying your people."

Walter's own words, almost: "Rose, you are not marrying my mother." Relief encompassed her. If Mrs. Clifton agreed with her, she could not be entirely wrong in sailing under false pretenses.

**I**T WAS NEARING midnight. She had a glass of orange juice in her room before writing a night letter to her fiancé. Then, relaxed and weary, she opened the window upon her fire escape and stretched upon her bed, to listen to the faintly muted noises of the city at night. Honking of horns, clamor of newsboys, rattle of surface cars—the great, crashing, magnificent symphony that was this metropolis of the Midwest. Lying there, lulled by the sound, she was still far from sleep. She thought of many things. Of the day of the spelling match, when she had thrown Congressman Mallison's gold-piece into the river. Of Tom, then, coming panting and sobbing, to tell her Roger was gone. Roger, little, tangle-haired lad, was a dream figure, but Tom came to her in startling relief—not one Tom, but a hundred Toms. Tom crying; Tom teasing; Tom bitter and defiant. Tom glowing and planning. Tom limping down a long corn row with a blood-stained rag about his foot, trying valiantly to finish the hoeing. Tom working beside her in the strawberry patch. Tom kissing her good-bye with his young hands hard on her shoulders. Tom, a dark figure clambering up a freight car; Tom, Tom, Tom, Tom—

Day was breaking when she woke again. It was near noon. She lay still a moment, wondering where the early morning fog was, missing the scent of bougainvillea and jasmine. The wind, sweeping in from the fire escape, was chill, with a breath of rain. By the time she had dressed herself in a brown

tweed suit with flecks of copper in it matching her hair, that breath had changed to a gray mist. She took the walk she had promised herself—the walk along Michigan Avenue. She lifted her face gratefully to the nipping wind and rain. The weather fitted her mood. It was good to be buffeted a bit. Perhaps she had known too soft a life of late, sheltered and loved as she had been. Here she was out on her own again.

When she was weary with walking, and only then, she turned back to the Loop, sought and found Marshall-Fields' great store. In an upstairs lunchroom she partook of grapefruit, Melba toast and coffee. Then she sought the ladies' lounge, and a city directory. It was a matter of minutes to find the way to Tom's address, to make her way to the elevated train which she could catch without leaving the building.

"If you're from the Welfare," beligerently announced the slatternly landlady of the down-at-the-heels rooming house which corresponded to the address Larry had given her, "I say it's about time you're doing something. I ain't runnin' any free hospital for anyone. I got to get money for my rooms and I ain't got time to take care of no sick tramps. I've called you up time and agin, and I must say you take your time about gittin' him out o' here—"

**R**OSE STARED BLANKLY. Then swift wrath overcame her.

"Be quiet," she said, sternly. "I'm not from the Welfare. I'm Mr. Kieble's sister. If he's ill, I'll look after him. And you'll get your money, you—you heartless wretch! Now where is he?"

"Sister, is it? Gorry, I thought he didn't have a soul in the world. Right this way, Miss—and I hope you'll excuse me for jumping on you, the way I did—but a poor landlady has to stand up for her rights. Mr. Kieble's three weeks back on his rent—the poor, sick

man. And I feeding him out of my own pocket—it'd be a blot on the place for the poor man to starve to death right in my house. I've called the Welfare and called them—and all they do is investigate. Sister! I declare! I heard him tell the woman he'd no folks at all—what-ever did he want to do that for? Watch that broken step, there, Miss—and here's the room." She turned the handle of a door, opened it. "Mr. Kieble, here's a visitor come to see you—and it ain't no welfarer."

"**I**LL GO IN alone, if you don't mind," Rose said, closing the door decisively. There was no outside window in the room. Light came from a dingy skylight overhead, and was scarce indeed, because of the cloudy day. She saw a figure dimly outlined on the bed.

"There's matches on the table here by the bed," said a hoarse voice. "Better light the gas so I can see who you are—so you can see me. There's a jet over here by the bureau."

With trembling hand, Rose found the matches, lighted one, found the jet and lighted it. The yellow flame flickered and blew high, the room eased into pale relief. She turned, heart pounding, and looked at the man on the bed—and the man stared back at her. She took a step forward.

"Tom," she said, softly; "Tom! It's I—Rose."

"Rosie—Rosie! My God! Oh, my God!" The last was the cry of a tortured soul. "Go away—Rosie, go away! How'd you find me? I never wanted you to—"

Sobs were racking him, tearing him. He warded her away with his hands, his face working terribly. And then, as terribly as he had wept, he was silent. Turning his face from her, he lay still. She came to him, and put her arms around him.

"Tom—darling brother! I love you. I've come to take care of you—"

"You—can't. Go away. Leave me."

"But why, Tom, *why*?"

"I'm no good. You dirty your hands, touching me. Know where I've been, all this time?"

"It doesn't matter, Tom. We are together now—"

"It matters like hell. I've been in prison—do you hear me? *In prison*. I was going to go out and do big things, make big money, make a home for you—and what did I do? I couldn't even get a job. I was hungry and down and out—and I kept thinking of you, back there slaving your life away—and I went crazy. There was a fellow I met on a train—a bum, like me. He'd been in the reform school once. We—we stuck up a bank—"

"Tom!"

He winced at her cry of anguish. "I told you to go away. I'm not good company. Only good thing I ever did was to send you that money—"

"*That money—not—not the bank money, Tom?*"

"**S**URE. IT WAS all the money I ever had. We—we didn't get much. They had the vaults locked and we got scared away with just the money at the window—little country bank—they got me two weeks later—give me ten years—"

"They couldn't, Tom. You were just a child—"

"I was old enough to know better—and I told them I was twenty-one. I wasn't going to the reformatory where my pal got his education. But the pen wasn't so good. It—it was hell—I got off for good behavior—*Now will you go away?*"

"No, Tom. Not ever. You did that—for me. You had prison for your young years—and I had the money, and high school, and—Mrs. Clifton—and five years in Europe—pretty dresses and an education and thinking I was somebody—oh, Tom, Tom!" she was crying



now, wildly, clinging to him hysterically. "I thought I was—*somebody*—do you hear me? I wasn't a Kieble any more—but all the time—"

"Poor kid! Poor kid!" His hand came up to caress her hair. "You still got swell hair, Rose—lights in it. I used to lay on my cot and think about your hair, kid. The way it would shine, and the funny way you laughed, sometimes, with your tongue in your cheek—and the carpet rags you tied your braids with. I thought of Janie, too—"

**HIS HAND** dropped; his voice died in a long sigh. Startled, she lifted her head and looked at him through her tears. Then she came swiftly to her feet. The excitement had been too much for a sick man. He had fainted—or he was dead! So white—so still he was!

"He's a very sick man," the doctor shook his head. "You his wife?"

"His sister."

"Sister, eh? He's pretty nearly starved to death, if I'm any judge."

"Oh!"

"He needs food, rest, tender care. You don't live here, I gather. Got a home you can take him to?"

"No—that is—yes, I—I can find one."

Yes, she could find one. She was glad now, that all that money in her bank account had not been spent for a trousseau. Because this was her job, taking care of Tom. It was nothing for the Whalens to share. She knew, now that she could never be one of the Whalens, because she could never disclose Tom's sins to them—nor would she go to Walter without telling him.

"That's ended," she thought. "The chapter is written."

But in her heart there was unceasing pain. Oh, for Walter's arms about her, for Walter's knowing and understanding. In all this world it seemed she had no place to turn. The money she had would not last forever. Rents must be high in a city like Chicago. There

would be food—wine and chicken and good nourishing broths—things to build up the body of a man who had been starved. There should be pleasant surroundings—sunshine and bird songs and fresh air—not a dingy hall bedroom, six flights up from a dingier street.

All this she pondered as she sat by Tom's side through the long afternoon. He slept fitfully, under the influence of a sedative, the physician had prescribed. He clung tightly to her hand, clutching nervously at it whenever she stirred. She looked pityingly at his thin, sunken cheeks, his deathly pallor. Poor Tom! Poor, unhappy boy, who had now become this poor, unhappy man!

Toward evening she began to feel the faintness of hunger. Just the thought of eating food cooked by Tom's slovenly landlady nauseated her.

"I'll go out and hunt a delicatessen," she thought. "And I'll get something for myself, and some soup for Tom, when he awakens. I can heat it over the gas jet. And tomorrow—tomorrow, I'll find a place for us."

**GENTLY SHE** disengaged her hand from her brother's clasp, slipped open the door and went downstairs. The landlady stuck an alert head from her own room at the foot.

"How is he?" she asked sepulchrally. The magic of the ten-dollar bill Rose had given her earlier in the day sweetened her voice.

"He's sleeping," Rose told her wearily. "I'm going out to get something to eat. I wonder if—"

"If I'd set with him? Surest thing, you know, Lady. I'm that glad to do a bit of kindness for the poor, dear man."

The rain had ceased. The late afternoon held a promise of stars for the evening, if one could find them above the tops of the shaky tenements that hemmed the streets. Rose drew a deep breath. It was heavenly to be outside,

after that terrible, stuffy room of Tom's.

Two blocks away she found a small bakeshop, with a baked ham and a pan of potato salad gracing its window. Two doors farther on, there was a small grocery. She shopped eagerly, buying crackers, cheese, a bit of salad, a pint of milk, the chicken soup for Tom: enough for supper and breakfast—and then—perhaps she would have to send Tom to the hospital a day, until she had found a place to take him.

She opened the door into the room quietly. "I'm back, Mrs. Clover," she said, "And thank—"

But it was not Mrs. Clover who rose from the chair by Tom's bed. It was a man, tall, red-headed, smiling.

"Hello, Rose," he said. "Remember me? I'm the Kelly boy from down the road a piece. I haven't seen you since the morning after Ladie had her twin calves. By the way, how *was* the Riviera?"

Crackers, cheese, soup and milk tangled themselves upon the floor. Here was someone with shoulders broad enough to be a bulwark from any storm. At the crash of groceries Tom awoke from his drugged sleep, and smiled drowsily.

"Dropped—the set—out of your—ring," he said, shakily.

And Rose began to cry and laugh together in Larry Kelly's arms.

(To be continued.)

## The Martyrdom of Mary

By Christopher J. O'Toole, C. S. C.

**W**HY IS MARY, the Mother of God, called the Queen of Martyrs? The answer to this question depends upon both the meaning of the title, and the foundation for it in the life of the Blessed Virgin. Words are the vesture of ideas, and ideas are founded upon things. What ideas, then, do the words

"queen" and "martyr" convey? "Queen" in its most literal sense means "the wife of a king" or "female ruler of a kingdom." In a broader sense it signifies preeminence in some sphere of activity. We speak of a "queenly" woman to indicate her dignity or poise. The word is also used to designate a queen-mother, that is, the mother of a reigning sovereign. We know that Mary has been given the title "queen" because of her supreme dignity among creatures as Mother of Christ the King. She is queen and queenly in virtue of her motherhood. Upon this fact, essentially, rests her claim to the title "queen," whether it be of prophets, or apostles, saints or martyrs.

**A**S QUEEN, furthermore, Mary must exemplify in her life the qualities of those over whom she reigns. As Queen of Martyrs, she herself must have been a martyr. What, then, is the meaning of "martyr." Generally speaking a martyr is one who sheds his blood in defence of Christian faith or virtue. It is true that we speak of martyrs to political or national causes, and of martyrs to duty, but Christian thought has consecrated the word and bestows it upon those who give their lives for Christ. In martyrdom emphasis is laid upon the shedding of blood. We should remember, however, that not all the martyrs in the Canon of the Saints have died under the sword of the persecutor. We should not place emphasis solely upon the shedding of blood. The interior disposition of the martyr is far more important than his physical suffering. The external martyrdom derives its very essence, in the supernatural order, from the interior acquiescence to the will of God which accompanies it. Thus although the Church considers the Holy Innocents, martyrs, since they were put to the sword for Christ, she recognizes at the same time that their death was not an act of virtue



and therefore carried with it no merit. The Innocents had not attained the use of reason and therefore they were incapable of acts of virtue. The interior element required for the heroic virtue implied in martyrdom was lacking. Our Blessed Mother, on the other hand, is a shining example of a martyr who did not shed her blood but whose interior life was the scene of a most painful martyrdom. Mary is called martyr, nay the queen of martyrs, because of suffering of mind and will and heart greater in intensity and length than that of any creature. These last statements we shall undertake to prove now that we have in mind the meaning of the words "queen" and "martyr."

**I**N ORDER to understand Mary's martyrdom it is necessary to lay down briefly one fundamental principle. It is this: the closer one is drawn to Christ by divine grace, the more must one be prepared to suffer. This may seem a hard saying, but it is true, nevertheless, as the life of Christ and the saints amply demonstrates. The plenitude of grace which was poured out upon the soul of Christ, filled His human nature with the ravishing delights which accompany the immediate vision of God's essence, but it was at the same time a grace which impelled Christ as Head of the Mystical Body to suffering. A human nature had been fitted to Him so that He might redeem men through suffering, and the grace which sanctified that nature was given with Calvary in view. The Cross as we all know was the absorbing thought of Christ's life. He spoke of it even when He was transfigured on Mount Tabor. His face was consistently set toward Jerusalem and toward Calvary which lay beyond its gates. Peter who imprudently attempted to dissuade Christ from the road of suffering was told: "Get behind me, Satan." Now the followers of Christ constitute with Him one mystic person;

they share in the same grace which Christ enjoyed and hence they, too, are irresistibly attracted to suffering. Read the lives of the saints, and you will not find one from the time of the proto-martyr, Stephen, to the Little Flower who has not trod his own Way of the Cross. When we consider the matter calmly, we see that it could not be otherwise. The disciple is not above his Master. If the Master suffered then His followers must be prepared to go up and die with Him.

With these ideas in mind let us recall that of all creatures Mary was the most intimately united with Christ. She had been preserved from original sin and she was full of grace. The flame of her love for God had never flickered nor grown dim, but had continued to rise steadily throughout her immaculate life. Who could be more closely knit to Christ than His own Mother? It should follow, then, that Mary suffered more than any other creature. Her sufferings must have been unbounded. She is called Queen of Martyrs not only because she reigns over those who laid down their lives for Christ, but also because she, too, laid down her life interiorly with most bitter agony.

**S**UCH IS MARY'S claim to the title Queen of Martyrs. Let us study it in the light of her life. What, in particular, constituted Mary's martyrdom? We commonly attribute to Mary seven dolours: the heart-piercing prophecy of holy Simeon, the lonely sojourn in Egypt, the loss of the Boy-Christ in Jerusalem, the meeting of Christ and His Mother on the road to Calvary, the Crucifixion, the gentle taking down from the Cross and the burial in a borrowed tomb. These are the seven swords that pierced the tender heart of Mary. But are these her greatest sorrows? Do they alone constitute Mary's claim to the glorious title, Queen of

Martyrs? They form part of that claim, but the root of Mary's sorrow is struck much deeper. The seven sorrows we have named form a progressive manifestation of an underlying fulness of sorrow. The traditional dolors are seven indications for us of a heart steeped in sorrow from the first moment of her motherhood. So it is that the nearer we approach the inner spirit of the Annunciation, the more fully do we understand the sorrows of Mary. Her anguish can be felt there even more keenly, perhaps, than on Calvary. Let us see.

**T**HE DETAILS of the Annunciation are well known. Gabriel, the Archangel sent from God, announces to Mary that she has been chosen the Mother of the Messiah. In answer to Mary's question the angel explains to her how she can become the Mother of God and still remain faithful to her vow of virginity. Mary, satisfied with the angel's explanation, says simply: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word." Thereupon the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. At that moment Mary's suffering began. The Word became flesh, but at the same time it became a cross, as Louis Chardon has so beautifully put it. For nine months the Son of God is to dwell within the chaste womb of Mary. His body is to be formed by her. Day by day that body is to develop and with each passing day Mary knows that she is adding to Christ's cross. Why? Because she is preparing Him for the Cross. She is fitting Him for the sacrifice. Father Charles O'Donnell with his usual penetration and beauty, has expressed it thus, in likening Mary to a spinner:

Was it night or day breaking,  
Little I could spin,  
Who knew my veins making  
Robe He should die in.

The Roman soldiers fashioned for

Christ a cross of wood which could be lightened by a Cyrenian or taken from His bleeding shoulders for a brief moment before the Crucifixion. Mary fashioned for Christ a cross of flesh which He must bear throughout life, and which will be the cause of most bitter suffering. Mary's maternity is indeed the cause of her deepest sorrow.

Her maternity! Yet is not this her greatest privilege? Does this mean that Mary's exaltation coincides with the abasement of Christ? Is Mary to be called Mother with all the tenderness implied in the word "mother" while at the same time she is fashioning a cross for her Divine Son? Is she a mother giving life to her Child and at the same time leading Him to a cruel death? Small wonder, then, that Mary was troubled at the words of Gabriel. If her motherhood exempted Mary from sin, it by no means exempted her from suffering. But did not the knowledge of the plan of Redemption which Mary possessed lessen her grief? The fact that Mary was the Mother of the Redeemer did not make her less a human mother gifted with the liveliest and most delicate affection. "Did Mary not know," asks St. Bernard, "that Christ would die? Undoubtedly. Did she not hope for His immediate resurrection? She looked forward to it with confidence. And yet in spite of this she mourned over the Crucified? Indeed she mourned grievously. Moreover, who are you, my brother, or whence your wisdom which makes you marvel more at Mary compassionating her Son, than at the Son suffering? If He was able to die a physical death, could she not have died with Him in her heart?" (*Sermo de duodecim stellis.*) Christ knew that He was to redeem the world, yet this knowledge did not soften His most bitter passion. Mary's knowledge of Christ's mission did not make her suffer less; it made her suffer bravely.



"There stood by the Cross of Jesus, His mother."

MARY'S MOTHERHOOD was consummated at Bethlehem when she brought forth her First-born and laid Him in a manger. There were present the ecstatic joys of motherhood. Mary's heart dilated with joy at seeing the Son of Man born into the world. But there was present, too, the shadow of the cross. The lowliness and bareness of the crib foreshadowed it. Christ had already begun His life of poverty and suffering. As Mary beheld the outstretched arms of the Infant, I wonder if she did not see in the imagined distance those same arms outstretched upon the cross. As her eyes met the sparkling eyes of the Babe did she not picture those same eyes grown dim and dull with pain and suffering? As she looked upon the firm flesh of the Infant, did not the gaunt and ghastly figure of the Crucified rise up in her imagination? Just as the crib and Calvary were not disunited events in the redemptive life of Christ, so they were not separated in the co-redemptive life of Mary. Her maternity is indeed the cause of her most poignant sorrow. She is the Mother of Sorrows, because she has begotten the Man of Sorrows. She is the Queen of Martyrs because she has endured an interior crucifixion unique in the history of the world. The moment of pain which gained for many a Christian martyr swift entrance to Heaven is infinitesimal when compared with that interior martyrdom which Mary endured from the time of the Annunciation until the death of Christ upon Calvary.

In view of this it is not at all difficult to understand why the Church applies to Mary on the Feast of the Seven Dolors, the mournful words of Jeremias: "Weeping she hath wept in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks. . . . To what shall I compare thee? Or to what shall I liken thee, O

daughter of Jerusalem? To what shall I equal thee that I may comfort thee, O virgin daughter of Sion; for great as the sea is thy destruction. . . ." And in the Antiphon for the *Magnificat* at the second Vespers, the Church puts on Mary's lips the striking words: "My sorrow hath oppressed me, my face is swollen with weeping, and my eyelids are dim."

To sum up, Mary is the Queen of Martyrs because she is the Mother of Divine Grace. The fulness of Christ's grace drew Him on to a bitter Passion and Crucifixion. The fulness of grace that was Mary's, likewise made her tread the path of suffering from the time of the Annunciation. And although her charity did not transfix Mary to a cross, it nevertheless transfixed her heart. For, what more painful crucifixion could a mother suffer than to know that her Son, her *Divine* Son was destined for a cross, and to see Him nailed thereon.

## Twilight on The Mohave

By C. Faye Bennett

*If night must come let it steal gently when  
The blues and purples on tiptoe parade  
Across the dunes and foxes unafraid  
Walk boldly in the sand-filled tracks of men.  
When pretty blue relaxes in the door  
Of silhouetted mountains lying low  
Upon the tufted breasts of earth, swing low  
Night's velvet robes and gently close the door.  
  
As silent as the heavenly bodies move  
From place to place let all things prodded by  
The wind wait for the dawn. Let things that  
rove  
And thither go wait for the morning sky  
When purpling colors steal into the arms  
Of night and myriad stars hang out their  
charms.*

## Changing Face of Ireland

By Mary E. L. Hennigan

**T**HERE IS A picture uneraser by a forty-year span from a memory on which there has since been painted innumerable other more beautiful Irish scenes. It is almost dawn. The sea is a bowl of silver, the sky a silver radiance over it. The road is a silver ribbon under the hoofs of the bay mare. The hills are a purple softness above. A certain small American homeward bound, sees all these suddenly, because, as the sidecar begins to jerk along faster, she is made to sit very erect in her seat, away from the warm, plump side of Grandmother against whom she has been sleeping. The swifter gait of the bay mare, the sudden loud rattle of the jaunting car wheels, stir to flight a flock of crows which jeer raucously overhead. The dark birds have risen from the peaked roof of a building that stands bleakly outlined against the argent sky.

Every window in that building seemed to glower on the little American shrinking from the sudden sight of it. Was it truly bleak and forbidding, that ugly house looming dark against the sky? Was each window really an eye black with woe and threat? From so great a distance across the years, who can truly tell? For this was the poorhouse, a symbol of shame and sorrow. And poorhouses were everywhere stains on the face of Ireland.

That stain, blotting the sleepy vision of the Yankee child, forty years ago, was still upon that sea-side road twenty years ago. It was there ten years ago. Today the traveler will search for it in vain. Where it once stood, a dozen white cottages shine cheerfully in the sun. Each cottage has its little garden, brilliance around it like a patchwork quilt; dark red satin of dahlia; fresh pink damask of the rose; lavender and

blue and white silk of the sweet pea. Roofs are of grey-blue Irish slate, blending with the hills that stand above them. Children sit in open doorways, or tumble about in the gardens.

They are the children of home owners. No landlord may root them up, nor scatter them carelessly abroad. No emigrant ship awaits them in ports without any other industry than the exportation of the country's youth. The country has helped to provide the grey-blue roofs that shelter them, the brilliant gardens in which they bloom. In the ten years between 1922 and 1932, twenty-five thousand such houses were erected. In the years following 1932 more than fifty-thousand more have been built and financed.

**T**HE OLD ROAD is a highroad, lying between the sea on one side and the hills of Connemara on the other, looking down upon a deep green valley. There is a startling beauty about the whole scene, an unearthly wonder of color and form and light; a breathless loveliness of sea, and sky, of treeless hills, and bare mountains that are brown and gold and rose and purple. There is an ugliness about it too—or rather was. For, forty years ago, twenty years ago, even ten years ago, the houses along that road were poor habitations indeed. True, newly thatched roofs were golden in the sun, white-washed walls were softly bright. But all too soon after the last straw rope was anchored down to the roof with stones from shore, almost before the white-wash brush had dried, green stains appeared around the base of the walls, brownish water dripped from soaking thatch upon them, and days of rain left them grey and streaked. They clung to the very dust of the road, these houses, crouched among its stones. Outhouses, of whatever description, were attached to them in a continuing wall. And wherever there was a hollow in which



to hide against the winter wind, there they hid, house and barn and stable in a huddle.

**T**HERE IS now no house like these along the old road. Lifted out of the hollows away from one another, everyone of the thirty new dwellings is somewhat like the one in which Davy's family take such pride. Davy has a little money of his own, about a hundred pounds. He has also a houseful of capable, willing hands, for he has ten sons, the youngest of whom can carry a bucket of water for mixing cement, or clear away rubbish from the path of a cleverer workman. When Davy applied for a loan and grant on which to begin building his new home, the inspector who came to confer with him, took those hands as much into account as he did the money which Davy had so miraculously saved. His report finally brought to Davy a government loan of forty pounds and a grant of twice that amount. The eighty pounds was given to him outright. The forty pounds, however, he must repay with interest at three and one-half per cent. He has sixty-eight years in which to pay. Perhaps it will be Johnneen, now staggering importantly up the brae with his bucket of water from the well, who will make that last payment. Maybe it will be a son not yet born. But paid it will be, and by one of Davy's lads as the inspector well knew. In the years between, Davy's family will live happily in the house they have built.

The location of the barn had been the subject of many conferences between Davy and the inspector. The house had been erected on a small rise in the land, away from its too near neighbors. The barn could no longer, as in other days, be attached to the home. Furthermore, it had to be a certain definite distance from the house, and so placed that no drainage could come from it into the street or near the dwelling. There were

difficulties about this. Land is scarce. A foot of land is hoarded like gold. And Davy's piece of land on which his house, barn and stables must stand, was so laid out that under the new arrangement the barn must now run at right angles to the house. This was all wrong for two reasons. The first was that traditionally the barn must parallel the dwelling. The second was that, traditionally the direction in which the lines of the barn run must never under any circumstances be changed when rebuilding. The world knows there is no luck in the likes of that business. Numerous conferences between a stubborn Davy and a modern-minded inspector resulted in a compromise. The barn runs at right angles to the house! It runs in the direction in which it did not run during the century it stood there before the time of loans, grants and inspectors!

**W**ITH THE NEW house lifting stout walls to an Irish slate roof, and new barn—at right angles—complete from cowhouse to stable, the old home began to look a little sad. It had been a staunch, wise, old home. Like its successor, every stone that had gone into its sturdy walls had come from the strand below; the lime which washed it sweet inside and out had been burned in a rough kiln there; even the water had been drawn from the same clear brown river that still tumbles onto the rocks from between rushy banks.

Now that warm nest must be taken apart, stone by stone, timber by timber, almost straw by straw. The same capable hands which built Davy's new home took the old one down. With tireless industry, they cleared away every vestige of stone and cement—except the old hearthstone. That lies today across the path leading to the door of the new house. On every side of it bloom lupines, pink and white and blue; purple veronica, waxy crimson fuschia, and early

spring primroses and forget-me-nots. Out of these the stone, treasured for its memories, looks up, grey, smooth, wide, firm. Every, welcome foot crossing the threshold of Davy's house must press first the old hearthstone.

**D**AVY WOULD consider it no disloyalty to the old nest to point out all the advantages of its successor. Where there were only three rooms altogether, a kitchen and two bedrooms, now there are four of the latter. The kitchen living room where cooking and sewing, and laundrying, studying and arguing and story-telling go on at high speed from morning till midnight, is wide and long, with sunlight and sea air flooding it. The floor of this room is still a cement one; practical, in view of the use it gets. Floors in the other rooms are of wood, however, covered with linoleum. All the rooms are ceiled, the walls attractively tinted. Adjoining the kitchen is the finest room of all: a parlor with leather-covered chairs, a dining table, a gramophone, and family portraits. Chief among its treasures is one of the newest mantle-equipped oil lamps, so bright that an old lady in a nearby village declared that it actually "freckened" her, the first time her the first time her startled eyes saw its white radiance pouring out into the night. The old house knew rushlights, then candles, and eventually, a hanging lamp, but never anything that approached this modern Alladin's miracle. Still another addition to Davy's dwelling is the buttery: a small, windowed room on the cool side of the house, toward the sea, where milk is strained, cream stands in grey stone crocks, and fresh-churned butter lies in fat golden rolls on old blue plates in the "safe,"—a screened, shelved receptacle hung against the limewashed wall. With its convient buttery, its spacious kitchen, its many bedrooms, its pleasant company room, it is a practical, airy, sun-

ny haven, full of comfort, and work, and harmony, this fine new home of Davy's on the Old Road. His neighbors' dwellings are counterparts of his. How much they really stand for!

And now that these homes are at last established, and families like Davy's have grown up, or are growing up in them, how are these families to be kept from the emigrant ship and the ports that export the young? The answer is to be read in the same face. Looking about, one may see on every side, industries that are to absorb these boys and girls. On the site of the poorhouse in the town of Claremorris, for instance, stands a bacon factory. Farmers find a ready market for their pigs here. Their sons find employment. A splendid new hospital is rising where the Castlebar jail once stood. Many young hands are busy at the construction of the hospital.

**T**HERE ARE sugar factories at Tuam, Carlow, Thurles, Mallow; bright, attractive buildings set in flourishing beet fields. There is a thread factory in Westport, a braid mill in Ennis, a tannery in Portlaw. Flour mills, modern, up to date, with special silos for drying Irish-grown wheat in case of wet Irish harvests, are springing up everywhere. Large areas in Kerry, Waterford, Tipperary, Wicklow and Donegal, have been taken over for re-forestation. Eight million trees were planted in 1936. In 1931 Ireland imported 1,450,000 dozen pairs of shoes. In 1934, only 200,000 dozen pairs came in, and every year since, still less, because by this time Johnneens and Toms and young Davys had begun to make their own—not so skillfully perhaps, nor even economically, but still their own; made in Ireland by Irish boys. The government plans to make boots and shoes disappear from trade statistics as imports.

Here we are, strangely enough, ar-



rived at statistics after all. And somehow, they too can carry to those who have not been privileged to look upon it, some of the new beauty that is to be seen on Ireland's changing face. It is good to read that an addition to the shoe factory at Clonmel will turn out nine thousand more pairs of shoes; that cardboard boxes must be made in which to pack them; that the tannery at Portlaw will give work to a hundred and forty people a week from now on; that practically everything used in building and operating these plants has been supplied by local firms. The daily papers proudly carry a list of what is supplied for each project, from structural steel to motor vans, cables, belting, oil, coal, and leather, together with the names of the firms supplying these.

Yes, they carry their own message of cheer, statistics of industries growing in Ireland. The modern factories—clean, bright, complete—are promising too. But to eyes that once looked with childish fright upon a darkly brooding bulk against a silvery sky and shuddered away with inherited dread from the poorhouse, the sweetest beauty upon the face of Ireland, is the bloom of little homes where children play and old folk dream in peace.

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### Aqua Lateris Christi

By Sister Mary Immaculate, C. S. C.

*When they had pierced His Side,  
There came forth blood, you told us, John,  
And water.  
O was it that the inflown tide  
Of pent-up tears within His Heart  
Broke through worn walls besieged too long  
And rushed to meet the lance's dart?  
For there came blood, you told us, John,  
And water.*

### Throwing Shoes After Newly Weds

By Frederick Deerfield

SOME OF OUR modern customs go so far back into history that no one really knows what started them in the beginning. Such is true of the practice sometimes observed of throwing a shoe at a newly married couple. Some writers insist that this odd custom is simply a remembrance of more primitive days when brides were occasionally carried off by force from angry relatives, who showered the ambitious bridegroom and his friends with every kind of a missile they could lay their hands on, including, of course, all the loose shoes in the neighborhood. Among more careful students however, the practice has been given a much more edifying origin, based upon customs that go back to the early history of the race. It seems that in days gone by one of the ways by which people signified a yielding of authority on any object was to take off a shoe and hand it to the new owner. If you will take your Bible and turn to the Fourth Chapter of the Book of Ruth, you will read in paragraph seven: "Now this in former times was the manner in Israel between kinsmen, that if at any time one yielded his right to another: that the grant might be sure, the man put off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbor; this was a testimony of cession of right in Israel." Thus we can easily see how a father throwing his shoe after a departing daughter transferred to her newly acquired husband the authority which he himself used to exercise as head of the family. All of that original meaning is lost now, of course, but people will probably go on following this old custom simply in a spirit of fun just as they do with regard to many other customs about which they know little or nothing. Just the same, it is interesting to know what was probably the beginning of this old practice.

## Two Presidents Attend Vespers

By George Barton

ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, October 9, 1774, when quiet Philadelphia was stirred by the meeting of the Continental Congress in its midst, two rather notable looking men strolled down Fourth Street and walked into St. Mary's Catholic Church, then, as now, just above Spruce Street.

One was George Washington who was to become the Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, the first President of the United States, and the idolized hero of the American people. He was then forty-two years of age and in the full vigor of his manhood.

His companion was about the average, or middle height, with a stout, well-knit form, large round head, a wide forehead and expanded brow. He was grave and imposing in his manner with just a touch of pomposity. He seemed to accept the attentions that were bestowed upon him and his friend as something quite natural and due him.

The second man was John Adams, who was a worker in the cause of American independence, destined to become the second President of the United States, and to have the distinction of having a son, John Quincy Adams, follow him as the Sixth President of the United States. He was thirty-nine years of age, three years the junior of Washington at the time of which we write.

These two distinguished Americans had decided to attend Vespers at old St. Mary's. Both were non-Catholics and it was evident that they were unfamiliar with the ceremonies.

If they were interested in the ceremonies it was quite plain that members of the congregation were equally interested in them. No doubt many of those present wondered what these unusual guests thought about these "strange" ceremonies. It happens that we have an

answer to the question, at least so far as John Adams was concerned.

General Washington, who was in Philadelphia as one of the Virginia delegates to the First Continental Congress, noted in his diary the fact that he attended services at St. Mary's on this October afternoon in 1774, but he makes no comment on the services.

John Adams however, was not so silent concerning this historic visit to what was regarded as the largest Catholic congregation in America at this time. In his diary, under date of October 9, 1774, he writes:

"Went in the afternoon to the Romish chapel and heard a good discourse upon the duty of parents to their children, founded in justice and charity. The scenery and music are so calculated to take in mankind that I wonder the Reformation ever succeeded. The paintings, the bells, the candles, the gold and silver, Our Saviour on the Cross, over the altar, at full length, and all His wounds bleeding. The chanting is exquisitely soft and sweet."

LIKE MANY non-Catholics, even those who are classed as well-educated in our own day, he did not look beyond the symbols, every one of which has its own meaning and significance. In other words, what they do not understand is put down as "superstition."

Mr. Adams, however, did not confine his comments to the brief paragraph in his diary. Shortly afterwards in one of his intimate letters to his wife, Abigail, then at her home in Massachusetts, he goes more fully into the impressions made upon him by that visit to a Catholic church. Many of our readers have no doubt read extracts from that letter, but for their benefit, and for the younger generation, here it is in full:

"This afternoon, led by curiosity and good company, I strolled away to mother church, or rather grandmother church. I mean the Romish chapel. I



heard a good, short moral essay upon the duty of parents to their children, founded on justice and charity, to take care of their interests.

**T**HE AFTERNOON'S entertainment was to me most awful and affecting; the poor wretches fingering beads, chanting Latin, not a word of which they understood; their *Pater Nosters* and *Ave Marias*; their holy water; their crossing themselves perpetually; their bowing to the name of Jesus whenever they heard it; their bowing and kneeling and genuflecting before the altar.

"The dress of the priest was rich with lace. His pulpit was velvet and gold. The altarpiece was very rich, little images and crucifixes about, wax candles lighted up. But how shall I describe the picture of Our Saviour, in a frame of marble over the altar at full length upon the Cross in the agonies and the blood dripping and streaming from His wounds. The music, consisting of an organ and a choir of singers, went all the afternoon except sermon time, and the assembly chanted most sweetly and exquisitely.

"Here is everything which can lay hold of the eye, ear and imagination—everything which can charm and bewitch the simple and ignorant. I wonder how Luther ever broke the spell."

Presumably the beauties of the Catholic Church were a bit startling to the New England Puritan whose idea of religion meant bare walls and utterly unattractive services. But one wonders why any Christian should be shocked at the reverence shown by Catholics to the Founder of the Christian Religion. These poor "Romanists" might be pardoned for imagining that every educated person must be familiar with the text which tells us that "at the name of Jesus every knee should bow."

But John Adams was merely giving expression to the view of the narrow-minded church-going Protestants of his day in his sneers at the constant repe-

tition of certain prayers by devout Catholics. These honest bigots—we hope they were honest—could not understand, any more than their descendants of the present day can understand, why we say the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary" over and over again. Such persons would have equal difficulty in understanding why a loving child calls "father" a dozen times a day and why the tot cries "mother," "mother," "mother," scores of times during every twenty-four hours. To "Romanists" who are also human beings, such things are so natural that they do not need any explanation.

Nor do the people constantly chant Latin "not a word of which they understand." Quite a number of them, strange as it might have sounded to this graduate of Harvard, are able to read and they find the English equivalent of the Latin of the Mass in parallel columns in their prayer books. Believe it or not, the ignorance lies not in "these poor wretches fingering their beads" but rather in their "educated" critics who look at everything Catholic through the blue glasses of prejudice and inherited bigotry. Yet this is not surprising when we recall that for centuries the printed word, as a result of the English Reformation, was a libelous misrepresentation of Catholicism.

**I**N CLOSING it will not be out of order to quote Thomas Jefferson's opinion of John Adams, as is expressed in the autobiography of the sage of Monticello. After crediting Adams with sincerity and patriotism he says: "He is vain, irritable and a bad calculator of the force and probable effect of the motives that govern men."

It only remains to be said that George Washington contributed to the cost of erecting St. Augustine's Church in this city and that John Adams made a donation to help in the building of Holy Cross Church in Boston.

# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

Paper money came into use in China about 1400 A. D.

♦ ♦

While coffee tends to be laxative, tea is mildly constipating.

♦ ♦

On level ground a rattlesnake rarely strikes over two-thirds of its length.

♦ ♦

Scratches on furniture can often be disguised by rubbing them with the meat of a walnut.

♦ ♦

If placed on the surface of the ground, a mole can dig itself out of sight in ten seconds.

♦ ♦

A gem is not polished without rubbing, nor a man perfected without trials.—*Chinese Proverb.*

♦ ♦

In a London museum there is a copy of the New Testament the size of a postage stamp. And it is readable.

♦ ♦

The strength of a single flash of a firefly's light has been measured at twenty-five-thousandths of a candle power.

♦ ♦

Sugar cane is one of the thirstiest plants in the world. To produce one ton of sugar at least four thousand tons of water are required.

♦ ♦

Forty years ago there were eight thousand so-called "horseless carriages" in the United States. Today there are

over twenty-five million, enough to take every man, woman and child in the nation riding at the same time.

♦ ♦

Coming: A porous rubber whisk-broom which picks up lint, fluff particles and dust specks. In addition, it is easily cleaned by squeezing it in soapy water.

♦ ♦

Steel is more important than gold, silver, copper and lead combined in the sense that we could give up all three metals with less effect upon our civilization.

♦ ♦

According to *Steel Facts*, the first barbed wire fences had wooden legs strung along a length of plain wire, with sharpened points of wire protruding from each peg.

♦ ♦

In the United States at the end of 1939 there were thirty-six million children under sixteen years of age. Of these, twenty-three million are native-born of native white parentage.

♦ ♦

Well, it's here at last—the arm-chair shovel! We can't give you the name of the inventor, but this boon to humanity is manufactured in Mt. Vernon, Illinois. Use your own judgment.

♦ ♦

According to Webster the well-informed sportsman should say: A bevy of quail; a covey of partridge; a brood of grouse; a wisp of snipe; a stand of plover; a plump of ducks and a flock of geese.

♦ ♦

When American women began traveling alone on railroad trains in the 1870's, some of them carried a large, closely-bundled crying doll for the double purpose of securing seats and discouraging the attentions of lonely gentlemen.



## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**The Dark Wheel**, by S. M. C. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. Price, \$2.

Imagine yourself as a man without faith, weary of a world of trouble and strife, of a world without love, ever seeking peace and never finding it. Suppose you were given by your doctors only a few short months to live and your search for the meaning of life and for peace became frantic, when suddenly by some strange abrogation or abeyance of the laws of space and time you were carried back to the Ages of Faith of five hundred years ago to learn the meaning of this earthly life. This is what happens to the chief character, Greville White, in *The Dark Wheel*. After the luxuries and comforts and complexities of modern English life, he finds the simple life of the people of the end of the Middle Ages crude and trying to his sophisticated tastes. Yet he discovers something there which he did not find in his own times, peace, and after that the reason for peace—faith in God and the spiritual purpose of life. He moves from century to century with the rapidity and ease of thought, ever learning the lesson which this strange experience was meant to teach him, until his education is complete and he is ripe for heaven.

The book is not an historical novel; it defies history. Its approach is psychological, for it is the story of the search of a mind for light, and a soul for peace and love. Instead of being sentimental it is rational and intellectual, even though emotion has its proper place. The reader goes through the learning processes and the spiritual changes of the character. Many will find the book strange because of its unique plot, but they will like it, for the writer has the gift of carrying the reader along with her in these excursions through time. She tells the story

so naturally and so convincingly that it all seems possible, and oddly enough very real. The book is well written, with a nicety of expression and an ease of language that may be missed just because the story flows so smoothly. The conversation of the Medieval characters has a peculiarly old and mellow flavor, for there is just enough of the archaic idiom to make it different from the modern, and not enough to make it hard to read.

The book will be a welcome change from the news of wars and rumors of wars in our daily papers, for one will be "spirited back centuries" away from the troubles of today, and in that purer atmosphere will find vicariously some of the peace which Greville White found.

Paul E. Beichner.

**The Circle of Sanctity**, by Paul McCann. B. Herder Book Co. Price, \$2.50.

Paul McCann first of all considers the make-up of sanctity. Admitting its study is a complex one, he goes over much ground: not with the idea of writing a treatise on the spiritual life, not to show a step by step advance to holiness, not to go up to sublime heights, but to make manifest the virtues which the saints practiced. After this survey of sanctity in general, he proceeds to the main purpose of his book: the selection of those virtues which are thought to be worthy of special study nowadays, and of those saints who exemplify the virtues. The arcs (virtues and saints) of his circle of sanctity are: Wisdom—St. Thomas Aquinas and Robert Bellarmine; poverty—St. Francis Assisi and St. Francis de Sales; obedience—Joan of Arc and St. Ignatius of Loyola; humility—St. Augustine and the Little Flower; charity—Pope Gregory the Great and St. Vincent de Paul; jus-

tice—Sts. Thomas More and Bishop Fisher.

We are not going to say that Paul McCann should have written this or that type of book, that this or that virtue or saint should have place. What is absent can cause argument. What is here is good, except for an occasional lack of simplicity. It has force, is pertinent and practical, makes one proud of the saints and their works, gives lustre to virtues and principles, and adds inspiration for workaday life. Numerous asides—and they are numerous—build up the running information and interest. Old material, if you will, but with new spirit. Paul McCann writes with head and heart.

William Gray.

**A Life of Our Lord for Children**, by Marigold Hunt. Sheed & Ward, New York. Price, \$1.25.

*A Life of Our Lord for Children* takes a quick look at the Old Testament to foresee a King and His Kingdom and a thorough look at the New Testament to consider them. The royalty idea is good where children are reared to the notion. In the United States they are not. Here considerations of Our Lord as priest, miracle-worker, wondrous character would be more normally impressive. Still, the book belongs to no race or nation. It has a smooth, fast-running, conversational style, with comments as well as revealing questions as part of the text, so that the complete effect must be appealing to children generally. Incidents are not unduly emphasized or dramatized. They could have been effectively, to make the significant truly significant and life-long lessons. But why not a good map of Palestine, *exact* quotations from the Bible and references, a clear sequence of events showing year, time of the year and place, and an index? To children these could be a boon and to parents and teachers surely refreshers,

probably more. Don't get the idea that the book is not a good one. It is. Our point is that books for children have much to gain by being as thorough as possible.

This is on page 45: "The devil had much more power then than he has now. . . ." More manifest power? And on page 98 it is said that, "If they (the Jews) had accepted Him (Our Lord) . . . nowadays there would be . . . only Catholics and Catholic churches. . . ." Kindly, Homer nodding?

Thomas Jackson.



#### PAMPHLETS

Rumble and Carty—Radio Replies, St. Paul, Minn.: *The Mosaic Manifesto*—The Ten Commandments Explained for Children and Converts. 10c.

Evêché de Valleyfield, Canada: *Lettre Encyclique, "Summi Pontificatus" de Sa Sainteté Pie XII à l'occasion de son avènement au Trône Pontifical*.

The Rev. Francis Thomay, 1200 Bel-den Ave., Chicago: *Liturgy of the Holy Mass according to the Chaldean Rite*, translated from the French by Sister Mary Loyola Hayde, R. S. M. 50c.

America Press, New York: *Progress and Problems of the American Church* ("Sertum Laetitiae"), arranged for study clubs, the encyclical of Pope Pius XII to the American Hierarchy. 5c.

The Queen's Work, 3742 West Pine Boulevard, St. Louis: *How to Write and Edit*—Discussion Outline, by Herbert O'H. Walker, S. J. 10c. *Questions I'm Asked About Marriage*, by Daniel A. Lord, S. J. 10c.

Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind.: *Prophets and Kings: Great Scenes, Great Lines*, by the Rev. James M. Gillis, C. S. P. 20c; *Great European Monarch and World Peace*, compiled by Anthony J. Beck, M. A. 5c; *My College Daze in the Youth Movement*, by Mark Gross. 5c.



## YOUNGER READERS

### School Time

By L. Mitchell Thornton

*Some children ride to school in busses  
And some the trolley way,  
Some go on pony back, and others  
In cars, blue, black or grey.  
But I have something to remember,  
The mile long hill that led  
From my home, for on winter morning  
I went down on my sled;  
And I have something to remember,  
However far I roam;  
How steep that hill seemed to a youngster  
Pulling my sled back home.*

### The Secret of the Shuttered Door

By Frances Y. Young

#### Chapter XIX—Secret of the Shuttered Door

THINGS MOVED with rapidity after that; they always did when the Flynns and the G's worked together. The Flynns continued to stay a few days at Mrs. Blake's and Geoff and Doc were off hours every day on mysterious errands. The G's were studying for examinations and had little time to ask questions.

The G-men did not return for Geoff. Doctor Flynn interviewed some people; then Geoff gave his parole for good behavior and paid a fine, glad to atone in some way for past misdeeds! He was a new man and so relieved at being able to lead an honest, upright life again! He meant to work with his mother here at the chicken-farm and to make a great success of it, thus repaying her with more than money for all her sacrifices for him! Finally he went to confession for the first time in years and his mother's joy knew no bounds.

Doctor consulted with Norry's doctor and the new treatments showed visible improvement. He could be seen every day on the road walking with only one crutch instead of two, and accompanied by his new and beloved dog. Doctor had bought it for a dollar from one of the neighbors who fed it so little that it had been almost starved to death. It was the very hound which had howled so dismally the night when the G's had first come here!

Five more days and Mother and Dad would be home. Gene and Gerry could scarcely wait! On this Saturday, the Doctor announced that he had something to show them!

He had driven them into school every day for a week and had always taken a short cut in the other direction, so this was the first time they had been past the shuttered house since the raid of the counterfeiter. Gene asked the Doctor if they could stop a minute when they got there so he could look at it again and when Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Dorothy who were also in the car, smiled, neither he nor Gerry could understand why. They found out, when the car stopped in front of the house and they entered through a hospitably opened gate. The house had been converted into a small but charming hobby-club for children! It was painted a cheerful white with the former dolorous shutters and other trimmings a glowing red. Even the ominous shuttered door which was thrown wide open in what seemed now a friendly grin, was painted scarlet, while the inside walls and shelves were a deep cream-color. The floor had a bright-patterned linoleum, and the windows, gay chintz hangings. The yard had been put in

order, marked off, ready for the gardens which were always an interesting feature of the hobby club.

Geoff was the attendant—a smiling happy Geoff, so pleased to atone for past misdeeds by helping other boys to useful and entertaining activities. Norry, the librarian and general assistant, was going to be so pleasantly busy that he would hardly have time to miss the G's. He had an interested companion in Geoff, to say nothing of Houndie, the dog, who, being young, was a little too gamesome in showing his delight at his changed condition, but would sober into a fine dog in time.

**B**UT WHO'LL COME?" asked Gene doubtfully. "It's swell to have made this old criminal hide-out into a place like this; but who'll come?"

"The kids around here," answered Geoff. "I've talked to them; they won't be so bad when they have something to do; most of them are keen for it. They can do whatever they like here—I mean in the way of occupation. We have the place; Mother and Doc paid for fixing it up. After awhile, we'll be able to get a library and things for them to work with—tools and albums and so on. We could do with more equipment and that's a fact! Well, after I get my debts paid I may be able to—" his voice dwindled off.

"Make money!" finished the doctor and winked at him. "Who should know how to make money if not you?" He joked that way, so Geoff would not be sensitive. That was just among themselves; no one else must know that there was more to the story than that Geoff had been travelling, which they circulated everywhere.

"Wait!" cried Gene, slowly. "You told me, Doc, that I would get some reward-money for helping to catch these criminals. Why couldn't I help equip this place with everything it needs? Books and games and tools and stamp-albums—everything! I'd like that!"

"And things for the girls!" broke in Gerry. "I guess I earned part of that reward money! You've forgotten the girls!"

"No, honey!" said Mrs. Blake. "I'm going to look after the girls, and your friend Angela is going to help me! I kept too much to myself and my chickens, but now my boy is home again to help me, I can devote a great deal of time to helping others! An active Thanksgiving every day! And I'll love it, too!"

"So that's the reason for all the secrecy this week," explained Mrs. Dorothy; "we thought it would be fun to surprise you."

"But here is a better surprise!" the Doctor's dark eyes danced as a car drove up in front of the gate. "Some foreign friends of mine who just got off the boat this morning and flew here. They were so anxious to meet some certain G's—I got the wire while you were still asleep this morning; G's meet Mr. and Mrs. Gordon!"

The G's did not even hear him; here were Mamma and Dad—back earlier than the earliest day they had planned—Mamma looking so healthy and so happy and Daddy—the same dear Daddy whom no change could possibly improve!

**S**OME HOURS LATER, the G's drove to their home with their parents and the Flynns. They passed the house with the shuttered door and waved happily at the group there. They would all exchange visits so there were no sad partings. The boys and girls of the neighborhood were there; the girls, headed by Angela and with Mrs. Blake standing in front of the group, kissing her hand to them with joyful tears running down her cheeks. She had been reluctant to part with the G's, but so much happier than when they came—she credited it all to them! But Gene



and Gerry assured her that they had done nothing—the power of prayer had brought Geoff back to her again.

Geoff saluted them smartly and so did Norry who stood there very straight with his other hand on his dear dog's neck. All their new friends stood there; happy days were in store for them all just because the G's had tried to do their best for everybody in the best way they knew how!

As their car turned a bend in the road and shut off the group, the G's turned away with content. They had solved the Secret of the Shuttered Door! The dark secret had become bright, the door had been opened, and the shuttered house would hold no more grim secrets.

Gene and Gerry had solved the secret of the Shuttered Door, their visit which they had dreaded was over, and it had proved to be a most interesting time!

But this was best of all, and Booker, as if reading their minds, waved an enthusiastic tail. The G's had the Doctor and Mrs. Dorothy back with them. Here were Mother and Daddy and they were going home!

(The End.)

## From Kitchen-boy to Sculptor

By Esther Reeks

ONE HUNDRED AND seventy-five years ago there lived in the little village of Possagno, Italy, a boy named Antonio Canova, made his home with his grandfather, because his father was dead and his step-father was unkind to him. The grandfather was a stone-cutter.

The old man loved Antonio very much. The boy, too, loved his grandfather, and liked to watch him at his work. Sometimes he would fashion little animals from the bits of stone that flew from the stonecutter's chisel; at other

times he would draw pictures or models in clay.

As the boy grew older, he helped his grandfather in the shop. Sometimes, too, he would be paid for washing pots and pans in the kitchen of a nobleman who lived near his home. This nobleman was named Signor Faliero, and was very fond of giving big dinners.

ONE DAY SIGNOR Faliero had invited many princes, noblemen, artists and art lovers to a big feast. He wanted the table to look as fine as possible. So he hired a man to make a wonderful centerpiece. At the last minute word came that the centerpiece had been spoiled. And so a great disappointment.

When Antonio, who was busy in the kitchen, learned what had happened, he said to the chief servant: "If you will let me try, I think I can make something that will do for the place." The servant wondered what a boy of twelve could do, but he decided to give him a chance. Antonio called for a big pile of butter; and out of this he molded a crouching lion. All the servants thought it splendid.

When the guests entered the room and saw the lion they were so thrilled that for a time they forgot all about the feast. They wanted to know what great artist had made it. Their hosts could not tell them, and asked his chief servant. When the servant told them that it had been done by the scullion, or kitchen boy, they asked to see him; and so Antonio was brought in and needless to say was praised for his work.

But best of all, Signor Faliero was so pleased that he declared Antonio would be educated at his expense. So the lad was sent to study under the best masters. Diligent in all that he did, in time he became one of the greatest sculptors the world has ever known. Even today, the name of Antonio Canova is honored among lovers of art.

## ✧ The Weekly Postscript ✧

By M. M. Wirries

THE E. E. N. AND T. specialist is a very busy man. You sense this, as you wait in his outer office. Eyes go haywire at all times, but just now it is ear, nose and throat weather. You yourself have just recovered from a painful sore throat and head infection, so you pity the poor patients who come in with carmine on their noses.

Your child has eyes—at least you think it is eyes. She has been what her young sister calls slangily “dizzier than usual,” and your family doctor has just assured you, to your great relief, that she is “in perfect physical condition. Better see a good eye man at once. It may be the eyes.”

You wait gloomily. It is the day cook’s day off, and you promised your husband you would be back for the five o’clock rush in the lunchroom. Your appointment with the family doctor was for three, and you thought you would have time to spare. But then he shunted you to the tenth floor, and the eye man. And here you sit and sit and sit. Usually you enjoy waiting rooms, which afford interesting studies of human nature. But today your fellow human beings are not interesting. They are miserable time-markers, like yourself. They look as unhappy as you feel. The mother of the fidgety eleven-year-old keeps complaining, audibly: “We’ll be lucky if we get out of here by a quarter to six.” You are glad your watch is laid up for repairs. There is something nerve-wracking about keeping your eye on a minute-hand.

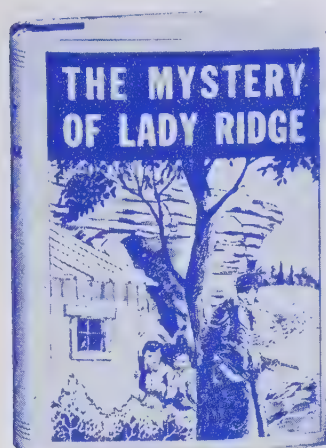
Your assistant pastor comes in. He tells you that old age is creeping on him—he had to have bifocals. And now that he has them, he has to practise walking with them on. He is inclined to think that a curbstone is either a moun-

tain or a valley—and his arm is not long enough for the newspaper—unless he remembers to look through the proper window. You sympathize with him. For a long time, now, you have felt bifocals creeping up on you—along with that same “old age.” While you are sympathizing the office girl sends the assistant pastor in to the eye man, ahead of you. You feel aggrieved because you do not have the “pull” of an assistant pastor. Does he have to cook a supper rush? Or will the pastor be waiting for him with fire in his eye?

YOUR CHILD has drops in her eyes. Her eyes are blue, but stubborn. The pupils will not dilate. She has drops four times, while you sit on the edge of her cot, and wait some more. The boy on the next cot laments about the hardness of it. The man on the operating table in the next room worries about the lancing of his ear drums. A boy and a woman and another woman sit somewhere out of sight, droning a monotonous “Call P. K. Call P. K. Call P. K.,” while an unseen nurse performs some kind of operation on their noses. People keep coming in to get “shots.” One girl nineteen, cries over hers. In your own little room, eye patients keep coming in with nurses who all speak the same language: “Just sit down on the black chair. Put your head way back—so. Hold still. Now roll your eyes.” Then they go out again. Fifteen, with a towel on her eyes, protested:

“Why didn’t I get to sit on that black chair? I’ve been discriminated against. Oh, but this cot is hard! Do I have to keep this towel on my eyes? When do you think we’ll get out of here? What do you suppose Daddy is thinking about us?” You wonder, too.





## THE MYSTERY OF LADY RIDGE

By Anne Moorehead

Children, generally speaking, like mystery stories and when they are coupled with adventure there is a double fascination about them. Just such a story is **THE MYSTERY OF LADY RIDGE** wherein a wealthy family, on merely circumstantial evidence, is faced with disgrace and reduced to poverty.

Mrs. Wayne and her five children had left for Miami to spend the Christmas holidays, expecting Bertram Wayne, the father, to rejoin them on Christmas Eve. And then came the dreadful news on the 24th that the bank of which Mr. Wayne was President had been robbed the night before . . . the watchman shot . . . and the last words he uttered: "Wayne — last

night — got me." The mysterious disappearance of Bertram Wayne and later the recovery, several miles down the river, of a body supposedly that of the bank President.

The Waynes now change their name and move away to a small New England village where an old ruined paternal homestead shelters the heretofore well-to-do family. Then the "fun" begins: With G-men, suspicious characters constantly loitering nearby, a devoted mother and faithful children playing an active part, the story is interestingly done with a surprising climax. It is a book that every boy and girl will thoroughly enjoy. **\$1.00**

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## NEXT WEEK

*Good Givers, Good Receivers*, by John J. Holbrook, Peosta, Ia. Learn to be a good receiver. It is as important and perhaps as difficult as to be a good giver.

*Catholics Do Read*, by Anne M. Habberley, 1560 Euclid Ave., Berkeley, Cal. Mrs. Habberley affirms quite confidently that Catholics are reasonably disposed to good books, Miss Sheila-Kaye Smith even to the contrary.

*The Gaelic Gladiator*, by John H. Kearney, 220 Carlton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., is our short fiction offering.

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## OBITUARY

Rev. A. Zehnder, O.S.B., Diocese of Little Rock, Ark.

Sister Mary Joseph, O.P.; Sister Mary of Saint Francis De Sales, Religious of Our Lady of Charity of Refuge.

Mr. Peter Rader, J. J. Seitz, P. Maher, Mrs. Rosa Schneider, Mrs. Elizabeth Doherty, Thomas H. Moylan, Michael Repscik, Mrs. Annie Donohue, Mary Gartland, James H. McDermott, Mary A. O'Connor, Justin O'Connor, M. A. White, Lannie Tweddle, Mrs. Margaret Newcomb, Mrs. Catherine Reinhalter, Mrs. Ellen MacDonald, Michael MacDonald, Alexander MacDonald, Duncan MacKenzie, Thomas Heenan. May they rest in peace!



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# THE AVE MARIA

## CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

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MARCH 23, 1940

### *World News in Brief*

**THE CHURCH** In Amsterdam, new Nazi anti-Catholic measures reported here were the conscripting of German priests for army service, and the denial of the privilege of Confession for Polish prisoners. . . . ¶ In New York, the magazines *Time* and *Newsweek* (March 11) attacked the critics of Mr. Roosevelt's papal envoy. . . . ¶ In Buffalo, labor organs lauded the recent Bishops' pastoral, *The Church and Social Order*. . . . ¶ In Louvain, a national funeral was held for Most Rev. Paulin Ladeuze, rector of the University. . . . ¶ In St. Louis, a lecture series marked the Jesuits' 400th Jubilee. . . . ¶ In Chicago, a Catholic Youth Senate to co-ordinate the work of youth groups was formed by Bishop Sheil. . . . ¶ In Konnersreuth, the stigmatic condition of Theresa Neumann was once more verified by medical authorities of Prague University. . . . ¶ In Washington, Dr. John M. Cooper, professor of Anthropology, denied the theory of race superiority.

**AT HOME** In Washington, the War Department weighed the release of new type planes to foreign powers. . . . Silver irregularities were exposed by Senator Townsend. . . . The Hatch Bill was supported by the House. . . . Political parties collected a million dollars for the coming presidential campaign. . . . The House approved the navy expansion program, and started action for congressional reapportionment, based on the new 1940 census returns. . . . The Senate com-

merce committee condemned census snooping. . . . ¶ In Springfield, Ill., political circles were jarred by the mysterious death of F. Lynden Smith, manager of campaign funds. G-men entered the case. . . . ¶ In Tallahassee, Florida, officials offered to support a Roosevelt third term for a \$1,400,000 water project. . . . ¶ In industry, 1940 steel exports were indicated by early figures.

**ABROAD** In Moscow, a peace was signed with Finland, thus ending an undeclared war. Finns were shocked at the Russian terms—three times greater than the original Red demands (450,000 Finns, uprooted from the ceded lands, sought new homes). . . . ¶ In Paris, French officials urged the United States to lead a drive for economic reconstruction. Meantime, both Britain and France abandoned plans for a drive on Germany through Scandinavia. . . . ¶ In London, Sumner Welles, special American envoy, conferred with British officials, returned to Italy, and then sailed for home. . . . Sir Michael O'Dwyer, key figure in British rule of India, was assassinated. . . . ¶ In Istanbul, Turkey continued to pour millions into her defenses, yet hoped for peace. . . . ¶ In Tokyo, Japan again criticized the American policy in the Far East. . . . ¶ In Rome, the German foreign minister discussed European problems both with Mussolini and with Pope Pius XII, but left Rome without apparent success, other than the German-Italian plan for an economic union.

## Notes and Remarks

Bishop Manning, head of the Protestant Episcopal Church, protested in the *New York Times* of March first against the appointment

### Bishop Manning Wins

of Bertrand Russell, British scholar, as Professor of Philosophy in City College, New York City. The Bishop charged that Professor Russell is a propagandist against religion and morality, and a defender of adultery. In proof of his charges, he quotes from Russell's work, *Education and the Good Life* (p. 221):

In teaching my own children, I shall try to prevent them from learning a moral code which I regard as harmful. . . . I shall not teach that faithfulness to our partner through life is in any way desirable, or that a permanent marriage should exclude temporary episodes.

Dr. Manning also quotes from the daily press the following evidences of Russell's ethical teachings: (1) Outside human desires there is no moral standard. (2) God and immortality, the central dogmas of the Christian religion, find no support in science. (3) In the absence of children, sexual relations are a purely private matter which does not concern either the state or the neighbors. (4) The peculiar importance attached to adultery is irrational.

Replying to Bishop Manning, Dr. Mead of City College eulogizes Prof. Russell in this way: "Mr. Bertrand Russell is regarded by scholars throughout the world as one of the most brilliant thinkers of our day." You need not be told that Prof. Russell's brilliant thinking is not under discussion. Mr. John T. Flynn, member of the administrative committee, also steps in to say he regards Prof. Russell as "a man of the highest character whose morals will compare favorably with those of Bishop Manning." But Bishop Manning is not talking about Russell's

personal morals or his own. The two educators have not followed the Bishop, but have switched off to another line. What about Russell's promise not to teach his children faithfulness in marriage? What about no moral standards outside of man's desires? About God and immortality finding no support in science? About sexual relations being a purely private matter? About adultery? Dr. Mead and Mr. Flynn missed these points completely and took up matters that had no bearing on the question. They have not in any sense met Bishop Manning's objections to Prof. Russell. We have no hesitation, therefore, in awarding the decision to the Bishop.

There is no small merit in Ambassador Kennedy's frequent visits home from London. We are not referring to his report-

### Mr. Kennedy's Report to Reporters

ing back to the White House on

the state of European affairs, but rather to the impression that he gathers from the masses of American citizens and carries back to Europe—to those governmental officials with an ear to the ground for American sentiment and the possibility of aid in the current struggle. Last week, after returning to London by plane, Mr. Kennedy was greeted by a host of newspaper men eager for a report on American opinion. And Mr. Kennedy told them, in a straightforward manner, that the United States was more determined than ever to stay out of the war; that part of this growing feeling was American resentment at Britain's seizure of mails, particularly the mail carried across the Atlantic by Clipper planes. He admitted that the American people are confused over war issues, and nat-



urally had become more convinced that they should keep out. Mr. Kennedy criticized reports that the United States was waxing fat on war orders, and asserted that our economy was seriously affected, so that the general result was a depressing effect on all business except war industries. Mr. Kennedy should be complimented for his accurate reporting—in such marked contrast with the reports of our Ambassador stationed at the Court of St. James during the previous war. What reaction this candid reporting will have on allied policies is difficult to forecast. Perhaps it may mean a more intense effort at propaganda; perhaps a greater effort at making peace. For us, it is important only that we retain the attitude broadcast by our spokesman, and give Mr. Kennedy compelling reasons to believe he has spoken the truth.

Elizabeth Cushman, writing in a recent issue of *Harpers*, is of the opinion that every girl should have some business experience for the following reasons: Experience at working before marriage will

**The Girl in Business** lessen the possibility of her becoming a nagging wife, for it gives a woman a chance to understand a man's responsibilities. It will also give her a perspective on herself by teaching her what it means to be no longer the center of an adoring home circle. In the competitive world she must get along on her own initiative and not because she is somebody's daughter. It will teach her the value of money if she has to live on what she earns, and it will give her a decent regard for workers and make her considerate of them. But five years is as long as any girl should engage in business unless she actually has to. At the end of that time she will have had enough of experience and she will have learned that there's no money

in it. The idea that business needs the woman is all wrong, Miss Cushman believes, because our interest must lie in the richest flowering of the individual, not in the deflowering of the individual for the sake of an impersonal concept such as business. Our emphasis must be upon what women can take from business to their home, not what they can bring from their home to business. Business must be a means to an end—the living of the good life—and not an end in itself. She believes that a woman's real place is in the home and that she never gets the same consideration man gets in the business world even when she works as efficiently and as industriously.

The need for religious education in the public schools is becoming more apparent every day as is evidenced by

the number of serious-minded people who are endeavoring to find some

**Religion for Public Schools** practical plan for teaching public-school children religion. Councilman Joseph Sharkey recently introduced a resolution at a meeting of the New York City Council which reads in part: "Whereas, the State Board of Regents recommended to the Commissioner of Education that local public officials may authorize the excuse of children from public schools for instruction in religious education during school hours, and because an analysis of the State and City prisons, and juvenile cases coming before our children's court, and problem cases encountered in our schools, reveals and discloses beyond dispute that a majority of the individuals involved had never received religious instruction or spiritual guidance and in many cases had no religious affiliations whatever, leading to the inference that such instruction makes for the commonwealth and prosperity of the community, be it resolved that the City Council

petition the Board of Education to authorize the excuse of children from public schools for instruction in religious education during school hours in order to round out and broaden the education and culture of the children in religious, ethical and moral matters and to inculcate during their youthful years the principles of honesty and righteousness." Certainly, if religion is important, it should occupy an important place in the child's school day, and should not be left to chance. In some cities the religious teachers go right into the schools at certain hours. If this plan be thought unwise, then the plan which Mr. Sharkey suggests is next in order.

Divorce and remarriage have achieved a status of respectability in this country. Public opinion, the strongest secular defensive

### Near Breakdown of Marriage

outpost of the institution of marriage, has almost, if not quite, fallen. Evidences of this are present everywhere. There was a time, not so remote, when people in public life, high or low, felt divorce returns within their families as serious obstacles to their political objectives. Today these returns are defended or obscured. Public opinion has gone Hollywood. There is frequent laudation expressed about the unyielding front of the Catholic Church in defense of the inviolability of the Sacrament of Matrimony. However, how about some of the membership of the Catholic Church? Any bishop or parish priest will tell you of a distressing number of our people who have sought freedom from their bonds in divorce courts, and remarried. It will be a white parish indeed that has not some—even many—such. The fact is, the secular world has invaded the Catholic tradition of marriage held by Catholics much more than the Catholic

Church has determined the marriage outlook of those not of the Faith. Should you consider this pessimistic, do some personal work in statistics.

When making a loan of some twenty odd millions to the Finns to help them finance their struggle against

### Selling to Both Sides

Russia, at the same time we sent copper, tin, etc., to Russia, paid for in Russian gold (of which we have an oversupply) at an immense profit. On February 7, we learn that the Russian ship, *Kim*, brought \$5,600,000 in gold to the port of San Francisco, mined at slightly more than eleven dollars an ounce and sold to the United States at thirty-four dollars an ounce. After unloading this gold, the *Kim* took on American copper to be used against the Finns. We do not quite see how a gold loan to Finland is consistent with our sale of tin and copper to Russia. Finland buys our money; Russia our copper and tin. Copper and tin are less valuable but more immediately serviceable in the terrible business of modern warfare.

When a well-known chief of police in one of our large cities was recently asked to single out the main cause for

### Youth Delinquency

the existence of young criminals, he deviated from the usual replies in a startling manner.

After pausing momentarily, he replied: "Women!" Observing that his answer was not a popular one, he continued: "Yes, women! Women are not homemakers any more. What kind of children can you expect to have, when you have mothers such as they are today! What we are missing is some good old discipline in the home. It will not be long before they will be sending mothers to the penitentiary for spanking their children. . . ." Chief Sullivan's re-



marks may appear slightly ironical. There are those who will disregard his homespun observations in favor of a greater latitude for the maladjusted, and the problem child—as outlined by certain schoolmen. Chief Sullivan is not concerned with the care of abnormal children; he is more concerned with preventing normal youngsters from becoming delinquent by substituting the proper home environment in their formative years. He bases his assertions, not so much on theory as on actual experience; he is not concerned with hypotheses, but rather with realities that roam the streets and are now bringing forth the fruits of their neglected home-training. Adenoids and tonsils may be responsible for the retarded condition of individual cases; but even healthy physical organs in a youngster cannot be expected to provide the adequate moral-training imparted by a good Christian mother.

—◆—

Congressman J. P. Thomas of New Jersey, a member of the Dies Committee, had a few unpleasant things to say about Attorney General Jackson for dismissing the

**Attorney General's Attitude**

indictments against those who were accused of recruiting soldiers for the Spanish War. On this dismissal THE AVE MARIA commented on March 2d. "When we look at the record," said the Congressman, "the answer to Mr. Jackson's extraordinary course of action will become plain. On August 4, 1938, *The Daily Worker*, official paper of the Communists, carried the following headline: 'Peace March Is Endorsed by Jackson.' In the article which appears underneath this caption we read: 'The march will be led by more than two hundred veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade.' Earl Browder testified before the Dies Committee that more than sixty per cent of the veter-

ans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade were members of the Communist party. We, therefore, have the astonishing spectacle of the present Attorney General of the United States having been one of the endorsers of a parade which was led by veterans of the brigade. This highest law-enforcement official of the United States Government has obviously disqualified himself to prosecute those who had illegally recruited these Communists soldiers whose parade he publicly endorsed." This is a distressing commentary on the condition of things in this country where millions of dollars are spent for the building up of our defenses. Of what use will airships, dreadnaughts and tanks be to us, when we have men in key positions who are hobnobbing with the enemy?

—◆—

Recent newspaper items carried the report that the Pope has ordered his Noble Guards into training—as though

some manner of

**The Pope's Army** Vatican military campaign were in the offing. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Noble Guard, personal bodyguard of the Pope, numbers but seventy at full strength. These men, all members of the Roman nobility, were summoned to the Vatican recently for the first of a series of weekly exercises. And Vatican authorities stated specifically the nature of the drills—for those special ceremonies, this month, in connection with the first anniversary of the election and coronation of Pope Pius XII. Not a few American agencies who have viewed Myron C. Taylor's mission to the Vatican with sinister forebodings, will make the most of this call to arms, and will predict dire consequences to our country and the world at large. Perhaps His Holiness has military designs on America with those seventy soldiers of the Noble Guard. Ministerial associations should institute sets of resolutions.

# *Weekly Page*

By THE EDITOR

## Unused Path

THE PATH GOES across a somewhat hilly, somewhat craggy countryside from the north end of this parish to the small church that stands on a rise of land at the far south. After a span of some forty odd years you follow the same path this morning through flat fields, craggy hills and patches of unkept shrubbery. It is late June. It is summer-warm, the clouds grey and lazy. Cows lift up their large heads and chew the tuft of grass they have just plucked as you walk by.

This path is no longer used by this generation. Forty years ago a score of children hurried up here to the school just west of the church to capture as much education as the times afforded. The technique of the distribution of learning was not embroidered with any delicate borders in the approach to the child's mind. You either knew your lessons or you didn't. If you knew it, you were not molested. If you didn't, you got one, two or three slaps on the flat of the hand with a ruler or a cane, accompanied by a verbal correction which was determined by the temper of the teacher. As pleasure was always sweeter than work after school hours, it must be confessed truthfully, even if ruefully, that much of your earlier education reached you through a cane or ruler—whichever it happened to be. You went up this path, you travel today after forty years, sad with foreboding. You guessed what was coming sometime during the course of the schoolday, and your guess was generally right. You would like, for the comfort of memory and for self-justification, to condemn outright that red-bearded schoolmaster and the whole system by which learning was distributed at the

end of a stick. It must be confessed honestly, however, that a less ill-natured teacher and a more humane system would not have made any great difference in the general result. Had you been rubbed with the fur of gentleness it would not have greatly changed your youthful hatred of books and learning.

Well, there are no children hurrying up this path these days. Nor on Sunday mornings are people legging it to Mass. The children go around the road where the motor cars and the traps hurry up and down. The people are carried by horse or pony vehicles. Where are all those scholars now? A dozen or so are married here about, the fathers and mothers of families. Others carry on without life partners. Some are in the United States, in England, Australia, Canada, and so on. Some have been dead for years.

COULD ALL return this moment and walk up this unused path which they used some forty years ago, how different they would all appear! What would their thoughts be and what would they think now of the life that was then? Well, whatever they would think or say, you think and say, it was peaceful and carefree. You assert that were it to be lived over you would not change it much. You would again hate books and learning. You would still play when you should work. You would go out summer evenings and take part in games; and on winter evenings you would listen before the fire to politics or ghost stories by your elders. You would do over whatever you did—except you would put a larger stone in the wheel track that almost capsized Timeen Clacy's mule cart some forty odd years ago.



# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## Holy Week and Easter in Rome

By Charlotte M. Meagher

EASTER, 1939, WAS a propitious time for a Roman pilgrimage. In the first place, His Holiness, Pope Pius XII had come to the Papal throne within a month's time; this would be his first Pontifical Easter Mass, Easter sermon, Easter blessing. Even at the farthest corners of the earth these were awaited and listened for. In the second place, the world was palpably out of joint: Munich and the previous September had not been forgotten, September, 1939, was still in the unpredictable future. Above European horizons rose war clouds, dull and grey and sinister; or blood-red, portending set of civilization's sun. Yet here in the center of the unity and the solidarity of the world's most widely spread institution one sensed the peace promised to men of good will, the peace that passeth understanding. The city and the world wove themselves into a satisfying background for Holy Week in Rome.

It was on Spy Wednesday we came up from Naples to the Eternal City. The clocks of Rome were marking noonday. Our first visit must be to St. Peter's. The great square of the basilica lies spread out before us. Those of us who have been here before look with nostalgic regret upon the wide thoroughfare now leading into the piazza; formerly the approach was through a narrow way from which burst upon one's view the vastness and the grandeur of St. Peter's. But narrow ways are giving place to wide avenues in the Rome of today. Interpret it as you will: the *resurrection of Rome*

in the meaningful phrase of Chesterton; the eternal youth of the New Jerusalem in the minds of the pilgrims.

I shall not go into details or dimensions of the superb Bernini colonnade, the grandeur of its semicircular sweep, the joyous upthrow of the square's two fountains, the majesty of the piazza itself, the splendor of the basilica's façade, the artistry of the five great doors comparable only to the Ghiberti doors in Florence. The piazza is again to figure in our experiences: that will be on Easter Sunday when we shall see it crammed with people, worshipers coming out from the service, pilgrims welling up from the city across the Tiber, here to touch the hem of the spectacle's garment. Today the colonnade is glowing in the sunlight, the fountains splashing into the April air, the piazza lying quiet as we mount the steps to the vestibule, where between the gigantic statues of St. Peter and St. Paul we pass into the vastness of St. Peter's.

THAT VASTNESS IS breathtaking. Yet colossal as this interior strikes beholders, it is a well-known fact that one comes very slowly to any true realization of its immensity. One has to be assured, for example, that those angels supporting that font are of gigantic size, that the pen in the hand of St. Luke pictured in the dome is eight feet long. A town of 80,000 could be held within the walls of St. Peter's, yet so perfect are the proportions of Michael Angelo's architecture that the vastness

itself disappears before the grace and the beauty.

Accustoming eyes and minds to the size and grandeur of the basilica we begin our tour. We note at our right the Chapel of the Pietà, but the renowned Michael Angelo group shares with all statues the Passion-tide draping with the purple veil. We promise ourselves a return next week. Continuing we try to take in as much as we can of the magnificence: the statues of saints, the busts and tombs of Pontiffs, the mosaics of the chapel, the four great pillars, the colossal bronze statue of St. Peter the foot of which has been worn smooth by the salutations of thirteen centuries of pilgrims, the dome swung by the genius of Michael Angelo nearly five hundred feet into the air above us, the sublime Latin Text spelled out in letters six feet tall—*Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and I will give thee the keys of Heaven*,—the four gigantic figures of the Evangelists above the frieze reaching to the lantern at the top of the dome.

**DIRECTLY BENEATH** the dome rests the Confession or Tomb of St. Peter. Down into the crypt we peer, over the surrounding railing alight with candles set in most elaborate candelabra, and we discover that behind those statues of St. Peter and St. Paul is the niche with its grating covering the actual tomb of the first of the Pontiffs. Later on, in our Easter-Week pilgrimages we are to go down into the crypt for Holy Mass at the tomb of the latest to be laid away, Pius XI. On this occasion we shall pay reverence to the Tomb of St. Peter on the very spot, where at the demolition of the first church the sepulchre was left undisturbed. The new church took shape around it with the supreme words, "Thou art Peter," high above it. Here today stand the pilgrims: over us the words of Christ, below us the tomb, back of us the un-

seen realities of two thousand Christian years.

**WE RISE** from the balustrade about the Confession and our eyes are presently captured by the beauty of the Bernini baldachino, the great twisted bronze columns of which reach up regally for one hundred feet toward the graceful apex, canoping the altar. The simple grandeur of the altar we shall be privileged to see in service and ceremony later in our pilgrimage.

As we turn to leave the basilica our eyes fall upon the confessional boxes marked for penitents of every nationality—English, French, German, Spanish, Hungarian, and so on. These give us pause; we are swept from our contemplation of the Church of the Past into an arresting awareness of the Church of the Present.

## II

April darkness has fallen over the city, but the full moon which we have been watching in Naples will not be enclouded, and bearing this in mind we start out for the Colosseum. We enter at the arched opening nearest the street, and again at St. Peter's we are breathless at the vastness of the arena even as we sense it in the darkness. We accustom our eyes to the shadows, for the moon has not yet reached her zenith. In imagination we can see those tiers rising from the central space massed with their ninety thousand spectators; that arena peopled with men and women, boys and girls, who here in this very spot, under this same sky heard the cry, "The Christians to the lions," and saw rushing in upon them from these same arched openings, the unleashed hungered beasts of the arena.

We discover that we are not alone. Reverent groups walk about speaking in whispers. Reverence is in the very air. We catch sight of the great black cross lately restored to its place on the wall; we note the searchlight now



playing upon the topmost tiers. When we turn to leave we discover that the moonlight is silvering the vast outline of the ruin.

### III

Holy Thursday and seven in the morning. We are up and off to receive Holy Communion in the Dominican Church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, the edifice which was built six hundred years ago over the remains of a temple of Minerva—an earlier evidence of the *resurrection of Rome*. This morning we take no time from our devotions to study all that this engrossing church offers: the room in which St. Catherine of Siena died, her tomb under the high altar, the tomb of Fra Angelico, and a *Risen Christ* of Michael Angelo. It is Maundy Thursday and we must get to St. John Lateran, the Station for the day.

Approaching from across the piazza with its towering obelisk, we readily realize that St. John Lateran is worthy of its dignity as the Cathedral Church of Rome, the Pope's Cathedral. Surmounted by its great statues of Christ and the apostles—twenty feet high, we are told—and bearing its majestic inscription across the façade proclaiming this to be "The Mother and Head of all Churches in the City and in the World," this is easily one of the noblest buildings in the Eternal City.

**WE FIND THE** chapel in which the Holy Thursday Mass is being offered and here amidst the worshipers we take our places. All benches are occupied when we arrive. We stand or kneel with young and old, lay people and seminarians, priests and nuns, all in reverent silence following with Missals or Holy Week books the divine service at the altar. The Mass is over: we join the procession across the great basilica, marvelling at the beauty of the singing of the processional hymn; we

kneel with adorers at the Chapel of the Repository.

**BEFORE LEAVING** St. John Lateran we venerate its special treasures, the Great Relics of the basilica. Enclosed under the high altar rests the wooden portable once used by St. Peter himself; here too, enshrined in the upper part of the baldachino over this altar, are the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul. But the relic which today enthalls us is the Holy Table of the Last Supper, the one on which Our Lord instituted the Holy Eucharist on the first Holy Thursday, now suspended above the altar of the Blessed Sacrament in the transept.

Like Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, St. John Lateran is crammed with interest and beauty. Again we promise ourselves that to both we shall come back as sightseers. Today we are pilgrims.

The *Tenebrae* service in St. Peter's at four o'clock is our next definite objective, although before that we plan to visit at least a few repositories. Reaching St. Peter's we ascend at once to the Pauline Chapel, to which repository the Holy Father carried the Sacred Host immediately after his Mass in the neighboring chapel, the Sistine. The Pauline is breathing adoration: the beauty of the chapel itself and of the altar, the lights, the flowers, the worshipers, the two Papal Guards standing motionless before the altar and the Host—all is adoration. The place is "crammed with the glory of God." Down in the basilica the repository in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, just near the covered *Pietà*, is equally devotional. We kneel here for our seventh and last Holy Thursday visit before passing up toward the high altar.

It is now nearly four o'clock. The basilica, though not crowded as we are to see it on Easter Sunday, is already well-filled. Here are rich and poor, well-dressed and shabby, soldiers in many

and sundry uniforms, children with nurse-maids, school girls and school boys in their respective groups, nuns, priests, and seminarians of all nationalities and races, distinguished only by the color of the sash worn with the black cassock. We find good places well up near the Tomb of St. Peter, and here depositing our folding stools we station ourselves to follow the unmatched sublimity of the *Tenebrae*.

**N**OW COMES a ceremony significant and symbolic, and seen nowhere else in the world,—the washing of the altar. The regular service over, the participating clergy pass from their stalls to the great altar under the baldachino, and here using white sponges attached to long handles, they wash the altar slab with wine and oil.

As always at the conclusion of these Holy Thursday devotions, the faithful are to be blessed with the Great Relics of Saint Peter's. A cardinal coming out directly opposite us upon the balcony, known as the Gallery of St. Helena, raises above us in benediction, first the Relic of the True Cross, then a part of the Holy Lance which pierced the side of Our Saviour, and lastly the Volto Santo or Veil of Veronica bearing the imprint of the Face of Our Lord. A hush falls over the throng; all drop to their knees. Of the Veil it has been said that the impression has become so faint as to be scarcely discernible. Be that as it may, there are those among us kneeling here on the floor of St. Peter's this Holy Thursday afternoon who plainly see the Face of Christ in the frame of the reliquary.\*

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\* By the law of the Church no relic is to be exposed to public veneration unless its authenticity be attested by a notarial act, examined and countersigned by the diocesan authority. Should this "authentication," as it is called, be mislaid or lost, the relic must be withdrawn from public worship, save in the case of there being sufficient evidence to warrant the drawing up of a new authentication. *Pilgrim Walks in Rome* (P. 447), by P. J. Chandlery, 1903.

It is seven o'clock when we come out into the square of St. Peter's.

#### IV

The Station for Good Friday is Santa Croce in Jerusalem, the basilica built by St. Helena to enshrine the relic brought here from Jerusalem. We elect, however, to go for the Mass of the Presanctified to the church of the new Benedictine monastery of St. Anselmo in order to hear the famous singing of the Passion, and to leave Santa Croce for our afternoon devotions. The Benedictines' Good Friday service well repays us.

By three o'clock we are at Santa Croce to say our Stations of the Cross and venerate the Great Relics, which here are the large piece of the true Cross, the Title or the inscription bearing the words "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews," and one of the Sacred Nails.

Leaving the Chapel of the Relics we descend to the basilica where we assist at the Good Friday *Tenebrae*, and watch the traditional Procession of Penance, headed by Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi carrying the silver case of the three Great Relics, and blessing with them the crowds both within and without as he passes out to the balcony. The hymn to the Holy Cross bursts from the assemblage within the church; *Viva Santa Croce* choruses the crowd in the piazza; to us groping our way out into the April dusk it would seem that every voice in Rome must be raised in that great choral wave—*Viva Santa Croce! Viva Santa Croce!*

**H**OLY SATURDAY again takes us to St. John Lateran, the Station for the day, where all ceremonies are carried out as only in Cathedral Church of Rome they can be. At noon we hear the bells of St. Peter's and of the city peal out the news that Lent is over. Tomorrow will be celebrated the Easter



dénouement of the drama of the Passion!

Easter in Rome! Easter Mass in St. Peter's! A dream come true!

Fortunate indeed is our group, for we have cards for seats in one of the tribunes. The service will commence at ten but we have been advised to be at St. Peter's at seven. We are on our way, our taxi-driver showing our cards of admission to the officers as we pass into Vatican City, and likewise all along our route to the door at which are to enter all those holding tickets for the Tribune of San Longino. This is all specifically stated on our tickets; everywhere the organization, the handling of the crowds is perfect.

**WE PASS WITHIN**, still showing our tickets to guards and officers, until finally we reach our places. Benches are being rapidly filled and the late comers are already standing. It is seven-thirty. Three hours to wait! We look about us: the Tribune of San Longino is up one flight at the angle of the right transept; on our right below is the place of the Sistine Choir; before us, as we look diagonally across, is the altar under the canopy and the dome. We have an unobstructed view of the upper portion of the nave, the full length of the apse, and the entire left transept, now literally packed with worshipers.

The candles are being lighted, the outside curtains drawn behind the windows in the lantern at the top of the dome; and the stained glass showing the dove with the olive branch at the very end of the apse is now lighted from behind. Priests, monsignori, members of religious orders are seated close to the tribunes on benches placed for the day's service. Members of noble families pass to their particular places on each side of the apse, the women in long black gowns and mantillas, the men in ceremonial dress or uniform.

The canons of St. Peter's in their fur capes and the cardinals in their brilliant red robes are in their respective stalls. Swiss guards in their picturesque blue and gold costumes are everywhere.

It is nearly ten o'clock. The procession forms and passes out to meet the Holy Father. We hear the singing of the *Allelujas* led by priests and seminarians: *Laudate Dominum omnes gentes: Laudate eum omnes populi*. The sound of clapping hands reaches us above the *Allelujas*, then triumphant shouts of *Viva il Papa*. The Holy Father is being carried in. Seated under the rich white canopy with the great ceremonial fan at each side, high above the crowds but on a level with us in our tribune, Pius XII is borne slowly by. He blesses all as he passes, and the acclaiming crowd becomes hushed and reverent. We note the brilliancy of eye, the ascetic aspect of countenance, the grace and dignity of bearing, the beauty of hands in the act of blessing.

The Mass is now being offered, the Holy Father as celebrant facing the tomb of St. Peter and the nave. For his sermon the Pope passes to his throne at the very end of the basilica under the Chair of St. Peter and flanked by the window of the dove and the olive branch. "We earnestly exhort all to return to the King of Peace, to the Risen One, from Whose lips we hear the consoling words, 'Peace be to you.'" This is the burden of Pius XII's first Easter discourse.

**THE CELEBRANT** returns to the altar. Silver trumpets announce the Consecration. All is plainly within our sight as the Sacred Host and Chalice are raised aloft; every word of the glorious Easter Preface, of the *Pater Noster* and of all the other intoned portions of the Mass reaches us in abso-

lute clearness. The singing of the Sistine Choir is the perfect complement of the entire service.

The Mass is over. The procession is on its way, the Holy Father being carried aloft and blessing all as before, the people again bursting forth in *Viva il Papa*. From a balcony high on the wall opposite us comes the sound of a bell, and a swift and sudden hush spreads over the throng. The Holy Father is lowered to the floor. He kneels at a prie-dieu before the Tomb, while from the balcony the cardinal with the Great Relics of St. Peter's blesses the throng as on Holy Thursday.

The procession continues; the Pontiff is now being carried out. We pass down through the long crowded nave. Soon we are out in the square of St. Peter's where the populace awaits the first Easter blessings from the historic balcony above the central entrance. It is difficult to estimate the numbers. We are told there must be some one hundred and fifty thousand persons massed in the piazza. Their reverence even in their exuberant joy is plainly patent. The Papal blessing falls on a hushed multitude. Then *Viva il Papa, viva il Papa* resounds over all. The square and the people have come into their ancient heritage.

### Veronica

By M. D. H.

*They wedged her in, they crushed her  
back,*

*They cursed on either side.*

*They scoffed to see the pitying tears*

*She did not try to hide.*

*But oh, she did not see their sneers,*

*She did not hear their cries;*

*She only saw His bleeding lips,*

*His blood-filled eyes.*

## My Offering unto Him

By Eva M. Ward

HELEN KANE, ON HER way to the kitchen stove, stopped at the window and watched a messenger boy as he ran whistling up the steps of the house across the street. He was carrying a closely wrapped Easter lily. It would be from Mrs. Reamey's son, Helen knew, and her heart contracted with pain as she saw Mrs. Reamey, gingham aproned and smiling, accept the plant with a nod of thanks.

Yes, to some Easter would be a morn miraculous, a peeling of invisible bells, a rushing of many times reborn faith, but to Helen it would be a day to be lived through, a day of remembering. As it had for a year, the thought of Paul, her angel son, tightened icy bands around her heart. Her grief at his death just one year past, had left her stunned, cold. Easter! She shuddered as she went to the stove and looked at the roast in the oven.

Perhaps it was the sputtering of the tea-kettle which boiled over just then, but Helen did not hear the door open. At the sound of a child's voice she turned from the stove letting a holder drop from her hand. The boy, fair-haired, grey-eyed, stood inside the warm kitchen. The freckles on his nose ran into each other as he smiled and his eyes took on warmth. His clothes were on the verge of shabbiness, his rundown shoes sodden. Under his arm he carried a bundle of magazines.

"I knocked and—" He looked down at the wet tracks on the floor and his face grew red. "I'm sorry. I wiped my feet, but I guess my shoes were pretty wet. I've been out walking ever since school let out."

"Who are you?" Helen's voice was sharp as memory of another boy came shaking her with a chill breath. Only



a year ago! That last day Paul had played outside it had rained. When he came in she had scolded, pointing to the wet tracks he had left on the floor. She had watched his little face fold into remorse, then grief, spilling silver tears on his flushed cheeks. And then she had gathered him into her arms, his soft golden curls against her cheek. The thought brought an agony of grief. She hardly heard the boy's reply.

**"I'M TIMMY WELLS.** I sell magazines. Five cents apiece and only one month old."

"I'm sorry, but I don't want any magazines."

"That's all right."

She watched him go out, closing the door softly. Then she got the mop and wiped up his wet foot-prints, seeing them blurred and running together through her tears.

She heard John when he came up the walk to the house. He stopped to call a greeting to one of the neighbors and his hearty laugh, which seemed to come from some unfailing spring of good nature, rang out. At times in the past year she had wondered if he could have cared so much for Paul as she did. The thought came again, but she thrust it behind her when he greeted her with his broad, hearty smile.

He was tall, broad-shouldered, and his face glowed with the joy of living. Noisily closing the door, he hung his umbrella over the sink, stripped off his rain coat and kissed her.

"I found a couple of magazines in the back entry. Know what they are?" He nodded toward two wrinkled, damp magazines he had laid on the sink board.

"There was a boy, Timmy, here selling them."

"Oh, Timmy. He's a spunky little fellow. Did you buy any?"

"No, I didn't."

"Timmy's having a hard time. Moth-

er's dead and his father is bad off, or so I've heard. If he comes here again, buy a magazine or two. Give him a little extra. It's a matter of food."

"I'm sorry, I didn't know." Helen pulled out a small table and spread a cloth. She had expected that tonight—so close to Easter—John would speak of Paul, that he would tear aside his persistent cheerfulness that was a wall of defence against her grief. But supper was as usual.

It was when Helen took the dishes to the sink to wash them she noticed the magazines John had brought in. Picking them up she saw dim writing and holding it under the light read:

"I'm sorry I tracked up your floor. These are for you. There's a good story on page twelve. A football story. I liked it."

Helen, in the act of dropping the magazines in the waste-basket, stopped and laid them aside. She would read the story on page twelve after the dishes were done, she decided.

The next morning the sun was warm and the air sweet with the fragrance of opening buds. Beside the cement walk deep puddles gleamed with rainbow colors and Timmy standing at the door smiled up at Helen.

"I came to ask you something special."

"Won't you come in?" Helen held the door open for him.

**I**N THE COZY kitchen Helen took his cap and motioned toward the table. "I haven't had breakfast yet. Suppose we have something together and then we can talk. Will that be all right, Timmy?"

"Yes, Madam." Helen turned away to hide the tears in her eyes. Timmy was looking at the hot biscuits, the plump golden doughnuts, the creamy milk, with a look that made her want to cry out in shame. A child living within two blocks of her own house,

hungry. Her hand trembled as she poured his milk and piled his plate with food.

She pretended to be engrossed with her own needs that he might not be embarrassed. But at his first pause and sigh of satisfaction she asked: "About that special favor, Timmy?"

"OH, YES, MADAM. Father Donovan is going to have an Easter breakfast for the poor kids of the neighborhood. I told him I bet you would help and he said I could ask you. One of the big bakeries promised a lot of doughnuts. They always have a lot left over on the trucks and a milk company is going to give cans and cans of milk."

Helen nodded. "And what else, Timmy?"

"Why, that is all." Timmy was surprised.

"And what do you want me to do?"

"Just pass out doughnuts."

"Have another one of mine." Helen passed the plate and Timmy took his fourth doughnut.

"They will not be like these." He bit into the round delight and smiled. "I'm going to speak a piece about Easter."

"Tell me about it." Helen watched his grey eyes sparkle with enthusiasm.

"Well, it goes like this:

When Jesus rose on Easter morn,

I wish I might have heard the song

The angels sang above the tomb,

And seen that white-robed heavenly throng.

I wish I might have taken a flower,

Perhaps a lily sweet and fair,

And gone into the sepulcher

To kneel and place my offering there.

But I can only take the gifts

Of loving thought and kindly deed,

And pass them on in His dear name

To those who wait in helpless need.

And He will understand that I

Have given my offering unto Him,

Of service humble though it be

To praise the Christ, my risen King."

He stopped and Helen knew her eyes burned with tears when she said: "That is beautiful, Timmy, but now I think it's time for school." She got a paper bag and put in three doughnuts. "Here is a lunch for you."

"Thank you and I'll tell Father Donovan you'll pass out doughnuts."

Helen watching from the window saw him run down the path shouting and waving the bag. At the gate he stopped to give the three doughnuts to three little boys whose eyes spoke eloquently of their satisfaction. Timmy turned and waved. Then he was gone running down the street.

The next day, Saturday, and John's day home, he was fussing around the kitchen when he told her about Timmy's father.

"You remember the boy who left you some magazines? His father died last night."

"Poor Timmy. What will he do now?"

"I suppose they'll take him to a home. He has no folks I understand."

Helen dusted a chair and set it back against the wall. "He's a bright boy; years beyond his age. I suppose living with a sick father like that would make any child, well—different."

"OF COURSE. But Timmy's a kid in a million. Knows what he wants and is setting a straight course toward his goal. 'A doctor,' he says and he'll be one. The kids call him Doctor Tim now. I wish he had a proper home and the chance to get a good education."

"He'll be better off in a good home."

"Perhaps he could stay here with us—" John began.

How could John ask her to put Timmy in Paul's place and so soon after Paul's death? "Please," she wanted to cry, "it was Easter time we laid your son away. Have you forgotten so soon? Does the anniversary of his going mean



nothing to you? Can't you ever speak of him, recall the precious things he said? Give me the comfort of mingling my tears with yours?"

John understood. "I know, dear, how you have suffered this last year, missing Paul. My pain is no less great because I have kept it from you. But this is Easter time again." Sobs were in his voice. "And maybe Timmy could help both of us to forget."

**E**ARLY THE NEXT morning Helen awoke to find John standing by her bed.

"I hated to wake you." John looked worried. "But I found this note under the milk bottle and I thought you might understand the part about handing out doughnuts."

She took the note he handed her and read:

"I am going away. Please tell Father Donovan I am sorry not to speak my piece. And please pass out doughnuts as you said.—TIM."

John was saying: "He's been gone all night."

"You'll find him? He mustn't be running around alone."

"I'll have him back for dinner." John promised. "And I'll tell him you're carrying on."

Helen found the mission without any trouble. Lines of children waiting, wound like disjointed snakes down the sidewalks. Pushing, laughing, some white-faced and old beyond their years, standing quietly, watching intently for the wide doors to swing open.

Inside Helen introduced herself to Father Donovan. "Timmy sent me," she said.

Father Donovan smiled. "He promised to be here early."

"He went away." She watched the growing concern on Father Donovan's tired face. "He was afraid because the authorities were going to

take him away from here. But my husband and some of the neighbors are looking for him. He couldn't have gone very far."

"Poor Timmy. I wonder if you realize the kind of a life he has had. Turning his hand to every kind of a chore that would buy bread, for his father would never ask for help."

"He will have something better now," Helen said.

Father Donovan added. "Perhaps you know, Timmy wants to be a doctor, a children's doctor of the poor like these who crowd our sidewalks for a half stale doughnut and a glass of milk. And he'll do it, for Doctor Tim, has, like Samuel, heard the voice of God. His faith is of the kind that rolled the stone away. May God keep him safe!"

The Easter breakfast was over and Helen, tired and aching with sympathy for the children whose gay laughter had filled the crowded mission, was ready to go home.

It had been a great success. In some miraculous way John had found a caterer, who on short notice, had not only delivered sandwiches, but ice-cream. Helen knew it was John because the truck driver had said, "Doctor Tim sent the stuff. That's all I know."

**N**OW WALKING HOME she remembered she had dreaded this day. The thought of Paul brought a strange peace. She had seen him a hundred times in the faces of the children, pinched, eager faces that smiled at her.

She stopped at a florist and bought an Easter lily. Yesterday they had meant a fragrant remembrance of a day one year past, but now their satin whiteness was a symbol of hope, of life triumphant.

At the kitchen door she stopped and sniffed. Dinner was well under way. The savory smell of chicken, the mellow blend of vegetables filled the room.

From the sitting room she could hear voices. John's and Timmy's. John was saying,

"This bank-book is for you, Timmy. I want you to know I'm counting on you. This money was put in trust for a boy. He went away. But he'd want you to have it."

Timmy's words were lost as Helen turned away fighting tears. A few minutes later she went into the sitting-room calm-eyed and smiling. Timmy, leaning against John's knee, sprang forward.

"I'm sorry I ran away," he said.

"We all run away from things in some way, Timmy." She put her arm around his shoulders. "So we'll forget it, shall we?"

"If you say so."

"I do. And now you can help me set the table. I have so much to tell you about the Easter breakfast. Then John has to bring all your things here."

"You mean—" Timmy stood, his face tight and anxious. "You mean I'm going to live here?"

"Of course." Helen was looking at John. "We couldn't let anyone else have the honor of educating Doctor Tim."

"Gee!" There was adoration in Timmy's eyes as he watched John put his arms around Helen. But he didn't see the tears that wet her cheek from John's brimming eyes.

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### Emmaus

By Sister M. Charlita, I. H. M.

*He came to me this morning  
Before the sun was up—  
Clothed in robes of red and white—  
And bade me come and sup.  
My heart o'erflowed with longing  
As the words He said,  
And I knelt to share His Godhead  
In the Breaking of the Bread.*

## Briefer Essays

By T. S. Brennan

### I.—Thy Habitual Thoughts

Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for thy soul is dyed by thy thoughts.—*Anonymous.*

WHEN WE BEGIN life the mind is a blank. It knows nothing of color or sound or form. All of these notions it gets through the avenues of sense; and, if any of these avenues remain closed from the beginning, the mind will always remain absolutely ignorant of the corresponding idea. A man born blind may move, like you and I, through flower-gardens and fields, and beneath the blue sky of heaven; but no teaching can make him realize what we mean when we speak of the redness of the rose, or the greenness of the grass, or the blueness of the sky. Words denoting color will always remain unto him so many terms from a foreign language, which neither context nor explanation can simplify. The other faculties may be acting perfectly; but they can give no help. Color cannot be put into terms of sound; nor sound into terms of scent; no more than you can tell the weight of a man in feet or inches, or the height of a man in pounds and ounces. The senses are the door of entry into the soul; words are the currency by which we do business. The soul itself is at first an empty treasury to be filled later on by ideas; the senses are the assessors and tax-gatherers that must do the filling.

This is about the only way in which the saying is true—namely, that all men are born equal. Euclid was born without an idea of number; Da Vinci, without an idea of color; Shakespeare without an idea of the value of words. If you could look at the baby-mind of a future statesman and a future idiot, you could not tell which was which. They would be both absolutely blank;



just like two sheets of paper, one of which may be afterwards used for a sonnet and the other for a laundry-bill. A mind is but a possibility; an unplanted garden, an unwritten page. You and I are the gardeners, the writers to whom God commits the planting or the writing.

**M**IND, HOWEVER, has one peculiarity not possessed by garden or the blank page. The blank page is absolutely indifferent towards what you write; the garden makes no comment on what you plant. But mind has an innate sense of fitness or unfitness; an official tester, as it were, ready to condemn or to approve each contribution. The condemnation or approval may not be very loud or pronounced at first. But the more it is obeyed the more clear and emphatic becomes its utterance, the more assiduous its attention to duty. Nay, it becomes rather threatening in its appeal to our notice; and speaks with an authority which sounds strange from a member of our own household. "As a man sows," it says, "so shall he reap." Or, in the words quoted above, "Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind." This official tester we call conscience, a guide and friend to those who seek to do right; an undying worm and an unsilenceable scold to those who slight its suggestions; but with us for praise or blame to the end; and for our condemnation or salvation before the final tribunal.

However, we do not need to wait until the judgment day to verify the warnings of conscience. We have records and admissions in abundance from those who have used it well; and from those who have contemned its utterances. It is written in stone in every convict prison; it is written on the face or in the heart of thousands of young prodigals who have gone away in their folly from their father's home and wasted

their substance living riotously. A man to be happy at all, must be happy not from what he has without him, but from what he has within. That is the only bank account whose checks will be honored at the counter of happiness. The clerk at that counter cannot be fooled by drafts drawn against real-estate or United States currency; he hands you back your check and motions to the next customer. Happiness cannot be tied up in a bundle and sold on a cash basis. A man's life does not consist in the abundance of things he possesseth.

Happiness is a condition, not a commodity. It is a condition of the mind, as health is of the body. In fact it is independent of the body. St. Paul chastised his body, and suffered hunger and thirst and nakedness; but he exceedingly abounded in joy in all his tribulations. The martyrs were bound in chains, and endured most fearful torments; but in their hearts they sang and made melody to God. The water that sparkles in my glass came through pipes laid in mud and clay; the light that shines on my table may come from wires laid under ground. So is happiness. It is water and light—coming from a distant source, passing indeed through the subsoil of the flesh but having its origin in the spirit. I can no more get happiness from a corrupt mind than I can get good water from a sink, or good light from a cavern.

**K**EEPING THE MIND in order, however, is a problem, a problem that implies eternal vigilance. You cannot wind it up like a clock, and then come back and find it attending to business along the lines desired. The problem with mind is, you do not have to wind it up at all. For many a man it would be better if thought could be switched off like the light or gas; for its ways are evil. However, it will not keep still. It is a

case of perpetual motion, with a wayward tendency added.

**L**OOK INTO your mind at any time, day or night, and you will find that without any permission or suggestion from you, it is ever, ever, on the move; creating or combining, building up or tearing down, wantoning with things real or imaginary. You may check its speed or regulate its movements for the time being; but the moment your back is turned it is off again, like a butterfly through the meadows. Indeed if you want to know yourself thoroughly, to know your real character, you must be continually playing the eavesdropper on your own thoughts. Enter without knocking and without apology. Find out what they are and whence they proceed. For "Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts."

Remember, it is the *habitual* thoughts that count, not the occasional, unconnected flashes that seem, like meteors, to begin and end nowhere; and these habitual thoughts are results, results of continual acts along the same line. To habitually think Shakespeare, a man must constantly read Shakespeare. To habitually think truthfully or purely a man must constantly act truthfully or purely. Needless to say, it is the same of thoughts habitually mean or untruthful or unchaste: they are the children of constantly repeated mean or untruthful or unchaste acts.

A little outside of town to the north, is a suggestive sight. There are two little enclosed plots; one of them is the city dumping ground, the other is a garden kept by a thrifty and hard-working gardener. Soil and climate are the same; but what a difference! One is covered with debris from kitchen and basement and cellar. Nothing there has use or beauty; nothing grows there but

weeds and thistles; nothing lives there but rats and carrion birds. The other is portioned out, watered and cared for with infinite skill and industry. It is a little chessboard of patches, each patch bringing forth fruit forty, sixty, or a hundredfold.

The gardener is never idle, and never hungry. For wherever he will, he may work, and whenever he will, he may eat. Daily he makes his trip to town to dispose of his vegetables: and coming back again hurries out eagerly among his little patches, pruning and watering and gathering as before. There is no rest, but neither is there weariness. In that little garden there is always springtime and seedtime; the gardener may be planting in one patch, and stepping into the next can find the ripening fruit.

**S**O IT IS with the minds of men. One mind is a dumping ground for the ugly things to be found in evil books, in evil pleasures, in evil company; a breeding place of things poisonous and pestilential, where only evil spirits batten and are at home. Another mind is a garden which the busy and happy owner has portioned off and set in beautiful thoughts, and in the knowledge of things high and holy. It tells indeed of much and patient labor; but the gardener never seems to weary of his gardening and he has abundance of fruit in every season. Soil and climate are the same as the others; but—one is a dumping ground, the other a garden. One day He who committed that garden to our keeping will Himself come to examine and to judge, and upon the result of the judgment will depend our eternal destiny. But meanwhile it is from that garden we get during life either the things that make us spiritually hale and happy, or the things that bring spiritual decay, pestilence and death to us.



# The Road is Long

*By Mary Mabel Wirries*

## CHAPTER XII Out Labadie Way

**T**OM HAD HAD HIS few spoonfuls of nourishment. Larry and Rose talked in low tones as they lingered over the remnants of their own repast.

"I made arrangements to come over as soon as I got your wire," Larry explained. "I figured you might need someone, even though I had no idea Tom was going to collapse like this all at once. And—anyhow, I wanted to see you. It's been a long time, Rose."

"Yes," Rose's eyes were dark with pain, "it's been a long time, Larry."

"Any idea where you're going from here?"

"No. I've been trying to plan; this has been so sudden and bewildering. Oh, Larry, suppose I hadn't heeded your letter? Suppose I hadn't come?"

"There was never any danger of that, I reckon. You wouldn't be the old Rose if you didn't."

"But that's just it—I'm not the old Rose. I've turned into a—a Judas-like person, Larry,—a woman who would sacrifice her own flesh and blood for thirty pieces of silver."

"I don't believe that, my dear. You're here, aren't you?"

"But I almost wasn't. I—I was going to be married Thanksgiving Day, Larry. This upset my plans."

"Yes. I noticed your ring." His voice was carefully detached. "Too bad you had to wait a while longer for your happiness. But it will come, Rose. And you'll be the happier for doing your duty now. This man you're going to marry, Rose—is he the—the man you've dreamed of? Is he splendid enough for you?"

Queer, thought Rose, how the vision of her fiancé failed her now. A week ago she had been obsessed with the thought of him. He had never been out of her consciousness a minute. But now he was remote and shadowy.

"Is he, Rose?"

"Of course. You sound like a brother, Larry."

"Do I? I did not mean to. It's a little hard, you know, finding you all grown up, and part of another world. In my thoughts you have always been part of mine."

"I suppose so. We were good friends, weren't we, Larry?"

"Do you still have the silver bangle?"

"Oh, yes—somewhere. The chain broke and I tucked it away in a jewel box for fixing. Larry"—changing the subject as Tom stirred and moaned,— "what would you advise me to do now? Where shall I take Tom?"

**I** HAVE THAT all planned, dear. Aunt Hannah and I—you know she's my housekeeper now, since Mother and Dad live in town—though there's the little tenant house on our place, Rose. I don't need a tenant farmer—haven't had one for a year or more. I've so much modern machinery on the place, now, I get along with day help at harvest time. If you'd bring Tom out there it would be just what the doctor ordered, wouldn't it? A quiet place, fresh air, good food. Milk, eggs, vegetables and fruit right at your door. Your stepmother and Aunt Hannah there to give you help if you need it. And me, too—don't forget me."

"It would be a little hard to forget you, wouldn't it?" Her eyes were full of unshed tears.

"Tom will be on his feet in no time, out there. And then—if you want to go back—well, I can use a little help on the place. Farming business is picking up all the time, you know."

"**I**LL NEVER BE able to thank you for this." Her mind leaped ahead to the tenant cottage. "Of course, I'll pay you rent for the cottage."

"Of course; I figured you would. You are just as pig-headed proud as you used to be."

"Are we fighting again, Larry?"

"I hope so. I won't know you're back unless we are. Listen, Rose, you don't have to do this, just because I suggest it. If you don't want to, we'll figure out some other way of taking care of this. It's just that this was the first thing Aunt Hannah and I thought of."

"It's a wonderful solution. Why shouldn't I wish to come?"

"Well—it'll be mighty quiet out there. The bullfrogs still honk and the crickets still crick. No operas, you know. No golf, no—Riviera."

"I suppose I could have a harmonica and a croquet set? If you're trying to discourage me now, Larry, it's no go. I have to get Tom well. And it will be fine having you for a neighbor."

"I won't bother you much. I'm pretty busy most of the time."

"But you'll be there if I need you."

"Yes. I'll always be there, if you need me." He rose abruptly and reached for his hat. "Well, so long until tomorrow. Don't worry about anything, will you? I'll attend to all the necessary details. Give me that doctor's name and address, will you? We'll be on our way in the morning, if he thinks it's safe to move Tom. And I think he'd rather have us take a chance on moving him than to try to keep him here. Lord! I wish I could get you out of here tonight. You wouldn't consider going to a hotel room, and letting me sit with Tom?"

"No. This is my job, Larry. I could not leave him, now."

"Of course not. Well—see you later. I'll have a cot sent up for you. Maybe you can get a little sleep, while he is under the influence of the sedative."

So Rose came back to Labadie. It was almost as though she had left it only yesterday. The ambulance drove out the upper road, because it was smoother riding. Tom, exhausted by the trip, slept, but Rose and Larry, there beside him, were wide awake. When the car turned down the dirt road past Dodds', a Dodd dog came out and barked at them. Dodd dogs still had no manners. The splintered elm tree still stood at the corner. The Mays' house still needed painting. The Lowry corner was still overgrown with weeds.

"I bet Dave Lowry still spends all his time fishing," smiled Rose, and Larry nodded.

"We don't change much, here in the country," he admitted. "But don't think yourself superior, young woman. We do change a little. I can grow a moustache now, if I want to. And do you see that new building over there? Bill James has built himself a new well-house. There is progress even in Labadie. Honestly, Rose, isn't the old place beautiful? No—don't answer me. I remember you didn't like it very well—and you've probably seen places that make this one look feeble. Only—I don't see how any place could."

"No," Rose smiled tremulously, "you always were a dyed-in-the-wool Labadie fan."

**T**HEY WERE BOTH silent as they approached Rose's old home. During the years she had been gone, Jim Kieble had given it a lackadaisical coat of paint, which had run out before he finished the kitchen ell. But, aside from that, it was essentially the same—shabby and mean and uninviting. Yet



her heart gave a queer leap at sight of it—then leaped again and almost stopped beating as she saw a small, barefoot girl, in a faded and torn dress, working out there in the corner lot with hoe and bucket. She gave a low cry.

"Janie!" she exclaimed. "Is that Janie, Larry? I had no idea she would be so old—so much like me—"

"**Y**ES, THAT'S JANIE. She's digging potatoes for supper, evidently. She always reminds me of you, somehow—except that her hair is black and yours is red—"

"Red!" indignantly.

"Spun gold."

"But she's so big, Larry. She's like I was when Tom went away."

"Sure. You've been gone a long time, Rose. Children don't stand still. They shoot right up. I'll bring Janie to see you tomorrow. She's a sweet kid. You'll like her."

"*I'll love her!*" But I'm not waiting until tomorrow to see her, Larry. If I can leave Tom, I'm going over tonight."

"Aunt Hannah and I will look after Tom."

"Thank you. Oh, Larry, it's good to be home! I can hardly wait to see Matie and the babies. Maybe—maybe I'm a little cracked, Larry—like Tom used to tell Roger I was. But I—I think I even want to see Pa, Larry. Do you think I'm queer?"

"No. I think you're just—natural. Blood is thicker than water. And the old duffer isn't all bad. No one is."

"You're so good to me, Larry. You always understand me, it seems—better than I understand myself. Is this the lane to the tenant house?"

"This is it. You're almost home, lady. Turn here, driver."

The tenant house was as Rose remembered it when the Mosiers lived there—a homey, sweet house, white and green and vine-hung. Larry's Aunt Hannah, with a blue gingham apron tied about

her generous waist and a broad smile of welcome on her face, waited them in the doorway. She enfolded Rose in a comforting hug.

"Welcome home, Lambie. I'm that glad to see you. Oh, poor Tommie, the lad! Are you all worn out, dearie? Never you mind, now, Aunt Hannah will make you comfortable. Take him in here, gentlemen—this is the sunniest room. And while you're settling him, I'll run up to the house and whisk up an eggnog. I couldn't be quite sure when you'd be arriving. Sure, them trains is always late. I'd rather ride on Shanks' mare any day, and be sure of the time I'd be getting places. Larry, do you take care of the young'uns, while I'm gone. Take Rosie's hat, you goon! And show her where the washbasin is. She'll want to freshen a little."

"Aunt Hannah bosses me something awful," said Larry, ruefully obeying. "But she makes the swellest gingerbread in the country. That nurse will get Tom fixed up before he leaves. Come on out here in the kitchen and I'll wash your face for you."

"I'll wash my own face, thank you, and you take care of your own."

"**S**TUBBORN AS EVER. Well—how do you like your new home?"

The house was swept and garnished and beautiful. The grass in the yard was newly cut. Bright patchwork quilts adorned the beds in the two bed chambers. Freshly-starched curtains hung at the windows.

"It's lovely. It's heavenly. Oh, Larry, when did you do all this for us?"

"Started the same day I wrote to you."

"What would he think of me?" thought Rose, "if he knew I almost did not come? What would I think of myself, if I hadn't? If Tom had died there in Chicago, alone!"

"Hey!" the invalid called feebly from his bedroom, "come in here, you two.

Pretty swell, isn't this, Rose? Gosh! this bed smells clean! Not much like a flop-house. And the air—Gee! I'd forgotten that the air out here was like this. What's that noise?"

"New calf, bellowing. I've a herd of young heifers in the pasture out there. They'll serenade you some."

"I like to hear them. I'd forgotten what they sound like. Say! this bed feels like eiderdown."

"**G**OOSE FEATHERS, old fellow. Aunt Hannah's featherbed, under that new-style hair mattress. No straw tick for you. You're going to be Aunt Hannah's pet, I can see that. My nose is out of joint. Like it, eh?"

"*Like it?*" closing his eyes with a half-smile of contentment. "Go away. I want to sleep a year."

"Not before you get that eggnog. Here comes Auntie now. The eggnog and—bet you a willow whistle that's chicken broth in that other cup. Aunt Hannah, you been killing my chickens again?"

"*Your* chickens, young man? Who sets all the hens, I'd like to know? There's a good hundred of these cockerels just pining for the axe; eating us out of house and home. Rosie and I'll be canning some of them in that new-fangled cooker you bought me the other day. Now Tommie, laddie, you'll be taking this. The broth now, and the egg drink. There's a bit of a touch of brandy in it for strength."

"For shame, Aunt Hannah! And you the woman who made Uncle Timothy sign the pledge!"

"God rest the poor man's soul! Go along with you, Larry Kelly, and tend to your own business. I bet you've driven the two of these crazy, the long way they've been after traveling with you. If you weren't my own sister's son—"

Larry beat a hasty retreat. "Good

afternoon, Miss Kieble," he thrust his head back through the screen door to call gaily, "and you, too, Tom. I leave you to the tender mercies of Mrs. Flaherty, who has a tongue like a rasp and a heart of velvet."

They sat with Tom that night, while Rose went home to see her people. She was torn with emotion as she went down the familiar road she had traversed in such hot anger six years before. Remembering the turmoil of that day and its bitterness, she had no idea how her father would receive her tonight. Matie, she knew would welcome her with open arms. As for the children, she would have to get acquainted with them. What were they like? For that matter, what was home like, now? And where was the bitterness toward this place and toward her father which had once filled her heart? Tonight she felt nothing, save a great eagerness to see them all—yes, even an eagerness to see her father.

The family was at supper. There was a clatter of dishes, a clamor of children's voices. The smell of fried meat and onions came out to her, the old familiar kitchen smell she had once hated. Through the window she saw Matie at the stove, a child held on her hip with one hand, while with the other she held a fork and turned meat in a pan. No one saw Rose as she paused in the doorway to look at them with hot tears welling in her eyes.

"**G**IMME ANOTHER cup of coffee, Matie," said Jim Kieble. "This cold stuff I got ain't fit to slop the pigs."

With the alertness of old habit, Rose stepped toward the stove.

"I'll get it, Matie," she said.

"Rosie!" Matie dropped the fork from one hand and would have dropped the baby from the other, only for Rose's quickness. "Jim, look! It's our Rosie-girl, come back to us. Janie, here's



Sister. Ain't she pretty, Janie? Just like I told you. Oh, Rosie, Rosie, Rosie!"

**T**HE BABY, caught in their embraces, set up a wail, and a strong arm pulled the two apart.

"Gimme the kid, before you smother him," said Jim Kieble. "Janie, don't just stand there gaping. Set another place for your sister, and look spry about it. When you two get through with your lally-gagging, I'll take that cup of coffee I asked for. And you can fill up the potato dish again. That kid looks like she needs some meat on her bones. Ain't they been feedin' you, over there in Californy?"

Rose laughed softly. She kissed Janie, hugged a shy Dickie. Then she poured her father's coffee from the old tin pot with the wired-on cover.

"This is just my fashionable figure, Papa," she said.

Returning home was as easy as that. It was late when she went back across the moonlit fields to the cottage under the elm tree. There was a great peace in her heart. For the first time in her life she realized that her father really loved her.

"He is as he is," she thought. "Nothing will change him ever. He is a hard man, and a drunkard. He is the product of his own unloved, bleak childhood, just as I am the product of mine. It's some kind of complex he has that makes him be a cursing, swaggering buccaneer. He has the qualities of a brave man, but he is afraid of something. I think it is laughter he is afraid of—laughter and hatred. His appetite for drink drives him, and he fights it, and fails—and then he hates us, who have witnessed his failure. But underneath his hatred, he loves us. He wants us to be sheltered, to be fed, to be decent. He wants us to be brave, too—braver than he is. That's why he never whipped me

for talking back to him. He was proud because I was not afraid to stand up for what I believed my rights. He was proud of Tom, when he ran away. And he was afraid for him. Because he knew he had driven him away, and he knew what dangers the boy would meet. It has been a cancer in his breast—this fear for Tom and for me. He has missed us. I saw it in his eyes. And he wants to appear well in my eyes. He's a queer man. I guess we're all queer—we Kiebles."

For the first time in her life, she was not ashamed of the Kieble in her—because she understood it better.

There had been something in his manner when she told him she had brought Tom back that had touched her. He had been so infinitely relieved.

"He will never fool me again," she thought.

"Why don't you two come home and stay?" he had asked, harshly. "Reckon we could clean out the sittin' room and set up a bed in there for the kid."

She had not said, as she might have when she was younger: "Because we hate you; because we would not be welcome here; because we could not stand the way you live." She had not even felt that.

**T**OM MUST BE kept quiet awhile," she had said, gently. "And you don't have much room here. Besides, there are the children. We couldn't keep them quiet all the time."

The explanation had satisfied him.

"Guess maybe you're right," he had grunted, and then, to Matie, almost angrily: "You get the kids what milk and eggs they need and plenty of meat and vegetables. Send them over some of your canned fruit, too. We don't want to be too beholdin' to the Kellys. The Kiebles ain't never asked for no charity."

(Conclusion Next Week.)

## A Chat on Good Reading

By Katherine Donahue

MARTINA CAME DOWN the stairs with the swift, unerring step of one who, instead of dreaming about, accomplishes things. With a feeling of ill-concealed irritation, she noted the lights had not been turned on; and Elizabeth sitting in front of the glowing fire with a small magazine in her hand, was apparently not reading.

"Why didn't you turn on the lights, Elizabeth, when it grew dusky?" Martina inquired.

"Oh, I didn't notice it was growing dark. I had finished reading and was just sitting here visiting with my friend."

"Visiting with your friend! What do you mean? Are you only half awake and still dreaming, Elizabeth?"

"The 'friend' of whom I speak," Elizabeth said, holding up her hand, "is this *Ave Maria* which for thirty years has been a weekly visitor. We have spent many pleasant hours together."

"Thirty years is a long time," said Martina, relaxing on the divan. "It does sound rather fanciful, but I do like the idea of regarding one's magazines as friends. We do share their thoughts more intimately than we do those of our living friends; and, come to think of it, I do believe they exercise more influence on our lives than we realize."

"There is not the slightest question in my mind, Martina, about the influence reading exercises, especially on the young and impressionable whose characters are in formation. When our thoughts and desires are elevated through good reading, you may safely say half the battle of life is won."

"You are right, I suppose. 'I have never given much consideration to this subject, but the other day when I went to call on Mrs. Edson it made me feel disgusted to see her trying to hide a

magazine she had been reading under a pile of mending. I could not but wonder why a person will read a magazine which she is ashamed to have others see in her possession."

"Hereafter," continued Martina, "I am going to be more circumspect in my choice of reading material."

"That is just splendid, Martina. But please don't stop with yourself. Remember, militant crusaders are needed to spread the Gospel of Good Reading, especially that of *Good Fiction*."

"Yes, the love of good reading grows. People will find they no more want to soil their minds with filth than they will want to dip their hands in a sewer. Reading is a taste worth cultivating. The rewards are great. And it seems to me, Elizabeth, that persons helping in this apostolate may well feel they are doing God's work, and He will bless them for their efforts."

"Martina, when you came down I was just thinking about my mother and how she did love *The Ave Maria*. She has been gone now for over twenty years, and I still recall how eagerly she watched for its coming every week. Towards the end she found it too tiring to read, so I read it aloud to her. I remember she was very much interested in a serial, an Irish story, and knowing that her end was drawing nigh often expressed the wish that she might live to hear the conclusion of the absorbing tale."

ELIZABETH lapsed into silence. The two friends for many minutes sat silently before the glowing grate watching the play of flickering light.

"Did your mother live to hear the finish of the story, Elizabeth?" Martina asked finally.

"No. But I like to think that if such things have any place in the great hereafter, Our Blessed Lady, to whom mother was most devoted, would see she was not disappointed."



# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

Benjamin Franklin invented the harmonica.



It is difficult to argue with a man who wears a smile.—*Anon.*



Half the weight of a bird consists of the muscles that move the wings.



American motorists now boast of a radio in every third passenger automobile.



One large oak or beech tree will discharge over ten gallons of moisture into the air every twenty-four hours.



When Diamond Jim Brady was sick in a Baltimore hospital, he bought fifty two-carat diamond rings and gave one to each of the nurses.



In New York City alone there are more than two hundred thousand students and former students of a certain correspondence school.



You are lucky if you have only a couple of ailments dogging your footsteps. It has been estimated that man is susceptible to about sixteen hundred different diseases or illnesses.



Emerson, we are told, came home after his lectures utterly discouraged by his sense of failure and Lincoln was subject to moods of abysmal dejection;

but we meet men every day who have no doubt about their own omniscience. These last, however, have not been crowned with laurel—yet.



A silver mining engineer of Tonopah, Nevada, built a house out of ten thousand bottles and has lived in it for over fifteen years. His name is Murphy.



Although the rabbit has taken practically the whole blame for the spread of tularemia, insects and several species of birds and animals are now known to be carriers of this disease.



James A. Farrell, former president of the United States Steel Corporation, started work in a wire mill as a day laborer and received a daily wage of \$2.50. He is one of the successful men who did not start on a shoestring.



A salesman in Cameron, Mo., has a pet goose which follows him about on his professional calls; not only that, but the little fellow's feet have been equipped with tiny overshoes as a protection against the rough pavement.



Arthur Drew owns a gasoline station in Sennett, N. Y., and provides hot shower baths for passing truck drivers. His one thousand gallon tank is lined with aluminum. The sun striking the tank on a hot day warms the water.



Sir Charles Higham told his interviewers that he wrote down all his dreams on paper in 1912. They included a knighthood, a membership in Parliament, a son, a house of his own in the country and wealth. He was knighted in 1921 for services in the World War, was a member of Parliament from 1918 to 1922. He had returned to England in 1908 after living nineteen years in Brooklyn.

## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**Peace Under Earth**, Recorded by Paul Beaujon; frontispiece by Tegetmeier. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. (pp. 46.) Price, \$1.

In these charming conversations between a "young and an aged voice," we are projected into the year 1946 by means of the telechronophone. The scene is an underground, bomb-proof shelter in London on Christmas Eve. The theme is profound: the difficulty of getting inside a soul steeped in the thought of a "city-focussed" and materialistic civilization in order to implant there spiritual values. The questions of the "young voice" reveal a mind trained to conceive *will* in terms of glands, and *persons* in terms of Mother Nature. From the "aged voice" we hear a most earnest (if not frantic) attempt to open that young mind to the light and sunshine of the spiritual. It is Christmas Eve and so Bethlehem will serve as an occasion for this attempt. But the whole first Christmas scene must be transposed in another key, and even then it does not find a fully sympathetic response. The effect of this little book is powerful. It should stimulate reflection upon the trend of civilization today.

Christopher J. O'Toole.

**Predestination**, by the Rev. Garrigou-Lagrange, O.P., translated by Dom Bede Rose, O.S.B., D.D. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. Price, \$3.

The subject-matter of this book is one of the most difficult and delicate in all theology. Those who have not had a solid training in Scholastic philosophy would do well to leave aside literature of a highly technical nature such as this, because minds are apt to be disturbed needlessly unless prepared to understand the metaphysical notions and principles involved. True, it is a commonplace that nothing is of greater importance to all than eternal destiny.

All of us are or ought to be very much concerned about that. Let each one rest assured that if he is conscientiously trying to conform his life to God's will, his eternal lot reposes in good hands, in the hands of God who will certainly not cast man from His beatifying Presence unless man first freely abandons Him by sin.

The eminent Dominican theologian, Father Garrigou-Lagrange, thoroughly discusses the question of predestination in this book which has been translated from the original French. Writing from start to finish in a controversial vein, the author gives unswerving adherence to the so-called Thomistic side of this hotly debated topic. Following the usual Scholastic procedure in argumentation, Father Garrigou-Lagrange first examines Scripture texts of revealed truth which, he believes, give theological principles for the solution of the problem; then he looks at statements of the Fathers, particularly those from St. Augustine; then the doctrine of theologians with special emphasis, of course, on the teaching of Saint Thomas. Once this groundwork has been laid, the author is in a position to develop his synthesis of the problem. Predestination to *glory*, according to Father Garrigou-Lagrange, is entirely gratuitous, independent of any provision of the merits of the elect. This, he says, is the obvious conclusion from the truth laid down by St. Paul and enunciated by St. Thomas in the principle of predilection, "One thing would not be better than another, if God did not will greater good for one than for another." Three questions: the nature and reason for Predestination, the differentiation of sufficient grace from efficacious grace, and the manner in which God knows man's free acts, are so intimately correlated that one implies



and conditions the other. Father Garri-gou-Lagrange is convinced that physical premotion, which not only infallibly moves the will of man, but actualizes the free mode of its activity, can alone form the basis for a satisfactory and consistent solution to these problems.

Theologians have debated these problems for centuries without reaching agreement. It would be too much to expect that this latest contribution to the literature on the subject, notwithstanding its clarity and logical adherence to first principles, will put an end to the discussion. Thomists, no doubt, will enthusiastically welcome the book as an excellent champion of their cause. Molinists will retort that neither Scripture nor St. Thomas teaches the kind of predestination defended by the distinguished confrère of St. Thomas.

Albert L. Schlitzer.

**You'd Better Come Quietly**, by Leonard Feeney, S. J. The Sheed & Ward Co., 63 Fifth Avenue, New York. Price, \$2.

Father Feeney, the poet, is equally delightful as an essayist. Those who read his *Fish on Friday* must welcome this companion volume which he lightly sums up as "Three Sketches, Some Outlines, and Additional Notes." In his writing, one detects a flavor that makes him as racy as Mark Twain, and as pious as Thomas Aquinas. In *Sketches* his use of the English language is painfully accurate, and provoking of a merriment that is surpassed only by his logic. The middle of the book—what he modestly calls *Some Outlines*—is a kind of prose poem showing the whole of creation from inorganic matter to the highest angels and beyond. His profundity of thought is hidden under a cloak of unpretentious simplicity—especially in the essays *Explaining the Blessed Sacrament to Barbara*, and in the story of Bethlehem. His familiarity with divine things is astonishing; he does not even hesitate to explain the Trinity

to his brother, Thomas Butler. In this particular essay, every gift of the author is displayed at its highest power in the illumination of the highest doctrine. In *Notes*, the final section of the book, he treats of puns, the air stewardess, names, the terrible Irish-Catholic conscience, bullies, etc., in a style that is full of rich and varied humor. We think Father Feeney is a new kind of Catholic author, though we cannot decide on his purpose in writing: there is so much that is both powerful and pleasant in everything that comes under his scrutiny. We heartily recommend the book to all Catholic circles.

Charles M. Carey.

#### PAMPHLETS

J. Fischer & Bro., New York: *Missa "Orbis Factor"* (for S. A. T. B.), by the Rev. Carlo Rossini. 80c.

Church Supplies Co., Wheeling, W. Va.: *Catholic Marriage*, by the Most Rev. John J. Swint, D. D., LL. D. 10c.

Catechetical Guild, St. Paul, Minn.: *Project Lessons on the Holy Mass*, thirty pictures illustrating, by the Rev. A. W. Kinsella, 5c.

Joseph F. Wagner, Inc., New York (Herder, London). *Not in Bread Alone*—A Lenten Series of Seven Sermons—by the Rev. J. Elliott Ross, Ph.D. 50c. *Prayer: Its Meaning and Effects*—A Lenten Course of Eight Sermons including a Sermon for Easter Sunday—by the Rev. Clement H. Crock. 50 cents.

The Rt. Rev. Raphael J. Markham, S. T. D., Compton Road, Hartwell, Cincinnati (or The Mountel Press Co., 1006 Sycamore St., Cincinnati): *Apostolate to Assist Dying Non-Catholics*. 10c. *Apostolate of Prayer for Seminarymen*. 10c. Both by the Rt. Rev. Raphael J. Markham, S. T. D. *Card for Catholics and non-Catholics at any time and especially at time of death*. One dollar for twenty-five cards.

## YOUNGER READERS

### Equinox

By Rena S. Travais

*This is the night when winds blow warm  
And wild geese fly in wedgeshaped flocks;  
When weather flags are set for storm,  
This is the vernal equinox.*

*This is the night when peepers call  
And wild pinks flame on mossy rocks,  
Where mists lie like a silver pall;  
This is the vernal equinox.*

*This is the night when Winter yields  
Bending his crisp and snowy locks  
Before the green of quickened fields,  
This is the vernal equinox.*

### A Tale of Will-o'-the-Wisp

By Priscilla Mahoney

#### I

THE MERRY LITTLE leprechaun who came with Sheila O'Day from Ireland to the little village of Grass Creek rubbed his knobby knees together, clapped both hands to the side of his head and laughed for fully five minutes.


"And what might be the matter with you?" asked Sheila. Sheila had not been in this country over two years and so she still talked with a soft brogue.

"O ho! ho!" roared the leprechaun, "poor Will, poor, poor Will!"

"Will who?" asked Sheila.

"Will-o'-the-wisp," laughed the leprechaun. "You see, my colleen," he said when his laughter had subsided, "you see Will just told me something that will give me many a good laugh till Gabriel blows his trumpet. And yet, I'm sorry for that poor lad. It's a hard life he's had—and it looks kind of hopeless too. Mind you, Will is the only fairy in America besides myself, and

now that I know where he lives, he and I are going to have great times together, great times."

" RUMPLE," cried Sheila, "how exciting!" (Sheila named him Rumples because his red coat, which was way too big for him, was always rumbled.) "Now tell me more about Will. How did he get here? What kind of a house does he be living in? Why were you laughing so hard just now? Take me to see him, Rumples, dear. You are such a handsome leprechaun."

"I'm on to your blarney," laughed Rumples, "but if you'd like to hear about Will, I'll tell you all about him."

And so in the softly falling twilight Sheila was told this story as she sat with Rumples on her own front porch:

"'Twas centuries ago," began the leprechaun, "that a great and holy man came to the little country of Ireland. Just where he came from nobody knew. Some said Scotland, but no difference. He came and it was about time someone came to help those poor people. You see they were worshipping stone images, and oh, colleen, such hundreds of snakes as there were in the land! They slept on people's porches at night; they made nests in the babies' cradles; and they ate every pig and hen they could get near. The Irish pigs were mighty thin in those days from running so fast all the time from snakes. Of course no snake ever really bit an Irishman because no Irishman ever harmed a snake. But just the same they were a nuisance and the people wondered why their stone gods wouldn't help them. We leprechauns and fairies couldn't help much because we had no power over snakes in Ireland and the snakes only laughed at us. All we could



do were such things as turn the cream into butter, or make shoes, or spin flax. Well, as I was saying, it was about time someone came to help the poor Irish and that someone was this great and good man called Patrick. I remember him well as he walked about the country. A big man he was, almost seven feet tall, and he carried a shepherd's crook in one hand. He preached to the people and told them about the one true God and asked them to tear down their stone idols. You can believe me or not, Colleen, but those people wouldn't believe him till he'd done some wondrous deed that no one else could do.

"All right," says Patrick, "and what would you have me to do?"

"Rid us of these snakes," begged the people in every corner of the land, "and we'll believe in you."

"Then one moonlight night Patrick asked the people from far and near to assemble in a big meadow. It was one where we fairies had many a fine dance. Gladly the people came, young and old, weak and strong. And would you believe it, every rascal snake in Ireland came too. Such hissing and chattering they did among themselves for they did not know what the great Patrick was going to do and snakes have always been a curious lot. We fairies were all standing among the tall grasses at the edge of the meadow so no one could see us, but we heard and saw everything that went on.

**P**RESENTLY, DEAR SHEILA, came a sight no goblin, elf, or fairy in all Ireland will ever forget. As Patrick stood up at the foot of one of the low lying hills nearby, there was such a stillness all around that one could almost hear the silvery brightness of the moon dropping on the soft grass. Then Patrick raised his eyes to Heaven and said, 'Now it will please God to deliver this fair land from the terrible scourge of snakes!' At that moment a star

darted across the sky, and those snakes set up such a loud moaning that we fairies had to put our fingers in our ears.

**H**OW THEY wriggled, hissed and fought. All the time they kept moving away from the meadow as if they were being pulled by some greater power. Suddenly they all headed in one direction, squirming and scooting until with one great splash every last one of them plopped right into the Irish Sea.

"And don't ever let me catch one of you again cluttering up the bogland or even so much as touching Irish soil," called Patrick.

"I remember, though, how hard I laughed when one old snake, more warlike than the rest, shook his rattler at Patrick as he slid by him on his way to the sea. And Patrick, who liked a joke as well as you or I, took that foolish snake's rattler right off the end of its tail and gave it to Tom Dooley's baby to play with. I shouldn't wonder that's why babies like to play with rattles so well today."

At that Sheila giggled, but quickly became serious again for she wanted Rumpel to get on with his story.

"After that great wonder had been worked," continued Rumpel, "Patrick had no trouble getting the people won over to his side."

"But where does Will come in?" asked Sheila.

"Don't rush me, child, don't rush me," said Rumpel, "for Will, poor fellow, is about to enter the story. It was on this night of the grand exit of the snakes that Will asked the fairy Rose for the hundredth time to marry him. Now this Rose was the sweetest and kindest fairy that ever danced about Killarney's hills. Just to let you know how good she really was, I can tell you that it was few Saturday mornings that she didn't help poor old Mrs. O'Toole

with her butter making. For when she touched the yellow cream with her tiny wand, it just rolled itself into one big golden heap, all wrapped and ready for the market. And should the widow Flannigan's hens refuse to lay, Rose would poke the ribs of every lazy hen in the farmyard and away they'd run to lay an egg, for if they didn't, Rose would disgrace them by pulling all their tail feathers out. Well, as I was saying, Will asked Rose for the hundredth time to marry him and for the hundredth time Rose refused."

"But why?" asked Sheila, suddenly feeling very sorry for Will.

"I'm coming to that," answered Rumble. "As you know, Sheila dear, every girl wants the man she marries to have done something fine and good in his life. Now this Will was a good-enough fellow for he never got into any great mischief, but then he never did any fine and noble deeds in the world either. Although he was good to his mother, and was indeed the gayest at our midnight frolics, still he was given to idling away his time by swinging back and forth on the tall reeds by the side of the brook or playing leap-frog over the daisies on the side of the hill. He didn't do the helpful things for the world as is the custom of every good fairy worthy of the name. Rose was the only one on earth who could make a better fairy out of Will.

"SO ON THIS night when Patrick had sent every snake scampering from Ireland, Rose was so thrilled at what the great man had done that she answered Will's plea to marry him by saying, 'Will, good boy, do for some unfortunate land what the great Patrick has done for Ireland and upon my word, I'll marry you!'

"Will was stunned. For several minutes he could not speak for he thought that he could never marry Rose now,

because such a task would be very hard even for a fairy.

"'But Rose,' he said tearfully, 'Patrick didn't drive those snakes out all by himself, God really did that part of it. Besides, you know, Rose, that the fairies have no power over snakes.'

"ROSE, THEN seeing that the task she had set Will was a hard one, promised to help him.

"'But what can you do, dear Rose?' asked Will.

"'Never you mind what I am going to do,' said Rose, 'you just find a snake-ridden land, go there, and my help will immediately follow.'

"'Were the task you set me twice as hard, and you asked it, Rose, I could not but try to carry out your wishes,' confessed the ardent Will. 'All I have in the world is my little magic lantern and a heart that beats for you alone. With these two possessions I may yet become a fairy worthy of your hand.'

"'Thank you for thinking so well of me,' replied Rose, 'and with your good heart and magic lantern you should be able to win me on my own terms.'

"And so the years passed. Patrick had gone the length and breadth of Ireland smashing stone idols and spreading Christianity. All of this time, indeed Colleen, for over five hundred years our little Willie was trying his best to find out about a land from which he could drive the snakes as Patrick had done from Ireland. But though the birds would carry stories of snakes in far off lands to Will, there was still no bird large enough to carry him any of these places. I remember what fun we all had one night when Will had found an eagle who agreed to try to carry him to another land. There he was sitting astride the eagle's back with his lantern tied to his leather belt and himself waving a sad farewell to Rose.

"'Now mind, I can't promise to take



you far,' cautioned the eagle, 'for I left my eaglets in the care of their father and he's so busy exploring the land that he may even forget to feed them. So I can't be gone long.'

"'No matter,' said Will, 'for I'm not particular where you take me, so long as it's another land.'

**B**"UT CHILD," the leprechaun said, "they hadn't gone ten feet in the air before Will lost his balance and fell, lantern and all, on top of Mike Gogarty's last year's straw stack. Will then knew that bird travel was out of the question for the eagle was the largest bird to be had then, and it took too many fancy dives to carry anyone very safely. Things were in a bad way for Will.

"One morning over five hundred years later, as the sun came dancing over the green hills, there could be seen groups of men and women talking excitedly all about a certain old port town. By just laying my ear to the ground I could hear every word that was said. And when I learned all I wanted to know, I ran straight to Will, for now I knew his chance had come."

"Quick, Rumble, what did you tell Will?" cried Sheila excitedly.

"Why, child, you are almost as excited as Will was when I told him," laughed Rumble. "But the whole thing in a nutshell was this. I told Will that during the night a large boat with puffing sails had anchored in the port. When morning came the captain and his sailors all came into the town 'to take a look around,' as they said. Such big men they were too, and their leader, whose name was Leif Ericson was the biggest of them all. He said that he had not come to make war on the people, but to see whether he could get any men from this country to go with him to search for a new land.

"'Whoops!' cried Will, 'I'm off to sail with that man Ericson.'

"And the next moment all I could see was the flash of copper in the sunlight as Will swished his lantern around a bend in the road.

"The next day the big boat was ready to sail. I went with Rose to the dock to see Will off. Of course no one knew he was on the boat for I had forgotten to tell you that he is a fairies' fairy and cannot be seen by human beings. But there he was sitting on the prow of the ship with his lantern hidden under his waistcoat. You see his lantern is all that can be seen by mortals and he didn't dare let the ship's crew see that or they would have been constantly chasing the light and making life hard for Will. As the ship started to move he was waving his little red cap in the air and calling fond good-byes to Rose. A happier fairy you never saw, for now he knew that he was about to do something that would really please his Rose. We watched Will's little red cap waving in the air until the ship was entirely out of sight. And would you believe it, Colleen, that was the last I saw of Will until today!"

On hearing this Sheila was tugging at Rumble's little coat and begging him to take her right away to see Will.

"Remember what I told you about Will's being a fairies' fairy," said Rumble, "you won't be able to see Will himself."

**O**H," SAID SHEILA sadly, "it would have been such fun too."

"Don't feel too bad, Colleen," said Rumble consolingly, "for we'll do something that will be as much fun as seeing Will himself. Ask your mother now if she will allow you to go with me to the top of the Round Lake Hills for a little while tonight and I will show you Will at work. Since it has grown quite dark I would not take you without your mother's permission."

(To be continued.)

## ❖ The Weekly Postscript ❖

By M. M. Wirries

**HIS EYES ARE** as blue-bright as Arizona skies. They twinkle behind his gold-rimmed glasses as he limps into the lunchroom, eases himself on to a stool at the counter, and props his cane beside him.

"A cup of coffee," he orders. "Make it strong. Not too much cream."

"It's certainly warming up outside," you remark, idly, as you set the steaming cup before him.

He chuckles, reaching for the sugar bowl. "Not much like that weather they are getting back in the Middle West. No, sir! That's *weather*. I used to live back there—back in Iowa. Used to walk to school on drifts high as this ceiling. My! how the snow did pile up before spring broke. I never did like cold weather and I never did like snow. Vowed as soon as I could get to a warmer country, I was going to light out of that one. Did, too. Wasn't more than a sprig of a boy until I got a chance to come West with a covered wagon train. That was in the eighties. Went to Colorado. Took two months to make the trip; we was drivin' some live stock and we didn't figger to get more'n't twenty-five miles in a day." He chuckles again. "Sure was funny! Here I'd swore I'd never live in another snow country, and there I got stuck in Colorado snowdrifts."

"You live here, now?" you inquire, hoping to keep him talking.

"No, ma'am. Not exactly. We live on a ranch 'tother side of Chandler. I got a ranch over here north too, and I own a house up here on Indian School road. But the son and his wife like the Chandler ranch best, so we live out there."

"Did you ranch as soon as you came out here?"

"No, ma'am. Sold real estate. And did some building. Tried my hand at several things before I took up ranching. Tried citrus, too, but that wasn't my line. Too much Iowa in me, so I got over into alfalfa and cotton and felt more like a farmer. I don't do much any more. My son does the work. I had a stroke four years ago and now I just travel around and have a good time. Of course you can't have as good a time as you'd like, crippled up like this. But I get around and enjoy life. I plan to go back to Iowa on a visit this summer—me and my brother-in-law. We got a boyhood chum back there—married my brother-in-law's wife's sister. They're going to celebrate their sixtieth wedding anniversary. Been at us to come help 'em celebrate, and by golly! we're going. . . . Nice place you got here. Used to be on the corner, didn't you? You the same people had that place?"

**"YES, WE ARE.** We have been here four years."

"There wasn't a thing out here when I come to Phoenix but this Indian School across the street. When I got my property out here there wasn't a thing here, and it didn't look as though there ever would be. Don't know why I bought it, either. Guess I just wanted that land-owning feeling. You know how these Iowa farmers are. Well, I must be getting along. Got to get out and get some of this good sunshine."

"Thank you. Come again, won't you?"

"Yes, ma'am. I sure will. Say, you folks ever get over Chandler way?"

"We might some time."

"Look up the ranch when you come, will you? Like to have you meet the folks. We like to get acquainted with new people."



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*75th Anniversary*

1865 — 1940

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, U. S. A.

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The Case of Finland . . . .  
To Smokers . . . .  
Russian Purges . . . .  
Up-Trend in Oak Park . . . .  
No Catholic Need Apply—Yet . . . .

### GOOD GIVERS, GOOD RECEIVERS

Contrary to general belief, it is as important to express the right attitude at the receiving as at the transmitting end of a favor exchange.

By JOHN J. HOLBROOK

### CATHOLICS DO READ

Expresses a courteous disagreement with Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's strictures, in her magazine article, *Why Don't Catholics Read?*

By ANNE HABBERLEY

### THE GAELIC GLADIATOR

Story told to the author by his grandfather. The hero, Dare of Ulster, is the only Irish champion engaged to fight in Rome.

By JOHN H. KEARNEY



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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

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## NEXT WEEK

Andrew J. Kress, Ph. D., Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., discusses the modern woman in the double rôle of mother in the home unit and wage earner outside the home. Title: *Home and the Employment of Women*.

Sister Mary Clare, S. N. D., 1325 Ansel Road, Cleveland, Ohio, in *Information Center Number One* considers with sympathetic leaning the Catholic information exchange directed by a Dominican rival in the rival city of Cincinnati.

*Bravade of St. Tropez*, by E. M. Prister-Crutwell, 16 Darlington Place, Bath, England. A peaceful, other-world recall in this world of envy, hatred, war.

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## OBITUARY

Most Rev. Bishop J. March, D. D., Bishop of Harbor Grace, N. F.; Rev. John B. Bennett, Paterson Diocese.

Brother Emmanuel, C. S. C.

Sister Mary Regina and Sister Mary Cosmas, Sisters of Mercy; Sister Mary John, Sisters of the Presentation of the B. V. M.; Sister Mary Clarence, Sisters of Charity.

May they rest in peace!

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- ▼ 20. SAINTS OF THE FUTURE

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# THE AVE MARIA

## CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

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MARCH 30, 1940

## World News in Brief

**THE CHURCH** In Vatican City, Sumner Welles returned for an audience with the Holy Father before making his report to President Roosevelt. . . . It was announced that air-raid shelters had been erected in the Vatican gardens. . . . ¶ In Berlin, two Capuchin lay brothers, serving in the German army, won the Iron Cross. . . . ¶ In Warsaw, it was reported that St. Andrew Bobola is often seen in the streets of Poland, consoling Poles in their sad plight, and urging them to persevere in carrying their cross. . . . ¶ In Los Angeles, a motion picture on the life of Pope Pius XI is being considered by Paramount Studios. . . . ¶ In Washington, a special meeting of the Bishops' Administrative Board was announced for April 2. . . . ¶ In Fresno, Monsignor Crowley, famous Padre of Death Valley, died in a car crash on March seventeenth.

**AT HOME** In Washington, politicians considered the Middle West as the real battleground for the 1940 presidential election. . . . New Dealers opened a drive to give the WPA an additional half billion dollars. . . . The Senate passed the Hatch "clean politics" bill. . . . Majority Leader Barkley (Ky.) blocked a vote in the Senate regarding census snooping. . . . A resigning trial examiner declared that Reds had infested the NLRB. . . . Secretary Hull considered disciplining James R. Cromwell, minister to Canada, for his recent anti-German speech. . . . ¶ In New York, confessions by

gangsters cleared at least ten killings and exposed a vicious murder ring. . . . British officials consigned the *Queen Mary* and *Mauretania* to serve as troop transports. . . . ¶ In St. Clairsville, O., officials abandoned hope for seventy-two entrapped miners. . . . ¶ In industry, steel buying remained constant. . . . Stocks advanced on new war developments in Europe.

**ABROAD** In Breunero, Dictators Hitler and Mussolini conferred at length on European problems. Later Nazi officials indicated that Italy had agreed to come to the aid of Germany, if an ally were needed to prosecute the war successfully. . . . ¶ At Scapa Flow, German planes dropped a hundred bombs on the British naval base, striking one warship. . . . ¶ At Hornum, on the Island of Sylt, British aviators retaliated with a seven-hour attack on the German base. British interests asserted the raid was highly successful. . . . ¶ In Helsingfors, Finnish leaders mourned their loss as a blow to Christianity. . . . ¶ In Paris, the anticipated French cabinet shakeup became a reality, as the Daladier government fell. French opinion censured its lack of vigor in prosecuting the war. . . . ¶ In Berlin, important events were hinted at, as Hitler held special conferences with his war chiefs. . . . ¶ In London, Prime Minister Chamberlain defied the Rome-Berlin axis, asserting that England would fight to the bitter end. Britain again attacked the attitude of neutrals.

## Notes and Remarks

Mr. Lloyd George blames the Chamberlain government for not sending an army to support the Finns. Mr. Cham-

### The Case of Finland

berlain answers that Great Britain and France were ready but delayed sending troops

until they received a direct request from the Finns themselves. Finland hesitated to ask, fearing a fate like that of Poland before Allied effectives could reach them. In the case of both Poland and Finland the problem of help was not one of supplying armies but of transporting them; and after they had been transported there was the problem of maintaining them. Blame is attached to the Swedes and Norwegians for refusing to permit the British and French to use their country for the passage of troops. But small Sweden and a small Norway had big Germany to reckon with, and so they decided for neutrality as the safest lane in a very crowded thoroughfare. The lesson to be gathered from this chapter of history in the making should not be lost on Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Hull, Mr. Welles, Mr. Bullitt, and so forth. They, and all of us, should be prayerfully thankful that Almighty God has blessed us with remoteness, reasonable security and an abundance of things which should not be wasted. We can best serve Europe to still the waters by not becoming storm-tossed ourselves.

These figures from the Northwestern Life Insurance Company should determine heavy smokers to smoke less and non-smokers to remain negative. Here are some of the findings: Fifty per cent of hospital maternity cases smoke, compared with one young mother out of five, fifteen years ago. If the mother smoke less than a

dozen cigarettes a day, there is not much danger of nicotine reaching the infant through the mother's milk; whereas, heavy smokers transmit nicotine to the infant. Smoke slowly, do not inhale, throw away one-third of a cigarette or cigar, if you wish to enjoy tobacco with small impairment to your health. There is as much as 66% of nicotine inhaled from the last one-third of your tobacco smoke, if you smoke rapidly. While smoking increases the blood pressure in some, it lowers pressure in others. A physician's test will determine your response. If you have stomach ulcers quit smoking without any evasions. The smoking of one cigarette can increase the acid content of the stomach to 60% in free acid and to 35% in total acid content. If your hands and feet are habitually cold, smoking will make them colder. Other findings might be quoted to show us away from nicotine sprees, but skull and crossbones should not be required. People whose lips are perpetual supports for smoke funnels should quit, or determine upon a sound program of rationing. Doing so will prove more effectively than a score of syllogisms that man is a creature of free will.

Now that the Russian-Finnish war is over and some authorities have set the Russian losses in soldiers as high as 300,000

**Russian Purges** it may be interesting to glance through an article in *Events* by Earl Reeves in an endeavor to understand how a country with a population not much larger than Chicago, was able to hold off for so long a time a nation of 170,000,000 people. Mr. Reeves points out that Stalin's purges of the Soviet army went beyond anything ever known in history before. Three marshals out



of five were executed, and six out of the eight generals who passed sentence on them were shot in their turn. Seventy-five out of eighty members of the Superior War Council (the equivalent of our War Department) have disappeared. Nine-tenths of the political commissars of the army have been removed. Besides, there have been executed or imprisoned thirteen out of nineteen commanders of armies, fifteen out of eighty-five corps commanders, 110 out of 195 division commanders. This means the liquidating of 147 officers who had ranks equal to or higher than our major generals. It means 349 officers with a rank higher than colonel were purged. To summarize: Two-thirds of the General Staff officers, and one-half of the officers of other ranks, about thirty thousand in all, were removed. The same kind of purging went on among the members of the air forces. These positions had to be filled by men who lacked experience, and it was little wonder that the Finns killed so many soldiers, since massed men without adequate directing power are nothing but unmanageable mobs.

The present year being made conspicuous by statistics and the census, we cannot but notice some of the more startling tabulations.

### Up-Trends in Oak Park

Far in the lead of these findings is the morally bankrupt conditions of Cook County, Illinois, which includes the city of Chicago. The statistics reveal that in 1939, there was one divorce suit to every two applications for a marriage license. The Chicago birth rate was 13.6 per 1000 population, while the death rate was 10 per 1000. In suburban Oak Park—where economic conditions are on a higher level, where social and religious factors should be more favorable—we note that the declining number of babies has been made up for by a contrasting in-

crease in the number of pet dogs. The stork in Oak Park is fortunate to break even with canine competition, due to a healthy canine birth rate. Next year's returns may show even more gains for pet dogs in these environs—if we may be permitted to draw a conclusion from time trends. Is this a cause for alarm in a nation under God? To you, perhaps; but obviously not for the twenty New York Protestant and Jewish clergymen who, in a joint statement on March 10, praised birth control, and wanted its methods made known to the poor. And among the signers were the Rev. Messrs. Harry Emerson Fosdick, John Hayes Holmes, and Sidney E. Goldstein. Strange followers these of the Christ Who said: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not!"



Occasionally we wonder how deeply rooted the prejudice against the Catholic Faith remains in our great, liberal-minded citizenry. From observation, Catholics throughout the

### No Catholic Need Apply—Yet

country have told the *Denver Register* that the problem is still a serious one. In 1928, the candidacy of Mr. Alfred Smith provided an excellent occasion for the sad spectacle of bigotry even in high places, where isolation, misinformation and unfounded fears could hardly be the cause for such prejudice. In this present election year, in answer to the *Register's* query: "Do you believe a Catholic could be elected President?" a majority of Catholic responses from a cross-section of the nation declared that one could not profess the Faith and gain entry to the White House. This same majority asserted that there would be no advantage in a Catholic's running for that office. However, their consensus is that a Catholic could be elected Vice-President, and that one should seek that position. It is interesting to note that the Church is

not affiliated with any party or with any platform; that these elements are not parts of the question at hand. Rather, in the Catholic lay opinion, the nation has not yet arrived at an enlightenment strong enough to penetrate the shut-in minds of numerous bigoted individuals who are stupidly unwilling to entrust the fate of the nation to a Roman Catholic. The question of responsibility for such prejudice is a different matter altogether. It is significant that prevailing Catholic opinion throughout the nation has not forgotten the un-American reception given to a Catholic candidate a dozen years ago.

The appointment of Bertrand Russell to a faculty position in City College, New York was commented on last week.

### Not a Fit Teacher

Mr. Russell, notorious for his perverted ideas, was in trouble with the Immigration authorities years ago for "moral turpitude." The New York *Sun* quotes the following passages from the writings of the recently-appointed professor to give its readers some idea of what Mr. Russell would teach their children: "With economic independence of women, marriage, as it has existed since men took to agriculture, is likely to end. Women will share their children with the State rather than with their husband. Companionate marriage boils down to this—a man and a woman agree to live together as man and wife, to have no children, and to divorce each other by mutual consent when they wish to do so. God and immortality, the central dogmas of the Christian religion, find no support in science. Outside human desires there is no moral standard. Clergymen almost necessarily fail in two ways as teachers of morals. They condemn acts which do no harm and they condone acts which do great harm." It does not make any difference that the authorities of City College distinguish between Russell as

professor of philosophy and Russell as exponent of a moral code. The fact is, any man capable of brazenly upholding the free-for-all sex relationships which Russell would establish is not a fit person to be appointed anywhere in the business of training youth.

Mr. Boake Carter says in one of his syndicated articles that it may be stated on excellent authority that the questions asked by the enumerators from the census bureau, which so many people have taken excep-

### The New Census

tion to, have been devised by the "left-ists" group in the administration for the following reasons: To find where the weakest spots in this country are—or where the best revolutionary material is located; to get a list of names of citizens best calculated to respond to the inflammation of revolutionary doctrines, and to get the names of the reactionaries or conservatives in every city and town; to get information on which to base a further demand for further expansion of the federal octopus through federal aid to schools and thus control children from the cradle; to get information to be used in smearing the character of citizens at a future time. Mr. Carter states that the subversive organizations have had their own agents sworn in as census takers and that a copy of their findings goes to their red organizations. There is documentary evidence to this effect in the hands of several Senators, he affirms, but they have not used it because they believe that if the reds are given enough rope they will hang themselves. By permitting these subversive agents, disguised as government enumerators, to extend themselves, it is hoped enough shocking information about their activities will be gathered to blow clear out of the water the little coterie of New Deal radicals running the census questionnaire. This is surely a serious condition of af-



fairs, if Mr. Carter has the right information. It would seem that the Communists are still very active despite the Dies Committee and other investigating organizations. And we hope the Senators who possess this documentary evidence will not give the subversive elements too much rope.

The action of the Kew-Forest Lodge of B'nai B'rith in inviting a so-called Father Kiernan to talk over the socialist radio station brought forth the following criticism from Rev. J. R. McLaughlin, Forest Hills, N. Y.:

### **B'nai B'rith Criticized**

"I note with extreme regret the announcement in today's *Post* of an address to be given in the Masonic Temple by a Protestant minister who goes by the name of Father Kiernan. As the official head of a parish of over six thousand Catholics in this community, I protest with all the vigor at my command against the introduction into this peaceful community of such an element of discord, dissension, and disturbance as is represented by this proposed address. I have been pastor of this parish for twenty-three years. From the very foundation of this place my people have been a constructive, co-operative, progressive element through the years. I have preached and practised, and my people have practised the spirit of the good neighbor. We have lived in harmony with our Protestant and Jewish neighbors all this time. Never has any bitterness or antagonism on racial or religious lines ever marred the happy relations that have existed here for the past quarter of a century. In the interest of preserving these happy relations I urge the cancelling of this proposed address. In the face of this protest, should the peace of this community be torn asunder by racial or religious strife, in which friend is set against friend and neighbor against neighbor, I

now, as a matter of public record, put the responsibility where it belongs—with the B'nai B'rith. Neither I nor my people will be responsible for reprisals of a social, financial, racial or religious character which are likely to occur as the result of the action of B'nai B'rith, for I am now indicating publicly where the responsibility belongs." That is straightforward, sane advice, which if followed should continue to preserve the "unity of the spirit and the bond of peace" which had existed in Forest Hills for so long.

A unique experiment in the distribution of mercy can be expected soon if plans already afoot can be brought to a successful conclusion. According to these plans the Grand Duchy of

### **Something to Pray For**

Luxembourg in Belgium may become an international hospital zone for the duration of the war. When the international congress on military medicine and pharmacy was held there in 1938, the idea of making it an international center for the reception and treatment of the wounded was launched. The contribution of money from many countries after the war broke out formed the fire of that original idea so that now negotiations are being carried on with all belligerent countries with more than a fair chance of success. We believe that this is one of the most hopeful items of news that has come from the war zone in a long time. Once the belligerents begin to co-operate in the extension of mercy, they are already on the way to peace; for hatred and misunderstanding cannot very long exist where charity and mercy are allowed to extend their gentle ministrations. This proposed international hospital zone is something for which all who call themselves Christians should most earnestly pray. Certainly, humanity is deserving of this consideration.

# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

## Sport

IN A COUNTRY like ours where athletics are timed to the seasons, one must be somewhat sport-minded. Somewhat, but not entirely. Fall is the football season when coaches are kings on whose heads are perched unsteady crowns. Winter is for basketball and field-house trackmeets; Spring for outdoor running and earlier baseball; Summer for rowing, baseball and much else.

We are criticized plentifully by other countries for giving so much time, so much concern, so much money to keep ourselves going as a nation of sport. We should spend more of our time, mind, and money on philosophy, painting, poetry, fiction and dramatic art. We have an adult voting population, but very few philosophers. We have not had a world's champion in painting, sculpture, poetry or drama since our history began. Will Durant is one of our racy philosophers, but he will never make any worth-while Who's Who in a world selection. St. Gaudens and Lorado Taft stand highest among our sculptors, but some foreign critics say they are not world beaters. In poetry we have the free verse of the moderns; Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson of the ancients. Hardly a lone, proud eminence among them all. In drama our output has been more plentiful than splendid, in spite of a world of playhouses, with the wheels of Hollywood always running.

Undoubtedly our studios are less frequented than our stadiums. We pay bigger salaries to baseball players than to poets, and our students are more group-conscious of the discus thrower in a college meet than of the discus thrower of Myron.

There is something to be said in favor of the other side, however. One

is not thinking just of college football, the great character builder, nor of baseball that affords an occupational field to some thousands of artists, nor of hockey which helps artificial ice factories, nor of basketball which brings noise to the shut-in months of Winter. One thinks of athletics as an outlet for the mind. "I think, therefore I am." Descartes, Spinoza or some other of the philosophers said that or something like it. You think, therefore you are. Or, if you prefer, you are, therefore you think. The circumstance that you think should imply the corollary that you must have something to think about.

In Russia, people think about Stalin, something to eat and "liquidations." In Germany, Hitler thinks of Pan-Germany and war aims. In France, it is the falling franc and how long before Hitler gives in. England may be wondering what America will do.

SPORTS, SUCH AS horse-racing, hunting, football, baseball, rowing, etc., are much better tenants for the mind than "treasons, stratagems and spoils." While you shout at the umpire you are not plotting to set a bomb under the Capitol. It is much better for college youth to be enthused by the coach between halves than enthused by a communist professor between classes. During our period in the World War we had few sports and were a sad people. Sport keeps us wholesome, out-of-doors, joyous, and not too occupied with a "manifest destiny" of saving democracy to Europe. Sport is good for children. Also for youth. Also for men and women. It is said we take our sports too seriously. That is the best way to take them. If competitive sport is to remain such we must play to win; and playing to win is not tomfoolery.



# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## Good Givers, Good Receivers

By John J. Holbrook

**T**O RECEIVE IS human; to give, divine. This is generally accepted as correct, but gnomes have two sides as well as two stories. We make bold to remark that there may be much of the divine element in receiving as well as in giving. We have arrived at this surmise by the negative process; that is, by the failure to discover among our friends a fair number who possessed the gift of receiving—well. Indeed, we have evolved a research quota which gives a rather unconventional notion, although not altogether startling as it has, we think, been hinted at by other researchers heretofore. This is the revelation: the number of people who can graciously receive are less numerous than those who can graciously give.

There is a reason for this. We will consider the giving part first—why most of us succeed better with it than its opposite. On the face of it there seems to be a superimposed paradox. There seems to be also what we call in the vernacular “a catch.” Things are not as they seem. Receiving should come more easily to us than giving, for we are not more inclined to give, but rather to receive. To give becomes the Infinite. We are embarrassingly finite.

There is a hint for the solution of the problem in this premise: our giving is rarely “pure giving”; it is more often counterfeit. Our gifts are merely cased in the accidents of giving, but contain the substance of receipt. Let us explain. When I give I do not (mostly) confer a favor on you but on me. Con-

sider an extreme case for sake of illustration. The Pharisees of the Gospel received so much unfavorable publicity they won't be embarrassed at this small addition. Rabbi Abraham stands in the market place and gives an alms. He chooses a site which is not a closet with a closed door. He struts around for awhile, his paraphernalia glittering in the noon-day sun. He looks up to heaven and prays aloud, and when voice and gesture have gathered a crowd he confers his alms. To whom did he give? Was it not to his conceited self?

When I give I flatter the ego. While the act is in being I am on the top step handing down to you—below. That always quickens self-righteousness. We have always been told that the substance is more important than the accidents. But our case seems to be the exception that proves the rule. There is also present a subtle paradox. For whatever I give is an extraneous entity; what I receive is an intrinsic modification of the ego, which modification would receive material being by a pat on the back.

**I** SUPPOSE there are samples of “pure giving.” But are there? I recall an argument I had with a friend who is now a professor in South Africa. He brought forward all kinds of examples of pure unselfishness, and I remember that I was easily able to uncover the ego in every one of them. Neither his saints nor his prophets stood the test. If order is heaven's first law, the search for happiness—individual happiness—is the earth's. And that is the gist of

the matter. We cannot get away from that implanted urge in each of us that makes us seek the ego in all—even in the Deity. And it is against that insurmountable barrier those run who seek utopias in this selfish world. The example of purest giving I can think of is the person who shoves some bills into an envelope and sends them off to the Foreign Mission—and conveniently forgets his name and address. To find the string on that gift you must extend your explorations into supernatural realms.

**L**ET US CHECK up the other side of the question: why gracious givers are scarcely to be found. We know what "gracious" means in the context, although it might be hard to get it into print. To express our mind quickly we will say that the whole question can be reduced down to this apothegm: to receive graciously demands the application of a number of uncommon virtues. First and hardest is humility. Consider again the little One Act Drama outlined above. The receiver is, ipso facto, on the bottom step looking up. When a gift changes hands, there is some manner of debt contracted. Call it a debt of gratitude, if you wish. If, then, there is a debt, there is a debtor; and concomitantly a creditor. In order of dignity creditors come first. If you are to receive this favor from this person, you must step down, *pari passu*, and assume a modest rôle. He takes the high road and you take the low. Just so. And there is some of the essence of humility there; a beautiful virtue but difficult to acquire.

To step down needs tact, another hard-to-define abstraction, but having this one certain identification mark—that it mostly exists in the abstract and is rarely perfectly captured in a personality. And yet, if some tact does not come into your stepping down the show will be more or less spoiled.

To accept the gift and to go through with all this, flags flying, needs courage, mortification, self-denial. Peculiar, is it not, speaking about self-denial and self-satisfaction in the same breath? For, of course, there is satisfaction in receiving. There must be. We have no quarrel with that contention. By nature we are receivers; but then, there is the peculiar point, that we make such a mess of the thing. Practice never seems to make us perfect—or near perfect. If we wanted to point a moral here and break over the ascetical fences, we might draw the inference that this is one of the reasons we do not get all or half of what we ask of our Father in heaven. Our ungracious, ungrateful receiving proves a big obstacle to His divine diffusiveness.

All this has been written because some mutual friends of mine got into a snarl—although that word may be too harsh for the instance. Things happened in this wise. Group A came to visit with group B and enjoyed their hospitality for some time. When group A came next to visit B they brought some presents. Group B would not accept the presents, and their conjectured motives were either: (a) it might look like receiving recompense for their previous hospitality or (b) they were not prepared to put up any guests just then, and did not wish to assume obligations towards A. There might have been other motives but, anyhow, group A seeing their gifts refused would not accept the hospitality pressed on them by B. They parted good friends, but with a little strain on both sides.

**N**OW IN OUR humble opinion, this tangle would have and should have been managed after this fashion. Group B ought to have accepted the gifts even at the risk of seeming to accept recompense for their former kindness. That was the first mistake—and the biggest. They were good givers but poor re-



ceivers. In the event, Group A did not much mend matters by refusing the hospitality of B, although they are less to be blamed. Group A would better have interpreted the delicate conscience of B in B's favor, and accepted the proffered hospitality. But it bears out our theory. Group A would have been disappointed at not being offered hospitality, but were much more disappointed when their gifts were not *received*. Group B, would probably have felt aggrieved if no presents had been offered in appreciation of B's former kindness, but felt more aggrieved to have their gift rejected—not received. Both groups were more than willing to give, but both were deficient in the blessedness of receiving.

## Spring Comes to the Convent

By Dorothy Combs

*Now on the convent roof shines warm the sun,  
And in the garden walks each black-robed nun.  
Teresa, smiling, says her rosary;  
Old Sister Joseph prunes an apple tree.  
Like bishops, iris stands above their flocks;  
Small pansies kneel devout among the rocks.  
Gray mockingbirds conspire in warbling rites  
With tulips, scarlet-robed, as acolytes.  
And novices kneeling at Our Lady's shrine  
Touch cool, stone grottos hung with columbine.  
  
The weathercock takes on a golden hue.  
The chapel steeple soars to brighter blue.  
The kitchen garden wears a greener dress  
Of parsley, basil, leeks and water cress.  
Dovecotes, bee-humming hives, and orchards,  
all  
Have felt this miracle of spring's glad thrall.  
The calloused plowman breaks a crusted sod  
While little Sister Joan says, "Praise be God."  
And through the great church nave, arched  
high and dark,  
There floats the ethereal lilting of a lark.*

## The Gaelic Gladiator

By John H. Kearney

I DO NOT NOW recall just how it came about that my grandfather told us the story of Daire and ancient Rome. It was, I think, during the time I was studying Roman history in school, when, for want of something else to say, I spoke of the revolt of the gladiators, an event that impressed me greatly. I mentioned how they kept the Roman legions at bay and expressed the thought that they must have been wonderful fighters and brave men. It was then that my grandfather made the remark (and I remember thinking that it was impertinently misplaced at the time) that the Irish had a curious misfortune of being in a position to change history, but rarely carried their possibilities to conclusion. Then he told the story of Daire of Ulster, the only Irish gladiator who fought in Rome and who was the best of his kind, but who did not appear on the day he was to fight the champion he could have overcome with ease.

In the barracks underneath the seats of the arena, where the warriors from all the Empire had gathered the night before to rest undisturbed in preparation of the fights of the day, Gaius, the undefeated, smiled at the thought of meeting in mortal combat his chosen opponent, called by the Romans, Darius, the Celt, who had come from Spain to fight that day, but who had not spent the night in the company of the gladiators. The smile of Gaius was broad with hope as time passed, and one of those who followed his long line of successful battles, and who visited him below the arena, as is the custom of those who wager, even to our own times, demanded,

"Where is Darius, the Celt? Has no one heard from him?"

"Perhaps he fears thy strength, O

Gaius," said another, "and small is the wonder."

The words were those of the visitor, but the thought was that of all assembled there. Where was Darius? Why had he not passed the night in the barracks? Would he be on time for the qualifying entrance parade?

**N**OW DAIRE of Ulster, as we know him, was tall and lithe, brown of eyes that twinkled like the stars of the bright Roman night, and red of hair that tumbled over his shoulders like the cascades of his native land. His strength was the strength of the lion of Numidia and his carriage the light gracefulness of the huge elk that roamed his native woodlands. On that fine spring morning while the feverish preparations were being made below the arena, Daire was walking through the streets of Rome, with his back to the place of combat, threading his way through the crowd that was converging on the amphitheatre. As he walked, his step was not the rolling stride of Daire of the Sea who had been stolen from the beautiful northernmost shore of Ulster by the barbarian seamen of Brittany and made to sail the seas until he came to Spain, where he had escaped the bondage of the galley.

It was in Spain, while Daire was trying to make his way back to his home, and, like all of his race, seeing the strange land in which he found himself, that he came upon a blind nomad, who, with the inexplicable instinct of the sightless, sensed his generosity, and asked him in the dignified Roman way for alms. Blind Marcus was the poor remnant of a once fine warrior who had fought in all the great arenas of the Empire and even in his native Rome itself. So splendid a fighter had he been for many years and so pathetic a figure was he on the day when he groped around the arena, unable to defend himself against an opponent he could not

see, that even the bloodthirsty people of the Eternal City who followed the brutal sport had pity upon him who was once their idol, and pointing their thumbs toward the ground as a sign that his opponent should lay down his sword, they shouted in metered unison:

"Spare him! Spare him!"

But all the fame of a successful career could not restore his sight to Marcus so he roamed the earth seeking alms that he might live. Thus two brave strangers came together in a land that was strange to them both, and one asked the other for help. But Daire did not hasten the once fine warrior on his way with a blow as was the custom of the people in the city where these two met for the first time. Instead, the Irish heart beat in sympathy with the suffering of the other as Irish hearts do to this day. The pair took up their wandering together and what Marcus knew of old he told to his companion, and what Daire saw in their travels he passed on to his newly found friend. Marcus learned of the beauties of the Spanish hills and Daire learned the profession of the arena.

**N**OW BLIND MARCUS was not a *lanista* (which is the Etruscan word meaning butcher, that was put on those who taught the passage of arms to the gladiators). He was wise in the ways of the arena. He knew how to feign weakness so that he caught his opponent off his guard as he rushed in to the kill. He knew how to feint with his shield or his sword and how to make the *ritarius* cast his net before he was ready and how to avoid it by stepping lightly aside. He knew how to bear a wound and how to recover balance when he was knocked to the ground by the force of a blow. He knew the faults of the warriors of Tuscany and of Thrace who bore the small round buckler and the scythe-like dagger; of the Gallic fighters, armed with helmet,



sword and shield. He was accustomed to the fierce trickery of the men of Spain and realized how much the Teutons relied on their strength. Above all his vast experience had taught him how to conserve his strength in the early combat, to what use his weight and reach could be put, and how to use his speed. And all this he taught to Daire before he started to combat with the gladiators of the cities of Spain. Then, into the cities of Liguria and Etruria they went, and everywhere Daire met the best of the warriors and defeated them all. His triumphant journey of victory was marred only by the sad passing of his friend who could teach him no more.

Everyone in the provinces in which the Celt had fought spoke in awesome wonder of the strange barbarian who came from a land beyond Britain on whose soil no Roman legion had ever trod. And, in due time, the story of his prowess came to Rome. So it was that on this day of the great spring festival in the Eternal City, it was his lot to meet Gaius in what might be the last combat in all history, for the Emperor Antoninus had expressed his distaste for the brutal pastime, and the champion of that day would be the champion of all the world for all time to come.

**T**HE PEOPLE passing Daire on the way to the arena bothered him not. He called to mind the free comradeship of the Gaels and the stories of old that were rendered in ballads by the bards. The Romans had only the present pleasures of a day that sated the body and imprisoned the mind. They had no island of destiny, no land where they could regain the sheer spirit of their long-lost youth. As Daire pondered there came a light over his countenance and he seemed as far away from the rushing citizens as his own hills were from the hills of Rome with all the earth between them. His mind

dwelt on the years that were long gone by, on his ancestors, now in the Land of Youth. He thought of Conchubar, the King of Ulster, the brave son of Nessa, and of his own ancestor, Conal, of the Hundred Fights. He was remembering how the first bold Conal had traveled over all the world and saw how other men lived, and how he hastened home to tell of the slaughter of a Man Whose only crime was that He loved all men, and Who was slain by His Own people. Often had Daire seen the bards unsling their great war harps and tell in gloriously sad song how Conchubar, who hated injustice, trembled with a righteous anger and rose in his throne room in Emain Macha to call the Knights of the Red Branch to the first crusade. Then did the brain-ball that afflicted Conchubar overcome him and he fell to the ground and died amidst the wailing of all his people.

**A**ND DAIRE thought of the people he had met in his own long journeys through the Empire, the men and women, some of whom had died for the Just One Who was crucified in Jerusalem under Pilate the Procurator in the reign of Tiberius, *Ard-rig* of the world, when Herod was *rig* of Judea. He had learned of their society that was spreading through all of Rome and he knew of the love they had for each other, and even for the selfish citizens of the Empire. Often had he been with them in Spain, but he had not studied the truths that the Just Christ had taught them until he joined them in their meetings in Rome when they gathered secretly and admitted none they did not know. And all the while a longing was on him to be introduced into their Mysteries, but he had not then been baptized and, like the other catechumens, as was their custom, had left the gathering places after the bishop had given a discourse to explain the teachings of the Master which were written in the Sacred Book.

Long had been the time and hard, as he learned all the wondrous things the Beloved Christ had taught. On the night that he first learned the whole story of the crucifixion, he knew that this was the Man for Whom Conchubar had died in Ulster a hundred years ago, as the Romans reckoned time. It was his burning desire to know all the things the followers of Christ believed and to live the life they lived because they professed the eternal truth. More than anything else, did he want to bring to his native Ulster the whole story, so that the people might know the God Whose death Conal of the Hundred Fights had witnessed in Jerusalem. The Christians had their martyrs, but none knew of Conchubar of Ulster who had died for love of Justice and their God.

There had come the day when Daire of the laughing eyes went before the elders of the new Church and the Bishop of Rome who was their spiritual father. And they questioned him concerning their religion and found him worthy to be admitted to their Church through the initiation of baptism.

**T**HE DAY of Daire's baptism was the day before the celebration of the Rising from the Grave, and the dark night was spent in secret vigil. Guards had been placed outside the church for there were rumors that Romans, gathered in the city to see the brutal fights of the morrow, were plotting against the Christians. The Emperor Antoninus, it was true, was an understanding man, and he had forbidden the persecution of the Christians, but there were impetuous youths of Rome who believed in other faiths and who looked on the followers of the Christ with the hatred that calls upon the darkness of night for its flourishing.

About nightfall on the evening before, when the bright sun had set behind the hills of Rome, the faithful and those to

be initiated, gathered. The sacred fire was kindled and blessed and the huge and stately candle of the Pasch that was to light the church until morning, was hallowed by the chief deacon of the church. Then did Daire witness the imposing ceremonial which blessed the water that was going to wash from him the life that he had lived and clean his soul from the dust of the arena. After the ceremony of baptism, instructions were given throughout the whole night, and the newly baptized were told the mysteries of the Faith.

**A**S THE FIRST streak of dawn peered over the edge of the Roman world, the ancient Bishop, clothed in splendid raiments reserved for sacrifice, entered the church accompanied by the deacons and those of the faithful who could not spend the whole night in watching and praying. The brethren sang the beautiful hymn of entrance that had been written by ancient prophets such as David, the wondrous warrior and singer of songs who was so like the kings that Daire knew in Ulster. The deacon read a portion of a letter the gallant Paul had written, Paul, the wanderer of God, who preached and taught with words as sharp as the trenchant sword by which Daire had lived. Then the people rose and listened to the words of the Gospel, upon which the Bishop preached the sermon of the Resurrected Christ. On this day there were none to be excluded before the Mysterious Sacrifice was offered, since all had been baptized early in the evening. But the people recited the summary of the things they believed and the warden watched closely to see that everyone joined, lest, perchance, there be one among them who did not believe.

The Christians left their places and, to the accompaniment of the hymn of *Offertory*, approached the deacon with their gifts of bread and wine in flasks, of the fruits of the earth that were the



signs of their love of God. Soon the Bishop began the sacred words that called the Christ again to earth that His Sacrifice might be renewed and thanks offered to God. Once again the people and the Bishop offered themselves and all their joys and the burdens of their lives, together with the Christ, to their God. The spirit of Daire rose within him as it has never soared with the light of victory that came when an opponent in the arena crashed to the ground. Long had he known why the Christians should love one another, now he understood how they were able to rule their lives by the charity of the Christ, for with all the brethren assembled, he took his God in his hand and received Him into the mouth that had often consumed the fine fruits that were the inevitable rewards of the victor.

SO, ON THIS morning, ere the sun had showered effulgent light upon the festive Rome, he had been in communion with his God. All the wild spirit of the Gael surged up within him in contemplation of the splendid privilege of his new union with his Maker and His peaceful brethren. As he threaded his way through the Roman throng, his mind was back that morning with the Bishop as he prayed for all kinds and manner of men, for the dwellers of the city and the afflicted ones whose suffering was by sickness or slavery or exile, for the travellers by sea or by land, and for them that hate and persecute the Christians for the sake of the sacred name of God. The longing he always felt for his native land was intensified when the prayer of all the faithful was for those wandering without the faith.

No more was it necessary that his thoughts turn to the tactics of combat upon which it had been his custom to ponder during the moments before his battles in the arenas of the world. No

more did he bask in the anticipated glory of victory. The strong joy that was his was lessened only when he thought of his brave homeland and its people yearning with all the spirit of their ancient race for a God that was beyond the reach of their longing hearts, until someone brought them to Him. The Druids were men of wisdom, he knew, but not so wise as the lowest Christian of poorest birth as the Romans regarded status. The bards, caught up the splendor of their barbaric kings and liquefied their frozen grandeur until it flowed in song, but never did they tell of a heroism like to that of Christ, their unknown King.

A great sadness had come over the brave Daire for his people, and he felt within him an overwhelming urge to find his way home and to bring to the aching hearts of Ulster, the life of Christ, the King his people could understand and love did they but know Him, and the glorious sacrifice in which they could join with Christians of all the world. He thought, as he walked through the gates of the city, only of the thrills of that night, and a sorrow was on him for the gladiators who would now be putting on their armor. The eye of his mind could see them as they left the room for the procession and the mock combats that began the events of the day.

THE ROAR of the crowd in the arena was muffled as it came through the thick walls of the city, and tremendous it was, but Daire did not hear it. He was listening to his great Irish heart and the song that it sang. In the arena, Gaius was receiving the plaudits and cries were sounding for Darius the Celt, his opponent, but Daire did not come. Attendants seeking him in the barrack room found that he was not there. The great Irish heart of him had found its home at last and Darius the Gladiator was no more.

Outside the city walls, without a backward glance at the seven hills at all, Daire, the gillie of Christ, was trudging his dusty way toward Ulster, far away in the west, where he would come as had Conal of the Hundred Fights, with the story of Christ, the Just King, and the teaching of love and sacrifice that He had made. Conal of old brought only the story of a man for whom the Gaels would be willing to die; Daire, the Christian, carried in his heart the Christ for whom they could live.

And that, said my grandfather, is the story that tells why Daire of Ulster did not appear in the arena on the last day of the spring festival in the reign of Titus Aurelius Hadrianus Antoninus, Emperor of Rome in the Second Century of the Christian Era. And the journey he started on that day was not finished by himself, but the message he carried was brought to his homeland by another after three centuries had passed into the eternity of God.

### Evening Thoughts

By Julia W. Wolfe

*As a garment I put off the day  
And the cares that were mine.  
One star at my window is set  
Like a candle ashine.*

*There's a wind in the room, cool and sweet,  
And it bears on its wings  
Old fragrance and quiet and sleep,  
And dreams of old things.*

*Today has slipped into the past  
On a journey unknown.  
Tomorrow is God's and is safe;  
All days are His own.*

*Like a candle my star in the west  
Burns low with its light.  
As a beautiful garment of rest  
I put on the night.*

### Catholics Do Read

By Anne Habberley

RECENTLY, IN THE *Catholic Digest*, I read an article by Sheila Kaye-Smith entitled, *Why Don't Catholics Read?* It roused me to tilt a lance in our defense. Yes, I know that Miss Kaye-Smith is a Catholic, too. I have read her books before, and since she became one. She has been a favorite of mine as a thousand others have been, some better, some not so good. I suppose she excludes herself and her friends from the indictment, but I would like her to exclude also many millions of American Catholics.

Miss Kaye-Smith said: "A little while ago an American publisher sent me an advance account of the sales of a new novel. He had succeeded in 'interesting' the Catholic Book of the Month Club, which meant an additional sale of about 1200 copies. So far, so good; why, then, did I feel disgusted? I felt disgusted because the number of Catholics in America is somewhere around twenty million."

I chuckled over that last sentence, but I wronged Miss Kaye-Smith. She doesn't object to our numbers, but to our illiteracy. Again I quote, "The Catholic Book Club chooses books of special Catholic interest and guaranteed moral safety, by no means always or even generally works of fiction. Yet the sales it produces are an infinitesimal fraction of the Catholic public. The reason is quite simply and directly — Catholics don't read."

I haven't the sales sheets of the Catholic Book of the Month Club, but I would like to know if all the sales reach an infinitesimal part of the Catholic public, or only the books of Sheila Kaye-Smith. I like her, but I have a very catholic taste. I imagine that, in spite of the very large sales of



the non-sectarian Book of the Month Club, that they, too, reach an infinitesimal part of the entire reading public.

I am not a member of the Catholic Book Club; I have been a member of the other, but gave it up because no matter how eminent the Board of Selection, I perversely prefer to choose for myself.

**I**N REFUTATION of the charge, I offer my own experience which was no different from that of many other Catholic families whom I have known. I am of Irish Catholic descent. My father left Ireland and came to Boston in 1870. He was stirred to the adventure by reading of the Civil War. The struggle for principle was native to his blood. My mother came and married him in Marblehead. They settled near there and prospered.

In our library, when we children were growing up, was Irish history, American history, some Shakespeare, Dante, Plato, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Tissot's *Life of Christ*, some of George Eliot, Dumas, Hugo, Kipling, Hawthorne, Longfellow, books of Irish orators, Moore, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Robert W. Chambers, Katherine Conway, Agnes Repplier, Marion Crawford, Jules Verne, Muhlbach's historical novels, *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, Sienkiewicz, the *Green Mountain Boys'* series, with other boys' books, Father Finn and Henty and Conan Doyle and some Irish writer who wrote wonderful adventure tales. These are the ones I remember at the moment, but there were hundreds of others.

Looking back, I see my father in a big leather chair, reading and smoking his cigar. We children, boys and girls, were curled up in chairs and on window seats, the youngest outstretched by the fire, all lost in various worlds. Two younger brothers used to share a large chair, sitting back to back, legs over the arms. Their heads were bowed over their books, completely oblivious

of the bedtime call until someone went up and touched them, calling them back to the everyday world. Evening after evening would be spent so. There would be much conversation at table, some, before we settled down to read, and then silence, unless friends came in. Those not directly involved would slip off with their fingers marking the place, as soon as might be.

My mother read mostly books of devotion. She would go upstairs to her own room and say the rosary, and there we would find her on our way to bed. She took care of many poor families of all races and creeds. She was the last resort in our town for a great many who were ill themselves, or had ailing children or needed just advice. Before the days of organized charity, Mother and other women and men in our town and every town, filled the need.

Most women would have thought nine children of their own enough. When Mother was ill, she liked to have one of us read to her. Not problem novels—she had enough problems—but a sentimental love story, much to our surprise. I can remember reading to her Mary Johnston's *To Have and to Hold*, and Marie Corelli's *Thelma*. She liked too, Stewart Edward White's works. The love stories reminded her of the time when she was young and when she first met the wonderful man whom she married.

**I** NEVER SAW father read fiction, but I've always been glad that he never interfered with his children's taste in books. Our friendships were rigidly supervised, much to our disgust. We had to leave parties at ten o'clock even after we were well-grown. Parties in our own home might keep going until eleven, but callers, unless *en masse* had to leave at ten.

Our reading was uncensored, except while we girls were at convent boarding school. I can remember very little

that was trashy. My elder sister was lent a copy of Rider Haggard's *She*, which she hid under her mattress. I read it too when I discovered it. Later I borrowed one of Laura Jean Libbey's. I remember the title only, *Married But No Wife*. Does anyone else remember Laura? I imagine most of the youngsters of today fed on the strong diet offered from Hollywood, would find her tasteless. Well, so would I.

**WHEN I WAS** eight or nine, my elder brother was taken ill suddenly with a fever. He beckoned me into his room, while the doctor was downstairs with mother and father, and told me to quickly empty his lower bureau drawer. It was full of Nick Carter! What a break for me. I might never have met him otherwise. Today, at luncheon, my husband and I were stirring up our memories of Nick Carter. He remembers "another redskin bit the dust." I remember tense moments in a horseless, cage-like vehicle with bullet-proof wire mesh which raced across the prairie. My husband says that is a product of my imagination, but I'm sure it's a product of that bureau drawer. It has just come to me. Wasn't there a Deadwood Dick?

Horatio Alger's and Henry Castleman's output entered our house in a never-ceasing stream at one period of my younger brother's development, then flowed across the lawn to their pals next door. A while ago I read a book which dwelt on the influence of the McGuffey Readers as a factor in the development of our national morals. It is interesting to speculate on the effect of Alger *et al* on our economic ideals during the period of great expansion at the end of the last century and the beginning of the present one; ideals which we are now sloughing with much pain and distress.

When I was at convent school, it was decided by the powers that were, that I

should study violin in flagrant disregard of the fact that I had no ear for music. My elder sister played the harp very well. The glassed-in practice rooms were next to the reference library, which was never locked as it was supposed to hold no temptation to read when one should be doing something else. I had been made assistant librarian and so put on my honor not to sneak books out of the other bookcases. But the reference library was not in the bond. Instead of practising, I read four heavy tomes of Napoleon's Campaigns! And still more astonishing, two very large volumes of the works and life of St. Thomas Aquinas, including his *Summa*! I don't suppose I understood one word in six; it was the printed page that enthralled.

"Catholics don't read," Miss Kaye-Smith says, and gives two possible reasons. One, "that many modern books, not necessarily fiction are objectionable from the moral point of view, and at variance with the mind of the Church." Some would give that reason, Miss Kaye-Smith says. I would answer, it is no reason at all. One could read, in this era of mass production, twenty-four hours a day and with a little discrimination read nothing objectionable. Personally, I know no Catholics who hold with Miss Kaye-Smith's reasoning.

**A** **NOTHER ANSWER,** I quote, "Catholics might give is that most of them are too poor to afford books. This is true as far as it goes. The Catholic public is not wealthy, and the price of books in England and America is extravagantly high. On the other hand, there are the circulating libraries where a book can be procured at a very much lower rate than a seat at the cinema (and I have not yet heard of Catholics accused of failing to patronize the cinema). Both these excuses could be made by Catholics for their neglect of reading; but their opponents



might with more truth advance the explanation that Catholics are as a whole uninterested in the mental and intellectual side of life which books represent."

I think this is unfair. Almost any group that labors physically, Catholic or non-Catholic, can scarcely be blamed if they find more relaxation in a movie than sitting in a crowded tenement trying to read a book of literary distinction. I object to the division of readers and non-readers along religious lines. Enjoying reading is a matter of temperament, of background and leisure, not religious convictions. Certain I am that my Catholic friends average as many readers among them as do my Protestant friends.

Miss Kaye-Smith says "that the success of the novels of Hugh Benson was mostly among non-Catholics, mostly Anglo-Catholics who are great readers." I am a Roman, not an Anglo, and it may surprise Miss Kaye-Smith to learn that Msgr. Benson as well as his brother E. F., hold an honored place on my book-shelves; and that G. K. Chesterton's *St. Francis* as well as his *St. Thomas* are beside my chair in my living room, as also Thomas Mann and Huxley.

EDUCATED CATHOLICS read much as other educated groups. Sheila Kaye-Smith should realize that the uneducated, no matter what their religious tenets, are unlikely to choose her type of novel. Toward the end, the article states that she is writing not as a novelist, but as a box-tender of the Catholic Truth Society. She finds that devotional tracts and lives of the Saints have a fair sale, but the doctrinal tracts are left. She suggests that a five-cent tract might prevent embarrassment in controversy, and adds that reading for "penance" in Lent is better than nothing. It appears, that she used to do this when she was a member of the Church of England.

That definitely shocked me. They "who are great readers"! I read, not for penance but for the joy I get from it. In Lent, I hope to read the New Testament for the spiritual thrill it gives to follow Christ's ministry during those three years that preceded those most dramatic three days that His earth has seen. A wriggle of conscience halts me. It suggests that I may be unfair to Sheila Kaye-Smith. The article was published originally in the magazine *Columba*, Glasgow, Scotland, and condensed for the *Catholic Digest*. Condensing an article crowds generalizations, necessarily, without the interpolations that mitigate them. She is doubtless right; we should study up on doctrine.

When Catholicism is in one's blood from the eighth century or thereabouts, one feels so confident about the larger certitudes, that it is easy to grow careless about the smaller faucets of the truth. Our apparent indifference may well be disturbing to fresh zeal. But these are days to try one's Faith, and if the call comes to defend it controversially, one should be better prepared than ever before. But prepared or not, controversially, if in this country any attempt be made to deprive Catholics of their right to worship God in the immemorial way, the laggards would join the vanguard in a new crusade.

Pius the Eleventh's body is being entombed as I write, but his spirit issues a clear call to all Christians. In a friendly defense, I still asseverate Catholics do read.

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## Resurrection

By Virginia Scott Miner

*Daunted not by the wind,  
Counting the cold no thief,  
Now does the heart put forth  
Tendrils and bud and leaf!*

# The Road is Long

*By Mary Mabel Wirries*

## CHAPTER XIII

### End of the Road

THE TEAM OF grays stood patiently and watched their erstwhile driver disappear over the nearest hilltop.

"He's been behaving most erratically all morning," whinnied the gray called Susan. "Did you notice that he almost drove me over that boulder down there at the corner of the field? We've been plowing this field together for years, and he never tried to make me climb a boulder before."

Unmindful of what his horses were saying about him, Larry Kelly strode on purposefully; because just over the hill there was a sweet-faced, grave-eyed young woman stripping a tree of apple blossoms.

"Hold on, there, what do you think you're doing?" he demanded, as he approached the despoiler of the apple tree. "How do you expect that tree ever to have any apples on it?"

Rose laughed and wrinkled her nose at him. "I don't," she assured him. "You told me it was a scrub tree and that you're going to cut it down. And I couldn't see so much beauty ruined, so I'm filling all my vases with apple blossoms. Tom swears I'm giving him hay fever. Can you get hay fever from apple blossoms, Larry?"

"You can get some kind of fever," he assured her, solemnly. "I have it, myself. I've been running a temperature all morning. Want to hold my hand and see?"

"Certainly not. I thought you were plowing. Didn't I see you taking the grays over the hill?"

"I was. The horses are waiting. But I just happened to think that today is an important anniversary for me. Also

that Father announced rosary hour and benediction for tonight. How would you like to go in to church with me tonight and celebrate the anniversary?"

"I'd like it very much. What is the anniversary?"

"I'll tell you tonight. Well, I'm going back to my plowing. If you'd like to have a chunk of the wood of that tree to save, too, you'll find the axe down behind the springhouse."

"My, my! You are too kind; but I think I'll be content with blossoms."

"More hay fever," grumbled Tom, as she came in with the flowers. "Woman, why can't you leave flowers growing where God plants them?"

"Be quiet. Larry's going to cut down this tree. I couldn't see the blossoms wasted."

"Well, if I ever catch you cutting my strawberry blossoms—Sis, look here! What do you think of this new strawberry old Fields has developed on his experimental farm? Larry thinks those big Superbas of his are the best ever, but I'd like to have a fling at raising these. And say, look here—this is a new kind of black cap. Isn't it a dandy? I'm going to put that whole twenty in strawberries and black caps—"

"What twenty?"

THE ONE back by the graveyard; it belongs to Larry's uncle. It's been lying fallow for years. I'll sow a cover crop back there and get rid of the weeds—going to put the crop in on shares at first and see if I can clear enough for myself to buy the twenty."

"Don't forget the doctor says you have to put on five more pounds before you touch dirt."

Tom groaned. "Don't I know it! And me raring to go. But I'll get that five



on me soon, or know why. How about getting me another glass of cream?"

"All right. I'll get you that now; but you'll have to rustle your own lunch. I'm going over and help Matie paper the sitting room. I'm so green at the job I suppose we'll be all day doing it. She likes the new curtains I'm making her so well, and bragged about them so much that Pa went and got her wall-paper to match them."

The morning school bell was ringing and the children closing in on the schoolgrounds as Rose went over to her parents' house. Several of them whistled and waved to her, and Janie came running back to give her an impulsive hug.

"**I'M SO PROUD** of my new hair ribbons I could bust," she whispered fervidly. "Thank you and thank you and thank you."

Rose went on, smiling. Hair ribbons! How passionately she had longed for them, once upon a time. Well, that was one simple desire Janie should always have fulfilled. No carpet rags for Janie.

Matie was washing the breakfast dishes, and Rose took them over her protests. Presently the dishes were away, the baby bathed and sleeping, the next-to-the-baby ensconced in a rude play pen where they could keep an eye on him. And then they were in the throes of paper hanging. There were dozens of interruptions, but four o'clock in the afternoon brought them to the end of their task.

"There, that's done—and a right pretty job, if I do say it myself." Matie stood back to survey the last strip of new wallpaper with admiring eyes. "Your Pa will be surprised, all right. Those pink roses give a perky air to the room, don't they?"

"They certainly do. And this flour paste is very becoming to me, too." Rose looked at her reflection in the cracked mirror over the washstand

and grimaced at it. "I need just one more dab over the right eye—there. Does that look better?"

"I declare, you'll be the death of me." Matie wiped tears of laughter from her eyes. "Honey, I don't know when I've laughed so much or been so happy as I have been these few months. It seems like I'm living in a different world, since you and Tom are back. Have you noticed that your Pa ain't drinking so much? Maybe as he gets older he'll get more sense. He was tickled about you asking us over to dinner Sunday. He asked me yesterday if I knew where his black tie was. Seems to me he's aiming to wear a necktie to your dinner."

"I got the curtains all hemmed for you, Matie. I'll bring them over on my way to church."

"You going to church tonight?"

"Yes. Holy Hour, Benediction and Rosary, you know."

"It sounds beautiful, even if I don't rightly know what it means. You going with Larry and Mrs. Flaherty?"

"Um-humph; if Aunt Hannah's rheumatism doesn't have her down again."

"I reckon you and Larry could stand it if you had to go without Aunt Hannah, couldn't you?"

"**WHY, MATIE!**" Rose was blushing into the folds of the towel with which she was drying her face.

"You needn't 'Why, Matie' me. I'm old enough to know which way the wind's blowing. Honey, what you aiming to do about the feller in California?"

"That's all over, Matie."

"You grieving about it, honey?"

"No, Matie. I'm not grieving, honestly. We didn't belong, Matie. We came from different worlds."

"Well, you either do or you don't. That's what I always say. Now your Pa and I—well, I guess you know there couldn't be anybody but your Pa for me, too. It doesn't matter how he acts or what he does, I guess I'd just put up

with him if he murdered me. I guess he feels that way about me, too. He don't show his feelings like some men do. But he was awful worried when I was sick that time. You remember how it upset him?"

"I remember. I have to go now, Matie. Tom will be starved before I get supper ready. The appetite that boy has! No wonder he's putting on weight."

"He does look good. Your Pa and I were remarking."

**THE DOCTOR SAYS** that as soon as he puts on five more pounds he can start digging in dirt."

"What's he doing today?"

"Studying agriculture. He and Larry have some kind of tractor bug biting them, now. They talk about this one and that one until they drive me mad. I take my manuscripts and typewriter and go into my bedroom, lock the door and let them rave."

"I told Mis' Dodd yesterday that you was writing a book, and she said she always knew you had it in you. I told her about that letter you got from that editor, too—the one about the poem being so good, only he couldn't take it because he was over—over—over what, honey? What was it you told me?"

"Overstocked. Too much material on hand, you know. But some day, Matie, I'm going to write that man such a good poem he'll buy it even if he is overstocked. And then I'll be a real poet. When you're so good they can't turn you down, you're getting somewhere."

"I bet you will, honey. I never saw you set your mind to something but you did it."

"Anyhow, even if I never sell anything, I'm having a good time, writing, Matie. I think I was always supposed to do that, but I was so busy doing other things I got off the track. Oh, Matie, I do have to go, now. Look at that clock!"

She was just tucking the last supper

dish in the cupboard when Larry drove into the yard.

"I'll powder my nose and be right there," she called from the doorway.

"Come on in," called Tom.

"Not tonight, old man. We'll be late for church. You just want to argue about your Daniels being better than my Superbas anyway, and I have to keep my churchly mood. Is that poky sister of yours ever going to be ready?"

"I'm ready now—and no remarks." Rose flew down the walk, pinning on her hat as she came. "Where's Aunt Hannah?"

"Did I say anything about you going to church with Aunt Hannah?"

"No, you didn't, but I—"

"Get in and keep still."

"Listen to the masterful man." But she got in, and kept very, very still, all the way into Centralia. So did Larry. Eyes fixed between his sorrel mare's ears, he drove without speaking. It was not until the *Laudate* had been sung and they were homeward bound that he spoke. Then it was only to say:

"We'll go back by the Lower Road. Do you mind?"

"Of course not. I love the Lower Road. What's a rut or two?"

**THREE OR FOUR** or even more. It's the Rocky Road to Dublin you'll be riding, lady, but I've a special reason for traveling it tonight."

They drove out Beech Street, and on to the narrow road. If the years had changed it, they had changed it for the worse. The Upper Road was a paved road, now, and the Lower sadly neglected. A scraping or two a year was all it got.

Three miles along, Larry drew his horse to the side of the way and stopped.

"Do you know what day this is, Rose?" he asked.

"It's the ninth of May, Larry."



"That's right. An important date in my life. Rose, what's become of the sapphire ring?"

She began to tremble. "I—sent it back. That was a mistake."

"And what has become of the silver heart?"

"I'm—wearing it."

"Does that mean what I hope it does?"

There was no answer and in the darkness he could not see her face.

ROSE, I AM just a farmer. I shall always be a farmer. I shall always live in Labadie. Long ago, you and I walked this road together. It was the ninth of May, remember? We chased a butterfly and a bull chased us. We talked of life and our ambitions. I was planning to stay here and you were planning to go away forever. You thought a poem—remember: 'The road is long, but the night is sweet, and the whippoorwill is calling—' We were just kids, you and I, that night. But I never forgot the night, or the date, or the poem, or you, with the moonlight on your face, reciting those lines. And then—you went away. But still I didn't forget. And at last you came back—because duty drew you back. But you wore another man's ring on your finger, and I tried to remember that. Then—the ring disappeared, and you were wearing my luck piece again. And I began to hope that you had come to the end of your long road, and were home to stay—to hope that it had been just a round trip, after all. Have I been hoping too much, Rose? Or is this the end of the road?"

Her soft hand slid into his. "It's the end of the road, Larry."

"And the night is sweet," said Larry Kelly, happily.

"There's a light at Pa's," said the future Mrs. Lawrence Kelly, when they came, at long last, to the tenant-house

lane. "Shall we drive down and tell them?"

"Why not?" asked her intended husband.

But there was nothing to be told after all; because Pa Kieble had a word to say before they opened their mouths. He and Matie and the children were all in the sitting room, looking at the new wallpaper.

"I'm glad you came in," he roared at them, "so you can see what you're getting into, young Kelly. If you don't want your house to be a disgrace to the county, after you've married this flighty-headed girl of ours, you do your own wall-papering. Look at these two women. They've made no attempt at matching the posies. The leaves run into the flowers and versy-vicey. It's a dumb job, if I ever saw one."

Larry grinned. "And what makes you think I may marry the addlepat?" he demanded.

"A blind man could see that with a blindfold on," said Rose's father. "You look like the cat that ate the canary."

At the gate of the tenant cottage, Rose laid a finger across Larry's lips.

"Listen," she said, "there's a whippoorwill calling."

"I know what it's saying," said Larry Kelly—and whispered three words that only Rose could hear.

(The End.)

## Record In Frost

By Josephine Ingram

*Your feet have passed, wind-light and silently,  
Beneath my window in the winter dawn.  
Half-light and mist as in conspiracy  
Conceal the pathless way that you have gone.  
I had not known of your proximity  
Save that, inscribed on the frost silvered lawn,  
These prints bear witness, and they testify  
Emerald on silver, to your passing by.*

## "Maria"—Queen of Bells

By S. M. Johnston

WE WERE IN MEXICO for the purpose of observation and study when one morning someone tossed us a copy of the Communistic paper, *La Opinion* which we noticed carried across its front page the following information:

"This year the great fiesta of Our Lady was not celebrated with the usual pomp and splendor," insinuating of course that this year people have become less superstitious, more sensible.

Old Leonardo, keeper of the bells for many years at the Basilica Cathedral of this city, shrugged when I greeted him with this bit of information.

"Perhaps. But you saw what went on. What do you think?"

At the question, kaleidoscopic pictures formed in my mind: pictures that but a short time before had been brilliant realities; winding streets hedged in by high walls and houses with grated windows unbelievably gay in blue and pink paper hangings cut in a thousand-and-one forms of chalice and harp and virgin, crossing and re-crossing the width of the way; sky rockets hissing and blazing through the evening skies; little charcoal fires, like captive stars, quietly smouldering in brassiers cleverly arranged in the tops of blue and yellow and brown tile holders quivering and burning a deeper blue under the impact of detonations of high explosives which regularly rocked the city with their deep-voiced praise. I had marveled at it all.

Then there were the churches—one hundred in all—each a blaze of light and center of bustling activity. One I remembered particularly, for the crowd had been impacted about it until, even by climbing out of my car, I could force my way no nearer the entrance than half a block. But I hadn't been alone in

my frustrated desire. Women with babies and baskets of bread and *oilas* of milk, and only the angels know what else in their hands and on their heads, had waited patiently in hope that after a time—a long time—someone up nearer the front would tire and leave, and so permit them to slip an inch nearer the desired goal: the altar of the Virgin. Men in white cotton trousers and striped *serapes* wrapped about their shoulders and across their nostrils and mouth, squatted nonchalantly on their heels, smoking countless cigarettes and waited for the same purpose. The church, I was told, had been filled since one or two o'clock of the night before. I had glanced at my watch and it was then three p. m., of the following day. Every Christian temple of the city had had services: High Masses, solemn and otherwise, Low Masses, Benedictions and *Te Deums*. At those which I had been fortunate enough to attend, I had witnessed Communion given from ciboria the size of soup tureens and I had beheld these giant vessels emptied during a single Holy Sacrifice. Contrasted with these facts the statement of *La Opinion* seemed so vapid, so futile. With a smile I turned to Leonardo.

"You explain," I said in my best Spanish. "It's all beyond me."

LEONARDO IS a small man, wrinkled as a frost-bitten persimmon, and as aged as the bells of the basilica tower over which he has presided since the days of his youth. His eyes are very young and sparkle like uninsulated live wires. When he is deeply interested, they fairly snap. They were snapping now.

"I will explain." He answered slowly so that my Spanish might not give way under the strain. "The voice of *La Opinion* is merely the voice of the lesser bells. It is easily drowned out by the booming of Truth."



My brow furrowed in the effort to follow his thought. "The voice of lesser bells . . . booming of truth." My linguistic attainments must have gone static again.

Leonardo noticed the frown of bewilderment and smiled quizzically. "I will explain further, then perhaps you will understand. Yesterday you heard my big 'Maria' booming out across the city."

**I** NODDED. Even the papers had carried the story that the little old man had climbed the steep steps two hundred feet up to the belfry where the big silver bell hung. Legend has it that when the builders of the cathedral had wished to hoist this gigantic instrument of divine praise up into the tower, three hundred and one long years ago when the world was sadly lacking in instruments of engineering, they had found the task impossible. The bell, resisting all their efforts, could not be budged, and so after a fruitless day of labor, they had returned to their thatched bamboo huts and wrapped themselves in their blankets to dream disturbedly of what should be done on the morrow. But on the morrow, "Maria" had been found hanging properly in place. "None but the angels could have performed such a feat" the pious artisans said, and so they promptly christened the surrounding town "City of the Angels."

"And *you* rang that monster bell all day long," I chided gently.

Leonardo grinned impishly. "Had I not gone up there to the belfry my 'Maria' would not have spoken, for in my lifetime no other hand but mine has touched her."

At his words, my mind leaped across the chasm of time to that other day. Over the city, across the fields, out to the snow-capped volcanoes the chimes of lesser bells were sounding until suddenly from amid the clangor there had

pulsed the deep powerful tones of another metallic tongue. "Maria" was speaking, and amid the paean of her praise none other could be heard. For hours I had marveled at the clamor of the musical chimes. Truly "Maria" was queen within her own realm.

Leonardo smiled amusedly. "That is it." He said with finality.

"Maybe," I shook my head, "but it doesn't even make Spanish sense to me."

"No?" He cocked his black skull-capped head sharply to the side. "Then I must go into detail for your sake. Here you see in this great city of Mexico more than a hundred churches—not one of them seriously molested during the late years of persecution. You see here our people thronging to their religious exercises. These things contain a lesson for those who care to learn . . . the same lesson that my 'Maria' is constantly teaching from her place high in the big square stone tower, the lesson that all Christian people must learn surely, surely—and the swifter the better." He paused, fumbling in one of the sacristy drawers for a bit of misplaced lace. A small altar boy clad in crimson and flowing dark blue sash, dashed in on some errand for a service going on outside at one of the many altars. Leonardo stooped to catch the whispered message and then hurried away in answer to the summons. I lingered. It seemed a pity to lose the very kernel of his pithy words. At last, my patience was rewarded.

**A**ND MY LESSON?" I queried, going near where he once more stood filling a gold filigreed ciborium.

The little sacristan can be testy at times. With a thump at his black cap he said bluntly: "You are all the same. Things are before your eyes and you cannot see them. Words are shouted in your ears and you do not hear them." Then fearful lest he might have of-

fended he added hastily: "But wait, and I will explain even further. I will repeat to you what 'Maria' never tires of telling the world. It is this: Let us not leave all movement, all proclaiming, all extolling to those who are enemies of Christ. Let us be bold about this like 'Maria.'

"Some say they are too humble to speak up for God's cause. What an insane humility! Some are too sure their talents are not needed. Just as though they too were not children of the same Father. Others say, 'It is God's church and He is quite adequate to care for it'—forgetting that our Lord gave the Church into our keeping. And while this great silence and inactivity reigns among Christians, those who are the enemies of Christ grow busy. Their tongues wag with the force of bell clappers. Meetings are held; juntas formed; proclamations are posted on every wall and station; excitement swells. Rascals begin to say, 'Let us run off the priests, close the schools, take over the churches and make mills of them, using the money we make to buy ourselves beer.'

"Thus trouble is begun. And how can it be stopped? In one way only. In the way my 'Maria' employs. Her cry is so loud that she drowns out all opposition. The voice of united Christendom could and should do the same."

"It doesn't add up," I said with a sigh.

**"DOESN'T IT?"** Black eyes narrowed meaningly. "It does when tried. Take for example our city here. It was one of the worst in the beginning of the persecution. Then a great voice sounded, the voice of the people, and while the greater part of my country still lay ground down under the heel of intolerance, while sanctuaries were being desecrated in many places and the skies crimsoned with flames of burning temples of the All-Highest, here it was not so. People thronged the

churches and worshiped as you yourself have but lately witnessed."

"Why?"

A thin, wrinkled hand still swollen from having sounded for so long a time the giant clapper of his beloved, touched my shoulder. "The voice of a united people is like the voice of my 'Maria' which cannot be cried down. My bell has taught that to our citizens. In a body they went to those in authority and made known their wishes. Throngs crowded about the homes of our governing officials. There was no violence, but there was also no mistaking the sentiments of our Catholic population."

**T**HAT INSTANT in bustled another miniature bishop in the person of a very diminutive red and blue clad server. Something else was needed, and once again my cicerone hurried away. This time I did not linger. There was no need. His lesson had been completed. But as I wandered out to the busy streets where toil-worn women sat busily patting out *tortillas*, stirring simmering clay *ollas* in which pieces of chicken bubbled and boiled, and men plodded along behind small burros carrying giant bundles of alfalfa or charcoal or packs of hides of the spotted tiger-cats that roam the mountains, suddenly I found myself regarding them all with a new kind of emotion—almost bordering on veneration. They were not learned folk. Most of them had tasted of life's bitterest potions, but for all that they were quite superior to the average Christian, for they had learned the lesson of "Maria." In a time of crisis they had not waited for the clergy or the President or anyone else to talk for them. They had cried aloud to the listening world: "We want our churches. They must not be destroyed. We want our services. And those who administer them must remain." And so they had, for the voice was too deep-throated to be ignored.



# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

A tornado's path is thirty miles long on an average.

The percentage of fatal accidents on farms is greater than that of any other industry.

The postage stamp does its best work after it is licked; the cucumber, after it is down.—*Anon.*

There are about 750 muscles in the body of man, over 150 being in the thighs, legs, and feet.

The Japanese export their high grade home-grown rice and import a cheaper grade for local consumption.

Almost six million families in this country have pianos; and in those families about nine million persons play.

The Resurrection plant is so named because no matter how dry it becomes, it needs only to be moistened to appear green again.

There are certain water plants, like the bladder-wort, which actually ensnare fish and then feed upon their decaying bodies.

The organization policy of the American Red Cross is to be prepared for an annual average of about ninety catastrophies affecting between thirty and forty states.

The largest and richest deposit of mercury ore is at Almaden in central Spain. It has been worked since the time of the Romans.

A Frank Beeman, of Murray, Kentucky, made some steel plates to fit the soles of his shoes and has been wearing the same pair of shoes for twenty-four years.

L. H. Nichols of Dickinson, North Dakota, and A. P. Jones of Hankinson, N. D., started playing checkers by postal card in 1914 and are still at it. They have played about five hundred games.

J. F. Smedley, a property man in Culver City Studio, carries from a dozen to a hundred blue shingle nails in his mouth all during his working day. He has been doing this for twenty-five years.

John Harris was fined ten dollars in Barrington, N. J., for driving a truck which was minus taillight, springs, brakes, exhaust pipe, hood, headlights, fan belt, flooring and mirror. It had a tomato-can carburetor and only three tires.

The poet, Alexander Pope, was such a weakling that he had almost literally to be tied up in a bag in the morning so that he might keep together until night. Yet his output of work was enormous, and he was the leading literary light of his time.

The influence of English is seen in the many expressions used by former citizens of Mexico who now reside on this side of the border. The word "chance," for example, has been Mexicanized into "chancito," while our expression "flat tire," has been Mexicanized and stream-lined into the single term, "flatear."

## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**Shepherd of Souls**, by the Rev. Constantine Noppel, S. J.; translated by the Rev. Frederic Eckhoff. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis. Price, \$2.

This book, written by a pastor of souls for parish priests, was recommended to the reviewer as a text in pastoral theology. It is more than that. During the past decade several excellent volumes treating of the doctrine of the Mystical Body have appeared in the Catholic Press. Most of these studies, however, aim to bring home to the ordinary layman the rôle he fills as an individual member of the divine organism. The *Shepherd of Souls* sets forth the special functions and responsibilities of the parish priest in this mystical incorporation. Hence the more appropriate sub-title, *The Pastoral Office in the Mystical Body of Christ*.

The first part of Father Noppel's work treats of the care of souls in general and lacks much of the originality and vigor found in the second half of the volume. Although the first three chapters comprise little more than citations from the ecclesiastical canons dealing with the legal status of the Church, its personnel and structural elements, still the inclusion of such principles of Church Law is not entirely extraneous to such a work since many of us would not otherwise have either the time or the occasion to re-familiarize ourselves with such canons.

In the second part of the book where the author discusses in detail the various problems confronting the priest in the care of individual souls, Father Noppel draws from his own valuable experiences as a pastor and physician of souls. Included therein are refreshing studies on the Sacraments, the Care of the Diseased, and an especially commendable chapter on Pastoral Zeal.

After stressing the all-importance of sacerdotal zeal and personal holiness on the part of the shepherd of souls, Father Noppel offers several timely suggestions as an aid to converting those multitudes of other sheep who are not yet of the true fold. An excellent index is included in the last four pages. The priest and the seminarian will learn much from the perusal of the *Shepherd of Souls*.

E. J. Murray.

**Which Way, Democracy?** by Rev. Wilfred Parsons, S. J. Macmillan, New York. Price, \$2.

This book is concerned with American Democracy: its religious background and the gradual disappearance thereof in many minds; the downfall of Liberalism, a political philosophy falsely identified too long a time with democracy; its weaknesses and failures, due to abuses that were allowed to creep into its administration; the challenge which it faces today from the totalitarian States, whether fascist or communistic, and finally the possibilities of its survival.

In the course of the discussion, the reader is treated to excellent chapters on The Christian Concept of the State, Freedom and the Modern State, and The Burden of Self-Government. The picture, vividly drawn, shows reason for earnest concern, but none for despair. Weak as democracy has undoubtedly become through its unfortunate alliance with, or domination by, historic Liberalism, its roots are still imbedded in the soil of the spiritual philosophy from which it arose. It is from this soil, if it is once again watered and cultivated, that democracy will draw its survival power. Confronting it, in addition to the powerful threat of the totalitarian States, are the



huge problems of social justice,—industrial, racial and international. The industrial problem, of which unemployment is but one aspect, must be solved by some sort of planned economy, not by Socialistic methods, but by the rational extension of civil authority over industrial affairs, in line with the Papal Encyclicals, *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno*. The racial problem, or better, racism, can be solved only by a frank and full acceptance of the Christian teaching on the natural solidarity of the human race and the supernatural doctrine of the Mystical Body. Finally, the international problem will find its solution in the re-establishment of a natural international law, together with a super-national law-enforcing agency. This is preeminently the kind of book that the average man should read today. We hope it has many readers.

Charles C. Miltner.

**The Irishman in the English Novel of the Nineteenth Century**, by Sister Mary Edith Kelley, O. S. U., A. M. The Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

Her prose possessing a charm and a freedom lacking in many current best-sellers, Sister Edith has approached her problem like a scholar and a genial one. Her task, as she sees it, is one of interpretation as well as explanation. Consequently, early in her book, she admits that the Irishman must be interpreted as a Catholic Irishman. For her, the two terms are practically synonymous. This point of view is developed in the first chapter through a terse, direct, informative sketch of Ireland's history.

Background established, she quickly turns toward character for the remainder of her study. The gentry, the peasantry, the soldier, the priest, and the rogue are handled in that order. This character emphasis is not only justifiable from a critical viewpoint, but is

necessary if one is to understand fully the Irishman in the nineteenth century novel.

The section on the peasant, it seems to me, is the most satisfying, since the peasant is distinctly an individual rather than a type. He is more complex, more contrary, more unpredictable than the soldier or the gentleman. The peasant woman, too, seems more a part of the soil and consequently of the life of Ireland than her gentle counterpart. Emotional, prudent, domestic, she is tremendously influential with her husband and friends.

*The Irishman in the English Novel of the Nineteenth Century* is a book that no teacher or serious student of the English novel will want to be without.

James d'Autremont.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

*Building Character from Within*—The Problem of Leisure, by the Rev. John T. McMahon, Ph. D.; *Chum*, by Eleanor Stanley Lockwood; *Eighteenth Century English Literature*—A Bibliography, by James E. Tobin, Ph. D.; *Prince of the House of David*—Meditations on St. Joseph, by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet; *The Last Quarter*, by Ralph Henry Barbour; *This Generation*—A Selection of British and American Literature from 1914 to the Present with Historical and Critical Essays, by George K. Anderson and Eda Lou Walton; *Jubileus Deo*—One Hundred and Fifty Offertories, Motets and Hymns for the Entire Ecclesiastical Year (T. T. B. B. or S. S. A. A.), by the Rev. Carlo Rossini; *Finding the Way*—A Tribute to His Eminence the Late Cardinal Merry del Val, by Ellin Craven Learned; *The Radiant Quest*, by Grace Noll Crowell; *Merry in God*—A Life of Father William Doyle, S. J.; *Letters of Father Page*, by the Rev. Gerald M. Fitzgerald, C. S. C.

## YOUNGER READERS

### Winter Tree

By Leona Pauline Hahn

*I never thought that I could see  
Such beauty in a barren tree;  
Its branches heavy with soft snow  
That glistens in the evening's glow.  
The coppery sun falls like a dream  
Upon the snow-banked limbs that seem  
Like fairy wands stretched out to touch  
The silent earth, hushed overmuch.  
I had not thought a barren bough  
Could hold such loveliness as now.*

### A Tale of Will-o'-the-Wisp

By Priscilla Mahoney

#### II

**S**HEILA'S MOTHER cheerfully consented to let her go for she knew that she was always safe with the little leprechaun. So laughing and skipping all the way Sheila and her fairy friend reached the top of one of the Round Lake Hills where they could see all the swamp-land below them. And there sure enough Sheila could see the tiny light that kept bobbing hither and thither throughout the swampy muck land.

"That's Will," whispered Rumpel.

"Doesn't he ever stand still?" asked Sheila.

"Well, hardly ever," answered Rumpel, "for if he's ever going to get all the snakes out of America he has to keep on the jump almost all of the time, because America is a big country and there are still many snakes here although there aren't nearly so many as when Will first came."

"I think that fairy Rose asked too much of Will," declared Sheila indignantly. "Why, he'll never get all the

snakes out of this country. And besides if Rose really loved him she'd want to be near him all these years."

"Ah, but you don't know Rose," chuckled Rumpel, "for she is so good herself that she wants all the fairies to be nearly perfect. And years mean nothing to the fairies as they never grow older or younger. Yes, Rose is making a first class fairy out of Will, a first class fairy."

"But tell me, Rumpel, just how does Will really make the snakes leave our country?" asked Sheila.

Then Rumpel pulled his red leather coat tightly about him as he always did when a bit perplexed, and stroked his long white beard.

"I don't know, Colleen, whether or not I can trust you with this secret," said Rumpel, "for no one in America knows a thing about Will's driving the snakes out or how he does it. If the secret were known Will would have to return to Ireland with his work unfinished."

"Please tell me, Rumpel," begged Sheila, "you know you can trust me never to tell the secret."

Finally Rumpel looked at Sheila and said, "You are a good girl, Sheila, and a true one. I don't believe you'll ever tell. I think I'll be safe in letting you in on the secret."

**S**HEILA LISTENED very earnestly and looked solemn as Rumpel told her this secret that had never been told to any mortal before.

"You have often seen shooting stars, haven't you?" asked Rumpel.

"Oh, yes, lots of them," answered Sheila softly.

"Well, many of those are not real stars at all, but are silver bags of Irish



soil that Rose sends dashing through the air to Will," whispered Rumples in a very mysterious voice. "Will then takes this dirt and when he sees a snake, he blows the light out of his lantern, creeps up on the snake and sprinkles a few grains of this Irish soil on its tail. Then the snake cries, 'Hist! Patrick!' and away it scoots to the sea. It must stay there forever, too, for no snake can live on land again once it has been touched by the soil St. Patrick blessed so many years ago. Now don't you think Rose is pretty good to Will after all?"

"OH, YES," agreed Sheila. "And a fine secret you and I will be sharing, Rumples. Just think, falling stars of Irish soil! Why, it almost makes me think our own America is a sure-enough fairyland. Rumples, do let us be coming every night to this fine hill and watch Will at work. He'll be glad to know we are keeping him company, I know he will."

"We can do that to be sure," said Rumples, "and some night while we're up here I'll tell you more strange things about this fine land of America. And now shall we be going home?"

"There's just one more thing you must tell me before we go," begged Sheila. "Just why were you laughing so hard at poor Will this evening before you told me his story?"

"Oh, that," cried Rumples mirthfully, "well, when I came to join you on the porch this evening, I had just returned from visiting Will in his little home in the swamps. He had been telling me his plans for the future and how some day he and Rose would be together for he didn't think there could be any more snakes left in America. But this is what sent me running from his cottage with the laughter spilling all over me. He said to me, he said very seriously, 'Rumples, me friend,' he said, 'Rumples, mark you, some day the people of

America will be singing me praises as the great St. Will and sure they'll be forgettin' *The Wearin' of the Green*. Instead, on every tongue you'll be hearin' *The Wearin' o' the Lantern*, and it'll be the lantern of me—St. Will-o'-the-Wisp!" Sheila, I'm the banshee herself if that isn't the best joke I've heard in years—St. Will-o'-the-Wisp!"

And Rumples's little red coat became more and more rumbled with his great fit of laughing.

One night as Sheila and Rumples were starting for the Round Lake Hills a soft rain started suddenly to fall.

"Now we'll have to go home," lamented Sheila, "and I do so love to watch Will at work."

"Well, now, little lass, how would this be," asked Rumples. "How would you like to see Will's home? You can't see Will himself, but there's nothing in the fairy law book that says you may not see where he lives. And then too. . . ."

But Sheila wouldn't let Rumples finish the sentence for she was already pulling Rumples with her in the direction of the swamp.

Breathless and damp from running through the misty rain, Rumples and Sheila came to what looked like a little mound of mud near the edge of the swampy land.

"THE MANSION of Will-o'-the-Wisp," said Rumples bowing low.

Sheila laughed for she couldn't understand how Will could be living in a heap of mud.

"Now just watch while I say the charm words," whispered Rumples. "By all the Irish fairies could this be the grand home of Mr. William of the wisp of light!"

At that the mound of mud melted away, the rain stopped falling, and there stood the nicest little cottage that Sheila had ever seen. There was beautiful grass of emerald green, and here

and there about the house were gnarled old trees that looked as if they might be the homes of elves. Funny white owls with their eyes wide with wisdom, blinked at Rumpel and Sheila. And there sure enough, beyond the edge of the nice green yard was the damp and gloomy swamp land.

"Come in! Come in, you two," called a gay voice from the house. "Is it my house you came to see or me?"

"Will, my lad," called Rumpel, "I brought Sheila O'Day to see your nice place. You'll not mind, will you?"

"**I'M GLAD TO** have you," said Will. "A friend of Rumpel is always a friend of the Wisp."

"I'm sorry I can't see you," said Sheila, who had at last begun to breathe naturally.

"And isn't it lucky she is," laughed Will, nudging Rumpel.

"Ah, yes," agreed Rumpel, "for many homely lads like yourself have to go about the country with their faces scaring little children."

With that Rumpel suddenly went sprawling on the ground as if someone had thrown him, and Sheila quickly guessed who did the throwing, though she couldn't blame Will a bit.

They all went into the house. Such a neat little place it was.

"It's just like a fairy house," breathed Sheila as if in a trance.

"And to what kind of animal do ye think I belong?" queried Will.

"How stupid of me," answered Sheila, "of course I'm in a real fairy house."

A fireplace with big logs crackling merrily lighted one whole side of the room. A black kettle was steaming on a crane over the fire while a large gray cat lay stretched on a rug before the fire blinking uncertainly at Sheila. There was no carpet on the floor, but the wood had been scrubbed so clean that it seemed almost to have been polished. A painted picture of Will's magic

lantern hung in a copper frame between two leaded windows.

"Mm, something smells good," sniffed Sheila, "I'll bet you haven't eaten your supper yet, Will."

"Indeed I have," said Will's voice, "but I always have me a midnight snack, for it's tired I get chasing those wriggling snakes all night long. Hissy, my cook is getting my midnight supper ready now so she can go for a slide down by the pond this evening. By the way, come to the kitchen, Rumpel and Sheila, I want you to meet Hissy."

They walked into the nice clean kitchen which was painted a bright fairy blue.

"Hissy, where are you?" called Will. "She's very bashful," Will confided.

Then slowly coming from the pantry, a bright blue apron tied about her waist, was a tall blacksnake who walked upright on the tip of her tail. She hung her head shyly as she approached Rumpel and Sheila.

"Hissy, may I present Miss Sheila O'Day and Rumpel the leprechaun," said Will very formally.

"I ain't much on meeting strangers," moaned Hissy mournfully, "but I'm mighty pleased to meet the great Will's friends."

"**WE ARE** so happy to know you," said Sheila. "It's lucky for Will he has such a neat housekeeper. This kitchen just sparkles with bright pots and pans and its polished stove."

At that Hissy's black face turned even blacker for she was blushing in snake fashion.

"Now, Hissy," said Will, "I'll have to be on my way for I have a big night ahead of me working in that Florida swamp land. It seems that there are more of your race down there than any place in America. But when I leave, will you please set out a good lunch for my two friends here. I'm sure Sheila would like to eat in a fairy's house, and



as for Rumble, well he's always hungry. Then you may go to your sliding ground and enjoy yourself for the rest of the night."

"What fun!" cried Sheila as she walked into the living room with Rumble and Will. "But tell me Mr. Will, how did Hissy escape the fate of all the other snakes?"

"**W**ELL," SAID WILL, "as I was sprinkling Irish soil on Hissy, she looked up at me with such pleading in her eyes that I didn't have the heart to send her to the sea. She said she would do anything for me if I would promise not to make her spend the rest of her days in the water. So I asked her if she could cook. And when she told me that she thought she could cook quite well, I brought her to my house and she's been a great help and comfort to me ever since."

"How wonderful for Hissy," said Sheila.

"And now good evening," said Will. "I must be on my way but I hope to be seeing you and Rumble often, for Rumble has told me that you'll never tell the secret of how I came to be here or where I live, Sheila."

Then all said their good-byes to Will and watched his magic lantern as it whisked him quickly out of sight.

"'Twill take him less than one minute to get to Florida," said Rumble. "His magic lantern does that for him."

At that moment Hissy called from the door that luncheon was ready.

Sheila and Rumble, when they saw the table were both wild in their praise of Hissy. There were dainty little sandwiches cut in shapes of stars. At one end of the table was a plate heaped high with cream-filled cookies in shapes of four-leafed clovers. Tall glasses of a golden liquid stood at each place.

"That's nectar in them tall glasses," Hissy said. "I don't mean to brag, but I gathered it myself from the flowers.

Sit down and eat all you want."

"Oh, Hissy, this is so good of you and Will," cried Sheila.

"It is that," said Rumble who was already eyeing the sandwich plate for his second helping.

"Hissy, you go on now to do your sliding-ground and we'll clean up the kitchen when we're through eating," said Sheila. "We don't want to cause you to miss any fun."

"So nice of you," smiled Hissy. "As long as you feel that way about it, I think I'll be going then. Do come to see us soon again."

"It's often you'll be seeing us now," said Rumble, his mouth bulging with a cookie.

(Conclusion next week.)

## No Battle of Bunker Hill

By H. R. Huntley

There is one fact in history upon which almost every boy and girl has a mistaken idea. That mistake comes from thinking that the battle of Bunker Hill was actually fought on that original site. No such thing ever happened. It is true that on June 16, 1775, the Committee on Safety issued orders to fortify what was then known as Bunker Hill; yet the Colonial officers, after consultation, actually fortified Breed's Hill about two thousand feet away. It was upon Breed's Hill that the battle was actually fought. Because of the original order of the Committee on Safety however, the battle is known even to this day as the Battle of Bunker Hill. In fact Bunker Hill proper is entirely lost as evidence. Today it is a residence section and is not even called by its original title. What is pointed out as Bunker Hill with a monument to prove it, was originally Breed's Hill, so called from the Breed family that originally owned it. Up its side was fought the battle which was at one time scheduled for Bunker Hill.

## ❖ The Weekly Postscript ❖

By M. M. Wirries

**A** CAN OF blackberries on a grocer's shelf! Is that all *you* see—just a can of blackberries?

But *I* see an old farm, a place of wonderment, beauty and mystery. An ugly white house, paint peeling, green shutters swinging wide; a "lean-to" at the back end—we called it the woodshed; but there was never much wood in it. It was just shelter for the kitchen stoop, shelter for the spreading cellar entrance. The kerosene can was set there, and the can of axle grease for the wagon wheels, and Uncle Pete's "tools"—mysterious files and saws and drills, old boxes of nails and screws, odd pieces of harness repairs, and the hammers which were so useful for cracking hickory nuts, butternuts, and black walnuts there on the two rusted old flatirons beside the stoop. The milk pails were there too, scalded and shining, turned upside down on a battered table, with snowy white squares of cheesecloth covering them. We took a milk pail with us, Andy and I, that day when we went after blackberries—a milk pail for berries, and two gallon lard pails for "picking pails."

The dew was still on the grasses as we went under the apple tree where the swing, made of binder chain, waited idly. We set our pails across the rail fence, and climbed over. This was the burdock patch here—the burdock patch which Uncle Pete was always threatening to grub out, but never, never did. We were glad that he didn't. It was always fun hunting hens' nests under the broad, spreading leaves; and sometimes a wary, over-sly hen eluded us, and came forth from one of the fine shelters to surprise us with a fine new brood of chicks. We threaded the burdocks and were in the hay stubble; we

followed the wire fence as far as the railroad track before climbing into the roadway, crossing it and coming to the line fence along the Lower Forty. And there along that old rail fence we picked blackberries.

Such blackberries! So big that they filled a pail in no time, growing on vines so high that I couldn't possibly reach the top. Andy picked the high ones, and I picked the low ones. There was no limit to Andy's enthusiasm, but mine began to fail after the first couple hours.

"Think how many pies your grandmother can make of these," he kept reminding me. "Think how good they'll taste this winter!"

"But I don't like blackberries," I wailed. "And we've got enough now. I want another drink. I want to go home."

So he set me under a tangle of bushes in what he fondly believed to be shade, and went on to the woods around the old Mack house.

"The berries are big over there," he told me, "I'll be right back."

I wept hysterically. I didn't care if the berries were as big as doorknobs—no, not if they were as big as watermelons. I wanted to go home.

**WE WENT** soon. Long before we arrived, Andy abandoned the hard-won berries to half-carry, half-drag me. As we reached the dooryard I quietly fainted in his arms. When I came to, I was delirious and babbling. The grown-ups were indignant. They roundly scolded Andy.

"She might have died!" they told him. "There was too much sun."

Ah, no! There were too many blackberries. I still don't like them.



# YOUR COOPERATION PLEASE

## « « To Whom It May Concern » »

*This notice may or may not concern you. If it does, it may be a means of saving you money that otherwise might be used for a purpose for which it was not intended. It is not a rare instance; in fact, it is a most common happening, a daily occurrence, that we receive in the mails remittances of various denominations without any reference whatever, as to what they were sent to pay for.*

*By attributing to us powers which we do not possess, these remitters make our efforts to interpret their minds very difficult. After a prolonged search through our records, we might discover a charge which seems to harmonize with the amount a person sends in, and with the place from which the remittance originated. To credit such a charge might entail future complications. To write, when the name and address are given, often involves valuable time, annoyance and, not infrequently, embarrassment.*

*Permit us to give one or two concrete examples by using fictitious names: First and foremost are the Sisters, those good Nuns whose manifold duties during a busy day do not give some of them time, it would seem, to pin a little note of explanation to their remittances . . . a check, a money order, or bank note, enclosed in an envelope, that is all, and Presto! that bill is paid. What bill? But let us be more specific:*

*Sister Mary Anne, Holy Innocents Convent, Buffalo, N. Y., has purchased \$3.00 worth of books on credit. A week later we receive a check in the amount of \$3.00, signed by the Sisters of St. Roche, Buffalo, N. Y. That is all. A search through our records is begun. There appears to be no book item against the Sisters of St. Roche, Buffalo, N. Y. We then turn to the subscription files and lo! there are several items to which the remittance might possibly apply. St. Brendan's School, conducted by the Sisters of St. Roche, has a subscription that is now due, so we assume the check in question is sent for its renewal. Sister Mary Anne becomes provoked when she receives later a statement soliciting payment of her account for which, as you might now surmise, the check sent in by the Sisters of St. Roche was intended to pay.*

*Then there is the person who sends money loose (always risky) in a self-addressed return AVE MARIA envelope and forgets to return our bill or to give his name and address. Please send remittances by Postoffice Money Orders, Registered Mail or Checks on U. S. Banks, to insure yourself against possible loss and don't forget to return our subscription cards, or invoices for books, etc., or state clearly what the money is sent to pay for. By cooperating with us in this way your accounts will be handled promptly and efficiently to the mutual benefit of all concerned. Thanks a lot.*

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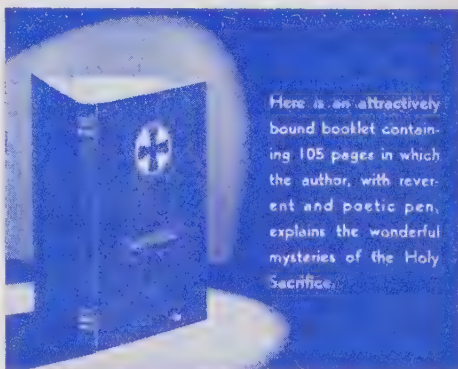
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HOME WEEKLY

*75th Anniversary*

1865 — 1940

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, U. S. A.

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Our Diplomacy Erupts Again . . .  
Rabbi Condemns Communism . . .  
Reminders About Manuscripts . . .  
Swing Outrages . . .

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

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*Springtime and Sanctuary*: A peaceful, retrospective journey through Spring weather, with prayerful pauses in wayside churches, made by Mrs. Ethel Johnston, Worthington, Ohio.

*The Four Johns*: A true, touching story of 1916 and the Great War. Submitted by Stuart Fergusson, 22 Bedford Place, W. C. 1, London.

**Payments in advance.** Make money orders payable to **THE AVE MARIA**, Notre Dame, Indiana; or, register letters containing money.

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## OBITUARY

Sister M. Edwarda, Sisters of St. Francis; Sister M. Anselm, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister Mary Mauritia, Sister Mary Dominic, Sister Mary Bonaventure, Sisters of Mercy.

John Madigan, Mrs. M. Wiese, Mrs. F. Budzisz, Bernard Cremering, Herman Dickhaus, Richard H. Parker, George W. Kendrick, Mary R. Parker, Anna L. O'Connor, F. Donohue, Mrs. James F. Boylan, Mrs. A. L. Bowers, Mrs. Mary Sternad, T. J. Hennessy, Mrs. E. Hobart, Mrs. F. McAlonan, Mrs. Elizabeth Murphy, Hugh P. Sweeney, Sylvester Diffendale, Joseph Crawford, John O'Neill, Mrs. N. B. Conway, David H. Stroud, Mrs. Slaven, Reinhard Eyth, Frank J. McAnarney.

May they rest in peace!

## FAIR WARNING

THE AVE MARIA finds it very difficult to give credit to its friends for money lost in the mails, especially when this is sent loose and not registered.

### MONEY

### LOST

Complaints that come in (sometimes two or three in one day) make us apprehensive about interference in the transmission of the mails.



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# Smoking Flax,

*Father P. J. Carroll's new book*

Father Carroll, at one time or other administrator, professor, pastor, writer and now the editor of *THE AVE MARIA*, draws from the stores of his vast knowledge and experience the materials with which he builds up his sixth and latest book of fiction — **SMOKING FLAX**.

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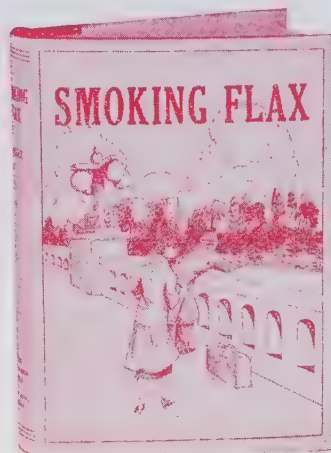
Warren Hall was hardly the kind of a young fellow that a mother would like to see going with her daughter. To begin with he was somewhat of an agnostic; had a strong urge for liquor; was a reckless driver, and almost at the beginning of the story engaged himself to one girl while actually bound to another.

Certainly if any young man ever had worked himself into what promised to be a tangle of broken hearts, that young fellow was Warren Hall. Nor could any mere missionary expect to help him. Yet, through the power of prayer and confidence in divine

aid, God directed even the most impossible situations to His own ends.

In his usually interesting style Father Carroll gives us a typical American story of real men and women whose words and actions become for us instructive, stimulating and entertaining.

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## MANY SHALL COME

*By Patrick J. Carroll, C.S.C.*

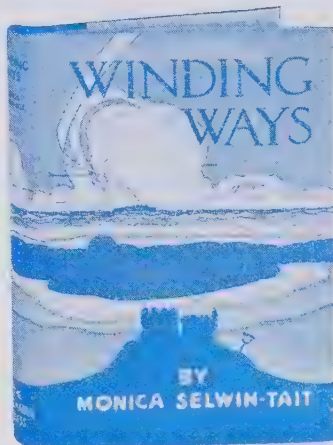
Built upon American life and enacted by American people, **MANY SHALL COME** is a vital story. It brings Catholic faith into the hurry and bustle of life. It shows Catholic people full of mirth and laughter to whom certitude about the soul's place in the world gives serenity and charm. Contrasted with this, is the man who leaves his Faith for position and social advantage — saves the life to lose it. Father Carroll has set this man in the person of James Rice, vividly and unforgettably within the pages of this book.

Seldom do you come upon a girl of fact or fiction, so vital, so manifold in the quiet strength of her character, as Helen Rice, whose world-pursuing father enriched her in the things of Time but dispossessed her of the things of Eternity. How she found that Faith through a chance meeting with two nuns, on whom Father Carroll has bestowed insight and charm, and through a friendship that later blossomed into love and marriage is admirably told with a finesse that leaves nothing to be desired.

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# Winding Ways,

*Monica Selwin-Tait's new book*

It is not uncommon to know persons of different religious beliefs who love one another ardently in many respects and yet, on points of religion, are just the opposite. Miss Selwin-Tait, author and lecturer, and a convert to Catholicism, knows, from experience, the attitude Protestants oftentimes have toward Catholics and vice versa.

In her new novel, **WINDING WAYS**, Miss Selwin-Tait depicts in the leading characters that opposition sometimes met with in social life, and builds up her story round a romance at once intriguing and inviting.

Squire Martin's second wife, a fallen-away Catholic, is torn by remorse in the thought that her baby died without the sacrament of Baptism. The Squire passionately loves his wife but bitterly hates Catholics. On one occasion he tells the young man who is secretly engaged to his only daughter, Marjorie, that he has one insurmountable obstacle: "You belong to the Church of

Rome, and I would rather see my daughter dead than married to a Catholic."

How he overcomes the obstacle is arrestingly told in this work that will delight you with its delicate tracery of character; it will thrill you with its dramatic situations; above all it will edify you by what it teaches about God's all-embracing Providence. **\$1.50**

## WINGS OF LEAD

*By Monica Selwin-Tait*

One of the most talked-about stories, when it appeared serially in *The Ave Maria* a short time ago, was Monica Selwin-Tait's novel, **WINGS OF LEAD**, now available in book form. And the reason for this popularity might be attributed to the fact that the author, in the telling of this fascinating and dramatic story, reveals a deep and sympathetic understanding of human nature and never allows the interest to lag.

**WINGS OF LEAD** is a love story that follows the lives of a number of persons upon whom one theft reacts. Love and sorrow, suffering and tragedy are portrayed in the technique of a modern thriller. The action is lively; the plot surprising in its development, and the characterization excellent.

Reared in a sheltered life and the practice of high ideals, Marian Strangely suddenly finds herself in a new atmosphere sharply at variance with her former environment. How she conducts herself in the changing conditions of her new life, as gay as they were formerly somber, and how she learns by sad experience the truth of her dying father's warning, "that evil never comes suddenly," but "creeps in by degrees," form the pivot upon which the story revolves. **\$1.50**



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# THE AVE MARIA CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

VOL. 51, (N. S.) NO. 14 [Copyright, 1940: The Ave Maria Press]

APRIL 6, 1940

## World News in Brief

**THE CHURCH** In Washington, new Bishops announced by the Apostolic Delegate were: The Rt. Rev. Monsignor Vincent J. Ryan, Vicar General of the Diocese of Fargo and president of the National Catholic Rural Life conference, to Bismarck, North Dakota; The Rt. Rev. Monsignor George J. Donnelly, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of St. Louis, as Auxiliary Bishop of St. Louis; and Rev. Henry J. O'Brien, rector of St. Thomas Seminary, Hartford, as Auxiliary Bishop of Hartford. . . . ¶ In Milwaukee, Archbishop Kiley was installed. . . . ¶ In Chicago, a statue of St. Dismas, the "Good Thief," was dedicated in the Church of Saints Faith, Hope and Charity.

**AT HOME** In Washington, Republican forces grew optimistic as test primaries advanced. . . . Hearings on a static-less broadcasting system were renewed. . . . Senator Vandenberg warned the nation to break the New Deal grip and to liberate enterprise. . . . Senator Pittman lashed the trade treaty as unconstitutional. . . . Congress stormed over the Roosevelt war plane deals. . . . Senator Clark refused to become a candidate for nomination. . . . House spenders voted sixty-seven millions for the Agency Bill. . . . ¶ In St. Louis, Thomas Dewey accused the President of a lack of integrity and common honesty. . . . ¶ In Chicago, policemen were made responsible for an honest ballot. . . . ¶ In Brooklyn, authorities grew skeptical over the drive

against a murder syndicate. . . . ¶ In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania Democrats were accused of a five per cent slush levy. . . . ¶ In Newport, the United States destroyer *King* was partially destroyed by a mysterious blast. . . . ¶ In industry, Britain planned to decrease its import of American cotton. . . . National oil reserves rose to a new peak. . . . Foreign steel demands were heaviest since the outbreak of the war. . . . Wheat advanced on a report of bad crop conditions.

**ABROAD** In Paris, there were high hopes for peace in Europe, as German planes bombed the French line with leaflets, and as Pope Pius XII warned the world, in his Easter message, that war will end with the ruin of all nations involved. . . . Meantime French troops abandoned trenches for spring plowing in an effort to bolster the new food campaign. On the diplomatic front, Premier Reynaud carried the offensive to Russia and Italy. . . . ¶ In Roumania, exports mounted as war rivals bought raw materials. . . . ¶ In Berlin, Nazi leaders declared: "The superiority of our forces is beyond description." . . . ¶ In Helsingfors, a new Finnish cabinet demoted Foreign Minister Tanner. . . . ¶ In London, Britains feared a shakeup in the cabinet. Public opinion agitated for a more ruthless war on Germany. . . . ¶ In Ottawa, Canada voted for a new government. . . . ¶ In Tokyo, Japanese officials determined to fight China to the bitter end.

## Notes and Remarks

David Lawrence has summed up the Roosevelt-Farley controversy which has been bandied around by newspaper reporters in the follow-

### Mr. Farley's Religion

ing words: "On March 4, an article by Ernest K. Lindley quoted the President as having told a prominent member of the Democratic party that, while Postmaster-General Farley had performed yeoman service for the party, it was out of the question to consider him for the vice-presidential nomination because he is a Catholic, and too many people in America would vote against a Catholic for Vice-President as many did in 1928 when Al Smith was the presidential nominee of the Democratic party. Mr. Roosevelt had a press conference on March 6, when the Lindley article was called to his attention, but nothing was said by the President in repudiation of the sentiment allegedly blocking the path of Jim Farley to the vice-presidential nomination. Mr. Roosevelt still has the opportunity to use the moral force of his high office to help eliminate from the thinking of any considerable section of the electorate that prejudice which is violative of the Constitution itself. He may be considered to have unwittingly done an injustice to a member of his cabinet and an intimate friend, but this in itself is secondary as against the impression which too many people will get, namely that the President recognizes religious prejudice in politics is here to stay and that he does not intend to do anything to remove it, though his voice has been proved more influential with voters than any other voice in our generation. It is nearly twenty-three years now since the government of the United States asked the people to enroll for the supremest sacrifice that a citizen can make for his country. No religious test

kept hundreds of thousands of young men from being accepted in the army and navy nor was there any distinction of race, creed or color when the little white crosses were placed above the shattered bodies of those who lie in France." The President has denied that he made the statement quoted by Lindley. We are happy to be able to report this denial, since it is not pleasant to associate the President with any such evidence of opportunism.

Our Minister to Canada, James H. R. Cromwell, drew angry editorial and congressional comment for his recent public commitments on

### Our Diplomacy Erupts Again

the war aims of the conflicting nations in Europe. Minister Cromwell, speaking before joint meetings of Canadian and Empire clubs in Toronto, said that Britain and France were fighting for individual liberty and freedom. "Whether he (the neutral citizen) recognizes this or whether he does not," Cromwell explained, "the fact is his future and the future of his children's children are in all probability now at stake."

In any other country this open breach of diplomatic tradition would get Mr. Cromwell a permanent leave of absence from his post. Not here. The husband of the millionaire Doris Duke, substantial contributor to party politics and somewhat of a playboy, has unfortunately ample sanctions to justify his glib, foolish tongue. He can mention Colonel House, envoy extraordinary of the late President Wilson, also Mr. Walter Page, our ambassador to Great Britain during the World War. Both men did their big bit to get us into that conflict. And he can mention our present Ambassador to France, Mr. Bullitt, and even President Roosevelt, who each



made commitments in public addresses not usually uttered by men responsible for the well-being of government. Mr. Secretary of State Hull, to be sure, advised Mr. Minister Cromwell to be more careful in future, and that may determine the Minister to resign—for the good of the service. The trouble with our diplomacy springs from our system. Our diplomats are party men selected for party services. They are as ignorant of the wiles of European diplomacy as we are of the machinery below the hood of an automobile engine. And our ignorance is considerable.

Rabbi Joshua Liebman of Temple Israel in Boston recently delivered an address on *Stalin's Russia—the Land of the Broken Promise*. "On the one hand," said the Rabbi, "there

### Rabbi Condemns Communism

is the dream of universal humanity, and on the other hand a dark, barbaric nationalism. In Stalin's Russia there is emerging a new barbarism instead of a new justice. Soviet Russia should be the land of many lessons for us in democracy. It should teach us that where an individual takes absolute power there is no hope for the development of a free and creative society. It should prove by contrast that a democracy which controls the power of the few by the needs of the many and places a limit upon all absolute authority, is the finest social system yet devised by man. Finally, Soviet Russia proves conclusively that when a high religion, worshipping a spiritual God, is outlawed, the vacuum is filled by a low religion in which man proclaims himself God. Stalin, who tries to play the rôle of God, must inevitably end his rôle on the stage of history in the garb of Satan. Soviet Russia proves that it is an illusion to believe that any group of men can create Utopia out of the tears and terrors of other human beings." Rabbi

Liebman's attitude is the traditional Jewish one—the position of those Jews who believe in Jehovah. It is an attitude which calls for careful reverent study by all Jews.

Despite themes of world-wide interest, may we turn your thoughts to a homely, but none the less important thing? We refer

### Reminders about Manuscripts

to material submitted to this magazine for publication. As to prose manuscripts, please space your typing and so save the Reader his eyes. Send a stamped, addressed envelope of adequate size for (alas!) its return, should the MS. not serve our purposes. The same holds for verse contributions. Your name and address on the first page (at least), of all contributions will help identification. Placement of the total number of words in the manuscript at the top of the first page will save us time. Do not get impatient if, after the material has been accepted, you experience the annoyance of a long wait. We cannot help that. We could tell you why, but you know there must be waiting lines in editorial files, just as there are before confessionals, baseball parks and bargain basement doors. Thank you very, very, very much.

One of the outrages permitted by present day legislation in this country is the mutilation of a harmonious composition by swing orchestra leaders.

### Swing Outrages

The Master of Ceremonies announces over the radio that the next number will be So-and-So's arrangement of Victor Herbert's *Indian Summer*, and the listeners all realize that a beautiful melody, which is sacred to music lovers the world over, is to be put on the swing rack and tortured till it almost literally cries to

heaven for redress. There is no reason why we should permit an author's composition to be mutilated in public by musical cannibals. If the swing leader must have hideous music, he should be compelled to write it himself and label it with his own name, so that people will know where to lay the blame. To announce the name of a great artist, who is beloved by multitudes for his delightful songs, and then to tear his composition to shreds till it assumes the grotesque proportions of a scarecrow is a crime against music and music lovers. Melodies should be played as they were written by the author whose name they bear. There is no more reason for an orchestra leader giving his own arrangement of the *Last Rose of Summer* than there is for a painter to give his own arrangement of Whistler's *Mother* or Da Vinci's *Last Supper*. And the old melodies are just as sacred to music lovers as the old paintings are to art lovers and as the old literary masterpieces are to those who love literature.

According to *Newsweek*, a Madrid diplomat now outside Spain is responsible for the statement that a nationwide revolutionary movement, organized against the Franco government, has been frustrated by Franco's intelligence agents. Sixty of the plotters, members of the Anarcho-Syndicalist group, have been arrested. Guns and explosives, hidden by the Communists at the end of the civil war for later revolutionary use, were discovered. Part of the plot was the assassination of General Franco, the seizure of the government and the inception of a new terror régime for Spain. While it is certain the plot would not have the endorsement of the Spanish people, it is yet conceivable that the Anarcho-Syndicalists might achieve their objec-

tives with Franco definitely removed from the picture. This would please certain groups here in America who choose to line up Franco with dictatorships. On the other hand it would sadden some millions of saner Americans who recognize Franco as the savior of civilization in Spain. He is an organizer who is restoring freedom to his fellow-countrymen, and is prudently keeping out of a European war from which he is by no means separated by three thousand miles of ocean.

Our magazines are filled with articles written by those who have succeeded, telling the *why's* and the *wherefore's* of their brilliant achievements. Seldom do we read the testimony of one who has failed. Yet testimony of the latter is at times invaluable in exposing those pitfalls which are all the more dangerous because they appear so innocent. For a long time our social leaders have been worried at the number of first-term prisoners who become repeaters in spite of an apparent effort to profit by their mistakes. A short time ago we read a letter written by one such a repeater. We insisted that his second defection was directly due to the difficulty of adjusting himself after his prison term was over. Lack of a trade or profession, he listed as the chief obstacle to most released men. Ranking close to this handicap were two others: the lack of some assurance as to food and shelter during the adjustment period, and the failure of the State to provide capable counsel to those attempting to make a fresh start. No matter how much we may discount the opinions of one who by his own confession was a two-time failure, we cannot but be impressed by the fact that this particular prisoner has furnished the authorities something quite definite to think over. The man who becomes a repeater in spite of his

### A Prisoner Testifies



determination to avoid a second period of punishment has a right to be heard, particularly if his testimony can do anything in the way of removing conditions which stand in the way of reformation on the part of honestly repentant individuals, who have learned a lesson from their offenses.

The Board of Higher Education, city of New York, by a vote of 11 to 7 has refused to reconsider its appointment

of Bertrand  
Russell, British philosopher and  
mathematician,

**Board Refuses to Reconsider—11 to 7** to the faculty of the municipally-owned City College. Protestant, Catholic and Jewish religious groups petitioned the Board to rescind its appointment. The Board said No—11 to 7. The case will probably go to the courts. The decision will determine whether the gentlemen of the Board have the right to appoint whom they will to positions of teaching and government in New York's schools of higher learning over the protests of citizens who object to some of these appointments because of the known teachings of persons appointed. Is the Board absolute? Or must it consider the shocked consciences of fair-minded citizens over the selection of men to teach who repudiate Christian teaching and Christian, civilized life? The judge should have no difficulty with his ruling. Also he should lecture Board members on their limitations.

Writes a correspondent from Cambridge, Massachusetts: "To the Editors: You retailed the original comments of the Roman columnist with  
**Gladly** such satisfaction that you might care to comment on this dispatch from Rome apropos of Mr. Taylor's colleague, Mr. Welles. Perhaps you will be able to draw more than one moral from it."

The same *Popolo di Roma* columnist who recently jibed at American diplomats as "newly rich herb sellers" in connection with the appointment of Myron C. Taylor as President Roosevelt's emissary to the Vatican, today devoted a column of compliments to Sumner Welles.

Praising the under-secretary of state's ability to keep his silence and dress well, the columnist said: Welles was "not only a diplomat of the highest class, not only an extremely elegant man, laconic and spirited as shown by his talks with journalists, but is also a man of courage."

The moral has been drawn a few times already by this magazine; also this week again, because of Mr. Cromwell's outbreak. Mr. Welles is a trained diplomat and knows his business. Because so many of our foreign representatives are not, they either talk unwisely or out of turn.

One may understand better why depressions follow in the wake of wars if he reads a paragraph from a recent speech of the French

**One Cause of Depression** consul general. He said: "A mere 75-millimeter gun costs \$6,800. The armament of an artillery regiment costs \$2,750,000. A five-minute barrage along a one-mile front equals the price of a light field gun. Uninterrupted fire of certain type anti-aircraft guns would wear them out after twelve minutes. A marine mine is worth \$1,650. A torpedo costs \$12,000. A small cruiser firing for one minute spends \$2,000. A large battleship firing for one minute costs up to \$50,000." This money, mind you, is being paid out for destruction. There is absolutely no return on it as there would be in the case of construction. That is why no nation ever wins a war in modern times. Those who try to draw this country into the present European war are either light in the head or belong to the malcontent class that desires to see domestic troubles.

# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

## Ireland Today

**T**HIS IS WRITTEN in Ireland in mid-July, in an effort to present under topic headings certain Irish evidences at this moment. It is written without prejudice; an objective, detached view as if coming from a stranger, who is sympathetic but not fanatical.

*Religion:* The people still "have the Faith." You need have no doubt on that score. You will hear sighs for the "old days," complaints that the young are "different." No matter. Age always looks to what was. These days here and now in the details of religious belief are as good as any—old or new. There are no "recitative" Masses, no up-to-the-minute stirs of liturgical waters in country districts and small towns; and for so Catholic a country Sunday Masses are not numerous. And strange as it may seem, people have to travel some distance to get to Mass. The weather is often bad, the conveyances often inconvenient. But people get to Mass; and are reverent when they get there.

*Schools:* That would take some pages rather than a short paragraph. The Irish language is becoming the carrier of school instruction. Some oppose this, preferring English as more serviceable. Primary education suffers from a policy of dabbling and experiment, so common in America. Textbooks are changed without any thought of none-too-rich people who have to buy them for the scholars. Primary teachers are pensioned at sixty. Some of them should be pensioned at twenty-five. This does not, however, overlook the really good instructors in primary grades. As in America, so here: grammar is a lost art—or science. Secondary education corresponds to the high-school system

in the United States. This is considered satisfactory in the main, though the primary system is not fashioned to fit into it nicely. Collegiate and university education are not considered, because this man belongs to the old school.

*Employment:* The farmers employ themselves in their own leisurely way, but most of them get their work done in season. Common labor is quite expensive under government planning. Needless to say, skilled labor gets an ample wage. Old age is pensioned at seventy, if old age is in want. Of course, there is some faultfinding about distribution. "Those who get it shouldn't; those who should, don't."

*Housing:* There is considerable of that here and there, up and down. The houses are neat and built of good material. The government helps. Certain premises of the traditionals are still unkept in spite of the protests of youth. It takes a long time to escape the remembrance of raised rents on improved holdings.

*Small Towns:* Lonesome and quiet mostly. There are few small town factories, but busses bring supplies to the farmers from the cities. There are dance halls which are said to be conducted well or ill, depending on what you mean. Drinking shows negative, because people have become wise, and whiskey is prohibitively high; and porter, the plain man's beverage, takes the heart out of a shilling for a glass of it. So Ireland is sober through self-rationing.

**W**ILL IRELAND LIVE? Yes, if the Government taxes cautious, bachelor-farmers and their aging sisters sufficiently; and grants premiums to parents of six or more children.



# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## Home and the Employment of Women

By Andrew J. Kress

ANY DISCUSSION of marriage can be assured in advance of a fairly large audience. A course of sermons on the subject fills the church; a series of lectures fills the auditorium. Yet, in spite of all that is said, whether in pulpit or on platform, the problems of marriage, which include home, children and the employment of women and mothers outside the home, are increasing daily.

Americans have traditionally insisted upon an absolutely free hand in the selection of marriage partners. Yet in spite of this liberty, the choice exercised, viewed in the light of our increasing divorce rate, proves not altogether satisfactory. Today nearly 22% of American marriages break up in divorce (Phelps, *Contemporary Social Problems*, 1938 edition, p. 477). One is surprised to learn that many of these divorced people never remarry, some authorities holding that not more than 50% ever remarry. With the exception of Japan, which has only five-eighths of our divorce rate, no other large country reaches more than 50% of our rate, while that of England is only one-fifteenth the American rate.

Society is increasingly aware that the American status of marriage, home and the family is changing. Let us consider some of the sociological phases of these problems.

In ancient Rome women were not given the right to hold property or to seek divorce until the second century, B. C. They soon were degraded and were glad to accept Christianity with

its emphasis on the home. Today, American women have demanded and have received an ever-increasing amount of liberty. They have been permitted to work outside the home and have thereby lost its protecting influence. It is quite true that women have always contributed to the economic well-being of the home, but it is only recently that this work has taken them outside the home itself. The late Pope Pius XI, in his Encyclical on Christian Marriage, after pointing out the pitfalls and dangers of this new liberty for women as tending to remove them from the home shelter, said: "More than this, this false liberty and unnatural equality with the husband is a detriment to the woman herself." Bogardus, a prominent figure in American Sociology, points out two sides to this question of the employment of women: "To tie woman up in the home is to make home a prison; to remove her entirely is the opposite extreme and makes the home an empty gesture." (Bogardus, *Sociology*, p. 97.)

WE HAVE here two separate but not wholly unrelated problems. Employment of women outside the home, as required by our present-day factory system and method of labor specialization, even in the professions, is fraught with danger to all of them. When women take their places beside men and demand economic equality, they must face the same resentment that faces any competitor in any walk of life. Thus when women and men compete for the same jobs and for advance-

ment in those same jobs, the men are too likely to forget traditional chivalry. As nature has made man stronger than woman, the position of woman is lowered not only economically but socially as well.

**W**HEN EMPLOYED women marry, male competitors urge them to resign. Women, used to working, often find themselves in possession of a standard of living that cannot be maintained on the salary of the male alone. Financial burdens incident to the setting up of a household and the rearing of children are very heavy ones. If people marry at the ages when the spirit of romance burns brightest, the salary of the young husband is not likely to be sufficient to bear the strain of housekeeping. Again, Americans have had the tradition that the individual wants no help and is able to stand on his own feet. Therefore the dowry is not an American institution, though its need has never been greater in history than is the need for such an institution in America today.

As has been said, women have always contributed to the economic well-being of the home, even though they remained within its walls; and today our problem is to find a way to allow them to continue that contribution without wrecking the home itself. "Maternity leave" is now granted to Federal Government employees in some instances, and the State of New York has recently established a definite set of rules and regulations for such leaves for State employees. Such a scheme has found little recognition in the business world.

Undoubtedly some women possess talents of such quality as should not be wasted in mere housekeeping. One of the best ways for such women to contribute their abilities to the world is through their offspring. Such types,

however, might contribute a portion of their daily energy to the commercial world, allowing others to care for their children during business hours. The hours of such highly qualified people are short and salaries are sufficient to pay a good grade of child attendant. This type would be homemakers very definitely, but would contribute little to the mere routine of housekeeping.

The wife of the professional man, who is herself a highly trained person, can contribute much to ease her husband's burden without sacrificing her family interests. The fact remains, however, that the average married woman, and this means at least nine of every ten, can earn more in the long run by staying at home and efficiently caring for her family than she can by working outside the home and paying someone to care for her children, taking into consideration the inferior ability of the servant, the neglect of the child by the mother and, all too often, the postponing of children altogether.

Unless one is careful to point out these distinctions in the types and qualities of women workers, one immediately finds that women charge him with male prejudice, saying he is merely trying to eliminate them from economic competition. Even the most womanly of modern women instinctively resents the bald statement that the place of woman is in the home. She is willing to accept, however, the more detailed premises above.

**R**ECENT TESTS continue to show the intelligence of men and women measures almost exactly the same. However, no one can deny that men and women are emotionally and psychologically different. They do not consider the same problem in the same way, from either an emotional or a psychical viewpoint. Many a man will put off signing a contract or completing a business



deal until next day. His real intention is to talk the matter over with his wife. Experience has taught him that she will often see a flaw in the argument he had entirely overlooked, and many a wife has had the same experience. Thus it has become commonplace for spouses to refer to each other jokingly, but withal, half sincerely, as the "better half." A couple well-suited to each other emotionally and psychically will continue through life together without any reference to physical charms or the lack of them. (Two-fifths of divorces occur within five years after marriage and two-thirds within ten years.) Many marriages fail to reach the ideal from an emotional and psychical viewpoint; so, again, we must learn to be hard-headed. No marriage is without its ups and downs. Just now it is too popular to rush off to the divorce court in the heat of anger and live to wonder what the quarrel was all about. Many couples break off one marriage, only to learn in the second that they could have been contented in the first.

**THE SOCIOLOGIST** has long known that no child is correctly raised unless trained by father and by mother, because each sex contributes a definite and different outlook to the child. Therefore sociology regards the broken home as the child's greatest curse. Any one can recognize the child that is formed entirely by a woman; and the girl that is raised alone in a family of brothers is likely to be a "tomboy." Social workers recognize this evidence and place all orphan children, who are sound, mentally and physically, in foster homes so that they will be trained by the family, for the family. Thus social work and social theory unite in the conviction that the family is our best economic unit and our greatest social school.

Some years ago the ordinary care of the home required the assistance of

every member of the family. The child of eight on the farm is already an asset, but this cannot be stated of the urban family. Through everyday experience the child once learned to care for the home and to assume the welfare of brothers and sisters. When the time came for the matured child to take its place in its own home, the transition was made without difficulty. Today the home has lost most of its functions and too often has become merely an efficient apartment. Apartment living and the small family of one or two children do not permit complete home training. Even the finishing school has given way to the standard junior and senior college. No longer can we say the home serves as an economic unit and a social school. Judged by the mounting rate of divorce and the increase in juvenile delinquency, we are tempted to conclude that the American home has failed. A few years ago one of the Federal Government Agencies charged with child welfare made a study of 10,000 delinquent children brought before juvenile agencies in seven large cities in one year, and found that 40% of these delinquents came from broken homes—homes from which one parent was missing. Other authorities, particularly juvenile court judges, say the number of delinquents from broken homes often approaches one hundred per cent.

**THESE RESULTS** are the natural and inescapable ends of the philosophy of extreme individualism, which too often ends in an utter lack of respect for duly constituted authority, in the home, to parents, in the school, and even in the State. The blessing of having been raised in a happy home is one of the choicest gifts anyone can receive. Parents who are happy at home give their children a priceless gift. The converse is, of course, equally true.

Society is beginning to awaken to

these difficulties, and a reaction will set in. The day is not far distant, many feel, when scandalous court trials will be the order of the day in America, as half-brothers go to court trying to invalidate the father's Reno divorce in the home State, thus making the second marriage illegal and seeking to disinherit the half-brothers altogether.

**P**ROPOSED uniform marriage and divorce laws for the United States are being discussed more and more. Many students of these problems feel that such laws offer some real benefits. Although perfect divorce with the right of remarriage is denied to Catholics, a civil divorce may at times be necessary to protect property rights of innocent parties.

Such uniform laws, then, would include a unified waiting period of three to five days which should elapse between the time the license is issued and the time the ceremony is performed. This provision is akin to the "banns" of the Church, and would prevent impulsive marriages of all types.

A waiting period of six months to a year before remarriage is possible, and should be required under all circumstances. This would prevent the seeking of many divorces because one has already determined to marry another. Foreign marriages and divorces for Americans should work no hardship on anyone, as exceptions could be provided for those Americans who are living permanently abroad. Courts of Domestic Relations have been spreading for twenty years, with some success. Presided over by a judge well-trained in human nature as well as in the law, they have been able to prevent many divorces and to keep many families together.

These are only some of the problems of domestic life. Marriage is natural to man and will continue in its present form. As Westermarck points out in

his *History of Human Marriage*, the "passion for one" is found among primitive and civilized men alike.

St. Thomas points out that the ends of marriage are the ends of the community. But American couples have been so interested in seeking a romantic Utopia, breaking up one marriage after another in their mad search, have been so busy in increasing their standards of living, with the search for economic security, and in the rush to the beautician to fend off the inevitable afternoon of life, that they have forgotten that society itself has an interest in all marriages.

Geographers, insurance companies, statisticians and presidential research commissions have, for a dozen years, been pointing out that the United States is approaching a period of maximum population (variously timed from the year 1955 to the year 1970), and subsequently, a decline in numbers. These studies universally note that the period of time required to bring about such a change in population trend is so long that no changes in our birth rate between now and the beginning of the period of maximum population, can prevent the decline predicted.

**R**ECENTLY, popular arousers of the masses have become aware of this population problem and are calling it to the attention of the public by means of magazine articles and talks on the radio. One of the most popular of these "prophets of the people" recently predicted that the Halls of Congress will soon ring with impassioned demands for a tax on bachelors and the seeking of prizes for twins.

There is evidence that our ultra-modern political nation may soon come to regard easy divorce, increasing juvenile delinquency and the employment of married women outside the home, as real enemies of sound society.



## Carmelita

By May Evelyn Skiles

**S**ENORITA CARMELITA shook her head. Though the movement was gentle, the petals of the fragrant Castilian rose that nestled in the coils of her dark hair, fluttered to the ground. She stood, gazing at the petals that had shattered from the stem, a cloud settling on her face, which the moon had transformed into alabastine hue.

"Ah, Lorenzo, I am frightened," she said, looking up at the young caballero. "The rose from Monterey has shattered. It was one of the roses that you sent to me."

He leaned over her. "It is only a rose. Nothing shall come between us." He laughed lightly, then drew the silk reboza more closely about her neck and her muslin-clad shoulders.

She sighed as they seated themselves upon a rustic bench under a pepper tree. The moon sent shafts of light through the leaves and interlacing branches of the tree, as she turned to the young caballero, debonair, gay in light-hearted abandon when Carmelita was present.

"Do you know, Lorenzo, that my respected father distrusts you? Oh, I do not see how he can! This very day before he rode away he told me that I must not learn to care for you. As if I could stop!"

She twisted the ends of the silk shawl in order to control her emotion, as she looked into the dark eyes of the Spaniard, whose gay manner had changed when she began to speak of her father.

"I know that Senor Ricardo likes me not," Lorenzo said, looking with moody eyes toward his Arabian horse, cropping the wild grass which grew near the young people. Lorenzo's eyes lighted with pride at sight of the handsome chestnut, raising his head from time to

time proudly, his crest glistening in the moonlight.

"I came to meet you this evening to tell you that my father does not wish me to meet you again. He was most positive. Spanish daughters obey their parents," she said, tapping her velvet shoe impatiently, so that the flowered, muslin skirt of her dress shook, and even the ribbon lacings of her shoe moved restlessly, despite her brave words of seeming resignation to her father's commands.

Lorenzo saw the glint in her brown eyes, emphasized when she was agitated. He reveled in this heritage of her Valencian mother: the emerald hue that merged with the darker pigment of brown. Often Lorenzo had said that such eyes were the jewels of the Valencian women. That day Carmelita's eyes, when her father spoke with her, held the storm-green of turbulent seas. Senor Ricardo had said, "Lorenzo is not to be trusted."

"And wherefore not, my father?" she had asked.

**"YOU ARE** too young to meddle with affairs of state. It is said that he is not loyal to the Alcade, perhaps not even to our honored Senor El Gobernador," said Senor Ricardo, closing his lips as if he did not wish to pursue the conversation.

"That is not true!" Carmelita cried, stamping her foot.

"Spanish ladies are never childish. They do not display temper so easily," Senor Ricardo reproved coldly.

"But you have no right to say such things of Lorenzo," Carmelita said, pacing the sala where she and her father conversed.

"And since when has a Spanish father not the right to command his own household?" he stormed. "I have been to you a lenient father since your mother died. But you shall not question my orders." His eyes flashed, as he rose

from his seat. "It would be better if you were placed in the *monjera*, where unwed Indian maids are kept safe from harm. You must not go out again without a duenna. Since your aunt went away, you go out alone. That I forbid. It is not seemly for a Spanish maid to go unattended."

"I go not into the pueblo without a companion."

"Do not disobey me!" That was all he said as he strode from the room.

CARMELITA FOLLOWED, and saw him mount his horse. She noted the straightness of his back as he sat upon his mount. She saw the adornment of the saddle, and the richness of his velvet trousers. He waved farewell coldly, and she turned away, saddened. To cheer herself, she had placed in her hair one of the roses which Lorenzo had sent to her by the Indian boy Juan. The dew was still upon it. She had put her lips to the cooling moisture, then placed the undried flower in her hair, as if she could not remove one small drop from the gift.

She looked at Lorenzo's broad shoulders, and at the firmness of his chin. Somehow, she felt strangely comforted. With a swift, decided motion, he drew his velvet serape about him. "Sometimes I think that Senor Ricardo even thinks I am disloyal to the Padre Presidente."

"Oh, no! He could not think that you are anything but faithful to the Father President!" she disclaimed, intertwining her fingers. "Ah, Lorenzo, do not permit anything to separate us."

He laughed. "Listen to the *burlon* in the laurel tree," he said, seeking to enliven her. He lifted her quivering chin, then took from her hand a tiny *pañito de sol* drying the teardrops that had formed beneath her eyes. "This handkerchief, though so small, will hold the tears of Carmelita. Never have I seen you cry before."

Relieved, because he seemed not anxious, she smiled. "If only my father did not suspect you!" she breathed.

"Fear not, Carmelita. Soon your father will know that I am his friend. Obey him, if you must, for but a little while. Some day soon, your father will not seek to separate you and me."

He spoke with conviction. Carmelita was only too glad to have her fears removed. Lorenzo would find a way to make her father believe in him. As she stood looking up at him, after he was seated on his horse, she thought how fearless was the master, how unafraid the chestnut.

"Fear not!" the caballero called back to her. And as Lorenzo rode down the trail, she could see his crimson sash-ends fluttering in the breeze, bright, gay, a challenge to her own courage.

"Lorenzo will win in whatever he attempts," she said, straining her eyes to see the rider, until the ledge hid him from her sight. As she turned to go inside the casa, the *mayordomo* faced her. He took hold of her arm. "It is the Senor's orders," the man said laconically.

CARMELITA RAISED her head. "My father has not said that his overseer should watch me—the Senorita Carmelita, his daughter." Her lips curled as much as it was possible for them to do, for Carmelita was docile by nature, and of an equable disposition.

But the man would not be shaken off. "It is better for the Senorita whom I greatly respect to come with me easily. It is the command of Senor Ricardo that I escort you to your room. He has said that if you went unattended outside the grounds, I should accompany you to your room."

Carmelita bit her lips. Why had her father not given his commands to some other than the overseer? He attended to the work that went on outside the casa. It was most humiliating for the



overseer of peons to guard her, yet she knew of all his attendants that her father gave to him most confidence.

"I go alone," she said coldly, shaking off the man's detaining hand. She bit her lips to control her emotion, so that the *mayordomo* would not see how agitated she was.

The man stood watching her as she entered the casa. After she went up the stairway, she turned in the corridor, and saw him looking at her from a distance. Her cheeks flushed. Never had such humiliation been hers. In her own house, she was guarded by one of her father's attendants.

ENTERING HER room, she closed the door, and sank to a horsehair chair. The moonlight filtered through the *reja*, falling on the *prie-dieu* beneath the pictured Madonna. As she walked toward the alcove, she heard a grating sound behind her. She heard the rasping sound of a key turning. Carmelita could not believe her ears. She was locked in her room. She rushed toward the door. "Pedro!" she called. "Let me out! Do you hear?"

There was no response, save the sound of retreating footsteps down the corridor. Surely her father had not meant to have her imprisoned in her room. She caught her breath. Perhaps, her father meant to separate her and Lorenzo forever. She rushed to the window. The shutter was barred from the outside. Pedro must have come to the *galeria*, and from the porch had barred the shutter. There was plenty of air, but she was a prisoner.

In the moonlight the wood-doves were cooing softly from the laurel tree beneath her window. She could see enough through the grating to know that the night was cloudless, serene, beautiful. She wrung her hands. "I cannot believe my father would punish me so!" Tears coursed down her cheeks.

She went toward the alcove, then

sank to the footpiece of the *prie-dieu*. "Ave Maria, help me!"

After a while, she rose and sat thinking in the moonlit room. Her father was determined. Once his mind was made up, he seldom changed. What would Lorenzo think if she never met him again? If her father would but let her see Lorenzo again, she would explain that she would never forget him.

Suddenly, she was aroused from her sombre thoughts by the sound of hoofbeats on the graveled walk. Why, that must be her father, and her heart bounded with glad relief. She knew that her father loved her. He did not mean to be cruel. She heard voices. Ah! That was her father coming down the corridor.

Carmelita heard the grating of the lock. Her father stood in the doorway.

"Padre mio!" she said.

"You disobeyed me." Senor Ricardo's eyes flashed.

"Ah, but this is an outrage! To think that you would permit your *mayordomo* to heap this insult upon one of your household!"

"If I cannot trust my daughter when I expect to be away for a few hours, then she must be taught that her will must bend to that of her parent," Senor Ricardo, looked sternly at Carmelita.

"BUT YOU DO not understand. Lorenzo is my—my best friend," she returned. "I told him that you did not wish me to meet him."

"Do you deem him a better friend than your own kin?" Senor Ricardo demanded, the muscles of his face hardening. "Your aunt returned with me."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before her aunt appeared. "Tia Josefa!" cried Carmelita, "welcome home!"

Senor Ricardo's corrugated forehead smoothed. "I leave you, my daughter, in good hands." Then he opened wide the door, and Carmelita knew

that she was free to go and come as she pleased, but always in company with her aunt, who was to be her duenna.

"Promise me, that you will not try to go out without the companionship of your aunt," said Senor Ricardo, placing his arm about Carmelita's shoulders.

"Si, Father, I promise."

After he had gone, Carmelita smiled. Perhaps her aunt would accompany her, and she would see Lorenzo. She could still keep her word to her father. She had only promised that she would not go out unattended by her aunt.

ONCE MORE she was alone. The shutter was unfastened, open to the fragrant scent of roses. The moonlight sent forth shafts of light, as if it countenanced life and youth; and gay exuberance fraught with new hope came to the young Spanish girl.

Just as she was sinking off to sleep, she was roused by something that struck the window ledge. Throwing a robe about her, she went to the window. She could see Lorenzo in the brightness of moonlight. He was waving at her. Remembering her promise, she awakened her aunt in the adjoining room.

"Tia Josefa, Lorenzo is below on horseback!" she cried.

Senora Josefa yawned. "Do I dream?"

"Come!" Carmelita importuned.

Hurriedly dressing, they went to the outer patio.

Lorenzo told them that he wished to see Senor Ricardo at once. Senora Josefa frowned.

"Senora Josefa, I come this hour of the night on business alone." Senora invited him into the sala with the graciousness of a Spanish hostess. For the time being he was their guest.

Senor Ricardo, who had ridden hard that day was weary. He could not conceal his displeasure at first.

"I come from the office of the Alcade."

"And what of that?" Senor Ricardo asked gruffly.

"The Alcade has sent me," returned Lorenzo.

Carmelita looked at Lorenzo's dark, earnest eyes. Senora Josefa saw that she wished to remain in the room.

"Shall we remain?" Senora Josefa asked, turning to her brother.

"It matters not," he said abstractedly, wondering only why Lorenzo had come.

"And wherefore did the Alcade send you?"

Lorenzo's dark eyes flashed a look of hope into the bewildered eyes of Carmelita, seated opposite him on the sofa with her aunt.

"Senor Ricardo, he wished me to ask if you have your map of the land grant."

Senor Ricardo's face reddened. "I see not why the Alcade should have sent you to me on such a mission," he said incredulously.

Carmelita bit her lips. Why should her father always doubt Lorenzo? Then she saw that as her father looked straight into Lorenzo's eyes he no longer doubted that the young man spoke the truth. She saw her father go toward his desk. He opened a drawer. She saw his face fall.

"It is gone!" he cried.

LORENZO NODDED. "Si, Senor Ricardo. That is why I came. Who has known where you kept the map, Senor?"

"It was on my desk yesterday. Don Ortega was here, but he had nothing to do with the removal of it."

"Think you so?" said Lorenzo.

Senor Ricardo bridled. "He is a gentleman of good repute; besides he was my guest."

"Listen, Senor Ricardo. Much to my regret, I must remind you that Don Ortega's land adjoins yours. Of late he has asked many questions about your grant. At last, the Alcade became sus-



picious. He had no proof that Don Ortega meant ill to you—or your hacienda. This evening, when I left your domain, I passed the window of Don Ortega's casa. On a table a map was spread before him. You know that he is an artist of no mean skill. Later, I went to the office of the Alcade on some business of my uncle's. Don Ortega was there. He had a map which he was showing to the Alcade. Ortega paid no heed to me when I came into the office. He was busy showing the rough line of demarkation between his land and yours."

Senor Ricardo started to his feet. "How do you know this was my map?"

Lorenzo held out a piece of paper. "This is the rough draft of your land grant. The Alcade detected that it has been tampered with. The Alcade has found the record, which includes the *zanza*, the water ditch. You can see that the marking was changed. See!" Lorenzo spread the rough drawing upon the table. "The Alcade said that maps were uncommon, and often a pile of rocks or a tree marked the land grants. If the map had not been tampered with, the officer might not have so easily detected Don Ortega's guilt. The irrigation ditch would have been of value to his land."

Senor Ricardo regarded Lorenzo gravely. Then he extended his hand. "I have done you an injustice. You have done me a good deed."

Lorenzo smiled. "Senor Ricardo, I ask but one reward." His eyes lighted, as he turned to Carmelita. She looked at him with shining eyes.

Senor Ricardo smiled back at Lorenzo. "It is not difficult to guess your thoughts."

Carmelita came and stood beside her father, and he took her hand.

"May Lorenzo come mañana, tomorrow, my father?" she asked, looking into his face.

"Lorenzo may come many days," he said, as Lorenzo took his leave.

When the morrow came, Carmelita wore at the twilight hour a rose of Castile in her dark hair; and the rose from Monterey nestled in her hair, secure and unshattered.

"Did I not say that the rose that shattered yesterday was after all only a rose, my Carmelita?" Lorenzo asked, as they seated themselves on their favorite rustic bench under the pepper tree.

Shyly she looked at him. "I think that you are always right, Lorenzo. Had it not been for you, the title to my father's hacienda might always have remained incomplete, for the record was none too plain. I am glad that my father will not try to prosecute Ortega. I want the whole world to be happy, because I am happy."

"There is none so deserving of happiness," said Lorenzo. The rose wafted its fragrance to him, and he saw Carmelita's white fingers touch the *rosario* at her neck.

## Second Spring

By Sara Van Alstyne Allen

*Love, like a word said long ago,  
Before the time of frost and snow  
Returns . . . and with it comes the sun,  
The green of grass, the wind of spring,  
The first brave birds begin to sing.  
Love, like a song remembered now  
Speaks in the heart, and one by one  
The notes of music wake the leaves  
That slept within the empty bough.  
Love, like a word said long ago  
Returns, and now across the glass  
I see a cloud of blossoms pass,  
Pale apple-blossoms blown wide  
Drifting on winter's frozen tide.  
Each petal is a flake of snow,  
A syllable said long ago.*

## Information Center Number One

By Sister Mary Clare, S. N. D.

**S**HE IS A little old nun, as big as she is little and as young as she is old. She is Sister Marie Dominic, of the Sisters of Saint Dominic, Adrian, Michigan. For ten years now she has occupied a public office on the busiest corner of Cincinnati's downtown section, and Cincinnati is perhaps the only city in the world where you will find such a setup. Sister Marie Dominic is in charge of—no, I err, Sister Marie Dominic *is* Cincinnati's Catholic Bureau of Information Number One. Her office door stands wide open five days a week, from nine to four o'clock, and there is no red tape to be gone through in order to interview her.

Climb up three or four steps from the street, open a door, step into a large hall. Confronting you is a huge array of pamphlets, not stiffly standing at attention but reclining peacefully on a table. "Relax and browse," they seem to say. You look at them and glance up. Your smile widens, you grin pleasantly; you are but reflecting the smiling face of a white-clad nun who on catching your eye gives you a friendly salute. Or is it, perhaps, an invitation to come in? Ah, it is the latter, for she notes you are a stranger here.

Accepting her invitation, you enter and acknowledge gratefully the gesture with which she invites you to be comfortable in a waiting armchair. She seems to know you and to be speaking to you; but no, she is waiting for you to speak. She must be one of that rare type one reads about, most eloquent when listening.

Every attempt to get her to tell you about herself, oddly ends in reverse. Finally, you produce a letter from her superiors in Adrian telling you they are glad to co-operate in your attempt to "write up" Sister Marie Dominic for

the edification of the readers of THE AVE MARIA. After that, Sister sinks back in her chair resignedly, a Thomistic smile toying with the corners of her mouth.

She agrees to give you any information you wish, but only about the last ten years of her life. You suspect, nay you feel sure, that a tale perhaps as rare as that of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop has been locked in a jewel box and deposited with St. Peter. Well, that is a safe place, for St. Peter will see to it that the jewel box is opened when God's glory or the salvation of souls will be thereby furthered. And so you, too, resignedly relax. And the tale unfolds.

This Bureau of Information, now the mother of a whole network of inquiry bureaus spread out over greater Cincinnati, was conceived years ago in the apostolic mind of Archbishop McNicholas. He felt that inquirers on matters religious should be able to have their questions answered with the same ease as they would be able to get information regarding train schedules in any central station. And the bureau was to be just that—a central station, with a likable, well-informed person sitting at a desk ready to impart information on the vast resources of Christ's Church.

**T**EN YEARS ago when the Archbishop built a new chancery near the cultural center of the city, his dream became reality. And you are beholding it. Just across the hall from where you sit is a large perpetual adoration chapel. Adjoining Sister's office is the office of the priest in charge of converts, and adjoining his office is a general servicing office for the chancery building with switchboard, etc. All three offices are roomy and pleasant with double doors between them, as well as the doors opening into the hall.

For ten years Sister Marie Dominic has sat here every day except Sunday,



and in late years Saturday, with but one job—to help all comers to know Christ and His Church. People who would never ring the doorbell of a parish rectory or of a convent, who would be tongue-tied in the presence of a priest, bring their problems, large and small, to Sister Dominic; and after she has won their confidence she introduces them to a priest. Many of them become members of one of the inquiry classes conducted two evenings a week. If at the end of the inquiry-class session they wish to enter the Church they are directed to the pastor of the parish within whose confines they reside. Those who elect to remain with their first teacher may do so.

**M**ANY WHO come for information are girls who have become engaged to Catholics and want to ask many questions; others have good Catholic neighbors whose example has intrigued them into this questing for truth; others are Protestants in whose path Providence has thrown something Catholic, as the lady who found a rosary in the snow and brought it in and curiously asked all about it, and through it found her way Home. Then there is the worried non-Catholic girl who married a fallen-away Catholic and is stirred to find out how to bring the careless one back to his Church since he will have naught of hers.

The largest group come in response to the urging of the Good Shepherd Himself, Who is still going out after the sheep not yet of His fold. They do not see Him, but they are pricked by His gentle urgings to seek safety in His pasture. This is no idle figure of speech. Walking up Eighth Street looking for the chancery the morning I was to interview Sister Marie Dominic, we came to a large stone office building. As we walked past it, I instinctively bowed as though passing a church and

said "Ave, Jesu." Catching myself doing it, I was annoyed and had that foolish feeling one has when caught talking to oneself. As we walked on I remarked to my companion how powerful the urge had been. Soon we noted that we had gone beyond the address given us. Retracing our steps, we found that the stone building where I had had the experience was the chancery, and previously we had passed just under the windows of the perpetual adoration chapel! Was that not a strange experience? Or rather was it not a perfectly normal one? Why should not Christ be in Eighth Street outside His Bureau of Information, inviting people of all ages and sects and races to step within where divine as well as human consolation awaited them? And how else account for the constant stream of people of every faith and of none who seek spiritual assistance there?

A lady came in one day pulling her handkerchief to pieces. She was in great trouble and had gone from church to church of her own faith to find help, only to find them all locked. In her desperate need she came to the chancery because she had heard that Protestants too were welcome to pray there. Sister not only assured her of a welcome, but made her feel entirely at home by her kindly sympathy. Soon she was at the feet of Christ for good.

**A**NOTHER LADY, just released from the city hospital, told of a patient occupying the bed next to hers, who had been crying and acting up frightfully until a Catholic priest came in and did something for her. After his visit she was an utterly different person and died sweetly and calmly. The inquirer wanted to know just what the priest had done for this lady to cause her to die so peacefully and happily, after she had been so frightened. She wanted to ensure for herself just such a happy death.

During the depths of the depression many wealthy non-Catholic women came in for consolation. They were losing large sums daily and though they knew Sister Dominic could do nothing to keep their money from vanishing, they said it made them feel better if she would only talk to them and pray with them.

**T**RAGIC STORIES told over that desk sometimes cause this nun to blush for the native Catholic. There was the girl who had slipped in often to pray and to talk of Catholicism with Sister because she was going with a Catholic young man, and her love for him made her want to know more of his Faith, for she had thought his attentions sincere. One day this girl came in and fairly cried her heart out. She had just found out through a third party that her Catholic boy friend was engaged to a Catholic girl in another city. When she faced him with the story he admitted it, saying he thought it would not matter to her because she was a Protestant.

Although Sister Marie Dominic does give instruction to converts who cannot attend the regular evening classes conducted by the priests, this is not her main work, nor is it allowed to interfere with her main work. She is above all a Bureau of Information and the great value of her work lies in her unique position as a middleman between the scattered flock and the shepherd. She eases the way, breaks down prejudice and misunderstanding, and at the proper moment introduces prospective converts to a priest especially fitted to deal with them. It is not possible to evaluate Sister's work by statistics for there is no record kept of those who have stopped in for comfort or enlightenment. Then, too, in the steady stream of visitors there are out-of-town guests from the nearby hotels. One only knows that of the hundreds who have

made a profession of faith after instruction at the chancery, fully one-fourth have had in some way or other the gentle guidance of this nun.

Sister Marie Dominic is every inch a Dominican, but she is very much more than that; she is an all-to-all Catholic to the very core of her apostolic heart, to the last atom of her energetic self. And to complete the record, she is an American through and through. She is an optimist, with a healthy forward-looking optimism that inspires. To that indescribable charm which is one of the tangible rewards of a long life generously spent in the service of the Lord, Sister Marie Dominic adds the alertness and enthusiasm of a novice and the *savoir-faire* of a world-traveled scholar.

**T**HIS BUREAU nun urges all Sisters everywhere and lay people everywhere to be convert-minded, for, she says, it will strengthen their own Faith and it will foster a great zeal and love for souls. She asks: "Is God not permitting all this turmoil to waken us up and to make us more militant. And is He not allowing it all in order to bring about a united Church again?"

Were she teaching in a high school or college, Sister says she would use this simple program: She would procure a goodly supply of pamphlets on the Church and distribute them; she would have discussion groups to which non-Catholics would be invited; she would train Catholic pupils to be apostolic-minded and by their example to influence non-Catholics in school and out; and finally and above all, she would urge her students to invite non-Catholics to attend Catholic services.

Not for two hundred years have consecrated women had the opportunities for signal service which is theirs today, and Sister Marie Dominic is an outstanding example of the wholehearted way in which the American nun is meeting the challenge.



## Bravade of St. Tropez

(Provençal Fête.)

By E. M. Prister-Crutwell

THE "BRAVADE" is no ordinary fête organized for the tourists' benefit, such as you may see any day at the popular Riviera resorts. Battles of Flowers, Carnivals and such like, with their peasant costumes very much made to order, are but mushroom growths on the ancient soil of Provence.

The port of St. Tropez, in the Department of Var, stands on the Gulf of its own name, overlooking the deep blue lagoon which is the Mediterranean. Opposite lies St. Maxime and the world of fashion, the white Casino and gay villas glittering in the sun like a miniature vanity fair. Away on the far horizon you may see the mountains of the Moors, dark and mysterious, from whence in old days the Saracens descended "like wolves on the fold."

St. Tropez works hard, and in consequence has a soul of its own. The boats crowding its small harbor are not mere pleasure-craft, but fishing-smacks and rough cargo-boats, serviceable withal. The streets are narrow, the houses high with shuttered windows. The Cathedral stands four-square in the town's centre, with solid walls destitute of ornament and a tall, pink tower capped by a belfry. Not unlike a minaret at first view, it surmounts the rather sombre group of buildings; perhaps, who knows, a ghost from those far-off Saracen days?

Men and women go about their business, fishing, net-mending or washing, and as you pass you may see the wine-barrels waiting for embarkation at the quay. Artists stand or sit at street-corners (for St. Tropez is well-known to the student from the Quartier Latin) but the average British or American tourist seems to be conspicuous by his absence.

Now the town of St. Tropez, according to the legend, has the distinction of having been founded by a dead saint. No living man landed to preach the Gospel on these shores, except the body of the Martyr Tropez (one seeks vainly for the Latin original of his name), a centurion beheaded by Nero for his Faith. He who it was who drifted miraculously after death in an open boat towards the little harbor. The Saint's headless corpse was accompanied on the journey by his faithful hound, and by a cock, noisy with grief, that announced his master's coming with loud crows. The people of the place buried the Saint's body reverently, and his head is still preserved in a golden reliquary in the Cathedral. The dog remained, as such dogs will, keeping guard until he had seen his master laid to rest. Then, his task done, the poor animal lay down and died. The cock, on the other hand, flew swiftly away to a neighboring village, which is called "Goglicot" in his memory to this day. And over the body of Tropez arose the Cathedral; and in due time the town, too, was called by his name. Thus does legend in Provence make children of us all.

IN THE Fifteenth Century the port of St. Tropez fell for some time under the dominion of the Spaniards and something of a Spanish air still seems to linger in the narrow streets and in the architecture of the Hôtel de Ville, with its grilled windows and carved doors, but above all, perhaps, in the painted wooden busts of the saints in the Cathedral. Of a robust type, gaudily painted with Spanish realism, these effigies of the saints are a source of curiosity to the casual visitor, but to the inhabitants a source of immemorial reverence.

It was to commemorate the town's final delivery from the Spaniards that the festival of the Bravade was first instituted, and ever since it has been jeal-

ously guarded as a token of local patriotism and honor. "Bravado," *boasting, bluster*—thus is "Bravade" defined in the dictionary. But, in effect, in St. Tropez today the word "Bravade" has come to mean the actual ceremonial firing of the salutes; for these repeated salutes are the heart and soul of the festival, as anyone who follows the noisy procession may see.

THE "BRAVADE" is celebrated for three days in the week immediately preceding Whitsuntide. On these three days the town gives itself up to solemnities and to merrymaking. The Fête opens with High Mass in the Cathedral, attended by the whole population of the town. There I saw for the first time the strange costumes of the "Bravardeurs" or Guard of Honor of the Saint, who are entrusted with the task of firing the salutes. The procession filed up the aisle, the corps of "Bravardeurs" being led by its "Captain," a young man of distinguished appearance who obviously took his duties very seriously. (The post of "Capitaine" of the "Bravade" is a much-coveted honor, eagerly striven for annually by the elite of the town.) The Old World uniforms make a splash of color in the church: the blue jackets with gold and red facings and epaulettes, the shakos and the white trousers and the top boots, for all the world as if Napoleon's Old Guard had been called to life. To complete the illusion there was a short, thickset figure of a man among the corps, who with his powerful head, flashing eyes and cocked hat might well have represented the Emperor himself. Pathetic, too, were some of these figures in their faded uniforms. The old grandfather, his carefully mended blue coat hanging in folds round his spare figure, his bent knees trembling as he walked, is perhaps celebrating his last fête. One can imagine the occasion is for him as solemn as a *Nunc Dimittis*.

In front of the sanctuary the corps halts, and there at the moment of Consecration the first salute is fired. The Bravade has opened. Later the traditional hymn to St. Tropez breaks forth in the native Provençal, and with Southern abandon the whole church (and by now there is scarcely standing-room) is singing the familiar lines to a stirring air:

San Troupé, à toun entour,  
Siun eici tout plen d'ardour,  
Per festéja tei grandour,  
Eti porge noueste amour.

Which may be rendered into English thus:

St. Tropez, we gather round thee,  
And our hearts with ardour move,  
Here we celebrate thine honor,  
And we offer thee our love.

I soon found myself joining with the rest in the irresistible chorus, as the procession moved down the aisle, towards the figures of the waiting saints. These are the famous wooden effigies, dating from Spanish times, painted and richly decked, the number eleven in all: St. Tropez with a golden crown upon his head, St. Peter, St. Mary Magdalene, St. Rosa, St. Philomena, St. Nicholas and St. Elmo (the two latter being the patron saints of sailors), and others whom I could not identify.

NOW BEGINS the "Sortie des Saints," as the procession is called—The Saints' annual day out—as it were. In two rows, right and left, stand the expectant effigies, placed on poles for carrying and garlanded with flowers. First comes Saint Tropez himself, a gaily painted wooden bust of a young man of Spanish cast of countenance, olive skin and dark curly hair and moustache. This effigy, enclosed for the fête in a special sort of gilt cage surmounted by a large crown and lavishly decorated with flowers, was the object of a special salute from the Bravardeurs before they left the Cathedral; and as the procession passed, hardly a living soul in



the building failed to leave a bunch of flowers, however humble, as a tribute of affection to the Saint. Out of the great doors into the sunlight they went, Bravardeurs, saints, clergy, people and children; indeed the whole of St. Tropez seemed on foot. With waving of banners, firing of salutes, and singing of hymns, the procession wended its way to the Mairie, where was enacted a fresh ceremonial in front of the Hôtel de Ville, for here Church and State are at one. An address of welcome was read by the Mayor and once more the Bravade or salute was given before the effigy of the Saint.

THE NEXT halt is the quay-side, and this is the most spectacular. I quickly gain my hotel-balcony and there by invitation of the Patron and of Madame, I sit and watch the ceremonies in comfort. Through the narrow archway that leads from the fishmarket to the port the procession comes, a blaze of color and of light. Once more the firing begins, this time a deafening din, for the corps of Bravardeurs are evidently warming to their work, a work that will last three days and will gain in intensity as time passes! But of this, at the time, I was mercifully ignorant. The salutes are fired in strict rotation, each member of the corps firing five shots onto the ground, and five into the air; after which a certain number of shots are fired in unison, the signal for the salutes being given by the Captain of the Bravade. My hostess was busy explaining the intricacies of the ceremonial, and when I suggested that the salutes might sometimes be dangerous, she replied with serene conviction: *Il n'y a jamais eu des accidents* . . . There are never any accidents, St. Tropez takes care of that! And I understand from her words that St. Tropez is in reality, for the inhabitants, the Guardian and the Patron of their town. My friend took a naïve pleasure in point-

ing out to me the members of the corps by name, and I found that my pseudo-Napoleon was known locally as *le gros Cocasse!* or *Le pauvre Cocasse* as he became the next evening, when St. Tropez, false to his record, failed to prevent a charge of powder exploding dangerously near his eyes. Meanwhile the Bravade continues on its way, each boat in the harbor in turn receiving a salute, till at last the procession is free to traverse the other streets of the town and eventually to take up its stand in the large open place where a *foire-foraine* and Merry-go-round was in progress. Here little groups of children in Provençal costumes disported themselves and danced the traditional dances; in fact all the "fun of the fayre" was in progress.

After three days of noise, merrymaking and sport of every description, the Bravade closed with a solemn return of the saints at midnight to the Cathedral, where every man gave thanks for the festival and returned in peace to his home. . . . The Bravade remains a happy memory, opening up a world of legend, of color and of delight, and revealing the ancient well-springs which, even in these days of change and revolt from an inherited civilization, still feed the lives of the people of Provence.

### The Annunciation

By Thomas E. Burke, C. S. C.

*When Adam disobeyed the Lord  
An angel with a flaming sword  
Was placed at heaven's gate;  
For in that sin his progeny  
Partook of his iniquity  
And merited his fate.*

*But lo, when Mary gave her word  
To Gabriel, the angel's sword  
Was sheathed forevermore;  
She blotted out our sad disgrace  
Lifting the stigma from our race  
When she the Saviour bore.*

## Briefer Essays

By T. S. Brennan

### II—Aptitudes or Deficiencies

In Education it is better to encourage aptitudes than to try merely to correct deficiencies.—A. C. Benson.

NATURE ABHORS a vacuum, and if she has nothing useful or ornamental to put in it she uses it as a garbage can; for vacuums would be an indication she had overestimated her resources, as *Rooms to Let* sign indicates that a hotel has overestimated its attractiveness or has seen its best days.

And what is true of nature in general is true of human nature in particular. Human nature abhors indifference; she always has likes or dislikes, vices or virtues, aptitudes or deficiencies. She is like a hotel manager—she prefers to take in a poor tenant until a good one shows up.

This is especially true of education. The educator has the same problem in every pupil that the hotelkeeper has in his hotel. The pupil's mind is an apartment house; but its tenants are not all equally desirable. Some are good and some are bad. And the problem of the educator is to develop a plan for dealing with both. The quickest way would be to eject the bad ones; but very often ejecting, like pulling up tares, is a process that may disturb the neighbors; and then it would be necessary to put up the "to let" sign again. The best way, therefore, is to encourage the good ones, so that the house may be always filled, with a waiting list for vacancies. In that way an occasional bad one can be tolerated, who in the course of time will be quietly crowded out, or shamed into decency by his environment.

In other words, the teacher will find that every pupil has certain aptitudes and certain deficiencies. He was born that way, and you can no more put an

aptitude into a boy when nature did not do so, than you can add to his stature one cubit. He may have a deficiency toward mathematics, but may have an aptitude for drawing, or mechanics. Now nature knew what she was doing when she equipped that boy. She knew that skill in the use of tools is as necessary in social life as skill in the use of decimal fractions. And the reason why we employ educators is to find out and develop what nature put in, rather than put in what nature left out. In fact nature is just as kind to us when she gives us one or two gifts, as when she gives us many. She simply wants us to specialize in what we have received. She knows that to be an expert in the use of one talent is better than to be mediocre in the use of many; that it is better to be a master than a Jack-of-all-trades.

The trouble is that very often both teacher and pupil do not understand nature's plan, or do not find out which is the aptitude, which the deficiency. Thus the unfortunate victim of the error often goes through school trying to get sufficient marks in a variety of subjects for which he was never intended, having neither time nor inclination to develop the particular talent in which he was meant to excel; and when his school days are ended, there is an unhappy remembrance of the past, and a slight hope for the future, the reason being that neither the teacher nor the pupil discovered the pupil's aptitude.

OF COURSE teachers are not to be blamed for that. Their immediate duty is to give their pupils a grounding in certain subjects that are considered essential for all; and if any pupil goes out deficient in any one of these subjects it is looked on as a reflection on the school. The ideal way would be, instead of having one teacher for thirty pupils, to turn each pupil over to a



specialist in his aptitude. But then, where would you get all the teachers required? Where would you find the funds to maintain them? We shall probably stick to the old system to the end, leaving the burden of discovery and development of aptitudes on the pupil himself or on his parents.

**I**N FACT parents are in a better position to help in this matter than teachers. The boy's tastes and aptitudes are more likely to show themselves at home than in school. While encouraging him to do his best in the regular course of study in school, parents should also encourage him to develop his particular aptitude around his home. They should supply him with a set of carpenter's or plumber's or electrician's tools according to his taste; and they are in that way only performing a duty imposed on them by God. For the teacher in school was intended not to supplant, but to supplement the work of the parent; he was intended simply to supply the variety of things for which the ordinary parent is not equipped. And thus though the pupil may have gone through all his classes with the mark of deficiency stamped on his monthly report card, he may all the time be perfecting himself in the particular aptitude in which he was meant to excel.

It is the same in morals. The best way to destroy bad habits is to crowd them out with good ones. We are sure to have habits of some kind, but the number is limited, and the aim of the religious teacher should be to see that the good habits are so watched and tended that the bad ones will die of neglect. If your boy is going with the "wrong crowd," remember it is his nature to attach himself to somebody; and see to it that he is brought in contact with an equally attractive and numerous crowd of the right kind. If he is developing a taste for the wrong

kind of books, see to it that he gets plenty of the right kind of books, instead of forbidding him to have any books at all. Prohibitions excite hostility, and the best way to wean man or beast away from that which is evil is to substitute something equally attractive and at the same time good.

Forbidden fruit looks attractive, and to procure it begets a thrill. The wise thing is to be very sparing in prohibitions, and to satisfy human cravings by supplying what is good, before the subject begins to develop a taste for what is evil.

### Put It on the Desk

By Angela Jane Curry

**F**ATE IS INEXORABLE. The minute man assumes a certain complacency anent his possessions, a fury swoops down to spread confusion and wreak vengeance on the presumptuous one. Once my sympathy went out to the plaint of a friend that she lacked a roomy, compact desk, and I hugged to my heart the thought of my ancient, mahogany, red-felted table desk, spacious as to drawer and writing-top. Such a good old standby I thought, and basked in its adequateness and even antique elegance. I didn't even cross my fingers or touch wood, but, in the exultation of possession, magnified its usefulness and capacity literally and figuratively. My desk became the orb of daily exigencies, especially during those scourges which go by the title of housecleaning. "Put it on my desk" became my most magnanimous slogan, albeit the slogan proved deceitful as the Trojan horse; treacherous in its comeback, as a boomerang.

Too late I realized that the burden of daily, even minute "puts" had shrunk my roomy desk to Lilliputian size. What had been a writing space, hidden beneath layer after layer of what-nots,

became a parking place. Inevitably the last straw broke my composure long after it had tantalized the family circle. The desk must be cleared—tomorrow. It was an eyesore in a room which was always cleaned with the admonition echoing and reverberating, "Don't touch anything on my desk!" Likewise I reckoned not with Fate, which was on the side of the family as far as clearing the desk was concerned.

The fury of a summer thunderstorm rushed me to my room to close the windows, and there confusion greeted me. Papers fluttered in the air, sprawled on the floor, and rested jauntily at odd angles against the furniture—papers, large, small, and folded; clippings, poems, pictures, letters, rejected manuscripts; even my last supply of stamps and postal cards. All the "puts" which were air-minded rustled with important greetings.

I groaned at the task before me, but valiantly closed the windows and decided that yesterday's tomorrow had come. The scooping up was easy, but the work of cataloguing was perplexing and intriguing. Even a W.P.A. group couldn't be drafted on this job, it was so personal.

**C**LIPPINGS HAVE always been and will be my downfall. It is easy to stack magazines and sort books; relegate letters to files; tuck away manuscripts, and even store the children's papers in their respective envelopes, but clippings lure with the call of a siren. Thus again, time was no element while I marveled at the account of a Rubaiyat which sold for \$2,750; was intrigued by the discovery of a letter written by Columbus, soaked off from the covers of an old Spanish book; reveled in historic rings and their romances; sought renewed acquaintance with familiar quotations, and finally was sobered by the account of Fitz Eugene Dixon of

Philadelphia who collected so well in his chosen field, that of sporting books and drawings, that he found nothing further to look for. It finally came to me I must put an end to this desk-collecting business.

**E**VEN THE DESK stripped of its literary clothes proved a happy hunting ground. The favorite whisk broom came to light, also friend-husband's box of studs. What memories of a verbal storm did the sight of that box awaken! The man, due at a director's meeting at seven, hair awry, stocking-footed, looking for all the world like Samuel Johnson, as in his shirt and fury, he pulled out dresser-drawers; routed their contents; opened boxes and flung them in sputtering frustration! That man was my husband; and the episode was one of fate's revenges, because my desk possessed the buttons which really should have been elsewhere. Other barnacles exposed were coat-hangers, ash-trays, shoe-horns, jewelry, the coveted package of darning-needles, the desperately sought manicure scissors and nail-file, not to mention all the domestic pens and pencils.

The sight was reminiscent of what might inconveniently be clinging to us of past vices and weaknesses on Judgment Day, after we had been stripped of flesh, and the resources of the material world. Sir Walter Scott's bookplate, anent his friends who were poor arithmeticians, but nearly all good book-keepers, inveigled me. My solution would be a desk plate.

"Don't park your Puts" sounded swaggerish and subtle, until a quirk in my cranium projected a sentence on one of seven-year-old Elise's papers: "Do you *no* your reader?" Out of the mouth of the infant came the happy solution, *No, Your Desk*. Regardless of spelling or punctuation this should be a good guide if I "No" enough to keep it.



# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

Too many parents are not on spanking terms with the children.—*Anon.*

❖ ❖

Douglas Sawyer, a farmer in Harmon, N. Y., has a goose with two pairs of wings. It resembles a biplane when it flies.

❖ ❖

A jack-rabbit six feet, two inches long and weighing 118 pounds was killed not long ago in Manitoba by Dr. Pence, of Minot, N. S.

❖ ❖

In 1927, in Los Angeles, Babe Ruth stood at the plate for an hour while several pitchers took turns throwing baseballs at him. In that time he knocked 127 balls over the fence.

❖ ❖

The druggist has sired more specialties than any other type of retail merchant. Scores of nationally sold articles, such as talcum powder and root beer, were born in modest little drugstores.

❖ ❖

Rubber can be made as clear, colorless, and transparent as glass, and so tough that it will outwear steel. A rubber jacket now used on some submarine cables has been found capable of outlasting several times its thickness of heavy steel armor wire.

❖ ❖

In 1833 the head of the Patent Office wanted to resign because he felt man had reached the end of his inventive power. There were then some 25,000

patents on file. By the end of the century there were 640,000 patents recorded, and today applications for patents have reached 100,000 a year.

❖ ❖

When Helen Keller was nineteen months old the doctors said she had been stricken deaf, dumb and blind as a result of brain fever, and that she would be always mentally helpless. Today she holds several college degrees and is the author of nearly a dozen books.

❖ ❖

George Joseph Grossman of Los Angeles, filed a suit with the Superior Court for \$20,555,005,993,793,418,733,-025,000 to compensate him for trouble he suffered in a dispute over his property. The judges dismissed the suit for the reason, they said, that there was not that much money in the world.

❖ ❖

Half the unhappy marriages in this world, says Channing Pollock, are those of men and women who prefer a plucked eyebrow to a loyal heart, or a romantic figure to a good provider. A good provider is a man who loves a woman well enough to work for her, and that requires more love than the kissing of her hand.

❖ ❖

The following sentences contain words derived from twelve different languages: The ugly (Scandinavian) thing (Hindu) loafed (German) at a Damask-(Greek) covered (French) table (Latin) on the cafe (French) balcony (Italian) Wednesday (Anglo-Saxon), eating (Anglo-Saxon) goulash (Hungarian) and drinking (Anglo-Saxon). He ciphered (French) a code (Latin) notation (Latin) from a canny (Icelandic) smuggler (Danish) of silk (Anglo-Saxon) cargoes (Spanish) on the back (Anglo-Saxon) of the paper (Latin) menu (French).

## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**To the End of the World**, by Helen C. White. The Macmillan Co., New York. Price, \$2.50.

In her somewhat prolix but entirely capable style Helen C. White has written a novel of the French Revolution, a monumental novel of almost seven hundred pages, presenting a cross-section of the period which seems, remarkably enough, to touch its every angle with something like the sweep of a mighty wind.

Michel de la Tour d'Auvergne, younger son of a noble family, was not interested in a rich benefice in the gift of his uncle, a cardinal; instead he wanted to be a monk in the Abbey of Cluny, and dreamed visions of some day restoring its ancient splendor and renewing the Faith of France. But the storm of the Revolution swept down on the land and the young priest's life was to take a very different course. Thrust back into the world, Michel became non-juring curé of the bewildered peasants of la Vendée. Later, in Paris during the Terror, as one of M. Emery's *guillotine band*, and at the risk of his own neck, he aided those unfortunates who had incurred the fatal displeasure of the Republic; and in the back alleys of slums echoing with the clash of arms and *Ca ira*, he labored in a nightmare atmosphere of spiritual confusion and national madness. There is a tenseness, a tumultuous excitement about all the horrible adventures through which Michel walked in the loneliness of the human soul. Rarely dared he allow himself the consolation of contact with his fellow-priests, and there was only one little Sister of Charity to prop his drooping spirits. She did it, incidentally, with remarkable skill. Why she was not considered "gay enough" to be a Carmelite passes understanding.

Vast and colorful are the portraits

painted in relief against the background of the mob, the mob which is treated with sympathetic understanding rather than heartless condemnation. Miss White has a large tolerance and pity for human weakness, realizing that few persons are totally good or totally bad. There is the heroic old Countess, the renegade Gourand, the unassuming Carrichon, the lovely, high-spirited Stephanie marked out for darkest tragedy, and there are dozens of others. Monks, aristocrats, commoners, guards, all rub shoulders in the panorama, yet each is distinctly drawn.

Of course a stupendous amount of study and research lies behind all this. One might wish, though, that ecclesiastical evils had been a bit less stressed. Perhaps the stressing was necessary to the complete picture, but even at this remote time, it is painful to contemplate faults in what is loved.

We may not read every word of this book. But nobody, having once begun it, can leave it unfinished.

Paula Kurth.

**Blockade Runner—Life of John Banister Tabb**, by H. J. Heagney. Longmans, Green & Co., New York and Toronto. Price, \$1.50.

*Blockade Runner* is a spirited, thrilling biography of Father John Tabb, the Poet of the South, whose host of friends "rejoiced in the sunshine of his smile and the radiance of his spirit." During the Civil War he was a blockade runner on the ship, *Robert E. Lee*, serving under his cousin, a Captain Wilkinson. When the latter was promoted, after twenty-one successful voyages to buy provisions for his beloved Virginia, young Tabb stayed on as a sailor, serving now under a captain whose love for money made him surrender easily to the blockaders from the North. Among



Tabb's warm friends at a Northern prison camp was Sidney Lanier, Southern captive and great poet.

When the Civil War ended, John Tabb helped his parents and brothers rebuild their half-ruined Virginia plantation, taught music, became a Catholic, and was ordained a priest at Baltimore. Blind in his old age, he never lost that spiritual vision that can see beauty, for "He still sang his songs from the dark" to a world which in time appreciated them for their greatness.

This book prompted as many questions as a mystery story. The answers proved satisfying and satisfactory, so that we suggest a sub-title, *The First of a Series about Father John Tabb and His Times*, for his life and times and friends have rich stories which could entertain as certainly as *Blockade Runner* entertains with its thrills and excitement for younger readers and its sufficient interest for grownups.

Joseph Houser.

**The New Carol**, by Joan Windham. Illustrations in Colors, by Jeanne Hebbelynck. Sheed & Ward, New York. Price, \$1.25.

Youth is a magic word, and *The New Carol*, by Joan Windham, is the open sesame to the heart of childhood and the joy of Christmas. This delightful book is for children of all ages. Tiny tots will be fascinated beyond measure. Those who pride themselves on being quite grownup will be intrigued by Jeanne Hebbelynck's quaint colorful illustrations and Joan Windham's charming stories.

Here, if you are small enough to kneel with Ralph and Joan and Anne, you shall find a crib in which the figures are real. And you shall hear of Dominic's adventure as Balthazar, the King who brought the myrrh. You'll know why proud Miss Corinana wasn't so happy as the Cobbler's Eleven Children, the Coachman's Eight Adopted Daughters, and the Ragamuffin in his Red

Cape; you'll know how King Gaspar made up for his Rather Stinginess. Should you, by any chance, be stubborn, you will have a warm spot in your heart for "St. Joseph's Donkey."

In this machine-mad age it is refreshing to find an author who walks hand-in-hand with beauty. Between these lovely stories, Joan Windham has folded some Very Small Carols, along with the music which she herself has composed. The melodies are quaint and haunting and irresistible.

I see the manger  
And the Wise Men Three  
And Baby Jesus  
Looking straight at me.

All the other people  
Kneeling there to see:  
But Baby Jesus  
Always looks at me.

*The New Carol*—an ideal gift for any child. *The New Carol*—glance at it and then just try to put it aside. *The New Carol*—beauty and humor and pathos hallowed by the smile of the Christ Child.

Sister M. Philip.

**Christmas Comes Again**, by John N. Then. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. Price, \$1.50.

*Christmas Comes Again* contains numerous legends and stories, short views of Christmas as it is celebrated around the world, and thoughts about persons, places, or things associated with Christmas. In an appendix are ideas concerning: Christmas as a "Mary" time, Midnight at Bethlehem, The Crib, and Cradle Rocking. A playlet—*The Star of Bethlehem*—completes the volume. This is the second book of Christmas-lore by the same author. His first collection was called *Christmas*. It dealt with: The Christmas Cycle, Christmas Customs in Other Lands, Christmas miscellany, and a selection of carol and poems. The two books have at least basic thoughts for readers and speakers and writers.

John M. Long.

## YOUNGER READERS

### Spring Is a Hostess

By Betty Warner

*Spring is a hostess,  
Preparing her best,  
For a very important  
And beautiful guest;*

*With devoted attention,  
Her servants attend  
To all the house cleaning,  
The first, is March wind;*

*She blusters and scolds  
As she clears away snow,  
Then starry-eyed April  
Dusts raindrops, just so—*

*To nourish the flowers  
For pink and white May,  
Who makes every corner  
Look lovely and gay;*

*Then she opens the door  
And June, standing there,  
In a gown of rose petals,  
Is wondrously fair.*

### A Tale of Will-o'-the-Wisp

By Priscilla Mahoney

#### III

**H**ISSY LEFT, tripping daintily down the front path and Rumpel and Sheila feasted on fairy food till they really felt quite ashamed of being so piggish. When they finished eating, and the dishes were cleared away, they sat in front of the cheerful fireplace and Rumpel told exciting tales of the fireplace fairies of other lands. And when he had told the story of the fairy of the blue flame, he pointed to a tiny silver-framed miniature on the wall.

"See Sheila, that is the fairy prin-

cess Azure of the blue flame," he said.

Sheila was delighted as she looked at the picture of the white and smiling Azure, standing amid tall and beautiful blue flames.

"How I'd love to meet her!" exclaimed Sheila.

"Some day you may, some day you may," nodded Rumpel.

"Doesn't Will have any pictures of Rose?" asked Sheila.

**T**HE LEPRECHAUN smiled, "I was saving that until we went home. Since it is eight o'clock now and far too late for you to be out much longer, we'll now look at a fine picture of Will's Rose."

Then he took Sheila to a corner of the room where stood a tiny table just big enough to hold a vase of rosebuds and a little framed picture of Rose. It was such a charming picture! No one but a fairy could look so enchanting in such a tiny golden frame. For Rose was standing on the tips of her toes on the white petals of a daisy. Her wings of transparent gold were outspread as if she were about to fly away.

"I actually believe," said Rumpel stroking his long white beard, "that people become more beautiful by doing good deeds in the world. Our fairy Rose grows lovelier every day."

"I think I could love her as much as Will does," breathed Sheila, who stood rooted to the floor, so taken was she in admiring the picture.

"Come now," said Rumpel, "we must be going."

As Sheila and Rumpel walked out into the yard they discovered there was no moon and the night was very dark indeed.

"It's afraid you might be, Colleen



dear," said Rumpel. "I'll use a little fairy magic and make us a nice way to go home."

So taking a single hollyhock bloom, Rumpel blew on it three times and it began to get larger and stiffer. Then Rumpel and Sheila climbed into the beautiful flower and were carried slowly and easily over the swampland. Over the treetops they glided and soon landed comfortably on their front porch. The flower then folded itself and whisked away.

"Where did the hollyhock go?" asked Sheila.

**R**IGHT BACK to its place on the stem by Will's house," said Rumpel. "I couldn't think of harming a lovely flower. Flowers are the toys of the fairies."

"Do you know, Rumpel," said Sheila, "my evening at Will's house and my ride on the flower have been such exciting things that I don't think I'll ever be able to go to sleep again. I just want to keep awake all the time now. America is a wonderful country to live in, isn't it."

"True, my child, true," agreed Rumpel. "The veil of enchantment is about to settle on our new home here and all four corners of that veil will be held in the magic fingers of the wee people."

A happy summer passed, during which time Sheila had many exciting adventures visiting with her little fairy friends. Autumn came and went flying its glorious banners of gold and brown. One winter evening just at twilight Sheila sat by the fireside reading about brownies, those friendly little Scotch elves who love to help tired housewives when their work seems too hard. Rumpel was standing at the window looking out on the snow scene. It had been snowing all day and now it had stopped. "Pardon me for interrupting you," said Rumpel, "but Sheila, dear,

come to the window a minute and look at this beautiful world."

Sheila was at his side in a moment and looked with delight at the whitened scene. The trees seemed ready for a distinguished visitor so royally dressed were they in their robes of snow ermine. The road beyond the trees was spread with a carpet of white. Sheila and Rumpel could almost see the stillness that enveloped the world outside.

"You know," said Rumpel, "this is the time of day we fairies are happiest. We work, and play, and dance from twilight until morning. I wonder what Will is doing tonight."

At that moment a tiny red sleigh rounded a curve in the road. It was drawn by two little white rabbits who scampered along with their natural quickness.

"There's Will now!" cried Sheila. "But now who could that be with him?"

Sheila snatched her coat and ran with Rumpel out to meet the guests. The rabbits drew up the sleigh, stopped short, and eyed Sheila suspiciously. But Sheila couldn't believe her eyes or her ears either when she heard Will's voice saying, "And here, my friends, is my wife, Rose."

**A**T THAT moment Rose, a tiny figure wrapped in a little fur coat of silver, stepped daintily from the carriage and paused before Sheila and Rumpel.

"Well, am I welcome in this beautiful land?" she asked in a voice like a tinkling bell.

"Excuse us," said Rumpel, "but Sheila and I are just too surprised to find words."

Then Rumpel took her dainty hand, kissed it, and said, "Welcome forever to America, truly a new home for the fairies. Rose, this is Sheila our little mortal friend."

Sheila also kissed Rose's hand as Rumpel had done, and told Rose that

she never expected to see her, as Will had not yet driven all the snakes from the land.

Rose smiled and said, with a twinkle in her large blue eyes, "I'll tell you how it all came about sometime. And now will you and Rumpel join us at our home for a little wedding feast?"

**W**HEN ALL had arrived at Will's house they found a pleasant fire roaring up the chimney. Hissy was busy in the kitchen while Rose seemed almost to float about the house from room to room. Sheila noticed Rose's tiny fairy wand standing upright in a corner of the room. She knew it must be magic for it shone so brightly in the dark corner.

Just then Rose came into the room and said to Sheila, "I see you are looking at my magic wand. It's a wonderful thing for a fairy to have in this world where all of you mortals have strength and size of body. We fairies have to depend on magic to help us get along. But that wand will instantly disappear when any mortal touches it. However, though it is only for fairies, I'm sure I can have it do many nice things for you, my dear friend Sheila."

"Thank you," said Sheila, "I think that next to Rumpel, you are the most wonderful person in the world!"

"But how about my good Will?" asked Rose, trying to hide a smile.

"I'm sorry," answered Sheila. "I do admire Will, and I do believe he is one of the best of the fairies. You see, I have never seen Will, only the little lantern he carries, and so I don't feel so well acquainted with him."

The conversation was interrupted by a call from Hissy that the food was on the table.

There were fluffy white cakes in buttercups. Little green sparkling sugar sticks lay in water lilies. Hollyhocks were filled with amber-colored syrup, while gay poppies were brimming over

with a blue cream that sparkled as if sprinkled with silver. No wonder Sheila closed her eyes and pinched herself to make sure this was all real.

After this fine feast, everyone went to another room and sat on the floor about the fireplace. Sheila noticed that Will's lantern always stayed close to Rose.

"And now," said Rose, "you all want to know how I got here and what my plans are for the future. So everybody make yourselves very comfortable before I begin."

"Sure I couldn't be more comfortable than I am now were I sitting atop Mike Gogarty's straw stack," said Rumpel sitting crosslegged on the floor and comically stroking his white beard.

"It's a mean dig you're giving me in my own house!" cried Will, "for I'm not so dumb that I don't know you're referring to the time I tried to ride eagle back and fell on Gogarty's straw stack."

But Rose put up her hand, "Gentlemen fairies, I promised to tell you about my plans. Shake hands now and listen."

Sheila was almost overcome with laughing as she watched Rumpel look very threatening as he shook hands with the invisible Will.

**N**OT LONG AGO," began Rose, "I was reading a letter from Will. He told me how hard he was working and of what great strides he was making. He told about the good times he was having with Rumpel and how much he liked Sheila, his new little mortal friend. I believed that Will had already proved how good he was in even trying to do this great work, and, after all, America is so very, very much larger than Ireland. So then and there I decided to surprise the lad and come immediately to this country.

"Since Will left Ireland, the Fairies have learned a new secret and that is



the secret of how to carry themselves to other lands by means of the silver bag."

"Then you can go back and forth from America to Ireland whenever you wish?" asked Sheila.

"Yes, dear," replied Rose, "the silver bag will go back and forth from Ireland. All I did on the night I left was to take the silver bag in which I had been sending Irish soil to Will, and instead of putting in the soil, I tied myself in it. Instantly I shot up almost to the stars and then darted across the sky like any shooting star. In a very short time I landed firmly on Will's doorstep. Will must have heard the little 'thud' outside as he came quickly to the door.

**S**EEING THE silver bag, he thought I had sent him more soil and so while opening the bag, he was looking toward the kitchen and telling Hissy that he would like a midnight lunch set out for him. I jumped out at that moment, and when he looked around, he couldn't believe his eyes. I think he went out of his head for a while for he took me and danced me all over the house before he could utter a word. And that, my friends, is the story of how I came here."

Sheila was about to say that Rose's story sounded almost like a fairy story. Instead she caught herself in time and said, "I think America is very lucky to have three good fairies in the land."

"Thank you," answered Rose. "The fairies have lots of work to do here in order to make and keep the people happy. From now on I'm going to help Will. See," she said as she took a tiny lantern from a corner of the room, "I, too, have a magic lantern."

"Ah me," sighed Rumples, "now the people can't sing about St. Will as they did about St. Patrick for driving the snakes from the land. They'll have to sing about Rose too."

"I don't care," replied Will laughingly, "for if I can do good work in the

world with Rose at my side, I won't ask to be called a saint. Guess I was kind of silly to think I could ever deserve such a title anyway."

When summer came again, Sheila and Rumples wandered over the Round Lake Hills where they could see a tiny light blinking in the marshlands.

"There's Will!" cried Sheila, "over by the frog pond. But now I think I see a second light go twinkling over by the lake outlet. That must be Rose over there."

"That's it," said Rumples. "When Rose's lantern goes on, Will's goes out. That is why people get confused for they see a tiny light, and when they get near it to see what it really is, it suddenly appears about a mile away on another side of the swamp. They get near Will when his light goes off, then Rose's light blinks at another place and people don't know what to make of the strange sight. Some say the marshes are haunted with lost souls, but we know now, don't we?"

"Indeed we do," answered Sheila. "What fun being a little girl, and being allowed to enter fairyland!"

**A**S RUMPLE and Sheila walked down the hills through the gathering dusk, Rumples told Sheila how in just a few years there would be many fairies migrating to America and that children and grown-ups alike would be able to hear the tiny hammers of the dwarfs working in their mines in these very hills. He said that little gnomes would be seen peeping from behind trees, and that good fairies would live happily in the woodlands. He also told Sheila that on clear days, if one looked at the sky so hard that he could feel himself being melted right into the blue.

And as they walked away from the swamp they kept looking back until they could no longer see the tiny lanterns of Rose and Will-o'-the-Wisp.

(The End.)

## ❖ The Weekly Postscript ❖

By M. M. Wirries

**THIS IS THE** twentieth day of March, and the calendar assures me that in just a few minutes I shall hear Spring's footsteps coming up my front walk. For it is now noon and Spring is getting in on the 1:24 train. Or so they say. But I didn't really need a calendar to tell me. Everything and everybody have been telling me for weeks.

Two rosebuds on my brand-new Catalonia rosebush are ready to burst into bloom. The Catalonia rosebush and the Sister Therese bush were birthday presents, back in mid-January, and Baby helped me tuck them into the ground, and put earth about them less than eight weeks back; and here are the red buds already. The sight of them affected the whole family. I was so excited that I went out and bought a lot. It's the lot next door, and I can plant a hundred rosebushes on it. A hundred rosebushes, and a pecan tree and an olive tree and a date palm and a fig tree. And a lime tree, an orange tree, a grapefruit tree and a tangerine tree. And three colors of oleanders. And a Chinese Elm, which will grow, and a maple, which won't, but I'll plant it anyway, for auld lang syne. And Queen's Wreath! Yards and yards of Queen's Wreath, trailing over ramadas and trellises. What Ramada? And what Trellis? Never mind! I'll plant them, too—eventually, Jasmine and Bougainvillea—dear me! I'm going to have such a good time with that lot, once I get the tin cans and brush off it, that I feel guilty because I can't plant a trout stream for my angler husband.

Ah, Spring! How it affects us! My husband sets the lawn to soaking, trims the climbing rose and the honeysuckle, and changes the oil in the car. My mar-

ried daughter and her husband go house-hunting. Fifteen buys a hat that looks like a Maybasket, and a blue dress that turns her into a May blossom, and goes happily off to a "rush" tea, remarking that she "hates tea, but anything to be fashionable."

Twelve goes on a picnic, and rides a horse. Twelve goes on a picnic and climbs mountains. Twelve plays baseball in glaring sun. She makes seven runs, out of eight times at bat, and comes home looking like the miseries of Job. A half-jar of cold cream doesn't save her nose from peeling. Sunburn on her nose; but Spring in her heart.

"I can't wash them," I moan. "I'm dead, now."

But two of my loved Indian boys roll up their sleeves. "Lady," they say, "how about letting two little boy scouts do their good deed right now? *We'll wash the dishes.*"

**NO SPRING** poem ever sounded sweeter. Though they are rank amateurs, they do very well. Shall we listen in? I at my bookkeeping, and you at your *Ave Maria*. The Oklahoma boy washes and the Louisiana boy dries. Listen:

"Hey, Chief, be careful. Rinse the pan, not me."

"Sorry—but don't get in the way. I have accidents."

"Say, Chief, are you just naturally slow, or am I too fast? These things surely pile up. Where'll I put the rest of these? How long does it take you to dry one cup?"

"Man, don't hurry me! I'm *thorough*. I do everything well. Here, want to polish something? Here is a pan you can empty."



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Indian tribes in feathers and war-paint lurked along the way. At times they attacked the wagons, their arrows dealing death where they fell. Great turgid rivers had to be forded by men, wagons, and beasts. Mountains rose like impassable barriers in their path. Deserts where hunger and thirst threatened were to be crossed. Disease and Death trudged along, here and there claiming their victims. All said, it is a fast-moving juvenile boys will enjoy.

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By *Mary Mabel Wirries*.....\$1.00

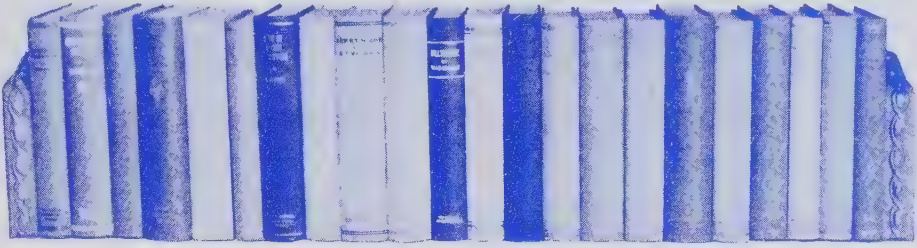
In this story the author portrays, in a mystifying and captivating manner, the shadows that hung over Cedarcrest for years. How they arose and disappeared, with fifteen-year-old Phyllis Eaton taking the leading role, is interestingly told from beginning to end with a resultant satisfaction that is sure to delight the youngsters.



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1865 — 1940

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, U. S. A.

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A Warning . . . .  
Some Necessary Adjustments . . . .  
Partners in Crime . . . .  
The Condition of Warsaw . . . .

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# THE AVE MARIA

CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

SUBSCRIPTION \$3.00 THE YEAR 10 CENTS THE COPY

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Prof. William Farrell, Notre Dame, Indiana, shows how Stalin belongs in the long line of religion and civilization would-be wreckers—*Stalin in the Anti-Christ Tradition*.

*The Plaza Church of Los Angeles* tells us about the oldest existing landmark in Los Angeles of Spanish planning and building. Assembled by Christian Emery, Royal Street, New Orleans, La.

Mrs. Sara Maynard, 22 1-2 Westmoreland Street, Westminster, Md., contributes an instructive as well as an entertaining two-serial study for Younger Readers in *Some Venetian Painters*.

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## OBITUARY

Rev. Bernard T. Mulloy, C. S. C.; Rev. Richard Vereker, Diocese of Sacramento.

Sister Mary Sylvester, Sisters of Providence; Sister Mary Alphonsus, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Narcisse Boudreau, John P. Nicholson, Mrs. Delia Lythoge, Mrs. M. Du Bois, Mrs. Charles Jackson, Catherine Ehret, John Leutz, Mrs. Burns, Michael O'Neill.

May they rest in peace!

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# THE AVE MARIA CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

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APRIL 13, 1940

## World News in Brief

### THE CHURCH

In Amsterdam, Cardinal Bertram asserted that Nazi opposition will but strengthen German Catholics. Meantime, the war-tax placed on the Church in Germany was augmented to eight million dollars. . . . ¶ At Orchard Lake, Mich., further German outrages on Polish Catholics were reported in letters received from Warsaw clergymen. . . . ¶ In Philadelphia, officials made plans for the Golden Jubilee of Cardinal Dougherty's elevation to the priesthood. . . . ¶ In Vatican City, decrees on new *Beati* included the foundress of the Handmaids of Charity, and the foundress of the Sisters of the Holy Family. . . . ¶ In Ithaca, N. Y., Catholic students in Cornell University will be addressed by Bishop Kearney (Rochester), April 14; Bishop Lucey (Amarillo), April 28; Bishop O'Hara (Savannah-Atlanta), date not given. . . . ¶ In Cleveland, papal honors were awarded to twelve priests and five women. . . . ¶ In Albany, religious training bills were passed by the New York legislature. . . . ¶ In New York, a three-day cycle of plays by six leading Catholic dramatists was announced by the Catholic Theater Conference.

### AT HOME

In Washington, the capital scented some truth in the Nazi charges against American diplomats. An investigation was demanded; but Ambassador Bullitt was ordered to Paris immediately. . . . The Maritime Board asserted America would have the best merchant fleet in the world. . . . A repeal of the entire

silver program was thought desirable. . . . The national census machinery went into operation. . . . The House Committee submitted a bill for changes in the Wagner Act. . . . An investigation revealed that Wm. Pelley, Silver Shirt leader, had planned to overthrow the government. . . . ¶ In Madison, the Wisconsin test vote favored Thomas E. Dewey; while Garner trailed Roosevelt. . . . ¶ A New York state vote resulted similarly. . . . ¶ In Chicago, the *United States Baptist*, asserting religion is the main issue in coming elections, demanded that Myron Taylor be recalled from the Vatican. . . . ¶ In Kansas City, a foe of the Pendergast machine was elected mayor. . . . ¶ In industry, big business began a fight in behalf of private enterprise. . . . Auto dealers rejected a federal control plan.

### ABROAD

In London, parents demanded the return home of their children, regardless of air-raid dangers. . . . Britain's poor faced heavier taxes to pay for the war. . . . Parliament called the food-rationing system a farce. . . . Winston Churchill was made commander of all British armed services. . . . ¶ In Helsingfors, Finns dropped all talk of a regency, and pushed reconstruction measures. . . . ¶ In Moscow, Russia increased its defense funds beyond eleven billion dollars. . . . ¶ In Paris, French officials offered new bonuses to raise the birth rate. . . . Officials again asserted they would sign no "phony" peace documents.

## Notes and Remarks

Saturday, May Fourth, is to be our official Diamond Jubilee Number. It will not, very likely, be any better than our

### May Fourth: Jubilee Number

regular issues, since we strive to make every issue of THE AVE MARIA so good that the next issue is hard put to outpoint it. We will not expect flowers, and will forego the comfort of a nosegay of thistles. We thank our large family of readers from all over the world for a fine spirit of patience, good will, sympathy and understanding. We have tried to be fair without bitterness, preferring less adequate emphasis to express repulse, than to say overmuch about a small matter. May readers from the hierarchy and clergy celebrate Golden Jubilee Masses; nuns, Golden Jubilee Professions; married folk, Golden Weddings; and may the unmarried of all ages, find what fits them best, and so live happily ever after.

Were our overseas diplomacy as airtight to foreign intrigues and commitments as it should be, we would at once

### Ambassador Bullitt Again

tag as absurd the reported disclosures from Berlin relative to the activities of Mr. Bullitt and Mr. Kennedy on the present war. That American ambassadors to European nations now at war should make commitments such as are mentioned as having been made to Count Jerzy Polaski, Polish Ambassador to the United States, challenges acceptance, until we recall that our American diplomatic service is an orchard of plums of which Mr. William Bullitt is our latest and most luscious picking. It is a humbling reflection for a great nation like the United States to witness month after month the windy, bombas-

tic returns of the men our government pays to represent us in foreign diplomacy, threatening as they do in every gusty, unweighed utterance to push us free from our traditional trans-Atlantic independence. While we have irresponsible men like Bullitt, Cromwell and others, in responsible foreign posts, we may expect emotional oratorical eruptions with every current radio announcement.

May THE AVE MARIA, while discussing this business of our diplomacy, mention an obvious but seemingly neglected

**A Warning** shakable, deep-as-the-sea American reality?

The people of the United States, no matter in what else they disagree, are united in this: They will resist any attempt, open or concealed, asserted or suggested, which will endanger the nation's position of neutrality in the present overseas war. The people of this nation are determined never again to attempt the fatuity of saving democracy in Europe. Never again will they harness factories into arsenals or transform youths into man-killers for the lyric joy of singing "Over there, Over there," during Mr. Wilson's Galahad period. Americans are going to stay in America during this conflict. European "associates in arms" will not have to scoff out of hearing the rather futile cry that "America won the war"—this time. America will not enter this war. Americans have set their teeth tight against that. Mr. Bullitt may make chesty commitments, Mr. Kennedy may promise, Mr. Cromwell, to escape platitudes, may warn us Doomsday is near if we do not save democracy by fighting. Let these gentlemen make no mistake. Let President Roosevelt, and (if



need be) Mrs. Roosevelt, make no mistake. Anyone who openly or by indirection attempts to get the United States into this war will experience a repercussion of wrath which is infrequent in our slipshod, much-too-casual commonwealth.



Pope Pius XII has complained of the treatment accorded the Poles by the victorious German troops and some of our daily papers have said that he has greatly exaggerated the horrors existing

### The Condition of Warsaw

in Poland. It is interesting in the light of these statements to quote from a recent edition of *Life*: "Warsaw today," it says, "is one vast city dump, crawling with the starving, hopeless and diseased. For every Pole caught with a weapon, according to official German policy, ten Poles are still being executed. For every murder of a German Pole (rated a traitor by the Poles), one hundred Poles are executed. Men and women are driven to the public squares to watch the executions. A few face the firing squad with the proud boast, 'Poland is not yet lost!' Typhoid is raging. There is no coal. German soldiers coming from Poland speak of it with horror, of the graveyard atmosphere, the dumb submission of the peasants, the inextinguishable hatred gleaming from the eyes of the executed leaders. The disgusted German Army handed the ugly job over to Heinrich Himmler's Death's Head Brigade. Civil prisoners are given from sixty to one hundred and twenty blows every few days with truncheons. Priests are forbidden to give absolution to those condemned to die. Thus are the German victors carrying out the destruction of conquered Poland." And Julien Bryan, the well-known American photographer, who was in Warsaw during all the bombardment says in his book *Siege*: "I

went to a moving picture theater one evening after the Germans had taken possession of the town and though the showing of war pictures lasted for half an hour, not once was there a sound of applause. Even when Hitler was shown at the front, there was not a cheer. To be sure they saw their victorious troops march into Poland. But they also saw in the background the burned and ruined villages and the sad, frightened faces of the refugees. It was powerful anti-war propaganda. The Nazi censor had failed to see that."



Recently THE AVE MARIA criticized not only Bertrand Russell and his quack principles of morality, but also the intelligence of members

### Partners in Crime

of the municipal board of higher education in New York that hired the immoral Englishman to lecture to young Americans in that city. Now we find that Boston is vieing with New York for the dubious honor of supporting the professor. That Russell could stand before college boys and girls and impart higher education without touching their moral principles expresses the most fantastic optimism. His very presence in any classroom manifests an implicit approval of his tenets, whether school authorities wish it so or not. It is interesting to learn, and to remember, that one of the sources of influence in behalf of Mr. Russell, was no other than Harvard University. From Professors Kirtley Mather, Ralph Barton Perry, Arthur M. Schlesinger, and Ealter Bradford Cannon, went a letter to Mayor La Guardia upholding Russell's appointment as professor of logic and philosophy. Thus the Russell case is to be judged by Harvard's moral standards and will be determined by the fiat of President Conant, for Mr. Russell is slated to lecture at Harvard before going to New York—if he goes.

We wonder, however, if a court judge in Boston will outlaw this English philosopher, whose moral fences are shaky or broken, as did Justice John E. McGeehan of New York. Likewise, we wonder how many Catholic students of Harvard will attend his lectures—should he lecture—on marriage, family life, companionate affiliation, and much else which is directly against Christian ethics. Perhaps they will consider it more of an honor to be enlisted among Fair Harvard's intellectuals than to follow the divine Christ Whose teaching will yet be a Light and a Way when Russell and Harvard are gone down the river.

The Federal Communications Commission recently issued an order demanding that the leading company in this country for the advancement of television refrain from selling television sets, on the theory that they might become obsolete in a very short time. This is an attempt on the part of the Commission to destroy the entire television industry, regardless of the fact that the company in question has put millions of dollars into the development of television without as yet receiving one penny in return. The decision, moreover, was made without giving the injured company any kind of hearing whatever. As a matter of fact the Commission went far beyond the power allotted to it by Congress in this decision. Congress created this body to prevent interference in the wavelengths of different stations, not to govern the merchandizing of radio or television sets. The Supreme Court stated very clearly what the Commission's power was when it said: "The communications act does not essay to regulate the business of the licensee. The Commis-

sion is given no supervisory control of the programs, of business management or of policy." This should make the matter clear. The Commission has obviously been trying to restrain this company because other companies engaged in the same business are not yet ready to put their sets on the market. This is restraint of free competition and should be stopped.

In one of its March issues, a Michigan newspaper gives editorial prominence to two rather distressing pictures.

### **Some Necessary Adjustments**

One is the picture of a weary, dull-eyed C. I. O. picket trudging back and forth through the snow before the doors of an offending manufacturer. The other is a picture of the head of the C. I. O. driven in an expensive limousine by a uniformed chauffeur to relax in a magnificent thirty-eight dollar a day room in the swanky Nautilus Hotel at Miami, Florida. So eloquent is the contrast that Clare E. Hoffman of the House of Representatives incorporates the editorial in the Congressional Record. Mr. Hoffman refers to the C. I. O. head's \$25,000 a year salary and his expense account of \$1000 a month, all of which, he says, "comes out of the pay envelope of the men who are working." Now we do not know whether Mr. Lewis is drawing exorbitantly from the workers of the C. I. O. or not. We would not attempt to say so without further information as to what he has given in return for his salary. One thing is certain, however. The pictures painted here are hardly less disturbing to labor than that other commonly presented contrast of the manufacturer who lives in a palace while his working men starve. In all fairness it must be admitted that there are very many honest and some dishonest in both labor and industry. Only when these honest



manufacturers and honest labor leaders work together will the average laboring man get justice. And only when he begins to use proper discrimination as to where he throws his support will this average laborer actually see in operation that justice for which he has always yearned.

Dorothy Thompson—who frequently is more sensational than scientific in her articles—made the obviously incorrect assertion

**Hardly the Facts** last week, that our unemployment

problem is largely a myth; that our jobless army really does not number between eight and eleven millions, but very likely, only about three millions, excluding those who are working on relief. And, strange to say, Arthur Krock of *The New York Times* supports her. The storm that has broken over her head, he maintains, is due to two facts. (1) Opponents of the New Deal do not want to admit that the jobless problem has been solved under the Roosevelt Administration, and (2) New Dealers themselves do not want to admit it because that would imply that the Roosevelt Administration has been wastefully spending huge sums to end a make-believe headache. Against these forces, we place the reliable figures of the NICB listing over eight million jobless, and the report of the A. F. L. which names over nine million seeking employment. Likewise, to offset New Deal enthusiasm, there is the continuous appeal to liberate industry from government fetters, that business may solve its own problems and forge ahead. Though all agencies freely admit that there are as many employed today as there were during the 1929 boom, that fact is beside the point in question. Not one authority, other than Miss Thompson, admits, much less contends that her startling assertion has about it any halo of authority.

A recent number of *Fortune* contains one of the most compact and interesting articles on the United States that we have ever read. Every

**The Great Middle West** section of the country is covered very concisely, giving the

reader a very good general knowledge of North America. The writer says of the Middle West, for instance: "Of all the regions, this is most nearly independent of the others and could most easily drop out of the Union and survive as an independent nation. One of the World's greatest agricultural sections, it ranks second only to the Northeast as an industrial region. It has few imports, many exports, and its economy has been developed to a point where it processes its own raw materials and sells both commodities and finished goods. The region is also second to the Northeast in the extent of urbanization, its cities being strung like beads around the shores of the Lakes, from Cleveland to Milwaukee—close to the docks of the freighters that carry through Sault Sainte Marie locks more tonnage than clears the Suez or the Panama. Behind this arc of cities lies a farming checkerboard, waving with yellow corn, black with plowed earth, and dotted with fat red silos, magnificent barns. Here—in addition to some sixty per cent of the nation's corn—are half the hogs and the greatest number of pure-bred, registered cattle in the United States, half of all the creamery butter, seventy per cent of the factory cheese, more than forty per cent of the milk. . . . Your typical farmer of the region is a staunch individualist, yet nowhere will you find a man more eager to be taught or more willing to make sacrifices for co-operative ventures. . . . He is probably the most completely democratic individual in the entire United States, and he knows how to make democracy work for him."

# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

## Exercise and Dieting

WHEN YOU HEAR the word "exercise" in connection with the maintenance of vigorous health you think of Indian clubs, dumbbells, weight-lifting, swimming, setting-up antics in a gymnasium and so on. A man who has cut down his weight from two hundred and twenty pounds to one hundred and ninety pounds will tell you proudly that the daily dozen and golf sticks did his reducing for him. And if you give him any semblance of encouragement he will tell you the amount of time he gives to his arm and leg movements, to the accompaniment of a voice from the victrola in order to reduce his girth. And he will show you how it is done.

American women of every age, rank and profession are, of course, gone mad in the pursuit of straight lines. And they achieve their sunbeam setup through dining-room suppressions rather than by chinning the bar in a gymnasium. They have a litany of what-mays in food programs, which they eat to satiety. Green things of all kinds without any dressing, sour apples with vitamin B—or is it A?—raw cabbage, potato salad without potatoes; no fat pork or white bread! Better not butter the toast, if you are considering toast.

American women generally are not interested in physical exercise, because they are so mad about straight lines. Physical exercise will normally keep you fit, but it will not make you so thin and so slim as to be stared at. By contrast,—although they do not want to be fat monsters,—men will not do much about reducing *via* the dining room. If they can get themselves into so usable a size as can be moved into and out of an automobile, through a standard breadth of

door opening, into a normal make of chair, they are satisfied; and their doctors tell them—at least, they quote their doctors so—that exercise will achieve the rest for them. So they take heartily of potatoes, of likable fats, of cream and ice-cream, of bread, heavily buttered; and when in the mood, of beer. Accordingly, men yet remain rotund, but not unsightly, after some periods of puddling in a swimming pool, some periods of chasing a little white ball on a golf course. And every male of them will strike his chest, after wearing you down with his exaltation of physical exercise, and exclaim, "What a piece of work is man!" And what a man!

These, then, are the two schools of thought in the program of reducing the physical budget. Women say you must starve it down, and proceed to do so. They grow woefully thin and believe they have achieved their heaven of beauty. As a matter of fact, they make themselves very thin and very ugly. They do not achieve their heaven at all.

MEN STRIVE to *work* themselves down, whereas they *eat* themselves up. They, too, think they have achieved the heaven of beauty; they have not. They are still fat, though not unsightly.

Try a combination: eat less, but not too little; eat not to satiety of any meal, but do not live on raw salads and sunbeams. Exercise, if you are a mentally employed man or woman. It will not be necessary to do rowing in your room or throw out your legs to the accompaniment of a victrola. Do not talk about eating; do not talk about exercising. Do not talk about yourself at all. Do not mention how heavy you are. Eat rationally; exercise within the compass of your strength. And then, please, keep quiet.



## FACT • FICTION • POETRY

### Bishops on the Social Order

By Charles P. Bruehl

**A** STRIKING FEATURE of the recent pronouncement of the Bishops on the social order is the sane realism with which it approaches the problem and deals with the issues involved. Ethics as well as economics are, in a large measure, empirical and hence must remain in close contact with actually existing conditions, taking into account also the practical possibilities of the time and the eventual reactions of the contemporaries. In matters of the practical application of moral principles it is not so much a question of being in advance of the time as of being thoroughly abreast of the contemporary situation and familiar with the real problems which it embodies. Neither a system of ethics nor of economics can be constructed out of whole cloth. Experience thrusts on our attention the matters to which the moral principles are to be applied. Justice does not create the human relations in society but adjusts the existing ones to its norms. St. Thomas was well aware of this fact and in his moral speculations started from the conditions which he found and which he endeavored to bring into conformity with the requirements of the moral law. The program envisages an actual social condition and imposes upon it a moral pattern. This realistic orientation keeps the program safely away from the shoals and reefs on which visionary and utopian schemes come to grief.

The realistic outlook characteristic of the program begets confidence in the various proposals which it sponsors.

The reader, whoever he may be, will have to admit to himself that he is here in presence of something eminently practical that need not wait on future contingencies, but may without delay become real. The wide acclaim with which the document has been hailed indicates precisely this conviction that faith may be placed in the remedies which the Bishops offer and that their recommendations are essentially sound and promising. Not only in labor circles has it met with spontaneous approval but employers as well see in it a way out of our present troubles. That is of great significance, for it arouses the hope that the program furnishes a basis for the harmonization of the conflicting interests which now disastrously divide labor and capital. Quite so, because all the provisions of the episcopal plan are conceived with regard to the common good in which all are embraced.

**C**ALM REFLECTION makes it clear that the proposed measures do not onesidedly benefit the wage earner but aim at a revitalization of industry and business, and accordingly redound to the common welfare. At this stage, even the most callous employer has realized that the prosperity of any social class is contingent on the wellbeing of all classes. Gains of capital made at the expense of labor are ruinous to capital itself since they bring about a condition in which business comes to a standstill, profits as well as wages cease, fortunes shrivel and all suffer. A plan which is calculated to render business steady,

stable and secure will be to the advantage both of the employer and the employee. Now the Bishops' plan is exactly of this kind, and we are not surprised that capital as well as labor regard it with marked favor. The general public is no less pleased, for anything that will establish peace between these two antagonists will be felt as an enormous relief by society which dreads the effects of economic warfare.

**A**T THIS POINT we must mention a dissenting voice: A discordant note from *The Nation*, which in a recent number expresses its disapproval of the Bishops' plan. "Unlike the Roman Catholic Hierarchy," it writes, "we are not in favor of bringing God back into economic life. The phrase sounds too much like pie in the sky." (Feb. 24, 1940.) This is doing manifest injustice to the statement of the Bishops, which does not defer the laborer to a future world but demands justice for him here on earth and in every way seeks to improve his economic condition. Can the communism which *The Nation* espouses give or even promise the laborer anything better than the living wage in the fullest sense which the Bishops claim as the laborer's indisputable right and which they impose on the employer as an inescapable duty? This living wage is in unequivocal terms interpreted not merely as sufficient to keep the worker alive and to maintain his physical efficiency but to enable him to live in a manner consonant with human dignity. It implies a standard of living proportioned to the general state of prosperity of the country. It is to be such that it will ensure the laborer and his family the comforts and decencies of life, cultural opportunities, security and a measure of independence. This is a right not to be put off or honored at the good pleasure of the employer but a right which is urgent, imperative and not to be ignored. It is a right that is valid at this moment and that may be

enforced by the State. Certainly, this does not sound like pie in the sky. But let us hear the Bishops themselves: "Labor has, however, certain definite rights which have been frequently ignored or largely discounted. The first claim of labor, which takes priority over any claim of the owners to profits, respects the right to a living wage. By the term living wage we understand a wage sufficient not merely for the decent support of the workingman himself but also of his family. A wage so low that it must be supplemented by the wage of wife and mother or by the children of the family before it can provide adequate food, clothing and shelter, together with essential spiritual and cultural needs, cannot be regarded as a living wage. Furthermore a living wage means sufficient income to meet not merely the present necessities of life but those of unemployment, sickness, death and old age as well. In other words a saving wage constitutes an essential part of the definition of a living wage." In another place the program reiterates the right of precedence of the living wage: "It still remains true that a living wage constitutes the first charge on industry." Another point of great importance is emphasized: "Higher wages as a rule should come out of excessive profits and not out of increased prices."

**T**HE REASON for this is a very humane one, for higher prices affect most unfavorably those who cannot pay them, the poor: "Some wage increases come not out of the profits of the wealthy but out of the increased prices for the poor. The first requirement is that the lowest paid workingman be the first to receive an increase of wages and simultaneously that prices be not raised but excessive profits be reduced." It seems that *The Nation* has either not read these passages or failed to grasp their full import.



Diverse labor publications, on the contrary, have expressed their sincere gratitude for the outspoken defense of labor's rights contained in the episcopal pronouncement. Besides insisting on the living wage, the Bishops very strongly stress two other important rights, dear to the heart of labor and indispensable to the betterment of the status of the wage earner, the right of unhindered association and the right of collective bargaining. No interference on the part of the employer with these basic rights can be tolerated. They are not privileges granted or conceded by the employer but rights in the truest sense growing out of the personal dignity of the laborer. Tersely the letter states: "Labor can have no effective voice as long as it is unorganized. To protect its rights it must be free to bargain collectively through its own chosen representatives."

**L**ABOR DOES NOT constitute the whole of society; other groups and their mutual relations must be properly regulated. Justice nicely balances the respective rights of all concerned. Various claims have to be weighed and carefully adjusted. This is a delicate task which requires both thought and a keen sense of what is proper and fitting. The episcopal program very conscientiously tries to measure out to the various parties what is their due. If the laborer has rights, so has the employer. Both may organize but neither to the injury of the other. Ownership is a human right but it has essential limitations and may not be urged to the detriment of society. Capital is entitled to fair returns on its investments, but it may not appropriate to itself an excessive share of the income of industry. The wage system in itself is not unjust, but labor must not be treated as a mere commodity to be sold and bought on the labor market. Wages must be properly related to prices. Thus the program faces

in every direction and cannot be accused of the easy over-simplification which radically vitiates so many projects of social reform. Again whilst it advocates some form of partnership for labor which would permit a share in the ownership and profits and also some voice in its management, it repudiates the claim of labor to direct business or to exercise dominating control over the distribution of profits. The principle of force and domination is equally wrong whether it is invoked by labor or capital. Social responsibility and respect for rights must be the deepest inspiration of all policies which labor and capital adopt in furtherance of their respective aims. If this procedure is followed, conflicts will be avoided and harmony will result. Where justice rules, the interests of all are safeguarded.

The realism, mentioned in the beginning, prevents the program from harking back to a dead past that cannot be revived but prompts it to take into account the newer developments in industry. Production on a large scale has become a necessity and this calls for a concentration of capital. It would be silly as well as ineffectual to try to turn back the clock of time. Concentration of capital is an economic necessity which is neither to be fruitlessly deplored nor stubbornly combated; it must be accepted but dealt with in a manner that it works no injury and no harm.

**T**HE PROGRAM faces the situation realistically, pointing out a concentration of working capital can go hand in hand with a wide diffusion of ownership: "It is freely admitted that modern industry requires considerable concentration of capital, but it is not admitted that concentration of ownership and control is consequently necessary or beneficial to the common good." A wide distribution of private property will have many excellent effects, among

which are that it will help to make the laborer less dependent on his wages and provide him with some other source of income in case of unemployment. Private property must be defended as the cornerstone of the social order but, as much as this is possible, property for all. It will add to the stability of society if the modern propertyless proletariat disappears. Accordingly we read: "Our present economic order rests on the sanctity of private property. Private property however is not well distributed at present among the members of human society. . . . If the majority of our citizens possess insufficient property to be independent of a wage income for even a short period of time, then there is grave danger to the entire social fabric. Social stability rests upon this basis of individual ownership of property. There should be more of it and not less of it, if our existing economic system is to remain secure." Excessive wealth in the hands of a few nullifies the right to property of the many.

**T**HERE ARE many proposals of social reform in evidence at the present. It is an instance of demand creating supply. In this embarrassment of riches it is difficult to choose the right thing. What is needed is a reliable standard by which the value of the various schemes can be judged. One of the chief merits of the Bishops' statement lies in this that it furnishes a ready and safe criterion by which we are enabled to judge what is sound in the line of social reform. It provides a touchstone by the application of which we can quickly detect what is dubious in any measure under scrutiny. We have here no irresponsible utterance but an authentic declaration of a body of men fully alive to their responsibility and carefully weighing their words. Moderation and restraint are manifest in every phrase. Moreover the program has behind it the long tradition of Cath-

olic social philosophy and the authority of the Papal encyclicals, which it follows closely not only in its general inspiration but in minutest detail. That is a very reassuring background. What is in accord with the ideas here presented need not be suspected. It will not prove impracticable nor will it endanger prosperity or wreck industry.

**O**N THE other hand it will not put us on the way to communism. Psychologically this is of great significance. It clears the way for practical action and removes the diffidence and timidity which paralyze men when they are not sure that they are on the right road. By and large, the majority of men are willing to do the right thing by others. The difficulty is to see what is duty and what is right in the more complicated situations of social life. In the episcopal letter no doubt is left in this regard. The laborer discerns what he may demand and what he may not claim and the employer sees with equal clarity what he must grant and dare not refuse. When issues are definite, negotiations are likely to bear fruit. After all conscience is still a power in this world.

It is hardly necessary to enter more fully into the contents of the program since it requires no exegesis and no explanation. Intended for popular consumption it is couched in a language that can be easily understood by the man of the street. It is not lengthy and its general outline stands forth with the impressive starkness of a skeleton. We refrain from giving further details because we wish the reader to peruse the document itself. That also is the desire of the signatories expressed in the concluding words: "In giving renewed emphasis to these principles, we urge our people again to give them earnest study, so that they may come to know and love the way of justice." If our Catholics do not familiarize themselves with these teachings, they can-



not help in their dissemination. And if these doctrines are not diffused they cannot act as a wholesome leaven in society. Thus a grave responsibility devolves on every Catholic whether he be laborer or employer. A point deserving special mention is that the program is essentially based on reason and natural justice so that all righteous men can accept it without any hesitancy.

**TO BECOME** permanently effective social justice must be embedded in the structure of social order and society must be rebuilt on truly organic lines. This wider problem was not touched upon in the Bishops' Program of Social Reconstruction issued twenty years ago. At that time the question was not of any practical import. Circumstances have changed and the question of reconstructing the whole social order has become a live issue. The present statement of the Bishops gives the matter due consideration. In accord with the Papal Encyclical *Quadragesimo* it advocates an order that will express the interests of all functional groups within the social organism. Though patterned after the vocational and occupational society of the Middle Ages the plan does not contemplate a mere revival of medieval institutions but intends to adjust the functional principle which animated the social organization of that time to modern industrial conditions. In such a reorganization the common good would be a determining factor which, instead of dividing, would unite the different groups. Co-operation would take the place of unregulated competition. The Bishops explain the idea in the following: "Our economic life then must be reorganized not on the disintegrating principle of individualism but on the constructive principle of social and moral unity among the members of human society." This new society is aptly called the corporate society. It constitutes the *via media* between com-

munist and totalitarianism and is the only escape from these two evils. A society of this type would give concrete embodiment to the ideals of social justice and not leave their realization merely to the good pleasure of individuals. It would likewise act in the capacity of an educational agency fostering the social spirit and the sentiment of a common brotherhood. Adumbrations of this new order are already emerging in present tendencies and developments. Withal a transformation of such scope will be slow in coming and the Bishops wisely warn of an overconfiding optimism and an all too human impatience: "Relying upon God's Providence we dare not be pessimistic but at the same time we frankly recognize that a full restoration to a Christian social order is a matter of steady growth and not a sudden transition."

**THE MOST IMPORTANT** thing we have left to the end, albeit the Bishops mention it in the opening paragraphs and again in concluding their epistle. No worthwhile social improvement can be effected if it is not preceded by a spiritual renewal. Unless God is restored to the center of life, the old disorders will continue and new ones will arise. Social reforms are conditioned on virtues which do not thrive except on a Christian soil, and only Christianity is able to supply full and adequate motivation for the unselfish efforts involved in a reconstruction of society on nobler lines than the present one. The fascination of things earthly can be counteracted only by an attraction of superior power, that is of eternal values which Christian faith makes real and vivid. Hence the Bishops rightly conclude: "The remedy in the spiritual order is a frank and sincere return to the teaching of the Gospel. God must once more be recognized as the supreme end of all created activity; and all created goods as the instru-

ments of God for the attainment of our final destiny."

The program of the Bishops, if lived up to, will bring freedom and the full life to all and reinforce the foundations of genuine democracy. But if our generation does not find within itself the necessary religious and moral forces voluntarily to rebuild the tottering structure of our social order, it will have to bend its neck under the iron yoke of communism or fascistic dictatorship. The contemplation of this alternative may have a sobering effect.

### The Four Johns

(A True Story of 1916 and The Great War)

By Stuart Fergusson

**A**LL DAY LONG shells had been shrieking and screaming; time after time air-raid warnings had sounded; now darkness had fallen, and with it silence.

So, on this night of All Souls' the moon could rise silvery, serene over the ruined village. Its cool, remote radiance softened the charred glow of still burning rafters, and the spirals of smoke rising from them looked like incense rising to the starry sky.

Carven stones, heaped in weird, shapeless piles showed where for countless generations the village church had stood; high among them rose the stone Crucifixion set into the wall behind the altar, which a generation of men, long since past and gone, had hewn out of a solid block. It still stood erect, a sorrowful figure to which those countless generations of quiet, God-fearing people had brought their hopes, their fears, their successes, their sins, and their failures.

The altar itself was shattered, but the steps remained; and on them—seeking the shelter of a heap of débris from the tower—lay three figures. One was

crumpled up and face downwards as it had first fallen. Another, with one arm hanging helpless, sat huddled on the highest step. The third had crept to the very foot of the Cross and lay with his head upon a stone which had been splintered by a shell.

**A**LL WAS QUIET. Suddenly, faintly, came a man's voice. . . . "It's a long, long way to Tipper . . . ary—"

The familiar words ended in a sob, as the seated figure on the top step rose unsteadily to his feet.

"I saw him move," murmured the British soldier to himself, "and I thought he was dead, poor chap."

He stood looking down on the crumpled figure. "Must be horribly uncomfortable," he went on. Then, looking back he shouted:

"Hi! Frenchy! Wake up, Jacko, and give an arm with this German fellow, will you?"

The man with his head on the splintered stone sat up, showing himself to be a long-limbed, broad-shouldered Breton, kindly, but uncomprehending. The other's gestures, however, were sufficient, added to the explanation.

"He isn't comfy, you see, Jacko, and he hasn't got long to be comfortable, so let's raise him up a bit."

The Breton Jean nodded to the British John, and half-crawled, half-limbed down the steps. Together the two wounded men dragged the third to an easier position in which he could breathe a little more easily, for he was shot through the lungs.

The German Johan opened his blue eyes on his enemies and drew a long, gasping breath. None of them understood each other's speech, but something older than the Tower of Babel had given them comprehension, and was to give them still more.

During that laborious journey up the altar steps the dying German's tunic



had come unfastened in his agonized fight for breath, and from it had fallen a cheap little locket on a cheap little chain, holding a colored photograph of a fair-haired baby.

"Oh, goodness, isn't it just like *my* little youngster!" muttered John, as he drew from his own tunic another cheap locket. Jean fumbling for some time and with great difficulty produced yet a third. The moon shone down on the pictured faces of three fair-haired, blue-eyed babies.

"*Mon p'tit fils,*" murmured the Breton. "*Mon p'tit Jean!*"

"HELLO, JACKY, my boy," said John, trying with a smile to hide the ache in his heart.

But the German Johan only rolled his head from side to side, while his lips moved faintly as if he tried to say "Vater." Was he thinking of his country? Or was some sound from the Life Beyond becoming audible to his dying ears, and he was forestalling the little wailing cry which, a few moments later, began to rise and fall among the ruins?

The two men stood listening, waiting. It sounded like the cry of a child! It *was* the cry of a child. A little boy, about three years old, was struggling to reach them. His feet were bare, and he cried as he clambered over the sharp stones. John forgot his wounded arm as he darted towards the forlorn little waif and picked him up. Jean forgot his splintered knee and broken wrist; but the dying German could only turn compassionate eyes on the child until, as the pitiful wailing would not be comforted, his trembling finger pointed to the haversack beside him, and once again the unwritten, unspoken word was understood, and the little Flamand, as he ate ravenously, a small piece of sausage ration, said with a shy smile when they asked his name, "*Jan—p'nou' Jan.*"

"*Mon p'tit gars—mon Jean,*" murmured the Breton, and fell to dreaming of a cottage in Brittany among apple orchards.

"Kids is astonishingly similar," said John, with awe in his voice, as he fell to dreaming of a tenement flat high up near the sky in London.

But the German's mind wandered in a vague, insistent dream, and his blood-stained lips moved again as if he tried to say "Vater." With one last effort he pointed to the coat which they had spread over him, and signed them to wrap it round the drowsy child.

"But I'm not going to disturb *you*, Fritz," said John cheerfully. "There's plenty of room for a little one beside you, sonny—so creep in, Jacky."

"*Ses prières?*" expostulated the Breton who was a devout Catholic. "*N'oublies pas tes prières, mon p'tit Jean.*"

The child understood the man's clasped hands, and making the Sign of the Cross murmured something sleepily. No one understood the words, but their spirit—the spirit of father and son—was in all four hearts.

And one of them saw farther than the others to that spirit; choked suddenly; and lay still.

"He's off, poor chap," said John. "But let him be—creep in, Jacky—you will both rest better maybe."

THE BRETON looked sorrowfully at the dead face lying so close to the sleeping child, as he crossed himself, and said a prayer for the soul on its homeward flight.

The moon rose higher in the cloudless sky, and its clear radiance lingered upon the silent group at the feet of the Crucified, with an eternal message of forgiveness, of reconciliation, of immortal fatherhood and sonship.

The night passed. In the east came the first herald of the dawn; the dawn,

alas, of another day of war! And almost with that first glow came the shriek of the first shell, fired by the advancing Germans, as a precaution lest the village should have been re-occupied during the night.

It did not disturb the sleepers. The ears of one were deaf to strife forever; and the child, in childhood's deep and dreamless sleep, slept on. The two others lying either side, used to unending days and nights of the same devilish tumult, only stirred, and half-conscious, threw each a protecting arm across the dead man and the sleeping child.

After the explosion there was silence again, save for the soft breathing of the wee Jan as he lay secure beneath protecting arms, his head pillowed on his dead enemy's heart.

And as they all slept the sun rose, and turned the incarnadined crown of thorns upon the bowed head of the Son of Man into a crown of gold.

### Statues in Spring

By Josepha Grace

*Around them trees are budding, and a frail  
White snowdrop leans to kiss their frozen feet,  
While rain comes drifting down the sunlit vale  
And all the world is young and green and  
sweet.*

*Now languid swans sail on the shadowed lake,  
And long-hushed echoes through the garden  
leap;*

*But vainly sings the thrush "Awake!  
Awake!"—*

*They stir not. Theirs the everlasting sleep.*

*Death in the midst of life, unseeing, dumb,  
A poet's inspiration caught in stone,  
Patient, they wait—and crumble. . . . Yet their  
numb*

*And lichen'd limbs for all Earth's pains atone:*

*For Man, creating these, once found release  
From worldly things—saw God—knew Heav-  
en's peace.*

### Death Comes to the Monsignor

By Teresa Vondenberg

DEATH HAS NO regard for persons or time. He comes at will, wreaking havoc in our ordered scheme of things. So it was when death came to the Monsignor, the beloved pastor of our parish. His was not the ordinary passing of a venerable priest who had done his work. True, he was seventy-three the day he died, but what are seventy-three years when so many pastors live to see their eighty and more than eighty years?

The last six years of our parish history were filled with drama, victory, and heartbreaking tragedy. It was in December, 1929, that His Holiness Pius XI, tendered honor to our dear Father Hultgen by giving him the title of Monsignor and all the honors that accompany such a title. It was also his fortieth year in the priesthood and his twenty-seventh as pastor of our parish. The celebration given in his honor by the Catholics of our city was held in the new parish hall, for St. Joseph's Parish was growing to a remarkable extent, and a new hall and an addition to the school were needed. In eight years the parish membership had increased to such an extent that school-rooms were increased from eight to fourteen, with a corresponding increase in teachers. The auditorium was the Monsignor's pride and joy, but little did he realize for what purpose it had been built! We rejoiced then in the honor accorded our venerable prelate, having no knowledge of what was to come.

It was a murky morning, April 11, 1934. Unusual electrical storms had disturbed the night so that there was very little sleep. Everyone was rather befogged and numb that morning. Then, like the sudden sounding of crashing cymbals came the urgent and unceasing ring of the fire siren. It did not take



long for the tragic news to spread: St. Joseph's Church was burning! The great tower that had been a landmark since 1861, the tower that could be seen for miles around, had been struck by lightning during the night. The fire burned inside, under the roof, for four hours before detection. All that could be done was done.

**T**HE BLESSED SACRAMENT was rescued, the vestments were hastily carried out, Monsignor Hultgen's valued art treasures were saved. The fire had started at the entrance, so that the worst of it did not reach the sanctuary. While awe-struck crowds watched, the cross went up in a mass of flame, the organ collapsed with a crash, the beautiful bells that had heralded so many events fell with a last great ringing, and with a roar that shook the entire neighborhood, the roof caved in, splintering the benches, reducing the great pillars to crumbled pieces. The altars, and the statues to the front of the church were practically intact, save for minor broken parts and discoloration from the water. Looking at the smoking shell, it did not seem possible that such calamity could occur in so short a time.

The entire parish was stunned by the disaster. Think what it meant to our pastor, now in his seventy-first year, faced with the problem of rebuilding a House of God above the ruins of what had been. In 1934, with the dark days of depression full upon us, that was a problem to arrest the youngest, most energetic priest. How much more then were the shoulders of our pastor bowed under this new, this appalling problem. He had been ill during the winter. Apprehensively we watched, fearful of collapse,—new tragedy for us. But, soldier of Christ that he was, he remained outwardly serene, shouldered the cross that was placed upon him and journeyed on.

I am sure we never realized how deeply his heart was torn by the burning of his church over which his pastorate had extended for thirty-one years. Now that we look back, the following three years tell a story of unrecorded sacrifices, of courage and of unflinching trust in God. With only the walls of the original edifice remaining, the church was rebuilt without making a cent of debt. During the time of waiting the parish hall was turned into a church, and it was well for us that Father Hultgen had built that hall. Somehow, money was pledged freely and pledges kept when the time was ripe. During March a notice appeared in our local paper that the new church would be dedicated on May 9th. A little more than three years since the fire, and the church was finished; or at least, so near completion that we would be able to attend services there.

**D**URING THE latter weeks of Lent Monsignor Hultgen was taken ill. Somehow, we could not take that illness seriously. He would get well. One could expect that at his age he could not be in the best of health. But when he missed the Holy Week and Easter Services, we became apprehensive. As such things will, news drifted from the parish house. The Monsignor would never get well. Yet there was the hope that an operation would save him. On the afternoon of March 31, an ambulance took him to a larger, better equipped hospital fifty miles away for the operation. The operation was successful, but the Monsignor's illness, his general weakness and the fact that pneumonia had developed were too strongly against him. On Saturday afternoon, April 3, the bells from the new church tower sent the saddest message ever told to his flock, to friends all over. Death had come to the Monsignor. On the eve of the triumphal entry into the promised land of the new church, our

leader laid down his staff to rest, and, like Moses, whose people had to go on alone, did not enjoy the culmination of his dream of conducting services in the new St. Joseph's.

That fact, as much as the fact that our friend and advisor of thirty-four years was gone, was a sore trial. Hastily, those left to take up his work had the altar erected, had as much work done in four days as was possible, so that, while he could not have the privilege of reading Mass on the high altar, we could do him the last honor possible by assisting at his funeral services there.

THE MONSIGNOR'S death was not only a blow to his parishioners. Many with whom he had come in contact during his long term here, esteemed and loved him for his outlook, his gentleness, and the understanding that made him great. He was a favorite speaker at all events, whether religious or civic. Indeed, we did not know the scope of his activities until they were detailed in the papers. We cannot understand now how he could do so much for so many people, and at the same time remember how in the midst of his business, he could stop for a chat about timely subjects. He was well-read, alert and fluent in the languages. He *was* history, for he never seemed puzzled by questions on any era, any event, any phase of it. He loved history and he lived in it. His library was lined with packed bookshelves, and the library table and desk were stacked with books. He could pick up a particular book and find just what he wanted, when he was speaking.

For us, who can remember no other pastor, he was simply a part of our religious life. No service was complete without him, no school program went well unless he was there. He baptized us, gave us First Holy Communion, read the marriage ceremony over us,

baptized our children. He was a living, breathing successor of Christ, and we saw in him Christ-like qualities that make the Catholic religion a tangible, understandable and livable thing. He not only taught Christ's word, he *lived* it. What higher praise is there?

We carried him in procession to the church, where he lay in state until the funeral on Wednesday morning at ten o'clock. The entire city flocked to do him homage. The Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus and the uniformed ranks of the Knights of Saint John stood vigil from three o'clock in the afternoon on through the long night, in groups of four, gleaming sabres held motionless above his bier. The church societies and the Catholic High School made a schedule of prayer. From three o'clock on through to the High Mass, without a moment's ceasing, the faithful were there to pray the Rosary. It was all we could do for him, and we did it willingly. During that time constant crowds came to view his remains: the well-dressed, the laborers and so many whom he had helped. Pontifical High Mass was solemn and sad. The sermon by a former assistant was truly inspiring; crowds stood out on the street to hear. They flocked to the cemetery to be there until the end.

SO THE Monsignor was laid to rest. Someone else will pick up the burdens he has laid down, someone else will be there to soothe and comfort and advise, someone else will lift the hand in absolution. But we shall not forget Monsignor Hultgen. His memory will live, for his mind and heart were too great to be left in the limbo of forgotten things.

We who were present when honor was given him, cannot help wondering why more honors are not given our priests when they are able to receive them. Even we who loved Father Hult-



gen, sometimes took him too much for granted. Especially during these last three trying years I think we did not speak the encouraging word often enough. A priest is also a human being. While he places his trust in God, looking to Him for aid and comfort, it gives him an added lift when he knows that his efforts, which he considers the best for his flock, receive the commendation of his people. As the great Shepherd did, good priests give their lives for their people; and as the Jews did not appreciate the sacrifice on the Cross, we do not always appreciate the sacrifices our priests make for our welfare. The Catholic Church has always had such splendid priests, noble men whose religion is their life, that it is small wonder this religion has survived storm, persecution and martyrdom. Christ looked down the vista of the centuries, realized the weakness and temptations that beset the human race and so did not leave His followers without a guiding hand. He knows the fickleness of the human heart. There had to be substitutes who would willingly follow in His footsteps, who would give everything for the safety of human souls. So He spoke to those men who had followed Him through the humiliation of death and the glories of resurrection. To them He said, "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep;" to them He said, "Go ye into the whole world, teaching all nations whatsoever I have taught you."

**T**HE APOSTLES carried on; and today their successors are still carrying on all over the world. The priest is there to give aid at every important moment of our lives. From the time the waters of baptism are poured on our heads to our last breath, he is an active part of our religion. He teaches the same Commandments, the same laws that Christ taught in the long ago. We fail to realize what he means

in our lives until he lays down his weary burden and goes to his eternal reward.

The death of our pastor was a severe blow. His burial services were impressive and sad. Would that our conduct toward our spiritual shepherds were more helpful to the position they hold and to the Lord they represent.

## Springtime and Sanctuary

By Ethel Johnston McNaught

**I**T HAS BEEN our good fortune to know three Springs within one year! Driving south last February, my husband and I met Spring coming north. In Kentucky she seemed to taunt Winter, letting snow lie softly on the blue-grass meadows while she melted it on the roofs of warm stables that sheltered the lordly stallion and the proud race horse. Did she mean that we should take her more seriously? Was that faint green mist in which treetops seemed to float merely an illusion? Or was it substance from which summer would fashion its shade?

Once Spring had shown us the yellow flare of forsythia and japonica's crimson flame she could be whimsical no longer, but gave further pledge of her sincerity in rows of yellow jonquils blooming in yards and garden beds, naturalized along the highway, running wild up and down the slopes that flanked our course.

As we drove on, we saw her marching along with quite proper decorum, her last revelation being the peach orchards of Georgia in full bloom. At least we thought this her consummation, unmindful at the time that even in the land of orange blossoms, we were to see the resurgence of new life in perennial denouement after the winter solstice, no less heartening because less marked.

Returning north some weeks later,

we saw fallen petals and withered stems strewn along the way like broken balloons and bits of colored paper left in the wake of a gala procession. Going to meet Spring had been an exciting experience. Now we were overtaking her and would have to await her coming when we returned home. How should we react to this pre-season stimulation? Would we be impatient with the slow-ending weeks of Winter that remained? Because we had so recently seen Spring in bloom, might we feel a little less buoyancy of heart when at last the first jonquil showed in our own garden? Might we miss the thrill of that first indefinable stirring within one at the first sign of Spring?

**L**IKE A well-loved story that grows dearer with frequent repetition, we found Spring to be when, in due time, its evidence appeared in our own flowering shrubs and blooming bulbs; our peach trees pink against a deep blue sky; our petaled apple orchard sweet as any orange grove; our lilacs and iris, peony and early rose!

Taking a Great Lakes cruise in June, we docked one afternoon at Mackinac Island, and found our third Spring. The pier was like a gay flower market where children carried their fragrant wares in arms and baskets. In hotel gardens and at the old Fort, caretakers spaded and transplanted. There was no yard but showed loveliness in bush and row: bridal-wreath, golden-bell, flowering quince, giant poppy; and all over the island the scent of lilacs.

Shall one speak of nothing more than the ineffable, yet fragile loveliness of three consecutive spring-times? When a petal's promise is finally consummated in mellow fruit and ripened seed; when Autumn's sere leaf has fallen; when Winter's brittle twig snaps in the wind, does not the soul of Spring find sanctuary in the deep root? Then we would speak of this, and bear testimony of

the faith deep within our consciousness, that something deathless forever stirs, apart from the circumstance of sun and season. And we would remember that edifice made by human hands which is the "Ark" of this faith—the Church.

**S**O I LOVE to recall an afternoon we spent in St. Augustine. Silver brilliancy on the water where the battered old gray fishing fleet lay at anchor. Semi-tropical heat pouring down over the ancient mustiness of Fort Marion's massive stone masonry. Pavements and buildings shining with a garish brightness almost too intense for alien eyes.

But within the historic old Cathedral was the mellow light of altar candles where the sunlight filtered through stained glass. And silence, which had a mystic quality, inscrutable, yet intimate, made one conscious, even though in a small way, of spiritual kinship with Infinity. I am glad that we went there alone, when other sight-seers were occupied elsewhere in that fascinating old city. So often tourists *en masse* seem to clutter landscape, mecca or shrine with their indifferent curiosity, surfeited, as many no doubt are, with too much scenery, and historic or religious lore.

Besides ourselves, no one was in the room save a woman kneeling at her devotions. Our lips had not been taught to say, "Hail, Mary," yet we did not feel entirely separate, for there is kinship among strangers when they are familiar with any prayer "In His Name." Then, too, where candle-light flickered we could see the Cross with its poignant Burden—its mute appeal of love and sacrifice, intimate and universal.

Standing in the dim aisle, enfolded in a sense of security and peace, I thought: "Truth is like a circle, all-



inclusive, unbroken. So often we, with our little thoughts, mark for ourselves a limited arc on the circumference, and boast we compass the entire circle. Surely this devout woman has something of beauty, comfort and inspiration which could be mine in addition to that which I already hold sacred and dear, if I understood even a little of the eloquent symbolism of her Faith."

**O**UR SECOND Spring brought the celebration of Easter, the sweet familiarity of song and sacrament, redolent with the Passion of Calvary and of lilies symbolizing the Resurrection. And for me, was there not a deeper, richer, lovelier meaning than ever before?

As our boat neared Mackinac in our third Spring, we could descry through a drizzling rain, the church spire and the old Fort, legacy of missionary and explorer. Of course all of us were eager to see everything of interest on this historic island, but recalling what that southern Cathedral had meant to me, I went to the church to wait until the shower should spend itself.

Within, three persons were praying—a symbolic trinity of Peace, Devotion, and Aspiration which quickened in my own heart. And while the rain was blown against the stained glass windows I thought of a promise of Isaiah (contrasting this day with the sunny one in St. Augustine): "And there shall be a tabernacle for a shadow in the daytime from the heat, and for a refuge and for a covert from storm and from rain."

Was there nothing I could do save stand there a moment in reverent silence? A poor box had been placed near the door. I could worship by leaving a gift for someone in need. Then quietly leaving the church I said to myself: "This is something that experience has proved—in the beauty of holiness the earnest heart will recognize its sanctuary."

## New Green Comes Down

By Helen Howland Prommel

*Only a day or two ago*

*The trees were cold and brown;*

*Now from each newly-wakened branch*

*Warm green comes spilling down*

*To spread its fabric on the earth*

*And decorate the hedges*

*And line the road and silver stream*

*With emerald at the edges.*

*Then like an unchecked prairie fire*

*It leaps the fence at will*

*To set in flame each Winter field*

*And light the barren hill.*

*From every stone and stick of wood,*

*From every root of grass,*

*A countless thousand bright wild eyes*

*Look out to see it pass.*



## Fog in King Charles' Court

By M. Chegwiddden

I

**W**ILLIAM TOMLINSON tapped his way up Guy's Lane in the murky darkness of a Yorkshire fog. He knew it was foggy, for Father Collins, leading him to the door of the church after he had finished tuning the organ at St. Clement's, had remarked that it was one of the worst he'd ever seen; and William had replied with a laugh which held not the slightest hint of bitterness that fog didn't bother him, he could see just as well in a black fog as in sunshine.

Father Collins had laughed also, patting the tall young man on the back, and had said, "May our Lord and His blessed Mother guide you on the way, William;" and the blind man had answered, "They do, Father, they always do."

At the top of Guy's Lane he would catch a tram for Bradford, and then cross Foster Square and take the Blackmoor tram, and soon he would be snug

in his room at Mrs. Brady's. He was anxious to finish the book he had borrowed from the Braille library at the Institute for the Blind, in Bradford—*David Copperfield* it was. He had read it before, twice, but he was enjoying it this time even more than ever. That was one good thing about being blind, he reflected. You didn't get tempted to read a lot of trash because no one would go to the trouble of putting such literature into Braille. Only the best books, like the Bible, and Dickens and Scott and Thackeray, were available for those who read with their fingertips. He was feeling especially happy just now, too, for Father Collins had said that if William would go to the rectory every Wednesday night, he would read aloud to him from the *Lives of the Saints*.

**W**ILLIAM HAD been reluctant to accept the priest's offer, though he was eager for such knowledge. He knew how busy Father Collins was in his parish filled with poor people; but it was because he had refused any pay for tuning the old organ. The priest had declared that only under those circumstances would he accept William's services. It was a bargain: fair exchange, that was no robbery, Father insisted.

Ah, here he was now, at the top of Guy's Lane. The fog seemed to enfold everything in a blanket of silence as well as darkness, so that even to the sensitive ears of the blind man few sounds were distinguishable. No tram was waiting at the terminus, he knew. That additional sense of his, "second sight" Mrs. Brady called it, enabled him to hear the emptiness which would have been filled by a tram. Well, they were sure to be late tonight, of course. He'd lean here against this lamppost until one came. How pleasant it was going to be, coming up here on Wednesdays, to hear Father Collins read in his soft, South of England voice.

"I'm lost! I'm lost! I'm lost!"

From down Bolton Road, to William's left, came a voice out of the thick stillness of the fog. The blind man listened intently and heard no one answer the eerie cry. He waited for a few moments.

"Elp! I'm lost. 'Elp, somebody! Damme, somebody find me. Ey! I'm lost!"

William straightened his long length from the lamppost and began to tap his way down the road towards the voice.

"Stop there, where you are—I'm coming," he called.

He walked for a few minutes, then sensing that he was near a human being he spoke more quietly. "Now, where are you?"

"Ere. 'Ere I am. Where it is I don't know, though. Dost thou?"

"Ay. We're just down Bolton Road, below the tram terminus."

The man who had lost his way could now see the tall figure of Tomlinson, hazily in the brown fog, and he stepped eagerly forward and laid an arm on that of his saviour.

"That's right," said William. "Keep hold of my arm and tell me where you want to go. I'll take you."

The old man peered up into the face above him, and saw that the eyelids were closed over sunken eyeballs.

"Well, damme! Well, I'll be blowed. Thou'rt blind, lad," he asserted.

**I** KNOW I am," said William. "That's why I'm not lost. Now where do you want me to take you?"

A loud raucous laugh came from the mouth above the greyish beard. William smelled the odor of ale and waited patiently for the mirth to subside, tapping the flagstones softly with his stick.

"Well, Bill Jackson, thou's been in many a fix afore now, but nivver afore been lost with two eyes in thy 'ead, and been found by a blind man. Damme, that's a good un, that is," and once



again he went off into spasms of maudlin laughter.

"I live in King Charles' Court. But it beats me 'ow thou can take me there. We'll both of us get lost, me lad. Walk into the canal, most likely. It's somewhere around 'ere. More'n one's been drowned there, foggy nights like this. Dost know where King Charles' Court is, lad?"

**Y**ES, I KNOW. You couldn't lose me anywhere around Bradford. Come on then. Don't let go of my arm."

Jackson clung to the tweed sleeve and the two started off, up Bolton Road to Guy's Lane, William tapping the edge of the pavement lightly with his stick. After the blind man's ears had assured him that no vehicle was on the road they crossed over and started down Mount Street.

"Where's this?" asked Jackson.

"Mount Street."

"Wait a minute, lad, till I get me puff. Me legs isn't as long as thine, thou knows, and I'm right out o' puff."

Obediently William drew to a halt. He hadn't noticed that his companion was panting. "Sorry," he said, "we'll go slower."

"There, now I've got me puff again. Thou'rt a good un, lad, that thou is. Fair champion, I do declare, blind an' all. What's thy name?"

"William Tomlinson. Here, this is the passage into the Court," and he propelled Jackson towards the entrance.

"Now 'ow could thou tell that?"

"I can hear it. It sounds different from the row of houses. Here we are at the end of the passage. You can find your own house now. You couldn't get lost again in here, if you tried, so I'll be getting along."

"No, me lad, no, thou'll do nowt o' the sort." Jackson clung all the tighter to William's sleeve. "Come 'ome with me, and 'ave a bite o' supper. Damme, Bill Jackson wouldn't turn 'is worst

enemy off a night like this without a bite o' supper. My lass Rose'd fair flay me, that she would, when I told 'er. And thee blind an' all, me lad. And thou can tell Rose that I 'aven't been in the Crown and Anchor all this time, thou can. Tell 'er I've been lost and wandering God knows where for ages; that I 'ave, ages! I nobbut 'ad a 'arf pint or two at the Crown. Come on, lad. We live in the end 'ouse but one."

William demurred. He didn't want to hear Jackson's profuse praises of him, which he knew he could expect, told to daughter Rose because he, a blind man, had led one with sight to his destination. People thought blind folks had no feelings at all. Though he didn't mind being blind, not he. Plenty of times he was thankful for it. But he hated hearing remarks about it. To himself he began saying, after a habit he had, "Thank Thee, Lord, for health and strength." In his darkness he could see quite clearly a bright shining Face, with eyes that were luminous and friendly and most gentle.

**I** WILLENT take no for an answer. I willent. Come on!" And Jackson clutched William's arm again and began to pull him towards the end of the Court.

"Damme," cried Jackson, "I can't see no more nor a bat. I'm blind as thee, lad. Wait! 'ere's a step. I'll knock 'ere and get me bearings."

But before he suited the action to the words, a door a little farther down the Court was opened and a voice called: "Is that you, Dad?"

"Oh, ay, it's me, Rose lass. Now come on, lad, thou must. No 'anging back now. That's Rose, me dowter."

William submitted to be led forward into a warm room. He snatched off his tweed cap, feeling very awkward and reddening because he knew eyes were upon him.

"Sithee, Rose, this 'ere young feller

found me, lost in the fog, miles away from where I shoulda been, and 'im blind as a bat an' all. What did thou say thy name was, lad? William Tomlinson? Well, 'ere's Rose, my lass 'at keeps care of me since me wife died. Rose, mek us some supper and a nice 'ot cup of tea, for it's cold and raw outside, with the fog an' all."

**T**HE BLONDE girl had stared at her father's companion in consternation at first, but now looked kindly at him and said with a smile: "Oh, thank you for bringing Dad home, Mr. Tomlinson. Come and sit here, by the fire. I'll take your cap. The kettle's boiling already. There, here's the armchair for you."

"Thank you, Miss," William said humbly. She sounded like a lady, for her voice was low and gentle, and she didn't use the Yorkshire dialect as her father did. It felt so cozy in the room, and there were mingled scents of soap and water, tobacco from a pipe, geranium plants, and bread that had been baked not so long ago. The chair was comfortable and he could feel a thick tabbed hearthrug beneath his feet. A clock ticked loudly from above the fireplace and he heard the kettle singing on the hob.

Rose had experienced a strange thrill of pleasure as she placed her hand on the blind man's arm to lead him to the chair. He could not see the large dark birthmark that almost covered her left cheek—could not stare at her in pity or disgust. She began to bring plates and mugs from the cupboard in the corner, feeling unusually carefree. The Blessed Virgin had answered her prayers, too, and her father had left the Crown and Anchor before he had had too much to drink. Oh, thanks, thanks, dear Lady!

Craven, from the rocking chair, was putting William through a series of blunt questions. He found that his visi-

tor tuned pianos and organs for a living, that he also played the organ at a church at Blackmoor, that he lodged with a Mrs. Brady; that he was an orphan, and he had been sightless for as long as he could remember. Rose, horrified at the question which elicited this last information, stared at her father with a frowning, angry face, ready to shake her head at him in vigorous protest, but Jackson avoided her eyes and took his rubber pouch and his pipe and began to ram tobacco into the bowl. She glanced quickly at William's face and saw that apparently he wasn't annoyed by her father's inquisition. He did look nice, she decided—tall and strong too, in spite of his handicap. His fingers were long and thin. He unbuttoned his coat and across his vest Rose saw a silver chain from which hung an oval medal. Why—it was, it really was—a medal of the Blessed Virgin. He must be a Catholic! Her heart warmed still more at this sight. She began splitting teacakes open, preparatory to toasting them before the fire, feeling relieved that now her father had turned the conversation to politics and that the two men were discussing the strange goings-on in the House of Lords. Jackson thought the whole lot of 'em should be shot, but Tomlinson was more merciful. Rose poured boiling water into the big brown teapot and set the straight-backed chairs to the table.

**I**T'S READY now," she said, looking uncertainly at the blind visitor.

He arose at once, and held out a groping hand. Quite naturally she took it and showed him where he was to sit; and she flushed with happiness as he made the Sign of the Cross before sitting down. Her father used to laugh at her when she made these "Roman Catholic mimmemaws" as he called them scornfully; and because she couldn't bear to hear his bigoted and stupid ravings about the Saints she had ventured



to tell him about, and the Holy Father, and everything in fact pertaining to her Faith, she had stopped making the holy sign in his presence. But now, with that feeling of companionship that was pervading her being at sight of the blind man's devout action, she also performed the blessed sign, and said grace to herself, as she always did.

**W**ILLIAM PARTOOK of his food carefully, she saw. Her father watched him with open curiosity, but he refrained from making any remarks. Instead, he devoted himself to drinking his tea noisily as usual, and to sopping his toasted teacake in it, wiping the drops from his moustache at intervals with his bandana; and when his appetite had been partly satisfied he resumed talk anent their country's government, averring that England was going to the dogs all on account of them there Conservatives. William's answers were to the point always, and showed a grasp of public affairs that was entirely without the strong and sometimes stupid bias that tinged Jackson's views.

At length William drew from his pocket the large silver watch at the end of the chain bearing the religious medal. He opened its glass, and with the most delicate touch of his finger tips explored the face. "Why, it's nearly eleven. I must go." He rose carefully.

Jackson's eyes sparkled in gleeful appreciation of this clever feat, as he saw the blind man's act, but he didn't say a word about it. He was beginning to take a very proprietary pride in his guest's cleverness. What he wouldn't have to tell at his work the next day! And at the Crown and Anchor the next night! This lad was the best he'd ever seen. He found William's cap and stick and put them in his hands, crying heartily: "I don't know when I've 'eard a better argyment, lad, than thou can give me. We mun 'ave some more. Thou mun come again. Do now, willent thou?"

"Thanks, if you want me. . . . And many thanks, Miss, for supper. It was nice." He stood there a little uncertainly, not knowing, in this strange room, in which direction the door was. Then the girl's hand took his arm, and as she opened the door she said to him shyly, in her gentle voice that sounded so pleasant, "Goodnight, Mr. Tomlinson. I do hope you'll come to see father again."

William's hand found hers instantly and gripped it firmly.

"Thank you, Miss Rose, thank you. This has been a grand time. I will come if I won't be a nuisance, or in the way, or anything."

"Why, of course you won't. Here, let me show you the step. It's here, just one, but a steep one. There, now you're all right, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm all right, thank you. Don't stay out here, or you'll catch cold in this fog. Goodnight. I *will* come again; thank you for asking me. Goodnight."

**H**IS STICK found the pavement edge and he was off, lost from her sight in the dense brown fog. She listened to the ring of his footsteps accompanied by the soft tap of his stick until she could tell that he had turned into the passage leading into Mount Street; then she went back to the plainly furnished room to hear once more her father's account of his rescue from certain death by drowning, in the canal for which by now he was convinced he had been heading.

She washed the supper dishes at the sink in the alcove beneath the stairs, as Jackson went on and on about the wonderful cleverness of the blind man. He drew off his boots and stretched his feet out luxuriously to the glowing coke fire. Then he wound up the clock, yawned vociferously, and started for the stairs.

Rose had been wrapped most pleasantly in thoughts of her own, but now

she said quietly: "I'm glad you didn't stay so long at the Crown and Anchor, Dad. You'd better be at home for a few nights now, too, because it would be awful if Mr. Tomlinson came when you were there, or when you'd come home after having too much."

She was afraid, the minute she had spoken, for her father would brook no interference with his privilege of getting just as drunk as he pleased. She half expected, now, that he would flare up and revile her, as he had done so many times. But instead, after giving her a suspicious glance, he declared that he would do as he liked, damme, that he would, and stalked off upstairs without another word.

(To be continued.)

## Religious Symbols in Homes

By Rose Mazan

THE CRUCIFIX, wrapped in a dust-proof bag, hung on the wall in the cellar! Certainly it did not belong there. One could still see, on the wall-paper in the vacant bed-room, the place where it had been not so long ago. It was a beautiful crucifix, and the other members of the family wanted it, now that Mother was dead. However, the present owner would neither part with it nor hang it back in its place. Catholicism, and all signs of it, left with the funeral procession. There was no longer any warmth in the house.

Tragic, is it not? Here is another case:

Two young women said good-bye to their elderly hostess and walked smiling to the automobile in the drive-way.

"Aren't the Jonses the nicest people?" one said as she slid behind the steering wheel. "I picked them up at church after Mass one rainy day."

"Are they *Catholic*?" her companion asked in amazement. "I didn't see a thing in the house that even remotely suggested it. No crucifix, no holy pict-

ures, no Catholic magazines. Nothing!"

Why is there often no sign of one's Faith in one's home? Because this business of living clutters up the vision. The materialism around us too easily crushes spiritual concern into the background, unless we keep before us some constant reminder of Our Lord. Once a week we go to Mass, to God's house. Then back again to our own. Think how good it was to be in church, to find peace there, and comfort, and beauty! Think how cold and empty, how like a meeting house our church would be without the masterpieces in them, placed there, on and around the altar, for the greater glory of God, for our inspiration, to move us to prayer. Our Faith makes it easier for us to withdraw into the sanctuary of our souls, to talk to God, keeping His Cross, His Mother, and His Saints ever before us.

EVERYONE KNOWS that the Catholic Church has gleaming chalices, tall candles, beautiful statues, paintings by the masters. Therefore, everyone also expects to find some articles symbolic of the Catholic faith in Catholic homes. Not a confused collection of religious items, remember. Rather, an honest display; one which commands respect, and which could so well serve as a point of contact with strangers. Think how much better it is for a visitor to say, "I see you are Catholic," than to make the announcement yourself. If the articles are a sincere representation of the truths which you believe, they should serve not only as inspiration directly, but also be a translation of the love in your soul. For what greater token of love is there than the crucifix reverently kept in the home? It is natural for a Catholic to honor God in this way. Our Lord Himself encouraged the practice by promising us, through St. Margaret Mary, to bless each place where a picture of His Sacred Heart is displayed.



# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

There are over 7500 varieties of American apples.

❖ ❖

The name Janet is the Scotch form of Johanna, a saint's name.

❖ ❖

About half of the undergraduates in the United States flunk out of college.

❖ ❖

Altogether insects cost the United States almost \$2,000,000,000 a year.

❖ ❖

One chain of stores alone sells over three million dollars' worth of candy every year.

❖ ❖

Since 1933 nearly ten thousand towns and villages, one-fourth of the nation's total, have voted dry.

❖ ❖

Really there are eight rather than seven stars in the Great Dipper since the star at the break of the handle is a double star.

❖ ❖

It is estimated that by 1960 there will be almost twice as many people over forty-five years of age as there were in 1930.

❖ ❖

Romance has real obstacles in the Arctic. In the Eskimo language the word for "I love you" is Univfgssarrntuinalfinajuanjuarisignejak.

❖ ❖

Do the job better than the other fellow, says Merle Thorpe, and the nation will do you honor even though you be

a hunchback immigrant as Steinmetz, a country grocer as J. C. Penny, or a Montana farmer as Thomas Campbell.

❖ ❖

Although Bobby Leach went over Niagara Falls in a barrel, he died as the result of injuries sustained from slipping on a banana peel.

❖ ❖

When linoleum gets badly soiled, a tablespoon of kerosene in the pail of scrub water will loosen the dirt and clean it in short order.

❖ ❖

John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were the only president and vice-president of two different parties to be in office at the same time.

❖ ❖

Because there is no air bladder in a shark as in most other fishes, it must regulate its depth by muscular effort. For that reason the shark is seldom motionless.

❖ ❖

The highest waterfall in Europe is the Cascade de Gavarnie in the French Pyrenees. It makes a single leap of 1385 feet without touching the rock wall over which it springs. This is over eight times the height of Niagara.

❖ ❖

Wendell Phillips is our authority for the statement that a pamphlet written by an Englishman to prove that steamboats would never be able to cross the ocean, was brought to this country by the first steamboat that ever crossed the Atlantic.

❖ ❖

Many of the best citizens in any district who used to be self-supporting and self-sustaining, today, before they will paint a barn or put a hinge on the gate or even build a chicken coop, sit down and write to me to see if they cannot get an appropriation or a grant from the Federal Government.—Representative Short of Missouri.

## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**St. Vincent Ferrer**, by Henri Gheon.  
(Pp. 190.) Sheed and Ward, New York. \$2.

In this day of free thought, it is brave to admit the possibility of a miracle,—rash to believe in the actuality. And a biography as such, and not as legend, of a saint to whom the miraculous was quite the commonplace is a rash book to write or to read. M. Gheon, with all his glowing faith and evident sincerity, must still bow to the spirit of our age by apologizing on behalf of St. Vincent Ferrer for his “incredibly numerous miracles.” It is hard for us to believe that man could so bend God’s power to his will, could speak with tongues as did Peter at Pentecost, could cure a man of sin and a woman of ugliness, could convert, by God’s grace and his work, multitudes from sin and other multitudes from schism, and still others from Judaism and Mohammedanism. All this and more Vincent did. M. Gheon tells us of it so vividly and simply as to compel our belief.

This book withstands our age to the face. It drowns skepticism and materialism, with unaccountable and uncounted instances of God’s infinite power. For this alone it should be read.

But on other points too, it is salutary reading. Vincent’s treatment of the Jews avoids the extreme of savage oppression by recognizing them as God’s children to be protected in life and possessions. But his simply logical mind cannot admit of agnostic toleration, and so the Jews must be afforded the means of conversion. And how terribly do we need again his unwearying efforts to bring peace to a disorganized and divided Europe. And now, in this our day, we lack more desperately than ever that conviction of the reality of sin, of the necessity of penance, of the supreme value of prayer, that Vincent,

preacher and saint, gave to his people and his day.

The editing and bookmaking are excellent, as we have come to expect of Sheed and Ward. The English is such that it is difficult to think of the work as a translation. For this and for its vital lessons, some few things must be overlooked: printer’s errors, as “with” for “which” on Page XI; errors in style as the use of “opt” for “choose,” or the description of Vincent’s sermons as “quite adorable” in freshness and simplicity.

J. H. Kenna.

**White Noon**, by Sigrid Van Sweringen. Benziger Brothers, New York. Price, \$2.50.

Mother Elizabeth Seton, foundress of the Daughters of Charity of North America and now a candidate for Beatification, was once an Episcopalian and one of the reigning belles of New York’s social world. She married a wealthy young merchant and settled down to the life of a faithful wife and mother. But Providence had ordained otherwise. Spurred on by her husband’s ailing health, she accompanied him to Italy only to be harrowed by a most difficult ocean crossing and a period of imprisonment in a dreary isolation cell under the suspicion of carrying yellow fever which at that time was raging in the States. The ordeal was too much for her husband who died shortly after, leaving a heart-broken wife and mother with little other consolation in life than her sense of religion. Being in the vicinity of Florence, she visited that city where her growing conviction concerning the truth of Catholicism became so pronounced that finally she entered the Church over the violent objections of her family. Her later religious life is rather well-known, but the



doleful and dramatic steps which led up to her conversion are not so familiar. Fortunately she kept a diary and wrote many letters which are the basis of "White Noon," by Sigrid Van Sweringen. Although the book is written in the form of a novel, its substance is of the reality of Mother Seton's remarkable life. In that sense it can be called a real biography. In addition it is very well-written—a book, in fact, which can be unequivocally recommended.

John J. Ralston.

**Virtue and Vice**—A Year's Discourses, by the Rev. Clement H. Crock. Joseph F. Wagner, Inc., New York. Price, \$2.75.

Father Crock's ability as a sermon writer and as a preacher was recognized long before the publication of the present volume. His three previous works on the Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, Grace and the Sacraments have already won for him wide acclaim from the clergy of this country.

Shortly after the release of the above-mentioned volumes, as Father Crock states in the preface of *Virtue and Vice*, one of his lay-admirers commented thus: "These three books do fairly well cover the entire doctrine of the Catholic Church. And assuming that I believe and understand all that the Apostles' Creed contains, and that I obey the Commandments and make use of Grace and the Sacraments, how does God, how do the Church and other people expect me to act in real life? You have yet to express dogma in terms of actual living."

*Virtue and Vice* is Father Crock's reply to that layman's appeal. It is an expression of Catholic dogma in terms of actual life. In all there are fifty-three sermons on the Precepts of the Church, Prayer, Virtue, the Evangelical Counsels, the Beatitudes, Natural and Supernatural Wedlock, and several Occasional Sermons: for Forty Hours,

Christ the King, the Immaculate Conception, St. Joseph, First Mass, and Commencements. Each of these is a masterpiece, because each embodies all that makes for good homiletics: interest, instruction, appeal to intellect and will, and inducement to a change of life. It is agreed that the good preacher makes a reasonable use of the illustration or anecdote to arouse the initial interest of a congregation. Father Crock's employment of the anecdote is a valuable asset.

Enthusiastically do we recommend this excellent work to all priests, for it is interesting and instructive and spiritual.

E. J. Murray.

**The Ageless Story**—With Its Antiphons—Pictured by Lauren Ford. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price, \$2.50.

Lauren Ford interprets the Christmas story, using four colors and gold, a full page to each of twelve antiphons of the Blessed Virgin, and a full page to each of twelve pictures which follow out the ideas of the antiphons. Her hand drawings of the Gregorian notation for each of the twelve antiphons is beautiful, though the faces in the initial letter are not artistic. The twelve pictures have a New England setting for the sake of reality. Exception need not be taken to that. However, reservation must be made concerning a number of the persons painted. Natural beauty and spiritual beauty do not shine forth from some of the faces of the angels, Saint Joseph, the Blessed Virgin, and Our Lord. The artist intended the book for children, if we read aright, and children would likely be pleased with it. The publishers advertise it "for all ages." Mature minds will be critical—at least to some extent. The book is for use throughout the year.

J. G. Barton.

## YOUNGER READERS

### A Dim Byway

By Betty Warner

*I love to follow a dim byway  
Through a rain-washed wood, on an April day—  
When clouds have fled and leaves are new,  
And sunshine and shadow play peekaboo—  
That never tells where it means to go,  
But it knows where sweet, wild violets grow,  
And where the first birds nest, in spring.  
It never seems to miss anything—  
This dim byway that wanders through  
A rain-washed wood, when leaves are new.*

### Dominus Vobiscum

By Blanche Jennings Thompson

**"M**EA CULPA, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa." Denny Martin was leaning over the baby's cradle again, practising his Latin. Whenever he learned a new song or a poem, he always tried it on the baby.

"Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa," repeated Denny, searching for the next word.

"Da," said the baby who didn't know any Latin but liked the sounds that Denny made.

"Oh dear, Baby, I can't think what comes next," said poor Denny. "I always get stuck right after mea culpa."

"Da," laughed the baby and kicked his fat pink feet at the same time.

Denny had been an altar boy since Christmas Eve. Now it was after Easter but he was still the littlest altar boy, and Mother was still worried every time he was on the altar—remembering how nearly he had fallen asleep at Midnight Mass. She said she just couldn't

keep her mind on her prayers, and although Daddy always laughed at her, she insisted that he was just as nervous as she was.

**ONE WEEK-DAY** when Auntie was there on a visit and Mother could go to the seven o'clock Mass, she had the shock of her life. The little bell rang to announce that the priest was entering the sanctuary, and Mother who had been finding the place in her missal glanced up and was nearly paralyzed by the vision of a strange priest, preceded by her own small son, all alone and looking slightly anxious but very important.

Mother was sitting near the rear of the church, and she could not hear very well what was going on at the altar. Her straining ears caught the deep rumble of the strange priest's voice and a faint but determined murmur from her six-year-old son. Now Mother knew that Denny didn't know the responses—Sister Rose Mary had thought that he was a little too young yet and that it would be time enough when he came back to school in September. By that time he would be seven, and anyway it cannot be denied that Denny was her heart's pride and that right now she was using him chiefly as a decoration. His round face, his brown curls, and his dimples were such as an artist might use for a stained glass angel, but what good would they do him now thought poor Mother. She could see only the motionless backs of the row of black-robed nuns in the front pew, and she wondered if Sister Rose Mary were as distracted as she was.

After Mass, Denny came running cheerfully out of the vestry door and joined Mother at the front.



"Hello, Mother, I didn't know you were coming to Mass. Did you see me serve, Mother, did you?"

"Did I see you serve! Denny Martin, you don't know a word of Latin. What on earth were you saying up there? How did you ever happen to be serving, anyway?"

"WELL, YOU SEE, Jimmy Daly's mother said he had the mumps, and Monsignor Carroll had to go on a sick call and the other priest just came in and said that he was going to say the seven o'clock—his name's Father Conway, Mother—and I do too know some Latin."

"What Latin do you know, Denny Martin?"

"Well, every time he stopped talking, I said *Dominus Vobiscum, Dominus Vobiscum.*"

"Oh, my word!" groaned Mother. "Well, if this sort of thing is going to happen, you'll know the responses before you're many weeks older, young man. I didn't go all the way through Virgil in high school for nothing. Come on home—I certainly need my breakfast."

Sister Rose Mary, who had spent an equally uncomfortable half hour, was of the same opinion, so between them Denny was being groomed for any further contingencies. Fortunately he loved the Latin and learned it easily, especially since he spent a good deal of time trying to teach the baby.

"Say *Et cum spiritu tuo*, Baby," urged Denny. "That's the easiest thing to say."

"Da," said the baby, "da, da!"

"I guess he's too little," said the littlest altar boy. "He doesn't even say 'Bye-bye' very well yet. I suppose he'll have to learn regular talk before he can do Latin. Latin is for big boys," said Denny importantly.

As Easter began to draw near, another excitement captured Denny's interest. He knew all about the Easter rabbit because he was six years old, but Baby had been much too little last year to understand. This year Denny was going to try to teach him all about it.

"You just wait, Baby. You'll have an Easter basket yourself this year and probably some little candy chickens, only I'm afraid Mother won't let you eat any of them. She was cross the other day when I let you lick my lollipop—but never mind, it's lots of fun anyway. When we get back from church, the Easter Bunny has always been here and there are little Easter eggs all over the house—red ones and yellow ones and blue ones—and I hunt until I find them all and put them in my basket."

"Denny, whatever are you saying to Baby, now? Your tongue runs on and on until I should think it would be worn out."

"Oh, I never get tired of talking, Mommy," said Denny cheerfully. "I was just telling Baby about the Easter rabbit. Do you think he'll bring a present for Baby?"

"DEAR ME, YES. I'm sure he will," replied Mother reassuringly.

"Mommy, do you know what I wish he'd bring me?" Denny leaned forward confidentially.

"No, what?"

"A great big chocolate rabbit, Mommy, like the one down in Parker's store—so big—" and Denny measured with his fat little hands a rabbit of truly colossal proportions.

"Oh, Denny, chocolate rabbits are so messy—and so much chocolate isn't good for you."

"A chocolate rabbit is what I want," repeated Denny firmly. "I don't want

him to eat—just to look at, and if he begins to melt we can put him in the icebox.”

**H**OLY WEEK CAME, and the littlest altar boy got tired. He had never missed the Way of the Cross on Friday nights all during Lent, and he had gone to Mass every day, but Mother said that he was too little for all the Holy Week services. He could go mornings but not evenings. He was pretty tired after carrying the heavy candlestick in the processions on Palm Sunday and Holy Thursday, but Sister Rose Mary had said that when he felt tired he must remember how tired the dear Jesus had been, carrying His heavy cross and that would make it easier. It did, too, and Denny loved all the ceremonies, even when he didn't quite understand them. On Good Friday, when all the altars were stripped and nothing left but the purple-covered statues, when the bells were stilled and replaced by wooden clappers, he felt a lump in his throat. It seemed as if the very light of the world had gone out, as indeed it had.

On Holy Saturday, the services began so early that Mother did not want Denny to go.

“Denny dear, the Prophecies are so long that you will be tired to death. You would have to get up at half-past five. Why don't you wait until time for Mass—it's about seven o'clock—and then go?”

No, Denny wanted to see it all. Monsignor had told the children about the blessing of the Holy Water and of the New Fire and all the other fascinating ceremonies of Holy Saturday. Denny didn't intend to miss any of it—and he didn't.

“I'll tell you all about it, Baby, when I get back,” he said as he went very early to bed on Good Friday. “I have a

very special secret. I'll tell you, but don't you tell,” and he whispered in Baby's ear.

Baby didn't tell, and the next morning, Mother managed to find a neighbor to stay with him while she hurried to church in time for the Mass. By the time she was in her seat, the choir had just finished the Litany of the Saints. Altar boys were moving around rapidly, lighting candles and placing flowers on the altar; the priests were changing their purple garments for the rich white and gold. Everywhere the Easter gladness was taking the place of Lenten gloom—but where was Denny? Mother looked anxiously around. Then the door opened, and Monsignor returned with two attendant priests and there—yes, there was Denny! Could it be possible that the littlest altar boy was to serve the glorious Mass of Holy Saturday—to so many people more beautiful even than Easter? Mother was afraid that she was going to cry, and when, after the *Introit*, Denny rang the bell announcing that Our Risen Saviour had come down on the altar, and loosened the tongues of the great bells in the tower and caused the organ to break forth in the great rejoicing of the long-silent *Gloria*, why Mother just did have a little quiet cry of thanksgiving all by herself.

“**O**H, YOU OUGHT to have been there, Baby.” Denny told him. “I never forgot once, not even the *Confiteor*, and when I rang the bell—well, you just ought to have heard it! When I grow up, I'm going to be a priest—and”—in a burst of enthusiasm—“you can be my altar boy. Say, I hope the Easter Bunny will bring me a chocolate rabbit.”

And he did. On Easter morning, the littlest altar boy had the biggest chocolate rabbit in town.



## Grandpa and the Cracker Barrel

By Katherine Yehle

**YOU MAY HAVE** noticed, and wondered, that it is Grandpa, rather than Grandma, who bemoans the passing of old scenes and customs. Not for Grandma the clumsy hoopskirt and bustle, ever again; or muddy unpaved roads, from which came clumping men-folk to sully her immaculate floors; or lack of telephones when children develop raging fevers; or the old-time grocery store, recalled by Grandpa.

Of course Grandpa loved it and wept at its passing. Why not?—when it provided him with a warm place to park when he had nothing to do (or a hiding when he had), a safe refuge from nagging women-folks, a “newspaper of the air” for his gossipy soul, a place where his opinions and pronouncements were not lightly treated and flouted, but were regarded respectfully and with consideration. Grandpop’s inflated stock of ego went down to rock bottom when he had no more place to air his indignations and his diatribes on politics. Henceforth, with the vanishing of the cracker barrel, iron-stove grocery, he became a nullity, even in his own esteem. Poor Grandpop! The era of absolute feminine despotism had begun. He had thereafter no escape from the domestic circle where woman ruled supreme.

But Grandma was not unthankful that an era had passed—the age when entrance into the old-fashioned grocery meant running the gauntlet of hypercritical masculine eyes, whispered comments, cackles, that often reduced a bashful young girl to tears. Nor was Grandma sorry that the old-time proprietor had vanished also—that domineering sour puss who was always “jest out” of needed ingredients, and oversupplied with non-essentials; whose gimlet eye was an unspoken reminder of unpaid bills; whose lingering touch on the few pen-

nies of change made you feel you were cheating him of his very bread; whose predictions on life, birth, death, and the weather were unchanging and infallible. And invariably, it was annoying to have one’s choicest news “scoop” already on the tongue of a mere man, a male of uncharitable thought and unkindly outlook, a soured-in-the-wood philosopher.

But all this was nothing, to Grandma, by comparison with the fruity habits of this crude purveyor of domestic supplies. All his years of handling foods and “sundries” had but engendered in his ignoble soul a vast contempt for them. Witness his loud nose-blowing over the sugar barrel, his soupy coughs into the flour, his apparent penchant for breeding nests of rats and mice among the sacks of meal and bacon, peppermints and spices. Witness too, his encouraging a lazy, unwashed Tabby to curl among the “boughten” cakes and pies in the fly-specked window. Notice the careless ease with which he can stoop to pat a friendly Rover, thrust more coal into the glowing maw of the stove, spit on his hands to wash them, and then turn to a carving of your steak or tossing around of your bread and bacon.

**NO WONDER** Grandma never wept his passing, with his dirt-streaked butcher’s apron (hitched fore and aft with strings) draped over a capacious middle to hide an unwashed shirt, buttonless, eggy vest, stained trousers. But no draping could hide the scraggly beard, tinted brown from tobacco juice, the whole unwashed, unkempt appearance of a man whom no feminine soul dares remind to scrub his ears and neck and clean up, for heaven’s sakes! Masculinity run to seed, exemplar that Grandpop’s unordered male soul preferred, and so utterly against the grain of most women’s preference for neatness and order—no wonder Grandma did not weep at his vanishing.

## ✿ The Weekly Postscript ✿

By M. M. Wirries

THE GARDENING fever has us in its grip. It's the new lot next door newly purchased inviting us with its broad, unplanted expanse. Long before the desert sun has done its summer worst, we shall be sick of gardening in it perhaps. As the mercury climbs higher and higher, our energy sinks lower and lower. But surely with one hundred and one specimens painfully and arduously planted, we shall not be able to let them go to weeds. And there will be moonlight nights in plenty we hope. So we go on an orgy of plant and gardener's supplies buying. We plan to buy three dozen plants; we come home with ten. Columbine—who could resist columbine? And hollyhocks—we used to make hollyhock ladies in Michigan. Hollyhocks have memories. Salpiglossis—remember the salpiglossis at Ocean Beach? There by the side of the cottage. And what was the bush that smelled so sweet at night? Tobacco-flower — *nicotiana*—that's it. Dear me! we missed that one. But we didn't miss scabiosa, Shasta daisies, gaillardia (double and single), wallflowers, geum, clarkia, Canterbury bells, foxgloves, verbenas and delphinium; nor stocks, nor carnations. And we bought more petunias, because they always bloom.

We went down to the nursery and poked our noses into rose bushes. Not literally, you understand, but figuratively. There are so many different kinds of rose bushes, and we'd like to have them all. But we had to be satisfied with a "Condesa," a "J. Louisman," a "Radiance Red," and a pink one which lost its tag before it got home.

Mr. B. and his two mules come plowing and leveling; three of our Navajos,—King, Zhuni and Stanley,—grub mesquite and cut down bumps, fill in

hollows and remove rubbish from the long-neglected boulevard. Dayton, Pima friend, digs small irrigation ditches for us and begins setting out plants. Dark catches us, with the second row only half finished and two more to go. But we string an extension light, and plant on. That is, Dayton plants, and I pour the miracle-maker,—Vitamin B1 solution—because, by the time the third dozen is well in the ground, I was definitely feeling my age. The fourth row is Regina's. She leaves homework to come and set her own plants under Dayton's expert guidance. But it seems our "little candle" does not throw its beams far enough, and the extension cord will reach no farther. So unable to identify her plants, she sets them blindly, hoping for the best. If a hollyhock, grown six feet tall (under the stimulus of B1) happens to neighbor with a pygmy verbenas, she will not mind—much. Because, as she reflects philosophically, plants are like people: some tall, some short—and why shouldn't short people live next door to tall ones?

"I shall start drinking Vitamin B1," says Rita unhappily. "She keeps gloating over me. Is B1 for humans? Come here, Tug, and have a drink of this stuff. Let's see what it will do for you."

"He'll turn into a giant dog," we warn her. And she shoos him away.

It's such a beautiful world, when we are gardening in it. Healing lies in the digging of the soil; comfort is found in the heart of a rose. These are the messengers which speak His Love for us—these fragrances of earth, these blooming flowers and blossoms, these trees, this grass, singing birds, smiling sun, gentle rain. Have you ever walked alone in a garden at night? He walks there with you.



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## NEXT WEEK

Prof. Willis D. Nutting, University of Notre Dame, goes back to his favorite theme—economic independence in *Liberty and Cooperative Self-Help*.

Sister Benedicta Marie, Siena Heights College, Adrian, Michigan, in *St. Luke in the Class Room*, advises religion teachers to go to St. Luke not only for Gospel evidences, but for arresting English.

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## OBITUARY

Most Rev. Michael Kelly, Archbishop of Sydney, Australia.

Sister Magdalen of St. Thomas Aquinas, The Sister Magdalens; Sister Mary Emmanuel.

Michael Kram, Hugh Callahan, Mrs. G. C. Harris, Margaret Leamy, Eddie O'Dowd, Frank Kessen, William Irwin, James Stapleton, W. Hugh O'Connor, Harold Reinsberg, Mrs. Elizabeth Watson, Harry Brown, William Geske, Mrs. Mary Smith, Henry Von der Weyers.

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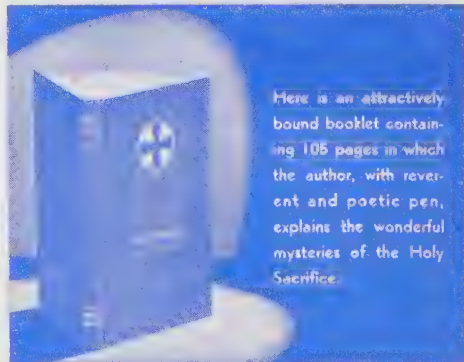
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APRIL 20, 1940

### *World News in Brief*

#### **THE CHURCH**

In Vatican City, Nazi overtures to Pope Pius XII offered no signs of lightening the burden on Catholics in Germany. . . . A new wave of arrests of priests was reported from Austria, while priests and civilians were deported like cattle from Poland. . . . ¶ In Mexico City, when a petition for the parish Church of Tampico Alto was denied them, Catholics again took possession forcibly of the edifice. . . . ¶ In Moscow, the Soviet godless association issued a set of "Ten Commandments for 1940." Soviet writers strongly condemned the appointment of Myron C. Taylor to the Vatican. . . . ¶ In Naples, Italian newspapers made much of a case of miraculous restoration of sight which occurred on Holy Thursday, in the Cathedral of Caserta. . . . ¶ In Paris, a national funeral was accorded the Catholic scientist Edouard Branly, whose inventions made possible the realization of wireless telegraphy. . . . ¶ In Buenos Aires, Leftists asked that religious instruction be abolished in all Argentine schools. . . . ¶ In Tampa, following protests by Catholic women groups, the offensive play "Family Portrait" was cancelled.

#### **AT HOME**

In Washington, Representative Dies planned to prevent the President from curbing a Red expose. . . . The Russian fortifications in the northern Pacific stirred the anxiety of the government. . . . British officials approached Secretary Wallace for American credit to buy foodstuffs. . . . The President

vetoed the Starnes Bill for the deportation of spies, and drafted a new neutrality proclamation to cover war developments on the Norse coast. . . . ¶ In Indianapolis, huge federal tax claims blasted the Indiana Democratic slush fund activities. High officials were involved in the scandal. . . . ¶ In Nebraska, Thomas E. Dewey led Senator Vandenberg in a test vote for the G. O. P. nomination. . . . ¶ In Illinois, Roosevelt led Garner in a similar vote.

#### **ABROAD**

In regard to the war, the Empires mined Norwegian coast to stop shipping to Germany. . . . ¶ German soldiers invaded Copenhagen and Oslo, which action demanded that Norway declare war on Germany, to be followed soon after by reports of a peace move. . . . ¶ Roumania halted the British dynamite fleet in the Danube. . . . ¶ Though Britain ignored Norse protests against mining her waters, Norse officials cast their lot with the Empires. Meantime, naval and air battles, heaviest since the engagement off Jutland during the World War, raged along the Norse coast. Twenty-five warships were reported sunk, with Britain declaring a victory for the Allies. . . . ¶ In Paris, Premier Reynaud faced critical sessions before French legislators. . . . German invasions were looked upon as the beginning of a real war. . . . ¶ In London, Britain planned to exchange whiskey for American arms and planes. . . . All army furloughs were cancelled, following the surprise Nazi moves in Scandinavia.

## Notes and Remarks

The Song Writer's Protective Association is planning to oust filth from popular songs—or "lyrics," as some insist. A resolution

### Clean Songs

drawn up by a committee of three song writers, following a stormy session of more than 250 artists in New York, provides for the appointment of an ethic's committee with power to discipline members who write "obscene, lewd or lascivious songs." The song composer, Mr. Irving Caesar, is responsible for this step, which is a good step in the right direction. We hope popular song composers in general assembly will hit without using any padding on the hammer all openly offensive or suggestive song speech by writers that cater to a depraved taste. We are subjected as it is to so much sob-blubber, slang, bad grammar, and the groans of torch sufferers in modern popular music, we welcome this mercy of cleansing. It will mean anyhow the removal of the moral infection of indecent speech from our sob language and tortured grammar.

More and more, it would seem, the daily papers in this country are becoming aware that when the Pope speaks

### Tribute to Two Popes

regarding world affairs he has no ulterior views, as have most of the statesmen and politicians of Europe. His one object is truth and the welfare of humanity, and his unique position enables him to look upon international difficulties in a non-partisan way. The New York *Daily News* of March 26, pays this fine tribute to His Holiness: "As it was in 1915 and 1917, so it is now in 1940, in one important matter; namely, that the Pope apparently has a virtual monopoly on European vision and grasp of the

long range significance of present events. Even as did Benedict XV in those World War years, so did Pius XII on Easter Sunday plead with the warring nations to call a halt before it is too late. Had the Allies and the Central Powers taken Benedict as seriously as he deserved, we would be living in a different kind of world today. The peace treaty would have been milder than Versailles, because not dictated by so much hatred. The Russian Revolution and the rise of Bolshevism might not have occurred and there would be a lot more tangible wealth lying around. Will the warring nations today take Pius XII as seriously as he deserves? We hope against hope that they will. If they don't, it seems inevitable that this war will wage to a far more terrible windup for all concerned—for the survivors, that is—than did the World War. Both sides could win a better peace by negotiations now than either side can win after a fight to a finish." This certainly is a sane statement on European peace by agreement.

The United States *Baptist* sometime ago predicted that the President's appointment of Myron C. Taylor as his personal envoy to

### Favoring Voices

the Vatican would have the effect of bringing the so-called religious issue to the front in the next presidential election campaign. This quite likely is just as the *Baptist* would have it, far removed though Taylor's appointment is from the problems that afflict the nation at the present moment. Not all Protestants are on the *Baptist's* side, however. Such magazines as the *Christian Evangelist*, the *Christian Advocate*, the *Messenger*, the *Christian Leader*, and *Unity*—each representing a denom-



inational group—have approved the President's action. "There is some evidence," says an editorial in the *Christian Evangelist*, "that approval of the appointment is widespread. . . . We fear that anti-Catholicism is still so deeply ingrained in many Protestant leaders in the United States that they are blinded with passionate prejudice and unable to see that Mr. Roosevelt has taken a tremendous forward step by mobilizing the strength of the religious forces in this country in behalf of peace."



Chief Justice Hughes listened to Lawyer Covington defend Jehovah's Witnesses in the recent past. They had been accused of

### Chief Justice Hughes Interrupts

breaking the peace by ringing the doorbells of Catholic homes, handing out pamphlets, playing phonograph records which denounce the Catholic Church. When the lawyer reasoned that charging such misconduct as a breaking of the peace violated constitutional guarantees of religious freedom, Chief Justice Hughes interrupted sternly: "I suppose these Catholics had some right of religious freedom themselves. . . . I suppose they had the right to be left alone and not to be attacked with these scurrilous denunciations of their most cherished faith. . . . You can hire a hall. You can hold meetings and distribute literature. Is that the same thing as going into Catholic homes and delivering these attacks on their faith? Is there no limit at all to what you can do when you think you are worshiping your God?" We compliment Chief Justice Hughes on his contribution to "constitutional guarantees" not because he spoke in behalf of Catholics, but because he enunciated and insisted upon the principle of liberty for all. If we Americans, under the Constitution, enjoy the *rights* of religious freedom, we

must remember that these *rights* beget corresponding *duties*. You cannot have one without the other. Any interpretation of the words *liberty*, or *freedom*, apart from *rights* and *duties*, may well degrade these words to the level of *license*. And license is a very good word to apply to the conduct of Jehovah's Witnesses in this particular instance. Thanks to Mr. Chief Justice Hughes, the "Witnesses" may in future be more considerate of the rights of man during the strange capers they express in worshipping God.



According to a report made public last week in New York, the Episcopal Church must again change its attitude on divorce because

### Question of Authority

eight women, assigned to study the subject, believe that a liberalization of present Church laws represents the mind of the laity on the question. Therefore a change as a concession to human convenience, or frailty, or humor, is in order. As an interested onlooker, we note that there is obviously less of the Word of God in current dogmatic standards than of the foibles of man. There is here no problem of revelation, nor a misunderstanding of the Word of God in His declaration, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Indeed, the Word of God as revealed by Christ the Son of God, does not even enter the picture. Rather it is an out-and-out case of human recession and concession on the part of eight women who base their decision on the sentiments of the congregation. For them, Christ is no longer the Leader. They arrogate leadership to themselves. If a majority insist upon morals of convenience, then, according to the chosen eight, such morals must prevail. Certainly the doctrine which results cannot be called the Eternal Word of God. In fact, as said, God does

not enter the picture at all. All of which but emphasizes the confusion that must ensue when the voice of infallible authority is no longer heard, and when men refuse to build their moral edifice on the Rock of Peter.

On Sunday, April 7, Professors S. A. Borgese and Jerome Kerwin of Chicago University and Prof. Herbert Heaton, visiting professor of history from Princeton University, held a round table discussion

### **Round Table Discussion**

at the Midway institution on the theme, "Archbishops Look at America." The reference is to the Statement "The Church and Social Order" projected some time ago by the archbishops and bishops of the Administrative Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. The professors and other round table speakers considered the medieval guild system suggested in the Statement and discussed in addition the rôle of the Catholic Church in determining the course of American economic procedure. We do not know at this writing what conclusions this round table discussion arrived at. We do, however, know what part the Catholic Church could play in many evidences of life here in America were it not obstructed at almost every point you look. Even the simple, sincere effort of the present Holy Father to achieve peace is obstructed. The Baptists and other Protestant groups, for example, see in the appointment of Myron Taylor as envoy extraordinary to the Vatican to help achieve peace, a secret attempt to accomplish a Church-State union. So we are not optimistic about the Church's part in directly solving America's problems for some time to come. More wisdom, understanding, humility and goodwill must become more evident in American life first.

There has been so much dissatisfaction with the Board of Education in New York recently that Senator Dun-

### **The New York Educational System**

nigan introduced a resolution in the State Legislature the other day asking that a committee of ten investigate recent scandals in the educational system. This investigation is intended to cover the appointment of Joseph Jablowner as examiner, which was held illegal by the Court of Appeals; the ousting of Dr. Eugene Colligan from the presidency of Hunter College for no apparent reason other than his non-communistic bent; the appointment of Bertrand Russell to the chair of Philosophy in City College, and the toleration of subversive groups in several city institutions. The resolution calls attention to the fact that the educational law states clearly that no one shall serve as a teacher unless he or she shall have taken an oath to support the constitution of the State. It reminds the Senate that the Court of Appeals has declared that the State should insist that the teaching be in accordance with the highest standards of good citizenship, which means that the fundamentals of religion must be respected, and that nothing be taught that is not in accordance with the moral law. The resolution mentions some of the immoral teachings of Bertrand Russell who had been appointed to one of the city colleges, and refers to the subversive instruction that has become rampant in the high schools. An appropriation of fifty thousand dollars is asked, so that the committee may get to the bottom of the Red menace in the educational system. It is to be hoped the investigation will be so thorough that all immoral persons connected with the city schools will be dismissed. The people who pay taxes are at least entitled to that protection.



You are a bit acid sometimes in your very worthwhile Notes and Remarks. Try honey and watch results. As an old pastor, I have tried both. You know about catching more flies with a spoonful of honey than with a barrel of vinegar.

### Honey Service

Thank you, your Reverence. At the same time why waste perfectly good honey on flies when a swatter gets them? Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt tried honey on the Youth Congress boys, but when she would share a little on the Finns they booed. And is not the honey fed by judges to criminals among the more valid reasons for our embarrassing jail populations?

An organization which cannot be too highly praised is The Nurses Apostolate with headquarters at St. Joseph Mercy Hospital,

### Catholic Action Exemplified

Dubuque, Iowa. Under the direction of its founder, Rev. J. R. Bowen, this particular Apostolate has been able to bring the thought of God and His mercy to thousands of death-beds which would otherwise have been utterly bare of the consolations of religion. This remarkable work is done by means of a prayer which nurses can distribute to the sick without in any way injuring their professional standing, since it includes nothing offensive and in no way involves religious controversy. Beautifully worded and printed on an attractive card, the prayer contains all the acts of devotion essential to salvation skilfully scaled down to the limited powers of attention and concentration of the critically ill. While the organization referred to is primarily confined to the nursing profession, its admirable work can be carried on by Catholics of every profession among their acquaintances. Many a person, who for one reason or another cannot be approached by the priest, can be brought into contact with

God through the mediation of this prayer which contains all the essentials of a Christian profession of Faith and an earnest desire to follow God's will within its simply worded contents. We recommend that our readers write in to the Nurses Apostolate for information as to how they can cooperate in the admirable expression of Catholic Action which this organization makes possible.

Despite the fact that there are still some nine million men out of employment in this country, and that hundreds of competent doctors are scarcely able to make a living, Dr. Juan Negrin, according to the New

### Supporting Aliens

York *Enquirer*, is one of the members of the New York University Medical School teaching staff in the neurological department, and is on the City's payroll as a member of the staff of a local hospital. Dr. Negrin, it will be remembered, is the son of the former Premier of Red Spain who at present has a somewhat luxurious home at 448 Riverside Drive. Another Loyalist who lives in a fashionable apartment is De Los Rios, the former Spanish Ambassador to this country, who may not return to Spain on account of the betrayal of his people to the Communists. He lives in ease, and lectures frequently at the New York School for Social Research in Manhattan where the anti-Christian philosophy of Marx is openly taught. It was this De Los Rios who was in charge of the Loyalist propaganda in this country during the Spanish Civil war and who received more than one shipment of gold from Madrid which was pilfered from the country's treasure. Both of these men, neither of whom has any use for our American democracy, are supported in this country by American money. By contrast, nine million native Americans walk the streets in search of employment.

# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

## Ireland's Pension Population

**I**N IRELAND there is a considerable army that lives on the generalization known as the "Pension." All those who have borne the burdens of the day and the heat in a variety of services and are retired from the field come into their pension period and may be sustained by the pension grant. A dispensary doctor who makes his living partly by government allowance, partly through his pay clients, reaches a time when he retires. He is partially sustained for the rest of his days by a pension. Barristers, judges, schoolteachers, nurses on municipal pay, civic guards, senators, members of the lower legislative house, county council officials, and one hundred and twenty-one or so other more or less public servants receive more or less public money after they have achieved the retirement age.

And one must not omit the old-age pension. Men and women who have turned seventy are within that legislation, provided they come within the conditions. They must be poor, dependent, and not able to maintain themselves in decent living conditions. If a man have a farm or a business he is considered able to make a living out of it. The burden of proof rests on him to show that he is not; and in view of a very minute government questionnaire, which he fills out when he makes application, also the oral examination to which he is subjected by pension officials, the establishment of proof is not so easy as it may seem. So it will happen that a poverty-stricken farmer or tradesman may be excluded from government help, whereas a by-no-means poor dependent draws his weekly allowance. The poor farmer may, of course, deed his farm over to his son and so

get into line for the pension; but in Ireland ownership is not relinquished readily; and so the needy farm-owner may elect to own his farm and be poor rather than relinquish it and draw his pension. As for the tradesman, he may quit his trade and bid for the pension; but once he is granted the pension he may no longer ply his craft. Arguments are advanced that the tradesman or farmer would experience much better living conditions carrying on his work and drawing the pension too, but economists seem to think that this would not be playing fair handball. If put into the pensioned class they should cease to function as farmers, tradesmen and business men.

It will and does happen that some of those who receive the pension—men and women—do not husband it prudently. The men may spend it on drink; the women on additions to their comfort, not at all necessary. It does not expand the heart of the taxpayer to see those whom he is taxed to support, wasting government aid in stout or whiskey. The man or the woman who labors not nor spins should at least not waste the upkeep money which they do not earn.

**THE GOVERNMENT** might exercise supervision over the pensioner's spending. But that might be giving power to government over the lives and habits of people which would endanger the freedom of men and women. It might lead to a system of spying and tattling much worse than the evil it would correct.

All said, the pension system as exercised in Ireland is helpful to the needy and the poor. It is not perfect at the moment. It will hardly ever be.



# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## Stalin in the Anti-Christ Tradition

By William F. Farrell

THE PRESENT THREAT of Russia to Christian civilization is but a new chapter in an age-old menace of the pagan East to the Christian West. Actually the Church, its teachings and philosophy, all the magnificent heritage of beautiful art and culture, of family and social life, of education and learning, have been attacked or threatened almost continuously through the Christian era by antipodal religions, or political forces. Though the Church essentially has remained unchanged, many of the cherished and wholesome influences, inseparable from it, have suffered, at times, serious setbacks, if not near destruction. Of course, no Catholic fears for the Church itself. Even apart from Revelation, its long hard journey through terrific storms and bitter stress, within and without, should satisfy any candid mind of its eternal character. These vicissitudes have, however, brought dire suffering and severe testing to Christian faith and mettle.

Here we shall not deal with persecutions within. We confine this article to mass migration and invasions by ruthless foes of Christianity. The early Church, officially recognized in 313, with peace in prospect, began to extend its mission into western Europe. Scarcely had the missionary huts and chapels appeared in town and wilderness when the ominous news of approaching Goth and Hun reached Rome. The mention alone of Genseric and Attila, and the calm, unarmed Leo the Great is sufficient here. This story has been often told. Though the Church re-

mained, all that Pax Romana connoted was soon gone. Let us note here however, that the Hun, synonym for basest butchery, came from parts of Central Asia with present Russia.

Two centuries later came the frenzied fanatics of Mohammed, sworn by religion, as Russians are today by the Internationale, to fasten by force their "ism" on the world. Christianity, still young and ill-supported by the secular arm, faced apparent extinction. From central Asia and North Africa to the walls of Constantinople on the East and up to Middle France on the West they came—wild Arab and Moor—slashing and trampling with scimitar and hoof, Christian life and civilization. Titular dioceses today, with the nomenclature of the East and of Africa, are historic monuments of Christian fortitude and martyrdom. Only the still strong Constantinople on the East, and the conversion and timely organization by the Church of the Franks, finally brought an end to these terrible days.

NEXT CAME Mongols, called variously "Golden Horde," "Antichrist," "Gog and Magog." Starting about 1220 from Central Asia, neighbors and related racially to Hun and Tartar, they began first the conquest of their eastern neighbors. China, Japan, India and Persia fell to them. Under a succession of great Khans, culminating with Jenghiz Khan, most of Asia and present Russia, submitted. Up to Moscow, Cracow, and Breslau they drove. Only the stubborn resistance of Pole and Hungarian stopped further ravages and

plunder. Russia, however, was to be ruled for nearly three centuries by these wild Nomads, and its national life thoroughly imbued with Oriental depravities. Pagan cruelty, lust, horror, devastation, crowd their annals. Moscow remains to this day reminiscent of Central Asiatic debauchery. Even Peter the Great, murderous and lustful as he was, built a new city, St. Petersburg, on the model of Paris and removed his capital there. Today the name *Lenin*-grad is a throwback to barbarism. It is significant that Red Russia made Moscow again the capital.

**A**S THE GREAT Mongolian Empire decayed, a more sanguinary foe of Christianity arose. The Turks, principal protagonists of the Moslem faith, gradually absorbed the old Arabian empire and a large part of the Mongols. Like Hun and Mongol, this racial group originated in Central Asia, well within present Russia. By 1400 they had slaughtered through Asia Minor and North Africa; and were pounding on the gates of Europe's eastern outpost—Constantinople. Christian peoples in the area of the Balkans, the Caucasus, the Black and Caspian Seas, were enslaved or put to the sword. Parishes and sees were extinguished. Finally the city of Constantine (Istanbul) fell, 1453, and the magnificent Cathedral of St. Sophia became a Mohammedan Mosque. Aloft the Crescent shone in place of the Cross. Now the routes to the West were open. Christian Hungary, following the awful battle of Mohacs, 1526, became a Mohammedan province. The beautiful St. Stephen was no longer the great Magyar Cathedral. A Christian State, six hundred years old, the work of a pious King Stephen, and a great missionary Pope, was exterminated. Two sieges of Vienna, the last Christian stronghold, are attempted. The energy of the Pope, and the resulting timely aid of the Polish under John Sobieski, and the

remnants of the Hungarian Knights alone saved Vienna from the fate of Buda and Pest.

Stopped at Vienna on land, the tireless Turk amassed one of the greatest fleets of all time to strike down Christianity through the Mediterranean. Fortunate again for the West, another vigilant and forceful Pope organized with dramatic action an Italian League with Venice leading. Off Lepanto, on the eastern coast of Greece, came the clash—one of the historic and decisive naval battles of the world. The Turks were now swept from the seas, as well as stopped on land.

In this crisis we have a striking parallel with the situation in Europe today. During the whole period of Turkish advance, the Christian nations were engaged in interminable internecine or international wars; religious and political. The Thirty Years' war, involving nearly all western Europe, was the most destructive of history. Europe in the west, was disunited and drained of wealth and man power. Even when the Pope was urgently calling on John Sobieski to come to the aid of tottering Vienna, Louis XIV was endeavoring to foil that effort, so as to weaken the Emperor Leopold, Louis' rival for hegemony in Europe.

**T**HE TURKS, though they remain in Europe till our day, never recovered from Vienna and Lepanto. As the Mongolian Empire disintegrated, however, out of it gradually grew the future Russia. The Princes of Moscow, a small area about old Moscow, first declared their independence about 1475. Under a succession of dynamic Ivans, and later, 1600, Romanovs, the entire northern part of the old Mongol state, from Poland to the Pacific and to Alaska, were added to their domain—a vast throng of polygot and pagan peoples. The designation Ivan the Terrible connotes the savage character of these



early rulers. It was this Ivan who first assumed the title: "Tsar of All the Russias." Under Russian domination were Tartar, Mongol, Turk, and Esquimaux, besides the Northern Slav.

**T**O PETER the Great, 1700, goes credit for the Westward drive—to seek "a window to the West." It was he who said, after his armies were beaten by the Swedes more decisively than were the Russians by the Finns of today, that Charles XII had taught him how to fight. He later defeated these same Swedes and brought those lands, today reoccupied, under Russian rule. Significant of the vicious despotism and corrupt morals of Russia in the eighteenth century is the fact that both Peter and Catherine II, 1762–1796, neither of whom, either in public nor in private life, had any moral scruples, were called "the Great." Peter took the Russian Church under his control, and at one time hanged or beheaded his entire personal guard, about seven thousand men. Proudly, to show his skill before his friends, he personally hacked off a large number of the heads. Catherine II, to gain her throne, was able with impunity to murder her husband, the Tsar, and held that throne long without conscience or morals. A description of the Russians, a select group taken by Peter on a trip for learning and information through western Europe, is given by Wilhelmina, sister of Frederick the Great, 1750. Their sojourn at Berlin afforded a picture of a crude and still barbarous people. The whole subsequent story of Russia is an agonizing and bloody page of assassination, pogrom, slavery and torture. To call Russia brutal is unfair to the brute. The latter tortures only man's body.

This is the heritage of Red Russia today—a composite of the Hun, the Mongol, the Turk and the North Slav. Steeped in despicable Asiatic customs and civilization for centuries, its spirit

and its ideals still reflect its early atmosphere. Atheistic Communism has been merely substituted for Romanov despotism without any of the latter's commendable influences.

Russia's apparent military weakness against Finland should not make hopeful democracies too sanguine. Russia showed, at first, the same weakness against Swede and Turk, yet ultimately prevailed over both. All the earlier hordes met setbacks at times but with almost limitless material resources and man power, continued to advance. Russia today has the advantage of starting on the very threshold of Western Europe. If the Christian Nations now, as in earlier centuries exhaust themselves in a long war of attrition, will not Russia seize its opportunity to spread its system? It made its first attempt by infiltrating itself into the Western Nations and starting revolutions after the World War. It failed then. Will it fail next time?

**O**NE FINAL historical observation is especially noteworthy. In earlier threats, even to the last, Poland played an important rôle in defenses. Several times she met and held back the first onset. She has for centuries stood bravely as the outpost and bulwark for Christian civilization in the West. With Poland crushed and with the leading Western States bled to exhaustion by a possibly long and brutal war, what force will then stop the Russian juggernaut from rolling over the broken bones and the charred ruins of a once great Christian civilization?

History's lesson then is that the Christian Nations should at once unite in opposition to the Russian Moloch. No time can be lost before these nations go to grips in a real war of extermination. What are the bases of a peace in the West? Here are some suggestions. Let a narrow corridor connecting Germany and her East Prussian possession be

internationalized. Allow a free plebiscite under impartial supervision,—the Pope preferably—in Bohemia and Austria. Former German colonies in Africa to be restored. Germany to retire from Poland; and then all unite in giving Russia peremptory notice, as Lincoln did to Maximilian in Mexico, to retire from Poland and the Baltic States. In justice to Germany's right to free access to the Polish Corridor, it should be said the great nations have on previous occasions seized such rights. Britain, for instance, would never allow such a disruption of her territory. When Burmah separated British India from British Indo-China, England merely found the necessary border "incident" to wipe out this obstruction. France took Tunisia and Morocco for the same reason. Even the United States instigated the Mexican War to connect our territory with the Pacific. Naturally any suggestion for peace will find some objections. But are not these points the vital minima for determination? If the Christian nations of the West do not unite on some equitable and adequate peace, and set up also a workable peace organization, the written treaty will, like many of its predecessors, be but another truce.

### Fog in King Charles' Court

By M. Chegwidzen

II

WILLIAM BECAME an increasingly frequent visitor at the house in King Charles' Court after that. Jackson did stay home from the Crown and Anchor with its foaming mugs far more than he had done formerly, but still there were times when Rose sat talking to William, dreading the sound of wavering, drunken footsteps fumbling up the step to the door; and there were times when her fear crystalized

into cold fright and disgusted horror as her father entered before William left, entered reeling and staggering, ugly with drink, abusive of tongue and ready to fight at the drop of a hat.

On these occasions William always excused himself at once, though with mixed feelings; his natural delicacy and his sympathy for Rose bade him leave, while his fear that her father might prove physically abusive urged him to stay. He was sightless, but he was strong, he reminded himself. At the same time he knew he really had no authority for interfering in any way between Rose and her father.

WHEN JACKSON was home, he and William spent hours talking politics. The old fellow enjoyed reading articles from the *Observer* to William, for in that way he showed his superiority over the man who had guided him home in the fog; Tomlinson could find his way about in the dark, but he couldn't read the newspaper. And William was always grateful for Jackson's favors.

When the blind man found Rose alone, with her father at the Crown and Anchor, the two talked seriously to each other about many things, and a friendship that was intensely comforting to each of them began to develop. On the first evening, when Rose had answered William's knock at the door and had taken him in and led him to the armchair by the fire, and had then told him that her father was out, the blind man had wondered whether this girl with the gentle voice would want to be bothered with him. He said immediately that he'd better go and come another time, but Rose had urged him to stay, and deep sincerity was in the voice he found so pleasing. Soon the ice was broken and they were telling each other how they came to be Catholic.

"I could scarcely believe it," Rose said shyly, "when I noticed the medal



on your watch chain. But then when you crossed yourself before we had supper, of course I knew. I felt so glad."

"I'm glad you are one, too. It makes a sort of—well, it's like a bond, isn't it? And if it weren't for the Church I should have never met your father, for I'd been to St. Clement's to tune the organ for Father Collins, that night."

"**O**H, FATHER COLLINS! Isn't he grand? He's so kind. He came to St. Clement's when I began to think about the Church; it was after my mother died, and I felt so sad and lonesome. And then once when I'd been to the shop in Mount Street for something for dad's tea, I met a girl, a real nice girl, Martha Riley she is, and she stopped and spoke to me so nicely about my mother. She was a Catholic, Martha was, and she began to tell me about Mary, the Blessed Virgin. I'd never thought about her before, except just that she was Christ's mother. But Martha told me how she would comfort me if I prayed to her; she said she would wrap her mantle around me. That was such a lovely idea, it felt such a comfort to me. And Martha gave me a little book she had in her purse, a book of devotions; and that was how it began. That's how I'm a Catholic today."

"The Blessed Mother did comfort you, didn't she?" asked William, wanting Rose to continue her story. He was making up for himself a face to fit Rose, a gentle and tender face that would go with her voice, so that he could look at it in his darkness sometimes, just as he could see that beautiful shining Face of Christ, and the other loving mother-face of the Blessed Virgin. He had formed his mind pictures of the two he loved from his frequent fingering of their images at the nuns' orphanage when he was a little blind boy.

"Oh, yes, you know she did. Martha lent me some books, and I read and

read them. Then she asked me if I would like the priest to come with her to see me and explain things, and they were so good about coming in the afternoons, when dad was at work. When I told dad about the Catholic church, he was wild! He—he turned me out, once, but he was sorry afterwards. He'd had a glass too much, poor dad. I stayed with Martha all night, and when I came back next morning, he was almost crazy, thinking I'd gone and jumped in the canal. Poor dad, he can't resist taking a drop too much. Oh, Mr. Tomlinson, I've prayed and prayed for dad to lose his love for drink. Would you help me? Would you pray for him, sometimes?"

William's face beamed with pleasure at Rose's thus requesting his help.

"I will, that I will, Miss Rose. Yes, I'll ask the dear Lord. I see His Face—" and he stopped in confusion. To no one else, ever, had he confided the wonderful blessing that was his, that shining Face, in his darkness.

"You see His Face?" asked the girl softly, in awe.

**S**HE GAZED at William's thin features, closed eyelids, high forehead, the straight nose and sensitive mouth, and thought that he himself looked like a saint. This was exactly as she imagined St. Francis himself must have looked, only the poor little man of Assisi was not blind, of course.

"Yes, Miss Rose. I didn't mean to say that, it slipped out. I wouldn't tell anyone else, they'd think I was a bit queer, I expect, because I'm blind. It's always dark, but time and time again, when I'm walking about, and thinking, or praying to myself, I can see, in front of me, a Face that's so kind—I like to think it's Jesus. It shines; it's as bright as I imagine the sun must be. You don't think I'm crazy, do you?"

"Oh, no, no! Of course I don't. Oh, Mr. Tomlinson, our Lord watches over you especially, that shows it. Oh, thank

you for telling me, when you haven't told anyone else!"

"Father Collins is reading the life of St. Francis to me," went on William, almost startling Rose, since she had just had thoughts of her own about St. Francis. "He's so kind, to do that, busy as he is. I go to him on Wednesday nights. They don't put many of the books I'd like to read, about the Saints, into Braille. The nuns used to read to us, at the orphanage, but you forget a lot of it as you get older. And at the School for the Blind where I went afterwards, most of the time was spent in lessons and learning a trade. So I do appreciate Father giving time to me."

**Y**ES, I KNOW you must. You have been a Catholic all your life then, Mr. Tomlinson?"

"Ever since I can remember, at any rate. I was left at the door of the orphanage when I was a baby. As soon as my parents found out I was blind, I expect. I don't know what my real name is."

"Oh, how dreadful! Oh, I'm sorry."

"It doesn't matter. Don't worry yourself about it, Miss Rose. I'm glad I was left with the nuns, for they had me baptized and brought me up as a member of the Faith that is everything for one like me, who's what most people consider handicapped, afflicted. You see, the Church has taught me to understand why I'm like this, and I thank God for it, many a time. It's a blessing to me, really it is, Miss Rose. Because I have that Face to look at, you know."

Rose, gazing again at his spiritual countenance, thought: "And it's a blessing to me, because he can't feel sick to see the horrid mark on my cheek. But forgive me for that selfish thought, please, Lord."

Aloud she said: "Perhaps, sometime, when dad isn't here again, you'd let me read things to you. I'd love that. Will you?"

His face was bright with happiness as he thanked her. After that, many hours were spent by the two in the house in King Charles' Court as Rose read aloud books that she took out of the public library or from her own slender collection of religious volumes, many of them gifts from Father Collins, who had baptized her when her father had at last given grudging permission. And they talked, too, of their thoughts and aspirations and desires. William was beginning to form a desire regarding Rose that he dreaded to admit even to himself, because of his blindness; while she, wondering if he really liked her or if his manner of speaking to her was simply dictated by gratitude, knew beyond a doubt that she loved him.

Sometimes on Sunday afternoons, as the summer came on, they went for walks up Crowther Flats to the reservoir, or through the cool greenness of Fagley Woods. William knew every bird by its song, and taught Rose the difference between a thrush and a linnnet and a skylark; and when she picked flowers and ferns in the woods he explored them delicately with his fingers.

**H**E ASKED HER, later in the year, if she would go to a concert at the Institute for the Blind. He was to play piano selections, he said modestly. It was an event in Rose's quiet life, and she couldn't help knowing that William took great pride in introducing her to the superintendent of the Institute and to a few other blind people and their escorts. No one, she noticed, seemed to so much as suspect that she had a large red birthmark on the side of her face. Everyone was so friendly and kind. And when William's rendition of a difficult piano piece was encored by the audience, he surprised her by singing, in a sweet tenor to his own accompaniment, "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose." She was astonishingly happy.

They walked home, up Bolton Road



to Mount Street, in the warm summer night. William spoke out of a comfortable silence.

"Rose, excuse me for asking, but is your hair light, or dark?"

She smiled to herself. That, at least, was one thing she needn't be ashamed of, her hair; for it was long and thick, and a gleaming flaxen.

"Guess, William," she challenged.

"I think it's light, very light."

"Oh, dad must have told you!"

"**N**O, REALLY, Rose. No one did. But I seemed to know it would be fair, and I'll guess about your eyes, too. They're blue. Now, are they?"

"Yes, William."

Rose was silent with that, for her mind had become filled with the anguish that sometimes gripped her when she saw her reflection in the mirror and looked at the birthmark, that terrible blemish that made people turn to gaze after her on the street, or stare curiously at her whenever they saw her. William knew that something was troubling her, and instantly he said: "What is the matter, Rose? I haven't offended you, have I?"

The humility of his tones made the tears spring to her eyes, and winking them rapidly away she broke into a torrent of words, telling William of the birthmark and of the grief and anguish it caused her. "Why, if you could see me now, William, if you could see it only once, you'd never take me for walks again, or to concerts—" and her voice broke into a sob and the tears rained down her cheeks.

William drew her to a halt. His sensitive ears told him that no one else was anywhere near them in the deserted road.

"Rose, Rose, don't cry, my love. Don't, Rose. I'm sorry it makes you feel like that, but you're beautiful to me, Rose, you're lovely. No one is as beautiful except one, and that's our Blessed

Mother, Rose, love. Please listen a minute. Rose, I love you. I know I'm blind, and I have no right to tell you, but I can't help loving you. I don't expect you to care anything about me, but I want you to know I love that dear cheek of yours, Rose darling."

The girl's sobs ceased and she rested her head against William's breast.

"Oh, William, I was afraid to hope, but I love you too. And I thank our dear Lord for this."

The blind man touched her face lightly with his fingers and stooped to kiss her.

"I wonder what dad will say," cried Rose, her heart feeling cold at the thought that even now he might be waiting for them, at home, drunk as he so often was on Saturday nights.

"Do you suppose he'll object—to me?" asked William in fearful humility.

"**O**H, NO, DARLING. He admires you, and says you're so clever, you know that. But he won't let me leave him, I'm sure. And besides, what would become of him if I did? Poor old dad, no one would be bothered keeping house for him, with him coming home nights after he's had too much. Oh, dear! All my prayers about that don't seem to be heard. Oh, William, I made so many novenas, and I begged the Holy Trinity, and Our Lady, and St. Francis and St. Anthony—but he gets no better."

"Well, love, don't worry about it now. A way will be opened, I know it will. Here we are, at the Court already. What a short walk that was. Oh, Rose, the Saviour *has* blessed me. I *must* live to deserve it."

He stooped and kissed her once more when they drew abreast of the house in the silent Court. The gaslight shone through the linen blind and Rose's heart sank. Her father would be waiting for her, angry and unreasonable

after his evening at the Crown and Anchor.

"William," she whispered, "don't come in tonight. He hasn't gone to bed, and he'll be—aggravating, I expect. Will you come tomorrow?"

"He won't be ugly, will he, love? I'd better wait and see, hadn't I?"

"No, no! Hush, love, don't let him hear. Go now, William, please. I can manage him, I know. Good night, darling."

The whispered words told the blind man of her anxiety to keep her father's condition to herself as much as she could, so with another embrace he left her.

Rose, by agreeing with every stupid statement he made, and by coaxing and begging, and enduring a slap on her face, managed to get the drunken old man upstairs and into bed. Nothing, on this wonderful night, could make her sad. Her prayers were overflowing with thanks.

(To be continued.)

## Highways

By Edith Clifton

*The highways of the world are wide*

*By land, and air, and sea.*

*And they are long, so long they gird*

*The earth's immensity.*

*And there are highways clear and plain*

*For every eye to follow,*

*And there are unmarked highways known*

*To wild grey goose and swallow.*

*The airways of the fading sky*

*That homing pinions beat,*

*The tiny trails that thread the vales*

*For little padded feet,*

*Hard roads upon the mountain side,*

*Soft footpaths on the loam—*

*Dear Heart, the ways of all the world*

*Begin and end at home.*

## Confessor of St. Margaret Mary

By John J. Griffin

THE REVELATIONS of the Sacred Heart to St. Margaret Mary Alacoque is a familiar story in every Catholic home. Not so well known, however, is the story of Blessed Claude de la Colombiere, Jesuit Confessor of the Visitandine Saint.

Claude de la Colombiere was born of noble Burgundian ancestry at St. Symphorien in France on February 2, 1641, the third child of Bertrand de la Colombiere and Margaret Coindat. Seven children blessed the home of the Colombieres, but Isabeau and René died in infancy. Humbert, the eldest became Judge in the Criminal Court of Vienne and later Master of Inland Revenues at Grenoble. Floris became Archbishop of Vienne. Joseph, the youngest of the family, went as a missionary to Canada and became Vicar-General of the diocese of Quebec. Marguerite, the only daughter, became a nun in the Visitation Convent at Condrien.

In 1650, the Colombieres removed to the city of Vienne; and in October of this year Claude matriculated at the Junior College of Notre Dame du Bon Secours at Lyons maintained by the Jesuits.

After three years study he entered Trinity College on the other side of the Saone. After five years study of literature, science and philosophy at Trinity, lasting from October, 1654, to September, 1658, Claude returned home, his education completed. Less than two months elapsed between Claude's graduation from Trinity and his entrance into the Society of Jesus at the Novitiate of Avignon on October 25, 1658.

That his entrance into the Jesuits was not actuated by any mirage of adventure, may be judged from a confes-



sion he wrote in later life: "I had a most horrible aversion to the religious life when I entered the noviceship." The struggle to subdue the self that is in all of us was not easy. Accustomed to refinements in his youthful days at home, Claude according to his own testimony entertained "a strange repugnance" for many of the practices of religious life.

**I**N SEPTEMBER, 1660, he was sent to the College at Avignon to study metaphysics and to round out his third year of philosophy. It was here, on October 25, 1660, that the young Jesuit pronounced his first vows. Less than a year later he suffered the great sorrow of his life—his mother's death, in August, 1661.

After finishing his philosophy, Claude undertook his scholasticate in the College at Avignon. His first year of teaching was spent with boys in the lowest classes, but each year he advanced with his class; and during his last year at the College he was teaching "humanities." Probably the most notable event during his life at Avignon was his sermon preached at the ceremonies commemorating the canonization of St. Francis de Sales in May, 1666.

In the autumn of 1666, his Superiors decided to send Colombiere to Paris for his theological training, and also for the assignment of tutor to the sons of Colbert, the famous Minister of State, who were attending the college at Clermont. The eldest pupil, Jean Baptist, Marquis de Seignelay, later became First Lord of the Admiralty; the younger brother, Nicholas, was destined to be Archbishop of Rouen.

Under the tutelage of Colombiere, Jean Baptist gained great prestige because of his skill as a logician and, for this reason, the proud Minister often invited the Jesuit to his mansion at

Sceaux where many of the great writers and scientists of the day were wont to gather. The contacts made at such meetings gave Claude repeated opportunities to gain earthly recognition, but, true to the rule of St. Ignatius, he ever considered himself "as one crucified to the world and to whom the world is crucified."

On April 6, 1669, Claude de la Colombiere was ordained priest. He entered at once on his sacerdotal duties of giving instructions, hearing confessions, attending the sick and preaching the word of God. A brother Jesuit testifies that Father Colombiere fought a persistent temptation to vainglory by devoting himself to the afflicted. According to Father Chaurant: "The more he felt himself exposed to the temptation of vainglory, the more generously did he give himself up to the service of these poor people."

At this time, Jansenism, which Pius XI has called "the most insidious of all heresies," was raging in Paris to the great detriment of Catholic Faith. Against this heresy Father Colombiere fought with eloquence, learning, and prayer.

**I**N THE SUMMER of 1650 Colbert, who had continued his friendly relations with the Jesuit, invited him to spend a day at Sceaux. Now, it happened that the Minister had just completed some sanitary improvements in Paris. The spirit of the times brought forth some satirical couplets. On a visit to Father Colombiere's room during the priest's absence, Colbert found one of these disparaging rhymes on the Jesuit's table. The Minister was hurt and he prevailed upon the Provincial of the Jesuits to send Father Colombiere out of the Province. Father Colombiere was sent to Lyons.

From 1670 to 1674, Father Colombiere taught at Holy Trinity College in

Lyons. In 1673 he was named preacher in the Church of the Trinity. His eloquence proved very attractive and he was frequently invited to preach at convents and at college assemblies. A brother religious leaves us this picture of him in 1674: "In his conversation, his carriage, his walk, and his exterior behavior, one saw the accomplished gentleman and the perfect religious."

**I**N THE EARLY fall of 1674, he went to Saint Joseph's College in Lyons for his third year of probation which every Jesuit goes through before assuming to the full his life's work. From November 4th to December 8th he made his second thirty-day retreat in the Society. Seven months later by a dispensation from a full year's tertianship, granted by the General of the Jesuits, Father Colombiere was allowed to take his final vows. On his thirty-fourth birthday on February 2, 1675, he made his solemn profession.

Almost immediately he was summoned to his life's work. A few days after his profession, he was named Rector of the small Jesuit College at Paray-le-Monial. Besides governing the house here, Father Colombiere engaged in mission work and hearing confessions at neighboring convents.

In May, 1671, St. Margaret Mary had entered the Visitation Convent at Paray. In 1674 there came to her those revelations of the Sacred Heart which are now so known in devotional life of the Church. The first three revelations took place in the Spring of 1674; the last one of the same year on the Feast of St. John the Evangelist, December 27th. During these days of manifestation, St. Margaret Mary sought in vain for a prudent, understanding Spiritual Director and her heart cried out in prayer for a guide and confessor.

In February, 1675, Father Colombiere visited the Visitation Convent

nearby to pay his respects to the Superior, Mother de Saumaise. This religious was impressed by the young Rector and invited him to give a conference to the nuns. During the conference St. Margaret Mary heard an interior voice telling her: "This is he whom I have sent thee." Father Colombiere noticed the saintly demeanor of Sister Margaret and afterwards questioned the Superior about her.

Shortly after this conference, Father Colombiere was named extraordinary Confessor to the Community of the Visitation and although he heard Saint Margaret Mary's confession during March, she revealed nothing to him, held back by her timidity. In May, he went to confess the nuns at Paray and, on this occasion, urged by her Superior and by the interior voice of God, Saint Margaret Mary opened her soul to her Confessor telling him the whole story of her heavenly experiences with the Sacred Heart. The Jesuit paid her several visits, tested her, consulted with her Superior, and finally convinced of the Divine origin of her visions, cautiously led her on. More, he reassured her Superior who had been very skeptical. The community, however, remained doubtful and accused the priest and his penitent of visionary dreams.

**D**URING THE Octave of Corpus Christi, June, 1675, Our Lord appeared to St. Margaret Mary requesting her to have a Special Feast of the Sacred Heart introduced in the Church liturgy, declaring to her that He would bless all those who promoted the Sacred Heart devotion. The nun, conscious of her own impotence, asked Our Saviour to provide some means for the execution of His orders. He replied: "Go to my servant, Father Claude de la Colombiere, and tell him for Me to do all in his power to establish this devotion and give this joy to My Heart. Let him not be discouraged by the difficulties he will



meet, for there will be many, but let him remember that he is all powerful, who, distrusting himself, places his whole confidence in Me."

**T**HE JESUIT carefully examined the written account of this revelation which he required of St. Margaret Mary. When he decided on its authenticity he gave himself wholeheartedly to the execution of his mission. On the Friday after the Octave, he and St. Margaret Mary together solemnly consecrated themselves to the Sacred Heart. For the next and last seven years of his life, the Jesuit "consumed and exhausted" himself in propagating the devotion which, in the words of Pope Pius XI, is "the very sum and substance of our religion."

In August, 1676, Father Colombiere received an assignment far from the Paray. He was named confessor to the Duchess of York. He left for London and took up his duties of directing Mary Beatrice of Modena, then only eighteen years old. He led this devout Princess to heights of virtue and so inculcated in her soul the devotion to the Sacred Heart that she petitioned the Sovereign Pontiff to introduce the Feast. He preached frequently and eloquently in the Chapel Royal and his theme was constantly related to the Sacred Heart. He also kept up a faithful correspondence with St. Margaret Mary.

In the summer of 1678, persecution broke out with a new fury in England, stimulated by Titus Oates, who concocted the absurd story known as "The Titus Oates Plot." Oates, who wanted to avenge himself on the Jesuits, accused Father Colombiere on six false counts.

Despite the fact that the King believed him innocent, Father Colombiere was arrested on November 24th and

imprisoned in Southwark. On the 28th, he appeared for trial and then was sent back to languish in prison for several weeks where he was even denied pen and paper. While in prison, he suffered hemorrhages caused by consumption, which brought him to death's door. He was in such an extremely delicate condition that when the Commissioner's verdict of banishment was signed by the King on December 16th, a notice giving the prisoner ten days' grace was attached. During his parole, the Confessor bade farewell to his hosts of friends.

Father Colombiere arrived in France early in January, 1679, and was directed by his Superiors to proceed to Lyons with the privilege of stopping at Paray. He took advantage of the opportunity and conferred with St. Margaret Mary.

From March, 1679 to August, 1681, he acted as Spiritual Director and Retreat Master of the Jesuit philosophers at Lyons. His health was failing rapidly and he spent two prolonged vacations with his relatives at St. Symphorien. In August, 1681, his Superiors sent him to Paray where, they thought, rest might help him. Cure for him was not the design of God however, Who apparently willed that the Apostle of His Heart should breathe his last in the atmosphere surcharged with the Great Revelations.

**A**FTER SIX MONTHS of illness, on February 15, 1682, Claude Colombiere died in his 42d year. In his death we cannot but recall the words of St. Margaret Mary: "It is sweet to die after having had a life-long devotion to the Sacred Heart of Him Who is to be our Judge." In 1931, Pius XI raised Father Colombiere to the rank of 'Blessed.' Today, millions of the Faithful are praying for the canonization of this Apostle of the Sacred Heart.

## Heart Call for Home

By Constance Edgerton

**P**ATRICIA LOVED the room, especially the corner window that gave a view of the lazy river that flowed through the heart of the city, a river of tugs, small boats, pleasure crafts and house boats. The house boats reminded her of the three years she had traveled with Tony—to come back to the city and the home they had dreamed of.

It was a lovely old house on the edge of town and about it were two acres of trees and lawn. Tony had built a chicken yard and twelve Rhode Island Reds scratched, cackled and lived happily there. Some days there were ten eggs in the nests.

"We will get rich on chickens," Tony teased.

Settled for life. . . . In her own home after having lived in Panama, Vancouver, Montana—and other places. She would be just nicely settled when orders would come to move on. Just as she would have made their quarters comfortable, livable and homey, Tony would come in—his boots covered with marl and his clothes splotted and dried with it—to say joyously: "Listen, Patty, we are going to move!"

And now she was in the sort of home she had dreamed of, the sort of room she had visualized so long when, nights awake in country hotels, railroad compartments, ships' cabins, tents and tarpaper houses she had dreamed of a home.

The September sunlight washed river and room impartially with a warm golden light. The roses in the bowl were yellow, as was Patricia's dress. The open fireplace, easy chairs, reading lamps—they'd had so little time to read in their junketing about! The bookshelves were bright with rows and rows of patched color. On the table lay *The Life of Damien* that they would read together.

Upstairs the twins, Anthony and Ann, slept in the nursery with the boats on the wall. All the sea they would have would be in pictures—not that Patricia disliked water. She loved it, could close her eyes and visualize the first glimpse of New York—the little green hills and harbors, the Statue of Liberty, remote, silver gray and majestic. . . . But that was her home-coming. There had been days and days at sea, gray days, tempestuous days. And always her port had been a room like this. It means security.

Patricia was an orphan, and a trust fund had put her through Mount Carmel academy and college. When she was ready to meet the world she fell madly in love with Anthony Wainwright. She had gone home with his sister for the week end and Tony—home from an engineering job in Alaska—had won her heart.

Tony's father, she knew was also an engineer, and his work called him from home. She had listened, rather vaguely to Mother Wainwright tell about being alone. "Tom is always away, Patty," she said. "He has an itchy foot. All the Wainwrights have."

Patty thought it would be great fun to travel.

**"WE WOULD BE** nicely settled in Liberia," Mother Wainwright said, when Tom would desire to see Peru and we'd put off. I had the first three children in uncanny corners of the earth. Mary was born in Africa, and she is a missionary Sister there now; Jim was born in Peru and an Inca woman was my nurse-doctor; Jane saw the light of day in the mountains of South Carolina where Tom was building a bridge.

"When Robert was born—in a hospital in Maryland—I decided to have a home. We moved here. Tom wasn't content. He stayed two years, and when Anthony was two weeks old the itchy foot got the best of him."



Patty would sit, apparently listening, but her mind was on Tony, and the places she'd see with him—Liberia, Carolina, South America.

She was married in St. Ann's and they started off immediately for his work which was a raw construction camp in Nevada. She had shipped boxes and boxes of furnishings—silver dishes, costly rugs, pictures. The boxes remained unopened. There was no place for such things on location. They used one for a table and the other for a convenient place to lay coats and shoes.

**A**FTER NEVADA—she had loved it there—they went to Pennsylvania, and then to South America. Three years of traveling, living light, laughing at nothing, planning a home. "Trees," Tony would say, "and chickens—red ones."

"A fireplace and reading lamps," she would add.

"And you in a real kitchen with a dab of flour on your nose."

That was a picture she had cherished—a real kitchen, a real stove, running water, tricky little gadgets, steak, hot biscuits, children under foot, friends coming in and out.

They came back to the city and he was given a post in the office. The twins came into the world and kept Patricia busy bathing, feeding and washing. She adhered to schedule and they were asleep evenings when Tony came home to his dinner. Sometimes they ate in a corner of the living room with a fire in the grate. He would turn on the radio and say:

"Reminds me of that cafeteria we ate in on the coast."

Always, always this peaceful home reminded him of the hurdy-gurdy days when they were gypsies.

"This reminds me," he would say, "of that camp in the pines up in Maine where we could buy a dressed chicken for fifty cents and you made dumplings."

And yet, sitting in the comfortable living room, she told herself she must feel secure, must realize it was a dream come true, and if Tony thought of their travels that was only natural as they'd been about a great deal.

Mother Wainwright came over once a week to spend the day with Patricia. Mother's days were uniform to monotony. Early Mass, home to breakfast and the house work. Tuesday afternoons she stayed with Jane's children while Jane taught sewing at the settlement house; Saturday afternoons she stayed with Jim's children while Jim and his wife went to Confession and ate supper downtown, Tuesdays she came to Patricia.

Tom Wainwright was still working, still away from home. Patricia—since she was so secure in her home—began to see Mother Wainwright's life had been lonely. When the children had been graduated their father was in far ports; first Holy Communion and Confirmation days passed without him. It seemed to Patricia that Mother and Father Wainwright had no memories together, that she had carried more of a burden than he.

**T**HIS TUESDAY Mother Wainwright walked slower, somehow her entire aspect was drooping and sad, yet she tried to smile and chat as usual.

"Is something bothering you, Mother?" Patricia asked.

"No, child, I am so happy I am not myself. Tom is coming home to stay."

"I am so glad for you," said Patricia.

They both sat silent looking out over the river. Patricia was thinking of the itchy foot of the Wainwrights running through the family, that caused grief. There could be no joyous times with Dad as the center, for he was invariably in Timbuctoo or Australia when they celebrated.

"For thirty-nine years I prayed to the Sacred Heart to guide and guard Tom," the older woman said. "Somehow

he could not adjust himself to staying put. He tried and was unhappy, didn't do his work as he should, and was then asked to go into the wildernesses to make bridges and tame waters. His employers saw how it was with him—a poor man in the office and a fine man in the field. They kept him in the field. And now he is coming home—"

The telephone pealed through the house. Patricia went to answer it. When she came back she was white, shaken. "Tony is going to Arizona, Mother," she said. "He leaves tomorrow morning."

**N**ANCY WAINWRIGHT rose, saying: "I must go, child, and let you collect yourself—"

"Goodbye, Mother," said Patricia, kissing her.

She was leaving here, leaving the blue dishes, the yellow stove, the sand box, the ship-walled nursery, and she wanted to stay, wanted to be a fixture in this secure haven.

Did the Lady in the Little House of Loretto have to move? Did she love some certain chair or table? The Boy's bed? Was it a little trundle bed made by Joseph? Evenings did the Three sit and talk of sweet nothings? "Joseph, today little Jesus helped me with the work," or, "Mary, the Boy cleaned the shavings from the shop floor."

She went up to the nursery to bring the twins down for their eleven-o'clock-feeding. Tomorrow at this time the house would be dismantled, some furniture would be sent to storage, some to Mother Wainwright's. . . . They would be on the move again, up one road and down another, make-shift housekeeping, poor sanitation, no schools. But the twins weren't a year old. Time enough to think of schools when they were ready to enter. But was it?

With a prayer she carried the babies to the kitchen. It wasn't so much fun feeding them today. Anthony's eyes

weren't as blue as usual and Ann's hair wasn't gold at all. . . . Yes, it was gold as it caught a ray of the September sun, pure, pale gold, lovely and alive.

It was such a day as this she was married to Tony, a day of sulphur sun and far hazes. And she had promised to stick with him, take the bitter with the sweet . . . or words that meant the same.

She went to great pains with the dinner. Steak, baked potatoes, a deep dish apple pie. She set the table in the corner of the living room—the room she had looked ahead to see filled with other children, joys, sadness, plans and dreams. She wanted six children, and she prayed the Lord would choose at least one to work for Him. . . . But children should be allowed to root in one place. This moving— She heard his key in the door and flew to meet him.

"Flour on your nose," he teased. "You are adorable."

And he could leave it all, demolish her building, start off to the desert and hardships.

"What smells so good?" he wanted to know.

"Steak and onions. Help me carry it in," she smiled.

**H**E ASKED the blessing. This was home. Upstairs the children slept. Now, they would sleep here and there, on packing boxes, in dresser drawers, on the floor. On location there was generally one or two rooms. . . .

"Pa had lunch with me, Patty," said Tony.

For a moment Patricia almost hated his father. He was always away. Tony had not had the father-example set before him as it should have been. A father's place is in the home just as much as is the mother's.

"And after he talked to me I saw things different."

Oh, he saw things different, did he?



Saw that life was meant to be spent traveling, making friends and losing them, driving sixty miles to Mass, Sundays. And some Sundays, when they were on location in the wilderness, there would be no Mass. And there would be no lifelong friends for the children, just making and losing friends; moving, ever moving. Tom Wainwright should be muzzled. The idea of allowing a man like him—a regular nomad—to talk to men like Tony, even if he was his son, and influence him to spend his life on the move. Mother Wainwright was too good for that man—

“I saw that a home is all that matters,” said Tony. “Pa says if he had his life to re-live he’d stay right here in the office, enjoy his children, try to mean something in their lives, get to know them. After lunch I went to the president and told him I was staying here where I’d established a home.”

### Return

By W. Crittenden

*And now again will Spring come to the island—*

*And oleanders open lips of flame*

*And breathe upon the air their curse of beauty,  
That men forget the lands from whence they came.*

*And there the wide streets lead down to the waters,*

*That lick long tongues against the white-edged beach,*

*And there a daring seagull skims a wave crest,  
And darts away with sharp staccato screech.*

*And now again the sea, a restless woman,  
Who wears a face for every mood and whim,  
Will set herself to rob the sky of glories,  
That she may not be heralded as dim.*

*And now again will Spring come to the island,  
And shake her scented laughter on the breeze.  
And Winter, like a small boy tired of playing,  
Will fall asleep beneath the jasmine trees.*

## Plaza Church of Los Angeles

By Christian Emery

THE CHURCH OF Our Lady Queen of the Angels, *Nuestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles*, is the oldest surviving landmark identified with the Spanish founding and colonization of Los Angeles. Contrary to popular opinion, it is not one of the original Chain of Mission Churches and neither can it claim the distinction of being the first church erected in the small pueblo outpost of this section of the Southwest.

It is true that Felipe de Neve and his valiant band of *padres* and *pobladores* read the proclamation of Carlos III, blessed the ground, erected a cross and celebrated Mass where the church now stands when they reached the site of the new settlement. Yet, for three years after its inception, the first citizens of the City of the Queen of the Angels listened for the clear call of the Mission bells of San Gabriel, which were purposely rung early, loud and long in order that the people from the pueblo might, according to their physical and financial status, make the fifteen-mile trip on foot, by horseback or in creaking ox-drawn *carretas* across the fertile, flower-strewn valley to attend the Sunday service.

As the settlement grew and the garri-son of riotous soldiers needed special spiritual guidance, an eighteen by twenty-four-foot adobe chapel was built opposite the Plaza, or central square of the community. Passing years necessitated a larger church and the corner stone of a second edifice was laid on August 15, 1814. This plan for permanence was changed in 1815, when the normally dry *Rio de Los Angeles* unexpectedly overflowed its banks and inundated the low lying portion of the little city and the *Angelenos* prudently rebuilt their dwellings, the Plaza and their church on higher, safer grounds.

They seem to have been quite deliberate about all of this, for the construction of the newer, larger church was not begun until 1818. Despite generous donations of cattle and commodities from the nearby Missions, the work which was all done by neophyte Indians from San Gabriel and San Luis Rey, progressed so slowly that, in 1822, the patient *padres* warmly welcomed the assistance of Joseph Chapman, *José El Ingles*, the New England youth who came to California with Bouchard, the French privateer, when the "pirate" descended upon Santa Barbara in 1818. *José*, who was captured and held in duress by the Californians, sought the favor of a devout *senorita* and, forsaking his lawless life, constantly endeavored to improve every opportunity for constructive effort.

CHAPMAN SPENT months at San Gabriel. There he won the confidence of Father Zalvidea and, in addition to the greater comfort and conveniences he installed at the Mission, he fostered further conservation by building a grist mill that ground the Mission grain and, still furnishing tangible proof of his practicality, is now used as a well beloved home in the rich, residential district of San Marino. Consequently, when the necessity for speeding the construction of the new Church of Our Lady became imperative, *José*, the "gringo," was commissioned to direct the slow motioned Indian laborers.

Taking the more efficient workers, he went eleven miles to a canyon in the foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains where, just north of the present city of Pasadena, this little group of willing workmen felled, hewed, and with plodding oxen, hauled all of the original roof timbers that were used in the Plaza Church, and these timbers, with an astonishing amount of other basic material, were sturdy enough to be incorporated in the remodeled structure

as it stands today. At the time of its completion, surrounded by thirty small, tule-thatched adobe habitations, the church was the pride and pivotal point of community interest.

Increasing population, city ordinances and successive changes of administration necessitated repeated "readjustments" in which remodeling and repairs faithfully followed the first progressive plan of its builders. Serving as an *asistencia* of San Gabriel, this subsidiary period ended in 1852 when the Fathers of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary succeeded the Franciscan Missionaries as they closed their loving labor in San Gabriel and Los Angeles. Another change occurred in 1859, for it was then that the Rt. Rev. Taddeus Amat, D. D., the second bishop of Monterey, established the seat of the diocese in the Church of Our Lady Queen of the Angels. The next adaptation to changing conditions came about in April, 1876, when the newly dedicated St. Vibiana Cathedral attracted the majority of the English-speaking Catholics, while the descendants of the first Spanish settlers and the vanguard of the host of incoming Mexicans turned instinctively toward the little church of Our Lady.

FURTHER CHANGES resulted in 1908 when Missionary Sons of the Immaculate Heart of Mary took charge of San Gabriel, and two years later extended their activities to the Plaza Church. But, through all the years of readjustment, the most revitalizing rehabilitation dates from the arrival of the Claretian Missionaries, C. M. F., who found, soon after they occupied the premises, that the church was inadequate for the congregation. Even though many Masses were celebrated, the congestion became so great that, late in the fall of 1912, the final enlargement was made. This was done by



moving the sanctuary into the transept and this not only furnished the required space but, to the delight of all, made the building cruciform.

**N**OW, WITH a seating for five hundred, seven Masses are said every Sunday and on holydays of obligation in an attempt to accommodate the more than four thousand English and Spanish-speaking people who come for spiritual enrichment to the old Plaza Church. Five services are held every day and there is also an evening service at seven o'clock. Special services, Novenas, confessions and administration of the Sacrament presents an almost constant activity and, with the Arch-Association of Perpetual Adoration of the Most Adorable Sacrament established here, the Blessed Sacrament is exposed in this church every day from eight o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock at night.

With the restoration and enlargement of the church, the large and small patios were paved and there, under the shade of stately palm trees that have grown from a pioneer planting, or in the cool comfort of the spreading grape vine that flourishes in a great green canopy, close beside the large, electric-lighted Cross and the cloistered arches that lend such an air of Old World enchantment, vivid *fiestas*, such as the annual Blessings of the Animals, the celebration of various saints' days and all other outstanding events in the Church calendar are colorfully commemorated. Well planned progress is noted in the neat two-storied building that encloses the outer edges of the large patio. The offices of the Church, a thrift encouraging bank and several stores occupy the lower floor, while serenely above this modernism, the rectory, with cages of singing birds on the sunlit balcony is an isolated, but easily accessible haven of rest in the midst of the ceaseless surge of the city.

Many societies have their meeting place at the Plaza Church, and a large parochial school and a convent for the Sisters are included in the forward movement of the Claretian Fathers. A weekly magazine, *La Esperanza*, is published, and its high standard and wide circulation definitely proclaims it to be one of the finest Spanish publications in North and South America. Attractive historical booklets are also a distinctive offering of this superior printing shop and these, with candles, rosaries, a profusion of artificial flowers and innumerable sacred souvenirs are sold in the bookshop that conveniently opens on both patios.

The church is the official headquarters of the Claretian American Province and the Claretian Missionaries—the Missionary Sons of the Immaculate Heart of Mary—have more than four thousand members with two hundred and fifteen branches efficiently functioning throughout the world. Twenty-one of these are located in the United States and sustain many missions with an impressive array of junior colleges as further emphasis of the constructive training they offer. In thorough analysis and appreciation of their exceptional achievements, thousands of pious pilgrims gratefully accord utmost honor to the Claretian Fathers for the welfare of their people and conducting the affairs of the Church of Our Lady as faithfully in character with the original concept as the quickened tempo of the times will permit.

**S**O IT IS that the seeker for this sanctuary, crossing the busy streets that converge at the Plaza, will pause after passing an old-fashioned sidewalk clock, to more closely study the façade of this hallowed old church. Standing in the shadow of the slender *campanile* one may wonder how many heart-throbbing stories have been tolled by the triad of sweet-toned bells, and with

this thought there is cause for gratitude that this church has been so vital an influence in this cosmopolitan city for, although not the oldest in the aggregate of its years, it is one of the most important in its record of continuous daily service on the North American Continent.

**T**HE GREATLY treasured tablets with their old Spanish inscriptions, pay tribute and petition the Virgin in the translated terms of "God Save Thee, Mary full of Grace," "Holy Mary, Mother of God, Pray for us sinners," while the third one ends with a triumphant paean, "The Lord is in His Holy Temple—Let all the earth keep silent before Him." These inscriptions were executed by Henri Penelon, a French artist, who was the first photographer in Los Angeles and proved his versatility by frescoing the church within and without. Faint tracings of these pictures may be seen on the outer surface by keen eyes, but much more plainly in view is the bronze tablet placed by the Knights of Columbus in commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the church.

Stepping from the street into the side patio is thoughtful preparation, for, on entering the church the atmosphere is so predominantly Latin, so surprisingly "foreign" that it is difficult to realize that all the energy and activity of a great American city is pulsing outside these ancient walls. Unlike the churches of Mexico and the South American Republics, the Church of Our Lady contains few ornate treasures. There are interesting old Spanish paintings, and the Stations of the Cross evoke individualized attention because they were painted by local Indians with vegetable colors in 1814. The first church bench, made by Indians, and the first cross used on the altar, as well as the first lamp and censer are still classed among the precious possessions of the church.

The main altar is a blending of white and gold and a modern, precautionary procedure is shown in the electric candles in the tall brass candlesticks on the main altar, side altars and shrines. Electric lights outline the wide arches, while sunlight filters through the old memorial windows and the shallow circular dome. The brown ceiling of narrow, grooved boards, the pulpit with its quaint old sounding board and the carved altar rail all blend harmoniously, but the round wooden clock, placed high for clearer vision at the portal of the chancel, is an oddly incongruous introduction.

The most up to the moment innovation are the rows of gilded cherubim heads on the electric lighted columns. These are the loud speakers of the recently installed radio system that carries the voices of the officiating priests to the very doors of the church. Every sermon is delivered in Spanish and then repeated in English, and this routine was followed on Easter Sunday when the entire service was broadcast over a national network. So complete is this conquest of sound that those attending the service, as well as those listening to the radio, might well believe they were hearing a service far removed from the flow of city traffic.

**T**HE OLD CHOIR loft is over the main entrance, but the organ is played by a priest who sings the service and, placed near the center of the church, it is more readily heard, and the floor space immediately about it is occupied by the choir. Beside the steep, enclosed stairway leading to the loft, is a large glass case containing the thorn-crowned *El Senor Cristo* bent beneath the weight of the Cross, and the people to show their sorrow and sympathy, have clothed Him in dark velvet, brightly bordered with gold.

Under the bells, in the southwest cor-



ner near the entrance, the old baptistry functions in much the same manner as in the days of the Franciscan *padres*. The small, deeply embrasured window accents the heavy adobe construction. The baptismal font is firmly built upon a pedestal set in the center of the cement floor and the vessel containing the holy water is kept on a recessed wall shelf.

**A**BOVE THE ALTAR, which is decorated with vases of pink roses, a painting of Jesus being baptized by John shows the descent of the dove, and on a movable base in order that it may be most conveniently used in the many church processions, a statuary group depicts a diminutive donkey, Joseph and the Holy Virgin enroute to the epochal birth that has forever made Jerusalem a Sacred City. These appointments, with a worn wooden bench for witnessing relatives, comprise the furnishing of the very small room where, since the first definite baptismal entry was made in the church registry on March 4, 1826, approximately sixty-five thousand baptisms have been consecutively recorded. This is said to be the greatest number of baptisms accredited to any of the older Mission churches of California.

The many altars and shrines all have their ardent devotees, but the altar of the Virgin claims universal homage. To pray at this altar is to experience a new sense of spiritual quickening and to come into contact with other lives. Down the long aisle where the wooden flooring reveals the effect of innumerable marching feet, past the old pews with their battered prayer benches, modishly dressed women and girls hurry in their eagerness to approach the Shrine of Our Lady. There they kneel beside men who have come in from nearby business houses or a wanderer's bench in the Plaza, for it is astonishing to realize how many men find

regeneration in a quiet hour of prayer at the Plaza Church.

Bowed, *sarape*-shrouded Mexican mothers move slowly down the aisle with bulging shopping bags and wearily come to rest before the Blessed Mother who understands and would solace the sorrows of all her children; and the years, their burdens and worries depart as they gaze upward in hope and adoration. The Plaza Church truly serves all sorts and conditions of people. There are men and women who lean heavily on canes while beside them *ninos*, very alert little boys and girls carefully drilled by their elders, halt their skipping, heedless steps and walk reverently, their dark, observant eyes missing no detail of this Holy Place.

**P**EOPLE OF ALL ages and all walks of life come to the Plaza Church to ease aching hearts, to offer prayers of thanksgiving and trustingly leave their soulful petitions in the compassionate care of the Virgin Mother. Here they find fullest measure of comfort and inspiration. This is so apparent that the most poignant impression one may carry away is the invincible recollection of those who, after an uplifting interval of prayer, continue to kneel, or back their way out of the Church of Our Lady Queen of the Angels. Worshipers are reluctant to leave this Bourne of Benediction, but prolonging their stay to the utmost, they turn with new strength, security and serenity toward the world and the work that awaits them. Such is the purpose and the blessing of the little church at the Plaza.

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### Evening

By William T. Dunn

*Dusk with its torch of fading light  
Steals silently away  
To light the candles of the night  
Ere silence comes to pray.*

# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

The female cricket cannot chirp.



The elephant reaches full maturity at forty.



More fish are used in manufacturing processes today than are eaten as food.



A single factory may turn out as many as 5000 complete automobiles a day.



Oliver Wendell Holmes was seventy when he began his famous china-painting.



Five million birds a year are killed in the United States to supply feathers for women's hats.



Nearly every type of dress fabric today is produced in rayon by combining rayon with other materials.



Over forty million sets of false teeth are exported annually from the United States to all parts of the world.



About all the modern girl knows about a needle is that you have to change it on the phonograph.—*Olson.*



Experts tell us that while most fish find it difficult to see blue, yellow and green, they see red with great clarity.

Scientists estimate that salt to the amount of four hundred million tons lies at the bottom of Salt Lake, in Utah.



A few years ago Gus Sundstrum of the New York Athletic club swam one hundred yards under water without using his arms.



A long face is no compliment to your Deity, and praying should be a pleasant occupation, for you are in good company.—Chinese Author.



The Archdiocese of Baltimore, (in its first years it was the Diocese of Baltimore) at one time included the whole of what was then the United States.



A woman of Columbus, Nebraska, has built a nice business making wooden-soled shoes for workers who have to stand for long hours on slippery and acid-covered floors.



It has been estimated that merely to count the twenty billion dollars being spent on arms this year, a person would have to work forty hours a week for over a thousand years.



Here are the observed wing-beats per second of a number of birds: Hummingbird, 200; sparrow, 13; swift, 10; duck, 9; pigeon, 8; marsh hawk, 5; screech owl, 5; stork, 2, pelican, 1.



There is a spiny lizard in South Australia which has what looks like two heads. When asleep in the sun, the real head is buried in the ground so that if a bird swoops down and hits the false head, the lizard is thereby warned of its danger without any real harm actually being done.



## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**The Spirit of Gregorian Chant**, by Marie Pierik. Published by McLaughlin and Reilly Co., 100 Bolyston St., Boston. 75c.

It is difficult to ascribe a purpose for this recent accession to the slowly evolving literature on the Latin chant. The book is a worthwhile study, but hardly a significant one. It is too accurate a collection of historic quotations to be dismissed without comment and at the same time too sketchy and deficient in method, order and clarity of style to be considered a complete study.

The fact that the work is published without the usual indications of ecclesiastical approval inclines one to be cautious in statements regarding it. Regardless of the reasons for or against the delay of the diocesan censor, mentioned by the publisher in an inserted notice, the absence of official approval could cause embarrassment. This is apparent because of the treatment, unusually exhaustive for a volume on music, in chapters five and six dealing with the liturgy and the Mass.

The historical account of the Latin chant from the time of St. Gregory to the year 1000 is one that would serve well as a handy reference; the treatment of the eleventh-century origin of the organum, of diaphony, and discant are neat summaries of reliable authors; and the description of the methods employed in reconstructing the chant tradition is admirable. But altogether the book suffers considerably from lack of conciseness.

The purpose of the work doesn't appear to be clear even to the author herself. To quote:

It is difficult to formulate a theory of simple facts: one does not propose to prove the self-evident. We shall therefore present our subject matter with no attempt at proving anything, merely revealing (page 8).

And again:

In considering "What is Gregorian Chant," we shall proceed, at first, not from an academic analysis but rather from a given idealism. Let us then start on our way in quest of the holy that leads to the beautiful . . . not . . . with the beautiful to arrive at the holy.

The author's style is involved and enigmatic. The thought is not exact. One sentence of twelve lines is almost a complete paragraph. Careless proof-reading, particularly where *cursus* is identified with *curses* is tragically amusing.

The book's appeal will be to the more diligent student who seeks material replete with quotations from authentic sources. There is an extensive list of good definitions, and there is also a remarkable display of familiarity with the chant literature of the last century.

John D. Gallagher.

**White Wings and Barricades**—A Story of Great Adventure—from the French of Celine Lhotte and Elizabeth Dupeyrat, by a Daughter of Charity. Benziger Bros., New York. Price, \$1.

One seldom finds tense drama and thrilling adventure in the biography of a woman dedicated to God in religion. But place that woman in the ranks of the brave Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul living in the bloody days of the French Reign of Terror and you have action with romance—action that is Catholic and romance divine. *White Wings and Barricades* is a refreshing account of a woman's love for God's poor and suffering during those infamous days of the equally infamous Robespierre, Danton and Marat. The family name of this heroine was Jeanne Rendu, but the grateful poor of the miserable section of Paris known as La Mouffe still remember her as La Bonne Mère Rosalie, the angel of charity.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century with Bonaparte master in

France, there was a short-lived peace for the war-weary nation. Jeanne, then fifteen, applied at the hospital in Gex for reception among the Daughters of Charity.

For more than fifty years this noble angel of charity spent herself among the homeless and abandoned, visiting the sick and the suffering and even winning the high respect and confidence of the rich and mighty. During the horrible epidemic of cholera in Paris Sister Rosalie spent entire nights nursing the infected victims whom family and society had abandoned, only to return to the small convent the next day to dispense medicine and food to the physical and the moral wrecks who sought her aid and solace. She trained a group of college youths to love and serve the poor after her humble example, and among these novices we find Frederick Ozanam profiting from the lessons taught by this grand teacher of self-sacrifice.

In 1848 came the new revolt in France. Barricades were set up in the market-place and once again the streets ran red with the blood of the poor. Eight thousand persons were slain during the four days of pitched battle. The venerable archbishop of Paris, Monsignor Affre, was shot down in cold-blooded murder as he pleaded atop one of the barricades for peace. On another day under similar circumstances the white wings of Mère Rosalie appeared atop the same barricades. Raising her hand aloft in supplication she begged the rioters to cease their mad slaughter. Suddenly the fighting ceased, men forgot their hate and peace was restored. Small wonder that party lines were forgotten and all Paris wept when, a short time later, Soeur Rosalie went home to God.

Such is the unusual story of this heroic Daughter of Charity. We recommend whole-heartedly *White Wings and Barricades* as must reading for all

those whose interests or vocations have to do with social work. The realistic language, superb description and racy style all combine to make even this English translation delightfully entertaining as well as instructive.

J. D. Mundon.

#### PAMPHLETS

Public Affairs Pamphlets, 350 Madison Ave., New York: *The Fight on Cancer*, by Clarence C. Little. 10c.

Mary Help of Christians School, Tampa, Fla.: *I Saw the Holy Shroud*, by the Rev. Peter M. Rinaldi, S. C.

The Sisters of St. Francis, 1024 Court St., Syracuse, N. Y.: *Shall I Become a Franciscan?* by Sister Mary Claire, O. S. F.

Sisters of St. Dominic, Rosary Hill, Hawthorne, N. Y.: *Report of the Servants of Relief for Incurable Cancer among the Poor*.

The Leaflet Missal, 55 E. Tenth St., St. Paul, Minn.: *The Mass on the Day of Marriage*, Including the Marriage Ceremony and the Nuptial Blessing. 10c.

The Paulist Press, New York: *Thy Sins Are Forgiveness*—the Sacrament of Penance, with study club outline, 5c. *The Gift Divine*—the Holy Eucharist, with study club outline, 5c. Both by the Rev. Francis J. Connell, C. SS. R., S. T. D. *Good Friday*—the Mass of the Presanctified, the Seven Last Words, Edited by a Paulist Father. 10c. *The Renegade Home*, by Ella Frances Lynch, with discussion club outline. 5c. *The Church and the Social Order*, a Reiteration of the Church's Teaching on Ownership, Property, Labor, Security, Wages and Establishment of Social Order, by the Archbishops and Bishops of the Administrative Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, with discussion club outline by the Rev. Gerald Treacy, S. J. 5c. *A Way to Achievement*, by Mother Bolton, R. C. 25c.



## YOUNGER READERS

### New World

By Edna Hamilton

*The blue blaze of larkspur*

*Carpets all the woods,*

*Tulips in my garden*

*Wear Red Riding hoods.*

*Violets in purple gowns*

*Cover low moist places,*

*Pansies . . . yellow, red and brown*

*Wear sweet smiling faces.*

*Starry-petaled snowdrops,*

*Blossom near my door. . . .*

*It's Spring's fairy magic touch,—*

*Spring that I adore.*

### Some Venetian Painters

By Sara Maynard

#### I—TITIAN AND GIORGIONE

ABOUT THE YEAR 1400 a family of painters named Bellini lived in Venice, and one of these, the greatest of this family, came to be called the "father" of the Venetian Old Masters. For it was in this Bellini's life-time that the gigantic movement known as the Renaissance swept over Italy—and Venice was the first of the Italian cities to be shaken by the movement. The Renaissance (which means the re-birth) brought to life again the classical art of the Greeks, and a great desire for learning of all kinds.

In Bellini's youth it was "the thing" to be classic-minded, to know as much as possible about the old-time Greeks and their art. It was the fashion to have pagan gods and goddesses painted on the walls of bedrooms and living rooms, and even on the furniture. Before the Renaissance the Italian painters had kept to religious subjects for their

pictures, and for a very good reason. Hardly anyone could read in those days, and therefore the best way to teach people about Christ and all holy things was by painting holy pictures for them to look at. Now suddenly came this upheaval for the people of Italy. Instead of religious paintings their artists began giving them pagan subjects. And the people didn't like it. How glad the Venetians were then to find that among their own artists there was one exception to this rule. Bellini was the exception.

Now Bellini kept to the old *subjects* for his paintings, but he did not keep to the old *style*. He studied the grace and beauty of the Greeks, with the result that his pictures possess qualities never produced by any Venetian up to that time. Moreover he was a quiet, kindhearted man, and it seems as if his own gentleness and goodness have come down to us in his paintings of Our Lady and the Holy Child.

From the beginning of his career until his death—and he lived to be quite old—good fortune and success came to him without a break. In the course of his life he taught many artists who in their turn became famous men. The most famous of all was Titian. With Bellini's paintings Venetian art blazed forth out of a dim glow; with his pupil Titian it was to reach its greatest height. And Titian can hardly be separated from another pupil of Bellini's, by name Giorgione.

Titian was born in the mountain country of Cadore, a good distance from Venice; Giorgione, at Castel Franco, between the sea and the mountains, a day's journey from Venice. For generations Titian's ancestors had been

soldiers or lawyers, but war (either on the battlefields or in the law courts) does not appear to have entered the boy's mind.

**W**HEN TITIAN was quite young, eight years old or so, he painted his first picture. Probably no boy in the world ever set out to become an artist with such strange materials. It was a hot summer's evening and he straggled home, tired from a day in the woods with his brothers and sisters. On the way home he had gathered a bunch of wild flowers for his mother, but now having reached the garden he felt altogether too hot and tired to go another step, and so he threw himself down on a bench under a shady tree, and let the other children run on into the house without him. As he lay sprawling there he noticed that the flowers were completely wilted from the heat of his hands. How could he give such dead old things to his mother? In disgust and disappointment he squeezed the bunch tighter and tighter until the flowers were all crumpled to pieces and his hands all sticky from the juice of the stalks.

Then suddenly he sat up and looked at his hands—not because they were hot and dirty or because they were sticky from the juice, but because they were *green* from the juice. Oh, how often he had longed for some wet things that had color in it. Something like a box of dyes—but he had been always too poor, or at any rate had never had the luck, to possess any such marvellous thing.

He jumped up off the bench, his tiredness forgotten, and ran to the back of the house, with his hands full of the oozing stalks. At the back of the house surely nobody would mind if he drew a colored picture on the wall. For ages and ages his mind had been full of pictures. Now at last he had something to make a picture with!

Next morning he was out of bed long

before the rest of the children; again he gathered a bunch of flowers and squashed them to pulp in his hands, and then set about finishing his picture on the wall of the house—painting it with flower juice.

"What can be the matter with that boy?" cried his mother, a busy woman. "I've called him to breakfast three times, and he does not seem to hear me or see me."

"I do hear you, mother," Titian cried out. "And I am coming—but I've still got a little bit more to do and I *must* finish it."

"Finish what?" demanded his mother, coming out into the garden. And then she saw. On the wall of the house was a picture of the Madonna and Child and two angels.

"Well—well!" she exclaimed slowly. "Who showed you how to do that?"

"Nobody showed me. I just knew how to do it."

**T**ITIAN'S FATHER was not so pleased as his mother had been. He told the boy to come down to reality. The truth was that the poor father had to work hard to make a living for the large family. He was a lawyer, but not even lawyers could grow rich in Cadore. It was a district of poor soil, which meant that the inhabitants were compelled to labor for little profit, and consequently legal fees were small. No, Titian's father had not much interest in pictures. His mother, however, soon had her head full of ambitious schemes. She watched the boy spending hours over his drawings, and she said to herself, "Our son is a genius!" But when she said the same thing to her husband he frowned and said, "Wife, talk sense!"

"Sense? Well, one day you will see if I am not talking sense!" And whenever the opportunity arose Titian's mother continued to talk what she called sense.

Now her husband valued her opinion



in everyday affairs, and at the end of some months when he realized how deeply rooted was her faith in the child's gifts his opposition gradually subsided. He began to help her make definite plans for little Titian's artistic training.

**TO BECOME** a painter the child would have to leave Cadore; nothing artistic flourished in that harsh country. But where to send him was the question. To Florence? To Rome? To Venice? Florence and Rome seemed very far away. Thus their thoughts centered on Venice, and soon they could not help comparing the gay easy life of the artistic Venetians with their own hard lot up in the mountains of Cadore. So they decided that nothing better could be done for Titian than to send him to Venice.

His mother packed up his few belongings and away he went with his father to the beautiful city of Venice to begin the difficult training of an artist. Titian at this time was nearly ten years old. Luckily he had an uncle in Venice, so that he was not completely forlorn in an unknown city. He lived with his uncle, and went every day to take lessons from a humble teacher whose main interest lay in mosaics. (A "mosaic" is a picture or a decoration made by inlaying small pieces of marble, tile, glass and enamel very close together. This art flourished in the fifth and sixth centuries, but by the time Titian was a boy the great mosaic workers were dead and gone.) It did not take him long to grasp all the knowledge this humble mosaic-worker could give him. His uncle made inquiries for a better teacher, and in this way Titian entered the studio of no less a master than Bellini. Bellini was at this time a man of sixty, and the most renowned painter in Venice, and so it was an enormous privilege for a ten-year-old boy to get into his workshop.

Now by a coincidence another boy of great talent entered Bellini's studio with Titian. He was about Titian's age, but of quite a different disposition; eager, always happy, full of life. This was Giorgione.

For years the two boys, Titian and Giorgione, worked side by side under Bellini's guidance, and of the two only Giorgione attracted attention. He was so vivacious and gifted that he simply *had* to be noticed. He painted what Bellini taught him, painted what no one taught him—and painted always brilliantly and always in a hurry. Whereas Titian, quieter in disposition, remained unobserved among the throng of Bellini's students. He went about his work slowly and with the greatest care. As it happened he had still more than three quarters of a century to live, so there was no need for him to hurry. It was as if Titian were trying to say: "I shall live to be very old. I have plenty of time, plenty of time!" And Giorgione: "Oh, I have only a short life to live, so I must hurry, hurry, hurry!"

**AT LAST** THE day came when both boys were sufficiently grown-up to have houses of their own, and sufficiently finished in technique to run their own studios. Giorgione set up house in a fashionable and lively quarter of the town, and the first thing he did was to decorate the outside walls of his house with paintings. Now it had been the custom in Italy for over a hundred years to decorate the exterior as well as the interior of *public* buildings with the work of celebrated artists, but Giorgione's was the first *private* house to have exterior paintings. This created a sensation and marked a new luxury for the gay and wealthy people of Venice.

One of the most important events in Giorgione's career was the commission he received to ornament the State Exchange with his paintings. It was a great honor, but it was far too much

work for one man, even with the assistance of some lesser artists to do the rough work. Giorgione had to have someone to help him, and immediately he thought of his great friend Titian. He hurried to Titian's house, bubbling over with the good news. Titian was equally delighted. They talked over the work and planned how they would divide it. Giorgione was to paint the walls on the town side of the Exchange, and Titian the walls on the side facing the sea. Both were wildly enthusiastic, never suspecting the personal troubles that lay ahead of them. For this partnership was to put an end to their friendship. Their affection for one another began to dwindle as soon as they started work. First they were rivals, and then enemies instead of friends—and what a pity it was, since all that work of theirs is gone anyway, destroyed by the wind and the sea-air. A few years later Giorgione died. He was about thirty-three.

**I**MMEDIATELY upon his death a craze sprang up to possess a painting of his, with the result that a number of fake pictures came into existence. At the present day there are less than a dozen of his pictures left in the world, and even of these some are doubtful. And yet he is regarded as one of the most important figures in the history of Venetian art—because he enlarged upon Bellini the “father” of the Venetian Old Masters, and Titian was to enlarge upon him.

With Giorgione out of the way Titian stepped into the highest place in Venice. He stepped into Giorgione's shoes, but he never gained Giorgione's popularity. From boyhood on, Giorgione had been immensely popular. Titian, on the other hand, did things which the people of Venice found hard to forgive. For instance, long before his old master Bellini was dead he was asking for Bellini's position as State Painter. That

did not endear him to the people. The Venetians loved gentle old Bellini. Moreover, the religious paintings Titian made for the churches were not really religious at all, and that was another thing resented by the people.

**T**ITIAN WAS not popular as a man, or painter, or as a teacher. His students did not care for him because of his negligence where their studies were concerned. He had too much on hand of his own to have time or inclination for pupils. Commissions poured in on him from all parts of Italy and from foreign countries. He was never known to turn down a commission, neither did he hesitate to ask for large fees, and to ask for them in advance; but in the matter of finishing his work he was slow indeed. Sometimes he kept a painting in his studio for years before he was satisfied with it; he would work at it and then put it aside for months, yet all that time harping for money from his patrons. The same sort of thing happened when he did get the coveted State appointment on Bellini's death. He accepted the pension readily, but could not be induced to finish the State portraits—until finally the government threatened to make him refund what money had been given him. These personal characteristics, however, have nothing whatsoever to do with the value of his painting.

No artist has ever produced more wonderful color on canvas, or painted so marvellously the sunlight coming through the trees, or the light shimmering among the folds of the gorgeous dresses worn by the rich women who sat to him for portraits. As a portrait painter alone his fame will live as long as there are civilized people in the world, since the major difficulty a portrait painter has to overcome is the paint of flesh so that it looks like flesh. And in that Titian excelled.

(To be continued.)



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CATHOLIC  
HOME WEEKLY



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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, U. S. A.

### NOTES AND REMARKS

Arrogance of "Academic Freedom" . . .  
Where the Jews Stand . . . .  
Communists Lose Suit . . . .  
Fight, Team, Fight! . . . .  
Deliverance of Poland . . . .

### LIBERTY AND CO-OPERATIVE SELF-HELP

A reassertion of the writer's favorite thesis: Co-operation between mind and body in the production of many of the things we use gives a measure of economic independence.

By WILLIS D. NUTTING

### ST. LUKE IN THE CLASSROOM

Teachers of religion will find the language of St. Luke's Gospel helpful to their pupils not only in the course, but also in the acquisition of certain qualities in good writing.

By SISTER BENEDICTA MARIE, O.P.

### "LAST SUPPER" IN STAINED GLASS

Tells of Miss Moretti's recapture in stained glass, for a Memorial Window in Glendale, Calif., of Da Vinci's vanishing mural in Milan Cathedral.

By ROBERT VOELKER

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CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

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## NEXT WEEK

The Rev. Matthew Coyle, C. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind., in *The Ave Maria in Retrospect*, offers a recall of the better returns of the better prose writers who have appeared in THE AVE MARIA during the past seventy-five years.

*A Heritage of Song* is a corresponding search in sequestered corners for poetry evidences. Searcher—the Rev. Charles M. Carey, C. S. C., also of Notre Dame, Ind.

*And Dawn Came*, is a short story by a fiction-minded senior of St. Mary's College, Holy Cross P. O., Ind.

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## OBITUARY

Mother M. Claudia and Sister M. Martina, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Edmund, Sister M. DeSales, Sister M. Benedict, Sister M. Patricia, Sister M. Oswald and Sister M. St. Hugh, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Alexandra, Sisters of St. Francis.

Mrs. Catherine McKenna, Patrick McDwyer, Joseph A. Murphy, Mary A. Murphy, John Welling, Mrs. Mary Welling, Mrs. Susan McGauley, Mrs. Ethel Kolar, George Elli, Eugene O'Neill, James Synan, Mrs. Katherine McGrath, Otto Miller, Mrs. Mary O'Brien, Mrs. Anna Maloney.

May they rest in peace!

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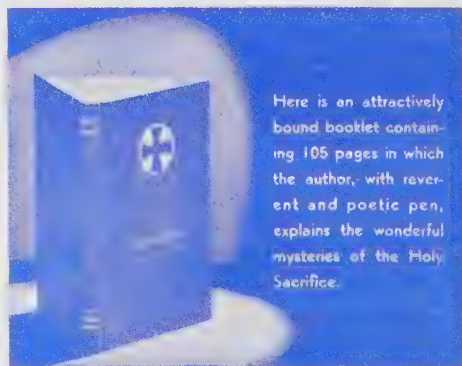
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# THE AVE MARIA CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

VOL. 51, (N. S.) NO. 17 [Copyright, 1940: The Ave Maria Press]

APRIL 27, 1940

## World News in Brief

**THE CHURCH** In Paris, war failed to halt plans for the Eucharistic Congress at Nice, this summer. . . . ¶ In Madrid, Franco casualties in Spain during the Civil War were placed at 77,000. . . . ¶ In New York, a Catholic population of 21,403,136 for the United States, Alaska and Hawaiian Islands, is reported in the new Catholic Directory. . . . Three Archdioceses with a million or more Catholics are Chicago, Boston and New York. . . . ¶ In Washington, the Bishops' Committee sent \$156,000 to the Holy See for Polish Relief. The Holy Father insisted that American goods be purchased. . . . An impressive monument to Christ the Light of the World will rise soon on one of the most prominent avenues in the national capital. It will mark the headquarters of the new N. C. W. C. . . . ¶ In Paris, Albert Einstein, world-famous scientist paid high tribute to Catholic courage in Germany by calling it Hitler's only opposition.

**AT HOME** In Washington, Thomas E. Dewey was strongly opposed in high Republican circles. . . . The War Department released its fastest and most secret planes to the Empires. . . . The President urged Americans to be ready to repel force with force. . . . The Senate passed a bill authorizing nine new federal judges. . . . The Navy chief asked Congress to appropriate one billion, ten million dollars for warships. . . . Secretary Hull warned the world that the Dutch East Indies must not be overrun. . . . After

Postmaster General Farley called on the President, both were reported as candidates. . . . ¶ In Chicago, the American Legion rebuked five Congressmen who opposed the Dies quiz. . . . ¶ In New York, Americans contributed nine million dollars for European relief during the last six months. . . . ¶ In Atlanta, the K. K. K. curbed its use of masks and fiery crosses. . . . ¶ In industry, farmers hoped for increased sales from war conditions as grain prices were boosted by foreign orders.

**ABROAD** In London, radios reported: British troops had landed in Norway; British sailors had torpedoed the German pocket battleship *Admiral Scheer*, and asserted that a vast mine had been laid in the Baltic to cut the German supply line. Meantime, Norway was cut in half by another audacious German coup. . . . ¶ In Stockholm, King Haakon rallied his scattered troops to oppose invading Nazis. Germany made fresh proposals for co-operation to the Norwegian government. . . . ¶ In Berlin, some reports admitted that English sailors are masters of Narvik, the important ore port. . . . ¶ In Brussels, few hoped to escape the war. All precautions were being taken. . . . ¶ In Italy, authorities asserted that all Europe would soon be drawn into the conflict. . . . ¶ In Paris, French troops claimed infantry victories on the Western Front. . . . ¶ In Oslo, the fort commander was ousted as a traitor. . . . ¶ In London, new German bombings were reported.

## Notes and Remarks

President Hutchins, University of Chicago, President Sproul, University of California, President Mildred McAfee of

### Arrogance of Academic Freedom

Wellesley, Professor Albert Einstein of Princeton, and Professor John Dewey of Columbia have presented a "united front" for Bertrand Russell, legally ejected from the faculty of the College of the City of New York because of his very objectionable views on traditional morals. "We will carry this academic freedom case to the Supreme Court of the United States . . . because it goes to the heart of the American way of life." So assert these University presidents and professors. What is academic freedom, and how much of it may a schoolman have? "Jehovah's Witnesses" thought that religious freedom permitted them to ring the doorbells of Catholics and to put on phonograph records vilifying people who worshipped God in a different tradition from the "Witnesses." Chief Justice Hughes, however, interrupted Lawyer Covington who pleaded that suppressing the "Witnesses" would interfere with the constitutional guarantee of religious freedom. The Chief Justice told the "Witnesses" and their lawyer that these Catholics had some rights of religious freedom themselves. . . . "I suppose they had a right to be left alone and not to be attacked with scurrilous denunciations of their most cherished faith." We respectfully suggest to the University Presidents and Professors that academic freedom also has its limits. A man is not free to project in a classroom whatsoever he fashions in the process of his thinking. For instance, he might project—and it has been done—that it is permissible to gratify a rape, a robbery or a murder

urge, because the subject of the urge is a creature of necessity. And so on, and so on. How Mr. Bertrand Russell arrives at the conclusion that adultery, companionate marriage and no children after marriage are essential to happiness and the progress of the race, we do not profess to understand. It is, of course, a mad conclusion which if permitted to survive and prosper would create a condition of social anarchy. This government of, for and by the people must not permit Russell to project his destroying angels in order to sustain a so-called academic freedom, which is academic humbug that does not exist, never did exist, and has no right to exist.

Walter S. Hart, a member of the New York City Council from the Borough of Brooklyn, refuting Dr. Margoshes'

### Where the Jews Stand

charge that only Catholics and Protestants are opposed to the appointment of Bertrand Russell said: "As a member of the City Council, elected from the borough which has the largest Jewish population, I necessarily come in contact with a large number of our people and they are outspoken in their denunciation of Mr. Russell's appointment. While it is true that Russell is being engaged to teach philosophy and mathematics, your conclusion 'that whatever his unorthodox views on morals, his qualifications as a teacher cannot be denied,' is so erratic that even Mr. Russell could not justify it on the ground of logic and reason. Teachers in our public schools, whatever their subject may be, exercise an influence over the students which leaves its mark forever after. If our children are obsessed with the idea that this man is a great philosopher they will read his books and be influenced by



their contents. What is there in our religion that would justify Mr. Russell's theory that 'University students should have temporary childless marriages in order to provide a solution of the sexual urge,' or his statement that 'religion prevents our children from having a rational education.' I regard your statement as a libel on our people. To state that Jews have become so degraded and have so far departed from their religion that they are willing to have their children taught by one who regards religion as a thing to be avoided and who advises university students to indiscriminately satisfy their sexual desire without going through a ceremony of marriage is not in accord with any of the tenets of the Hebrew faith." Certainly this is the attitude of all religious Jews who have profound regard for marriage and the sanctity of the home.

The New York atheist group that brought suit against the city in an endeavor to stop the broadcasting at the Communion breakfasts of city employees lost their suit in the Court of Appeals by a unanimous decision of the judges. The judges affirmed that Communion breakfasts are held at hotels, not at churches. The breakfasts themselves and the speeches after the breakfasts are not in any sense religious ceremonies. The broadcasts are by prominent speakers, some of whom are non-Catholics. The evidence shows moreover, that speeches at breakfasts of the St. George Society, an organization of Protestant city employees, are also broadcast. There is nothing to show there has been any discrimination or favoritism because of race, color or creed in connection with the use of the facilities of the station. The New York atheists are doing everything in their power to interfere

with Catholics, and to prevent them from using their municipal rights. They are, however, losing consistently in the courts. It may be that after some more rebuffs, these men will come to realize that others besides Communists have rights in the City of New York.

Approximately eight hundred Catholic high-school students entered the clean literature campaign in St. Matthew's Cathedral, the new Archdiocese of Washington, on Sunday, April seventh.

### **Fight, Team, Fight!**

We are decidedly glad that our college and high-school Catholic boys and girls are showing evidences of enthusiasm for things that matter. For too long a period have their presences been brought together solely within football areas to stir up evanescent loyalties for alma mater's athletic renown, while book writing termites were working devastation with the morals of alma mater's sons and daughters. It is time for our Catholic boys and girls within high-school and college age to quit mimicking the Communistic antics of many secular schools and to stand with and for their Faith, which antedates Attila the Hun, and will be in existence long after Stalin, Attila's ugly image, has been chased out of Poland.

Poland at the moment is a *terra ignota*. With all foreign consuls ordered out of Warsaw by Germany and with an airtight supervision of all foreign consular service by Russia it is next to impossible to get straight news on conditions in this subjugated land. Though newspaper men have made use of every expedient to get some returns on the Poles, Germany has matched every news opening with a plug to close it tight. God works leisurely. He is unhurried by time, which is less than a

### **Deliverance for Poland**

speck to eternity. But His judgments come home with returns—inevitably. The Poles may have to suffer below the iron heel of militarism, may have to endure their hard, lonesome lot under Stalin's Communism for some time yet. Deliverance will cheer them some morning, however, suddenly and easily, in a way undreamed of now.



Mr. Boake Carter in one of his syndicated articles spoke of the Pope's Easter message as a magnificent plea for peace. "His warn-

### **Nobody Wins a War**

ing," he said, "is a statement of fact.

His plea is a devout

hope. It is a fact recognized by all intelligent people that war brings economic, financial, social and spiritual ruin to vast masses of people and to nations. In war there is no victor. All are losers. Why then we often ask are governments so mad as to believe their disputes can be settled by organized slaughter of millions of totally innocent human beings? Because the material standards of the world are based upon commercialism. Commercialism is the opposite of spiritualism and it is only through travail, through pain, through sorrow, through loss and death, that we realize that the mind brings greater contentment and inner happiness than matter." He then quotes from a letter of an eighty-year-old German mother to her son in the United States: "My dear boy," she says, "Christmas is over. God only knows what the future will bring. We only hope that this war will end soon. The young boys of today sacrificing their lives—but what can we old people do? No butter, no coffee, no tea. One egg a week. But then I am old and I don't need much any more. But it is the poor children that I think of. I have not heard from you in a long time but this is war and I should know what it means. Two of my boys were lost in 1914, and now your sister's two boys

are in it. Where all this will end God alone knows, and all we can do is pray for peace. God bless you. You should be glad you are in America. Pray hard that you may stay out of this war." This mother knows what war is, and so asks her boy to pray that the United States may not enter it. If our people only realized as she does what war means they would insist on a vote of the people before a war could be declared. Also if those who plan, pray and hope that we again set out on the business of saving democracy overseas by another war effort anticipated having themselves to bear arms and to rest satisfied with one egg the week, it is quite possible they would view war less lyrically.



Last week we referred to a resolution introduced into the New York state legislature at Albany by Senator

Dunnigan, calling for an investigation of the

### **Protestant Doctor Testifies**

New York Board

of Education. We have read recently a letter from Dr. J. Arthur Buchanan wherein he states that although he is of the Protestant faith he was compelled to place his children in Catholic schools to assure himself that they would get the necessary training in fundamentals and that their young minds would not be indoctrinated with Communism. "No attention," he says, "was paid to the children's schoolwork but they were given Communistic papers to read, and the conversation they heard from some of the teachers was disgraceful. The teachers try to undermine the authority of parents by telling children that their parents do not understand them. The favorite excuse of the Communists is that parents do not know child psychology. What happened to my children is not an isolated case but refers to all children in the public school, not only the elementary but also the high schools.



I know this from mothers who bring their children to me, and even from some schoolteachers who feel that their lifework is being frustrated." Dr. Buchanan is prepared to present concrete evidence of Communistic propaganda being injected into the schools in the form of a weekly current events paper that his children were forced to read. He declares that it is useless to complain to school authorities as they never give a person any satisfaction. Anyone complaining is looked upon as odd. We hope that the forthcoming investigation will bring all these things to the knowledge of the taxpayers and that there will be a thorough house cleaning in the near future.

The Baltimore *Catholic Review* in recording the death of Sister Raphael, of the Congregation of Notre Dame de

### A Remarkable Conversion

Namur, points out the fact that she was converted to the Catholic faith through the religious bigotry of some of her history teachers. She had been a devoted member of the Anglican Church, but the intolerance of her teachers in their treatment of the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages, and especially their bitter condemnation of priests and nuns, made her somewhat skeptical of the reliability of their statements. She accordingly asked Archbishop Williams of Boston to advise her where she might become acquainted with the Catholic side of this subject. He referred her to the Sisters of Notre Dame on Berkeley St., where she attended a history class. At that time she had no intention of entering the Church, being desirous only of having an intelligent grasp of a subject that was causing violent controversy. In 1881 she attended the famous Concord School of Philosophy organized by Emerson and Alcott where she met all the great leaders of the transcendental

school and was on intimate terms of friendship with Julia Ward Howe, Elizabeth Peabody and Ellen Emerson. And although she obtained a medical degree from Boston University and practised medicine for a time, the desire for a life of personal holiness which had begun when she studied with the Sisters of Notre Dame, finally led her back to them, to Catholicity, and to the sisterhood. This is verification of the truth that Faith is a gift of God and that God sometimes uses extraordinary means to lead His children into His fold.

More even than the last World War, the present conflict makes it but too apparent that the chiefest handicap of

### Keeping the American Tradition

the small nation is to be small. Austria, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Finland and other weaker units have been invaded by the numerically powerful armies of Hitler and Stalin without even the courtesy of an apology. In the Hitler and Stalin view these "little nations" are stepping stones to larger objectives receiving the consideration which we give to stepping stones. That is the distressing tradition and hopeless philosophy of the present European setup. To be big is to rule, to be small is to serve. The winners crush the losers. Then a long interval during which the losers rebuild for another try to recapture what has been lost. This, without much exaggeration, is the history of Europe—hence map changes every five or ten years. What has the United States to do with all of this? What, as a matter of fact, can it do? The best service it can render to Europe is to keep this western portion of the world a good earth where men may find refuge, peace and security. This can be best achieved by living in our own tradition away from the intrigues and conflicts of the many nationals that live in Europe.

# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

## Umbrellas and Ethics

A MAN OF some attainments will boast he possesses the same umbrella this morning which he bought eleven and a half years ago. If this be true—and it is thinkable—then he must have kept his rain tent folded away in a safety vault to which he alone knows the combination; or he must have locked it to his wrist and taken it with him to bed. For no man living could stand up under his rain and sun tent if he kept it as he keeps, say his shoes. The umbrella is the prize possession of anyone who finds it unattached. You leave it in a rack meant for such articles just inside the very presentable door of a very representative, respectable dinner host. You fulfill your dinner engagement, are witty or dogmatic during a meal of several courses; you drink your wine appreciatively and discourse with fine inside knowledge on vintage this and vintage that. You smoke your after dinner cigar slowly, as you should, and say certain caustic things of the present government's policy of spending more than it earns in order to get the country out of figures written in red ink. Comes the time for home. You left your umbrella in the rack that holds canes and rain sticks. You don't find it there. The host wonders if you brought one; or if, perhaps you did not leave it outside the door on the porch somewhere. Before you have time to say "no" emphatically, he is outside giving a cursory search. "It isn't here. Perhaps somebody has taken it," he calls from outside. "I didn't leave it there, so how could someone have taken it from there? I left it here in this rack just before I shed my overcoat." Your answer is medium mild. The house is searched, but there are no tidings any-

where of your rain-shed. It was a good "shed," you remember and cost you a good price. You go home outwardly courteous but inwardly sad and mad. It is not the price of the umbrella so much. It is the easy, mysterious course of its disappearance. And it would never return to spread itself above you like a wide sky when the rain falls straight down in devastating streams.

You go into a store to make a purchase, and hang your umbrella on the edge of the counter. You then set out on your store journey of selective buying. You are just finished with your program of bargaining; your purchases are packed for you. Then you recall you had your umbrella hanging from your forearm by its curved handle. It is no longer there. It occurs to you that you left it suspended from the edge of the counter just yonder. You hurry to capture it, to discover it is gone. There is a hurried search by clerks, floor-walkers, even the owner of the shop. It is not found. Everyone—store clerks, floor-walker, manager and owner—are sympathetic, and so on. But you are less your umbrella going home; and therefore out of sorts.

SO MANY umbrellas disappear from their owners because so many people look upon the article as common property to be kept by the last one to hold it in the tightest grip. There is a sort of practical humor in taking away and possessing what all people wish for when it rains. If you steal the money which can buy an umbrella you are a thief. If you steal the umbrella which that money has bought, you are gay about it and tell people how deftly you took it. The moral from all this: Do not buy an umbrella. Steal three or four, so as always to have one for the rainy day.



# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## Liberty and Co-operative Self-Help

By Willis D. Nutting

**WE** AMERICANS have a great task to perform, a task which may bring a benefit to all the world. It is the task of preserving what is left of our heritage of freedom and regaining as much as possible of what has been lost. There is danger, however, that we may fail to go about it in the right way, for we have developed a habit of looking to the government to provide us with everything that we want. Thus we may think that we are accomplishing our purpose when we have caused the government to protect us from enslavement to monopolies, to free us from the cares of old age and unemployment, to save us from the economic consequences of sickness and injury, etc. We imagine that if we succeed in making the government take care of us completely, then we shall have gained freedom.

Such freedom does indeed seem to be the aim of much of the so-called liberal social thinking, both inside and outside of government circles; but what kind of freedom is it? Freedom from worry, mainly, and from the responsibility of taking care of ourselves and ours.

But what a far cry this is from that liberty which is a part of the old American ideal! Our forefathers came here seeking to be free from the Old World fetters which prevented a man from exercising to the full his natural capacities as a human being. They wanted an opportunity of standing on their own feet, and of making their own decisions even though this opportunity might bring with it end-

less hardship and danger. They deliberately sought the chance of taking responsibility on themselves, confident that they could make good. This was the independence, the liberty that they cherished, and the fact that America and America alone provided it, was the great distinguishing characteristic of this new land. And now we the descendants of these men think of freedom as the mere absence of worry and responsibility. This latter may be the right kind of freedom for a bird, perhaps, but not the freedom worthy of a rational being.

**T**RUE AMERICAN liberty, just because it really is a noble ideal, appeals to people even when they do not possess it. A slave, however well fed he may be, is not content with having his life always at the command of another; and the American of the present day, who likewise can be well fed only when he spends most of his time carrying out the commands and ideas of others, often longs for a state of affairs in which he could plan his own life and suffer the consequences, good or bad, of that planning.

He longs for this but he does not get it, owing to the kind of economic system in which he lives. There are certain things a man must have in order to exist. If these things are produced by the labor of others, brought to him by an elaborate transportation system, and only secured by him with the money that he gets from an employer, then he is completely dependent on that labor,

that transportation system, and that employer, for his very existence. He stands or falls with them. His life is taken out of his own hands and he is completely at the mercy of a system over which he has no control. If the system breaks down—if the laborers do not produce, if the trains do not run, if his employer does not employ him—he is lost, and this not because of any fault on his part, but because someone somewhere has not functioned properly. The man is thus in bondage.

THE WAY to escape does not lie in the direction of greater government control. This would perhaps make the bondman a better fed bondman, but it could never restore him to freedom. A person can escape only by disentangling himself as much as possible from the system; and he can do this only by making it his aim to produce for himself as many as possible of the things which he needs.

Such a procedure is, of course, in the eyes of the present-day American a "desperate remedy," although it would not have seemed so desperate to his grandfather. It certainly is a very difficult remedy to get people to apply, for it requires an almost complete re-education. A new point of view and a new scale of values must be adopted; and one of the things people must learn to value is work, *physical work*. Many of the necessities of life are produced only by hard, dirty, hot work, and the man who expects to produce them for himself must make up his mind that plenty of work will be in store for him. Toil is and always has been the price of independence.

It is just here that we run into what is perhaps our greatest difficulty. We Americans have come to hate physical work and to regard it as a thing to be avoided at all costs. Those who are able spend their time in "mental" work and

hire others to do the so-called menial tasks for them. Those who cannot do this move heaven and earth to get shorter working hours and more leisure time. All of us, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, see happiness in the absence of the necessity of work. (The great desire of the unemployed for work comes not because they like work, but because they need it in order to live.) That there might be *joy* in toiling is utterly incomprehensible to almost all of us. Therefore, although we may long for independence, we dread taking the only path to its attainment; and so we hold back, hoping that an easier way may be found.

It may be, however, that our dislike of work is due to the fact that we have never experienced work in its proper setting. Man's physical powers were given him in order that he might use them to carry out the plans devised by his mind for transforming the resources of nature into things valuable to himself and to others. Thus man is by his very nature a *maker*, in a sense a creator; and the co-operation of hand and mind in creative work is an occupation natural to man and therefore an occupation in which he can be happy. This happiness is in no way lessened, but rather increased, when the work is hard.

IN THESE days we have succeeded in developing a way of producing material goods in which hand and mind and the thing made have been almost completely separated from each other. The mind of one individual makes the plan but his hand has no part in carrying it out. Neither does he possess the thing which has been made according to his plan. The carrying out of the plan is done by the hands of men who have had no part in making the plan; and these men do not possess the thing that their hands have made. The



thing is owned by a third person whose only relation to the process is the contribution of a certain amount of money which was perhaps earned by his grandfather.

Thus the partnership of mind and hand for the creating of something valuable is dissolved, the natural way of working and the purpose of working disappear; and as a result work is no longer joyful, for in every one concerned with the producing of things there is an unfilled void.

THE LABORER, with no chance to use his own ingenuity in planning his work, finds that his physical exertion has no relation whatever to his rational and spiritual life, and therefore he hates this exertion and wants as little of it as possible. It has become mere drudgery. He expects to find his happiness not in his work but in his leisure time. The planner, on the other hand,—and this applies to the “white-collar” worker too—finds no outlet for the physical energies which were given him to enable him to carry out his plans. Thus his work also becomes a drudgery because it is unnatural, and he too longs for the vacation in which his physical energy can find outlet and in which he can forget his mental strain.

It will be noticed that both the planner and the laborer look to their leisure time as the time of happiness. It is here that each one expects to be able to live his own life and to secure that satisfaction and that all-around personal development which he does not get in his work. He believes that if only the hours of leisure can be multiplied he can become a better and a more contented person. Many social reformers agree with him in this and think that the salvation of the human race depends on the shortening of the working day. Speed up the machinery, they say, and

make it more efficient, so that the work of production, even though it becomes still more monotonous, will not take so long, and thus the workingman may have almost the whole week to himself.

The trouble here is that leisure is much more likely to enervate a person than to develop him. (If you want an example, look at the “idle rich.”) One’s character is developed, and incidentally one enjoys true happiness, by the successful accomplishment of undertakings which are of real importance to one—by setting a worth-while goal and attaining it, by solving a difficult problem whose solution is of vital consequence, by producing something which is really needed, etc. It is in the field of the serious things of life, in the field of real responsibilities, that one finds the opportunity of being happy and of becoming a better person.

But it is very difficult for the ordinary man (such as you and I) to take seriously what he does not believe to be necessary for himself and his family. It is not easy for him to feel a real responsibility anywhere else. Thus the natural field for the exercise of that responsibility which he needs is found in those activities which are concerned with making a living.

LEISURE TIME, and the occupations which usually fill it, are not often connected with making a living and therefore do not afford an incentive for the exercise of real responsibility. Leisure hours are usually the time for trivialities, for relaxation, for entertainment, for escape; and neither human character nor real human happiness are fashioned out of these.

True, the desire to be doing something important is present in many people who have time on their hands and energy to expend, and therefore they contrive games in which certain ends,

completely pointless in themselves, are given artificial value by the enthusiasm of the players. But no amount of hysteria can make it really important that the golf ball should fall into the hole or that the pigskin should be on one side of a white line rather than on the other. These things have a symbolic value, I grant. They are symbolic of the dislocated society in which we live, a society in which it is usually impossible for a man to use his mind, his body, and his sense of responsibility in an integrated way in the gaining of an end which is seriously worth while.

**WOULD IT NOT** be better and more satisfactory in every way, if we human beings could use these different capacities of ours in a natural way so that we would not need these artificial objectives. Would it not be better if our serious work offered us the satisfactions that we need? Yes, it would be better, but under present circumstances it is impossible, you say, so let us get on with the games.

Here is the place where we can bring together the various strands of our argument: We have seen that we can have the old American independence only if we escape from the clutches of the economic system by producing for ourselves the things that we need. The difficulty is that it requires hard physical work to produce some of those things and we do not like hard work. But we have shown that the dislike of work comes from the fact that work has been made unnatural.

Now here is the point: The work of producing the things that we need does not partake of the unnatural character of most of the work that we do. On the contrary, it consists in the co-operation of mind and hand in the production of something that is useful to us and that we can possess. Though often hard it is not drudgery, for we have full exercise

of our powers in it, and full enjoyment of the result. It is creative work, the kind that man was made to do.

Perhaps we have here a solution of some of the problems of our modern society. The economic system in which we live places a growing limitation on independence. This is, of course, undesirable. It also demands a kind of work which is not suited to a being constituted as man is, and this also is undesirable in its effect both on the development of the human person and on human happiness. But the system *does* allow leisure time for many people.

If this leisure time could be used in the creative work of producing the necessities of life instead of in the prevailing pointless forms of recreation, then we could to a great extent overcome the above mentioned undesirable characteristics of our society. We could increase our independence and at the same time provide ourselves with a form of activity which would be of benefit to us. Thus our spare time would be the opportunity for our rehabilitation instead of being, as it is now, an occasion for deterioration.

**BUT A** person must have some fun. True, and creative work, even when it is hard, can be much more fun than any game, because it results in something really and not merely conventionally worth while. There is no end to the happiness that comes from the use of things that you have produced yourself. You like them twice as much as things that you buy. There is constant adventure in learning new techniques and in solving problems that you have not met before. And the toil itself becomes blessed when you are its master rather than its servant; when, that is, you are toiling to carry out a plan that you yourself have made and which is going to result in something that you and yours will use and



enjoy. When once you catch the spirit of creative work you will go forth to the task eagerly, and you will be sorry when you have to stop.

Therefore let the shovel and the hammer rather than the golf clubs be the symbol of your after-work activity. Let the garden and the shop rather than the movie or the club be the center of your interest. Let the loom rather than the pleasure car be the goal of your saving. Then you will be on the road to a greater freedom and a greater happiness; and if enough of you do it, our country will be on the same road.

When I was in grade school we learned a song which has remained with me to bless me ever since. Its opening words were:

A flashing radiance comes at dawn  
And calls me forth to welcome toil.

I always imagine that it was in such a spirit that the new working day was greeted in a Carpenter Shop at Nazareth.

### Visibility

By Sprague O. Smith

*That morning had been merely "March the third,"*

*Except for this—while waiting for the tram,  
My mind on politics or eggs and ham,*

*Or some fresh murder news that I had heard—  
The happy clamor of a spring-mad bird*

*Aroused me like a midnight telegram—*

*Expelled my thoughts of profit, crime and  
sham.*

*With eyes no longer worldly-dimmed and  
blurred*

*I saw the morning break on silver peaks;*

*I saw horizons to the east ablaze—*

*Three sparrows in a hedge, a seagull's wing,*

*Two chipmunks racing by with bulging cheeks,*

*The tardy westward moon, a cirrus haze!*

*Oh, day in March, I'm long remembering.*

## Fog in King Charles' Court

By M. Chegwidden

### III

ROSE'S FATHER took the statement from Tomlinson, the next afternoon, that he was in love with Rose and wanted to marry her, with amazing good grace. As usual after one of his drunken evenings, he was shame-faced and apologetic towards Rose, although no word was ever spoken between the father and daughter of past shortcomings. Rose knew by experience that should she even breathe a hint about his drinking, he would flare up, sorry though he might be, and go at the first chance to the Crown and Anchor to imbibe still more, thus to prove that he was master in his own home.

"Well, damme, that's a good un, that is!" the old man cried, slapping his knee in delight. "Nary a lad 'as ever looked at Rose afore, and thee, that can't look at 'er, falls in love with 'er. Well, it's a good thing all around, I say, for now you'll be 'ere to argy with me any time I want, about them there dammed old Conservatives. Rose is no good to argy with, being a lass."

William hesitated before he replied to this. Finally he ventured: "Most young couples like to go into a house of their own, you know, Mr. Jackson."

The old man stared open-mouthed at this startling speech. He glared first at William, then realizing his glowering looks were wasted on one who couldn't see them, he turned them on Rose.

"What art thou getting at? Want to take me dowter away, dost thou? Want to leave me all by myself, in me owd age? With nobody to darn me socks or make me tea? Well, damme, thou can't. No, thou can't. Blind or no, thou can't do that. Damme, that's no way to treat a man that's giving 'is only dowter to

thee. What would that there fine gentleman priest say to it, an' all, I'd like to know, with 'is mimmemawing talk and 'is Haitches 'ere and 'is Haitches there, and 'is crucifixes an' all? Call that Christianity? Is that what you Roman Cat'lics do, leaving a poor owd man all by 'isself?"

Craven drew fiercely on his pipe and glared at William again.

Since neither of the young people seemed to have an answer for him, Craven began again.

**"THOU COME** 'ere, Will. Thee and Rose could 'ave the big bedroom and I'd be content with the little unower the cellarway, where Rose sleeps now. And thou'd 'ave plenty of time to thy two selves, for I'd stop at the—er—club, two or three nights a week. I'd nivver bother thee, lad, nor Rose."

"But it's those evenings at what you call the club, Mr. Jackson, that I don't like. Excuse me for mentioning it, but I never was brought up around drink, you know, nor to mix with folk that did any drinking."

Rose, from her chair by the window, held her breath in fright at this speech of William's. Her father was sure to fly into a rage. Her lover, she saw, was unusually pale, but his voice had been firm.

"Well, damme, no man can tell me when to take a glass of ale and when to let it alone. I've let thee say that, William, cos thou's blind. No man could say that to Bill Jackson without me punching 'is bloody face for 'im. And thou can marry Rose and welcome, but thou comes 'ere to live, mark that! I'm a poor owd man all alone in the world."

William sighed.

"Well, Rose and I must talk it over. Will you come for a walk, Rose?"

"Ay, go talk it over, do. And don't be late for me tea, Rose, neither."

The old man gazed mournfully at Rose as she donned her straw hat and then took William's hand as he groped towards her.

"No, dad, we won't be late."

Her heart lightened as she felt William's firm arm through the serge sleeve. She, Rose Jackson, had a tall, strong lover!

"Where shall we go?" asked William.

"Let's go down Guy's Lane and across the Common and through the fields to Greengates, shall we?"

"Yes, that will be nice," agreed William, as heartily as though he could enjoy the sight of the trees hanging over the old grey wall of Mr. Guy's garden, or the hawthorn hedges dividing the green fields at the far end of the Common.

St. Clement's church was down Guy's Lane, and nearby was the rectory, a small stone house set in a tiny garden; and when the couple approached it Rose whispered hastily to William: "Here's Father Collins coming up the Lane;" in another moment she said: "Good afternoon, Father."

**THE BROWN EYES** behind the thick lensed spectacles, gleamed with honest pleasure at seeing two of his favorite young people here in such pleasant companionship. He had suspected how the land lay between them for some time, and now he asked rather superfluously: "Going for a walk, Rose and William?"

Moved by a common impulse, William began to ask, "Father, could we talk to you?" as Rose glanced up at her tall lover and said, "Let's tell Father."

They laughed together then, and the priest joined them.



"Come into my house, do, both of you. I'll be glad to talk to you two young things to help me forget my troubles! Won't you visit with me for an hour instead of taking your walk?"

Seated on worn chairs in the shabby sitting room of the rectory, the two lovers, their words tumbling over each other's told the sympathetic priest of their love and of the problems regarding their future living arrangements. He was well aware of the hardships of Rose's life with her father when he was drinking, and he had a peculiarly tender and protective feeling towards this intelligent and sensitive girl whom he had received into the Church he served. He heard them out, and then thought for a few minutes before speaking.

"MY DEAR boy and girl, why don't you start life together as Mr. Jackson wants you to? I wish you would. Perhaps, with William there every night to talk to, he'll break his unfortunate habit. You'll not regret it, I know. And it's true, Rose, he is an old man. I think your father has aged much in the past year. His drinking can't do other than age and harm him. If you were to leave him, Rose, I don't know what would become of him. All three of us believe in miracles, don't we? And there may be a miraculous favor waiting for you, with regard to this weakness of his."

"Oh, Father, I've prayed about it for so long; for years, ever since I really knew what prayer meant, when you taught me what prayer was; even before I asked dad to let me enter the Church. How can prayers that have been so earnestly offered for years and years still go unanswered?"

"We can't say, my child. But they will be answered, in some way, at some time. This I know."

She smiled radiantly at him, and in spite of the dark birthmark on her

cheek, she looked very lovely. Short-sighted as he was, the priest realized her unwonted beauty and thought: How happy William would be to see that sweet, charming face.

"YOU MUST decide, Rose," William said. "I shall be happy near you anywhere. You've done me such a heavenly kindness just to promise to marry me. If you are willing to stay at home, in King Charles' Court, I'm sure I am. We could buy some furniture of our own, to add to your dad's, because I know all girls like to have new things—at least, I expect they do."

Rose's laugh bubbled up. She had never been so happy, and gay, and warmly certain of a man's thoughtful care of her. Oh, life was so grand, thanks be to God!

"Well, let's try it, anyway. You're awfully good, William, to give in to dad. And we can pray together for him, then, can't we?"

#### IV

William and Rose were to be married by Father Collins at St. Clement's church on November twenty-first. On the afternoon before their wedding day a dense fog came up, one just as thick and impenetrable as that in which William had guided Jackson to his house in King Charles' Court the year previously; yet in spite of it, and ignoring Rose's anxious request that he not venture out, her father set off soon after tea for his "club" at the Crown and Anchor.

Rose fell on her knees by the new chair that William had bought and began an impassioned prayer, begging that her father be prevented from getting drunk on this her wedding eve, and beseeching — almost demanding, — that somehow, somehow, he would be made to keep away from drink when she was married to William. Her emotions over-

came her and she broke into a storm of weeping, and only by the greatest effort could she control herself so as to open the door calmly when William's knock came.

"What is it, Rose, love?" he demanded, instantly sensing her perturbation.

"**N**OTHING, WILLIAM. I just feel a bit worried about dad. He *would* go out, in all this fog. I'm always afraid something happens to him, on the way home, in a fog like this."

The blind man's brows drew together in a worried frown. Then his face assumed its customary expression of serene placidity and to Rose, sitting across the table from him, he said, "Don't worry, Rose, my love. The dear Saviour will watch over your dad this night, I know. Let's see," drawing out his watch and touching the hands, "it's eight now. If he isn't here by half-past, I'll go look for him. I'll get him to come home, I know I will. And then I must go myself, so you won't be kept up late. Oh, Rose, darling, tomorrow is going to be such a grand, happy day for us."

The girl smiled tenderly at his sightless face. She yearned to lavish on William all the love that his own mother had denied him, and she was determined to be a true helpmate, a good wife. Although her wedding hour was so near, she sometimes found herself wondering if this wasn't all a fantastically joyous dream.

William started for the Crown and Anchor, as he had said he would, in a half hour. He reached the public house at the end of Mount Street in a few minutes and felt his way up the stone steps to the common barroom. Voices raised in silly, half-drunken altercation ceased as he pushed open the door and stood undecided on the threshold. In a

clear voice he called: "Mr. Jackson's wanted, please."

Jackson's voice, thick and blurred, came to him from the end of the room.

"Oh, is that thee, Will? All right, lad, I'm a-coming."

Chairs scraped on the floor and there were some muttered words, a ribald laugh, and the drunken voice that William had heard before cried: "Owd Jackson's blind lad 'as come to fetch 'im 'ome to 'is mammy!"

A concerted laugh from the toppers gathered round the bare wooden table greeted this, and beer mugs were hammered on the board in appreciation of this piece of wit. Jackson, who had almost reached the waiting Tomlinson, glared back at the speaker in sudden rage, and snatching up an empty mug from nearby made as though he would fling it at the speaker. But equally as quickly the man who had been taunting him before William arrived grabbed his heavy stone mug, still half full, and threw it with all his might towards Jackson.

**T**HE OLD MAN ducked and as he did so the missile struck William with terrific force on his temple, and without a sound he dropped to the sawdust-covered floor. Pandemonium broke loose then in the fog-filled room. The landlord, tucking his white apron into his belt, ran around the bar and knelt by the inert form, shaking it repeatedly and saying over and over: "He's dead as a doornail. He's dead as a doornail. They'll take me license away for this, damn all of you!" The barmaid, a stout, redfaced girl, ran to the door screaming and most of the customers who could still control their legs escaped into the fog. Those who were too stupefied with drink to move, simply sat and stared at the group on the floor, at the fallen William, the cursing landlord, and old Jackson, who



was kneeling by the unconscious man's side, tears running down his cheeks into his beard, begging William to speak.

"SHUT UP, you old fool!" snarled the landlord. "He'll nivver speak no more. Damn you all, you've ruined me. Who was it threw that there pot? Hodgson? Did he get away? Hey, Jinny," to the barmaid who had now come back into the room and was leaning, crying silently, over the bar, "get my whistle and blow it. We mun get the police here. Blow it, girl, don't stand there gawping and blubbering."

"Somebody's gone for the policeman on the beat," she answered, wiping her cheeks with her frilled apron, "if he's to be found in all this fog."

More fog came into the room then as the door opened and Father Collins entered, blinking his shortsighted eyes in the glare of the gaslights.

"Someone said there had been an accident here," he said in his quiet voice.

"Oh, it's the priest. Yes, sir, this here young man was felled wi' one of the pots. Hodgson flung it. There's plenty o' witnesses."

"Why, it's William!" Wasting no further time, the priest began his ministrations. Jackson got to his feet and slipped out of the room. He had no liking for the clergy but it was not this alone which made him leave; suddenly he had remembered that Rose was waiting at home, that Rose was going to be married the next morning to William—William who was now white as a sheet, on the sawdust-covered floor of the Crown and Anchor, dead. Rose must know about it.

Rose, already frightened at William's prolonged absence, stared at her father in horror as he blurted out to her the story of what had happened at the Crown and Anchor. "And William's dead, lass, dead as owt could be. 'E

saved my life, cos that there pot was flung at me, but poor lad, 'e couldn't see it going for 'im, and it cracked 'is 'ead. Poor lad! Poor lad!" The old man blubbered childishly, rocking back and forth in his grief.

Rose's heart almost stopped beating in the surge of frightful anger that took possession of her.

"It's your fault," she said fiercely. "You've killed my William, you drunken beast!" She snatched the large shawl that hung behind the door and ran from the house, wrapping it around her as she sped towards the Crown and Anchor. The fog was still heavy but not so dense as it had been earlier, yet even so she missed a step to the pavement as she crossed Mount Street, and fell heavily on the wet stones, cutting her hands and bruising her knees. But she felt none of it. She reached the public house and pushed open the door, her breath coming pantingly, her heart pounding against her ribs.

"Where is he?" she managed to say.

A POLICEMAN in a cape that shone with moisture beneath the gaslight came towards her, from where he had been questioning the barmaid and the landlord.

"They've took him to the Bradford hinfirmary, miss, if you mean the young man that was hit. Are you his sister?"

"No, no. He's my—he was—we were going to be married—in the morning."

Rose spoke jerkily through chattering teeth. Her eyes were burning and stinging and a cold perspiration broke out all over her.

"Well, now, I am right sorry." The policeman was elderly and had a young married daughter of his own, though thank God she had no such nasty birthmark on her face as this girl had.

"The infirmary? Are you sure he was dead? M a y b e—maybe—he was only stunned—unconscious?"

"Oh, no, miss. He wasn't dead; but hurt powerful. Concussion, the doctor feller said that came wi' the hambulance. Fracture of the skull, most like. The priest went with him. Said he knew him. Oh, he'll be looked after right, at the hinfirmary. Hevverything will be done for him."

**R**OSE THANKED him and left. She would go to Bradford. She must run in case she missed a tram at the other end of Mount Street. But out in the cold and damp of the night she realized that she hadn't any money with her and that she could ride on no tram to Bradford without a penny. Besides, her dress was torn and dirty from her fall, as she had seen in the light at the Crown and Anchor. She must run home and change her clothes, get her purse, and then go to the infirmary.

"Why—why—dad!" she shrieked as she entered the house.

Her father, mounted on a chair and standing on his toes, was trying to fling the rope she used as a clothesline over the large hook in the ceiling which ordinarily supported the line, used when rain prevented Rose from drying clothes outside. She saw with horror that he had taken off his shirt and had tied the rope around his bare neck. He turned to look at her, his face swollen and streaked with grief, his eyes red-rimmed. He looked so pitiful, and so very old.

"Dad! Oh, poor dad! Get down. Stop that, dad!" The girl seized his hand as it dropped to his side and helped him to alight from the creaking chair.

His tears flowed afresh, and he wiped them away with the back of his hand.

"I've killed William. I amn't fit to live. I'm a misery to thee, and to meself

an' all. I want to die, Rose, my lass."

"William isn't dead, dad. They've taken him to the infirmary, the policeman said. He said William would get well, he was sure. Oh, dad, promise me never to try anything like that again."

"Me own dowter called me a drunken beast," the old man stated in a tone of wonderment. He was not reviling her for that epithet. But it had vastly surprised him.

"Dad, please forgive me. I didn't know what I was saying. I'm sorry, truly, dad. But I'm going down to Bradford, to see about William. I fell and tore my frock. Father Collins went in the ambulance with him but I want to know—I must go down, too." She was washing her hands and face at the sink under the stairs as she spoke.

"Can I go down wi' thee, Rose lass? It's not right for a lass to be out a night like this, all by 'erself. Can thy owd dad go wi' thee?" He cast a beseeching look at his daughter, and Rose's heart smote her. It wasn't right that her father, who had always loudly prided himself on being boss in his own house, should thus abase himself before her. She kissed his cheek quickly, tears rising to her eyes.

"Yes, please, dad, do."

**I**T WAS frightening to see William in the narrow white bed, his head bound around with white cloth, his face almost as white. By his side sat the kind-faced priest, who smiled at Rose and her father, and whispered that William was going to be all right, certainly he was; that they would join their prayers for him and everything would be fine. A skull fracture, yes, and serious, but not fatal, thanks be to the dear Lord. His thin fingers played with his rosary as he turned to look again at William's immobile face. Rose dropped on her knees by the bed and bowed her head over her silent prayers.



Jackson stood awkwardly behind his daughter, fingering his cap and not taking his eyes from the bandages around William's head. In a low and slightly hoarse voice he began to speak.

"I nivver 'ad no patience wi' religion, nor God, nor such like. But, Mister—Parson—Father, by God, I'll nivver set foot inside the Crown and Anchor again, if William doesn't die. By God, Parson, Father, I'll drink no more."

The tears rose to his eyes and fell over his weather-beaten cheeks. He turned and shambled from the room as a nurse rustled in, and Rose, getting to her feet, heard his smothered sobs gradually grow fainter as he retreated down the corridor. She had never felt so filled with love for the old man as at this moment.

"Father, Father, did you hear?" she whispered.

The priest nodded and murmured: "He'll keep his word, too, Rose, thanks be to God."

**W**ILLIAM AND ROSE were married soon after Christmas when William had recovered. The little house in King Charles' Court held a great deal of happiness and saw none of the regrettable events that William had feared, for Jackson did keep his promise, as Father Collins had said he would. It was hard for him, Rose knew, at first; his longing for the foaming ale dispensed in such quantities at the Crown and Anchor made him irritable and morose, but William always had the power of banishing the ugly moods. He needed only to mention the Conservative party or the House of Lords, and Jackson would be off on his favorite subject for argument. "Ay, William lad, I do enjoy argying wi' thee; specially when it's snug and warm in 'ere, and cowl and foggy outside. It's grand, it is; fair grand!"

(The End.)

## St. Luke in the Classroom

By Sister Benedicta Marie, O. P.

**T**EACHERS OF ENGLISH in Catholic high schools, like their confrères in the public schools, are constantly deploing the slovenly habits of speaking and writing found in their pupils. Teachers of religion in Catholic schools equally deplore the utter lack of acquaintance with Holy Scripture displayed by their pupils who can scarcely quote anything accurately from this greatest of books.

Yet we know from our history of literature that if Ruskin surpasses all other English writers as a word-painter, it is because he memorized the greater part of the Bible in his childhood days; and that if Lincoln's Gettysburg Address is preserved in the British Museum as one of the most perfect examples of English composition ever written, it is because the youthful Lincoln, eager for knowledge, laboriously spelled out the words of the Sacred Text by the dim light in his father's cabin after his day's work was done.

Are not our Catholic teachers neglecting a manifest opportunity to correlate work in Religion and English and thus nourish the spiritual life of their students while teaching them to express themselves with ease and force? How beautifully, for instance, might St. Luke's Gospel be fitted into the high-school English course.

In St. Luke we have a long scroll of lovely pictures with Our Lord as the central figure in each. We see Him, majestic, powerful, unmistakably divine; yet tender, sympathetic, appealingly human. If we analyze these word-pictures, we find that they exemplify almost all the literary qualities that we look for in a masterpiece of literature: smoothness and ease of expression, vividness of imagery, the skilful use of comparison and contrast, apt ex-

amples, effective repetition or "parallelism," simplicity rather than "wordiness" and, occasionally, the force that marks the great orator.

**L**ET US consider a few descriptive passages. Is there any intelligent Catholic who cannot close his eyes and, recalling St. Luke's words, get a clear picture of the first Christmas.

And there were in the same country shepherds watching and keeping the night watches over their flocks. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear. . . . And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will (Chap. ii, 8-14).

Are not we, like the Apostles, held spellbound by the glory of the Transfiguration when we learn from St. Luke that,

Whilst He prayed, the shape of His countenance was altered and His raiment became white and glittering. And behold two men were talking with Him. And they were Moses and Elias appearing in majesty (Chap. ix, 29-31).

Or is there in all literature a more perfect picture of the beauty of the commonplace than in the oft-quoted lines:

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. But I say to you that not even Solomon in all his glory was clothed like one of these (Chap. xii, 27).

Sometimes in just a sentence or two we are given the atmosphere of a particular scene, as after the miraculous draught of fishes: "Which when Peter saw he fell down at Jesus' knees saying 'Depart from me for I am a sinful man, O Lord'" (Chap. v, 8). How much more effective this is than a long paragraph describing the reverential fear that filled those who witnessed this miracle.

At other times the Evangelist gives, in his descriptions the most careful details as in the multiplying of the loaves and fishes (Chap. ix, 12-18), in

which we are told the number of persons present, the amount of food on hand, the order in which it was distributed and the number of baskets of fragments that remained.

On almost every page of the Gospel we find examples of the use of imagery such as the metaphor, "You have taken away the key of knowledge," when the Master rebuked the lawyers (Chap. xi, 52), or the simile with which He expressed His heart-broken yearning for the City that betrayed Him: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent to thee; how often would I have gathered thy children as the bird doth her brood under her wings, and thou wouldst not?" (Chap. xiii, 34).

**M**OST FREQUENT are the parables which were Our Lord's favorite teaching device. The unproductive soul is well typified in the account of the barren fig tree, and the mercy of God in the gardener willing to devote his time and effort to it for one more season to see "if happily it bear fruit" (Chap. xiii, 6-9).

The indifference of men to grace down through the ages could scarcely be better portrayed than in the parable of the great supper to which many were invited and for which so many "regrets" were sent (Chap. xiv, 16-25).

The parable of the sower is as applicable today as it was in the time of Christ, and every pastor of a flock can pick out among its members the souls represented by the wayside, those nullified by the rock, by the thorns and those productive in the good ground (Chap. viii, 5-16).

St. Luke also rates high as a story teller and dramatist. Where will you find a better recall of a character sketch than in the love-inspired tribute of Christ to His precursor beginning: "What went you out into the desert to



see, a reed shaken by the wind?" In a few swift strokes of the pen we are made to see the man John, strong, austere, despising the comforts and delicacies of life, filled with the spirit of God, a prophet. "Yea, I say and more than a prophet" (Chap. vii, 24-28).

**T**HE PARABLE of the Prodigal Son is perfect from the standpoint of technique. It contains a brief instruction, swift-moving action; the element of suspense; the portrayal of the character of the silly youth; the tender, forgiving father; the jealous, elder brother; and the happy outcome which most readers desire (Chap. xv, 11-32).

No more striking dramatic sketch has ever been written than the scene of Magdalen in the house of the Pharisee. Is there any good dramatic teacher who would not yearn to arrange the beautiful stage setting which it deserves and have it enacted before an audience, except for the fact that our sense of reverence makes us hesitate to have any one even attempt to portray Our Lord's person on the stage? But in all reverence, we can use our imagination and see the beautiful sinner, more beautiful in her humility and penitence than ever she was in the days of her pride and sin; the long hair wiping away the tears that, falling plentifully, bathed the Sacred Feet; the slender hands anointing with fragrant ointment these same Feet after the precious alabaster box had been emptied with reckless generosity. We can see Christ, His eyes resting with infinite love upon this contrite child of His and, taking note of each act of kindness that He might enumerate them later as He addressed His critical host. And as we recall the scene, St. Luke's skilful contrasts come home to us: the sinful woman and the sinless Christ; the humility of Magdalen and the pride of

Simon; the harshness of the Pharisee and the gentleness of the Master.

Letting this suffice as an example of the dramatic element in St. Luke, let us now turn to some of the passages that give strength and force to his writing. In our everyday conversation we often make use of some Scriptural pithy sentences such as, "Can the blind lead the blind?" (vi, 39), and "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also" (Chap. xii, 34).

Parallelism is well illustrated by the passage so often used in sermons on prayer, "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened to you" (Chap. xi, 9-10). It would be difficult to find in any piece of literature better types of concrete examples than those in the same chapter just quoted. "And which of you, if he ask his father bread will he give him a stone? Or a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent?" (Chap. xi, 11.)

**F**INALLY, if we look for the qualities associated with the orator and the reformer,—the cutting, biting language that leaves the listeners with not a word to say in their own defense,—we need only turn to that terrible passage, where the Master, usually so kind and gentle, strips the splendid trappings from the lives of the Scribes and Pharisees, lays bare to all the world the iniquity of their proud hearts and flings their hypocrisy into their faces. Small wonder that after this they should be found "lying in wait for Him, and seeking to catch something from His mouth, that they might accuse Him" (Chap. xi, 37-54).

So, if we can recommend the Gospel of St. Luke to the teachers of religion as a mine of spiritual treasures, we can with equal reason, recommend it to the teachers of English as a source of literary inspiration which they might well tap for their students.

## How to Tell That Spring Is Here

By Lucia Cabot

*Some know that spring is here, they say,  
By daffodils and robin notes,  
By white snow-drops and hyacinths,  
And willows, that wear fuzzy coats.*

*By lingering call of mourning dove,  
And tender note of peeping frog,  
By blue flags and the trilliums,  
And wrens that chant above the bog.*

*But I can tell on city streets,  
By marbles and the hum of tops,  
By hopscotch and new jumping ropes,  
And memory smiles from friendly cops.*

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## A New Car—Perhaps

By Keith Steele

AS I GOT OFF the bus at the foot of the hill, I found myself hurrying to reach home as soon as possible. For some reason I have never been able to explain, I nearly always experienced this quickening urge when I came to that spot each day. On this occasion, my mind went back to the time a number of years earlier, when ours was the only home between the bus stop on the main thoroughfare and the crest of the hill where we had chosen to build—Annie and I. Now the intervening space was filled in with comfortable homes—none of them pretentious, but all indicating people who wanted to get away from the noisy, crowded city.

As I came near the top of the ascent, my eyes were gladdened by the two trim little fir trees which stood in green painted tubs at either side of the neat brick steps of the attractive house where Annie and I had first come as bride and groom.

It had been Annie's custom from the first of our life together, to meet me at the door. Even if she went to her club or shopping, she would plan to be back

before I came. Tonight I listened instinctively.

I had planned to get a new car two years before. Then Junior broke his leg playing circus in the top of the garage, and Sally had a touch of infantile paralysis from which she was pulled out by dint of a long series of expensive treatments. Last year, the house really had to be painted. How clean and fine it looked with its dress of gleaming white, relieved by the soft color of the green shutters at the windows!

Yes, it was high time we had a new car, and I all but gave the order for one today. I just waited I fancy, to have a little longer opportunity to gloat over Annie's pleasure in such a prospect. Not that she had ever been one to demand things we couldn't afford, but since I first knew her, she loved the nice things of life—the refinements and those subtle values which bespeak high ideals. Then, too, it had always been a characteristic of hers to get pleasure and actual joy out of the anticipation of something to which we had been looking forward.

A CALLER awaited me in our pleasant living room. I'm afraid I did not greet him over-cordially for I'll admit I was tired. The day had been one of many demands—a day when important transactions had to be rounded up. I sized the caller up at once as a salesman. He was—and a good one.

He wanted to sell me on the idea of enrolling Junior and Sally on the roster of an excellently planned and organized Summer Camp being started on the shore of a beautiful lake up in the hills about six hours' drive distant.

An imposing old mansion of superior tradition was to be used for the main administration building. This in turn was to be under the charge of the Sisters of St. Margaret. A group of cottages on one side was to be devoted to



the use of the girls—each cottage under the direct supervision of a House-Mother. A similar group of cottages on the other side of the big building would be given over to younger boys. They, too, would be carefully looked after. Those fortunate enough to be among the number accepted, would have unusual advantages.

ON THE ESTATE was a famous chapel, which was in reality a Memorial Shrine. There would be daily instruction of a fitting character, lessons in swimming, in wood-carving, in water sports; and even horseback riding might be included if desired.

As I listened to the Utopian picture of almost three months of such rare privileges, I suddenly knew that I really wanted our children to have this and all it would mean to them. Sally had never been strong since her illness. It might reestablish her health as nothing else could do. Junior would not be cast upon his own resources for entertainment when school was out.

Annie's eyes were on my face for she was in the room with us, and I read there the expression almost of pleading which was unmistakable.

But facts must be faced. The tuition of a fine Summer Camp of that character would eat heavily into our none-too-large income. We couldn't possibly do it and buy the car!

"Well," I exclaimed standing up to indicate the termination of the talk, and speaking more brusquely than perhaps I realized, "this is a matter which needs to be taken under careful advisement. Come back in a few days and I'll probably be ready to give you my decision. In the meantime, I'd like to know how many you have enrolled already—and who they are."

I showed the representative of the camp out, and as I did so, I was telling myself impatiently that I had no right

to consider such a thing at all—but Sally had been looking decidedly peaked of late and Junior was beginning to be quite difficult to manage.

At dinner that night, Uncle George (my mother's brother) and Aunt Jane who had arrived shortly before I did, talked vociferously in favor of such a Summer Camp of the right character for younger children.

They spoke emphatically of the great relief it would be to know the children were having a happy time and not in danger of being run over or lured into some mischief by undesirable companions. Besides, Aunt Jane pointed out the importance of getting the two of them started off on the right foot as far as their associates were concerned.

UNCLE GEORGE is well off. I could not but think it might not be such a bad idea for him to do something for the children, and to do it now. More than once he had hinted that he planned to leave Junior and Sally something. But that might not be for a long time, for he and Aunt Jane are still in excellent health.

After dinner Uncle George launched forth about what a fine electric refrigerator they had just bought, and suggested that it would save money to get rid of the old-fashioned ice refrigerator we were using and buy one of these new style ones. He and Aunt Jane had facts and figures down pat, and I began to ask myself a bit stormily what I could do to increase my income. Heaven knows I wanted to give my loved ones the best of everything!

We had just gone back into the living room when a telephone call summoned me into the library for a few moments. As I came out, the doorbell rang and I answered it. A man was there who had already called upon me a couple of times at my office. He

hastened to tell me he would not keep me long but that he did have something important to tell me. I showed him into the library, excused myself for a moment, and got back to the living room when Uncle George and Aunt Jane were about to take their departure.

WHEN I returned, my caller, Mr. Molten, said he had a proposition to put up to me which he insisted would yield large and sure returns—that is, if I were at all interested in having more money to spend. And was I interested!

I listened. His setup was intriguing to say the least. He told me confidentially of certain prominent people who had invested quite heavily in the same stock he was offering. He only had, he assured me, a comparatively small amount of it left. One of the recent investors had mentioned my name to him, had told him that I was one of the coming young business men of the town, and that he'd like to see me have a chance to get in on the ground floor. Naturally I was flattered.

Then I wondered how Annie would feel about it. Probably she would remind me that some of our keenest financiers will not touch a stock proposition until it is at least a generation old and has proved itself. She would ask me, just how well I knew Mr. Molten, and could the investor who had advocated that he offer me stock, have any reason for doing so.

I was certain that such a get-rich-quick deal would not be one to meet Annie's approval. I had heard her say many times that a squash would grow in a few weeks, whereas a hundred years might be needed for a sturdy oak; and again, that when you are urged for an early decision, it is usually a good plan to let such a venture alone altogether. At last I ushered Mr. Mol-

ten to the front door, leaving the matter still open.

I thought to sleep soundly but I did not. I rolled and tossed and at last arose as quietly as I could and went down to the living room. There I settled into an easy chair, leaned my head back and smoked a cigar—a good one that Uncle George had given me.

Gradually the rioting ideas fell into their proper places and an orderly parade of decisions marched past. The children should have their chance in the Summer Camp this year. Whatever was done in this direction must be done now. The car would answer well enough for the present. I'd let the stock alone. I reached over to the little table near at hand to drop the ashes of my cigar into a brass bowl standing there. As I did so, my eye rested on a slip of paper. It was in Uncle George's handwriting. It said, "If you think well of the camp, and wish to go, Keith, your aunt and I have decided to bear the expense of it this summer."

Then I sensed what I had known from the first. Annie was near. From her pictured countenance over the mantel, her eyes met mine and they were clear and untroubled. I could almost fancy that her slightly parted lips smiled.

A great sense of relief swept over me. Annie had never led me wrong. Annie—whose voice was still the strongest influence in my life. Annie—whose grave on the hillside had been swept by the suns of three summers and the storms of two winters.

## Philosophy in Four Lines

By Ann Mae Thompson

*We build for a little  
And watch our work crumble.  
Perhaps it's the Lord's way  
Of keeping us humble.*



## "Last Supper" in Stained Glass

By Robert B. Voelker

**M**ILLIONS HAVE journeyed to Milan to view Leonardo da Vinci's famous masterpiece, "The Last Supper," in which the artist portrayed so vividly the most dramatic moment in the life of Christ, when he named His betrayer. Christian homes throughout the country have reproductions of the painting hanging in their dining rooms.

But the original masterpiece, painted on a damp plaster wall in Milan, is deteriorating. Upon the wall moisture has been creeping through the ages, and gradually the lovely picture has been flaking away. Attempts at restoration, which date back to the time of Napoleon, have failed so miserably the picture is no longer the work of the great Leonardo, but merely the distorted image of the work of a genius.

One day, in 1924, a man stood before the painting and saw the tragedy that was being wrought by time. Mr. Hubert Eaton, chairman of the board of Forest Lawn Memorial Park, saw the famous painting flaking away, and asked himself whether or not it could be saved for posterity. Inwardly he answered, "It must!" but at the same time he thought despairingly of the many art-lovers who had tried and failed. The story of the days that followed reads like a page of romance.

On a late afternoon, about fourteen years ago, Mr. Eaton motored to Assisi, the home of St. Francis and of the great cathedral which bears his name. He was accompanied by Commander Arminio Conte and Professor Vene, the Royal Superintendent of Fine Arts in Italy. Just at sundown they stopped at the great Rose Window of the cathedral, entranced by its lovely color combinations. After watching it awhile, Mr. Eaton turned to the aged Friar who

was taking them through and remarked that it was a shame that the colors in such a lovely stained glass were a lost art, for he had been told that the exquisite coloring in the stained glass of old could no longer be produced.

"No, Signor," said the Friar, "you see those three lower portions? They have just been restored by the descendants of the same family that created the original in the twelfth century."

Mr. Eaton was curious. He asked, "Where are these descendants?"

"In Perugia stands the Caselli-Moretto studio where the same family has made stained glass for centuries. The secret of this art has been handed down from father to children until now there is left only a slip of a girl, Professor Moretti—the last of her line; the only one left to restore our magnificent old glass when replacements are needed."

Mr. Eaton and his friends thanked the old Friar and passed on to Milan where Leonardo da Vinci painted the greatest picture in the world—"The Last Supper." There were tears in the eyes of the Royal Superintendent of Fine Arts as he looked at the paint scaling from the picture.

**M**R. EATON'S mind flashed back to the old Friar who had told him of Miss Moretti, the great artist in Perugia, possessing a lost art! Involuntarily he exclaimed, "No, by the grace of God, Forest Lawn will save 'The Last Supper' to civilization, and in stained glass!" He visualized in stained glass the depth and richness of color that could not be secured in oil and canvas.

"Let us go back to Perugia," Mr. Eaton said, "and see Miss Moretti."

En route, Professor Vene gave Mr. Eaton a lecture on stained glass. He told how it is one of the hardest me-

diums in the world with which to work. It has no flexibility, is not easily moulded to the will of the artist. Every few inches it must be held together by bands of iron or lead, thus creating a division in the unity of the picture. In short, he intimated that while he admired Hubert's spirit in endeavoring to save "The Last Supper" to civilization, he deplored his judgment of the medium which he had selected. Hubert could only reply, "Let us wait until we see Miss Moretti."

The next morning as they stood before her, Mr. Eaton asked the interpreter to ask her if she could make "The Last Supper" in stained glass. The interpreter put the question but her answer was not necessary. Over the woman's face swept a light as though she were transfigured. "I would give my soul to do that," she said.

MR. EATON asked how long it would take; and the little lady replied, "Six years." Eaton thought he misunderstood her, so he said, "You do not understand. I want this studio to do no other work but make 'The Last Supper'—how long will it take?" Miss Moretti repeated, "At least six years."

Miss Moretti said she would not copy "The Last Supper" at Milan, for she knew it was no longer the work of Leonardo owing to the changes that had been made. In the museums of Europe she said, were Leonardo da Vinci's original sketches, and because of the work she had done for the governments of Europe, she believed they would allow the original sketches to be brought to her studio. This would make it possible to re-create in stained glass Leonardo's original painting as it stood on the wall of the church in Milan.

The years of artistic work that followed were filled with intrigue. Finally, in 1930, Mr. Eaton received word that Judas had broken five times in the mak-

ing. All Italy was aroused and people began to draw speculative conclusions. Miss Moretti wrote: "I know not whether the good God intends that I shall finish 'The Last Supper' or whether He is simply emphasizing again the fact that one of His own betrayed Him. I have prayed—I shall try once more; and if Judas breaks again in the furnace, I shall not finish 'The Last Supper.'"

ONE CAN imagine the suspense and anxiety that followed. The months dragged on, then one day across the water came the glad news—"The Last Supper" was finished.

Immediately the date was set for the exhibition in Perugia. On that day all the great, or their representatives—kings, Mussolini, the minister of arts, the great artists, generals, diplomats, came to honor "The Last Supper" and to stand in wonder at the artistry of Miss Moretti.

The people awoke to the fact that Leonardo da Vinci's original painting had, indeed, been *re-created*; and had it not been for the kindness of the Ministry of Arts, "The Last Supper" would never have been allowed to leave Italy.

"The Last Supper" window is now in the Memorial Court of Honor in Forest Lawn Memorial Park at Glendale, California. Since its dedication more than one million people have viewed it with wonder.

The window itself depicts vividly a scene of intense drama. Each figure throbs with its own character. Jesus has just spoken the words that rocked the universe: "I tell you that one of you shall betray Me." Judas, in his bitter agitation, has toppled over the salt shaker. This accounts for our own modern superstition of spilling salt. Only Jesus is calm and at peace; He is alone in His Majesty.



# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

The hummingbird seems to prefer red to any other color.



According to one estimate, the World War has cost about 340 billion dollars.



Among the Druses of Syria prayer has no part in the religious services, being considered as an impertinent interference with the will of the Almighty.



The Mississippi State Unemployment Compensation Commission has found the following names upon its compensation list: "Weary Willie, Spare Rib, Hogs Head, Pop Eye, Cat Fish, Fan Belt, Big Boy, and Mamma.



Ralph R. Teetor, shipyard consultant during the World War and later vice-president of the Perfect Circle Company and president of the Society of Automotive Engineers, has been blind since he was six years old.



In many South American movie houses, when patrons do not like a picture the management stops it at once and starts another film. Patrons, too, may have a scene they like run over a dozen times if they request it.



Texas, which is considered bigger than any European nation except Russia and Germany, grows more than one-fourth of the cotton of the United States and claims that it could, if

necessary, supply the entire world. It furnishes close to forty per cent of our crude oil and supports seven million head of cattle.



The common shrew, a small northern North American animal resembling a mouse, is said to starve to death if it is without food for only a few hours.



In China the leaves of the sunflower are used as a substitute for tobacco; its fiber is used to dye silks; its oil serves as a lubricant and its flower is considered the best bee food.



Since 1880 Alaska has produced minerals worth \$777,818,000, or about one hundred times the \$7,200,000 paid for the territory when Uncle Sam bought it from Russia in 1867.



W. Penn Kemble, publisher of the Mt. Carmel, Pa., *Item*, pointed out to his sick readers not so long ago that payment of their subscription well in advance would assure them of a first class obituary notice in the *Item*.



Wishing to know the approximate population of ant-hills, a scientist gassed the ants of three averaged-sized hills and then counted them. The largest contained 93,694; the smallest, 17,828. Allowing for about 10,000 ants that escaped, he estimated the population of the largest to be about 100,000 ants.



In 1859 a few business men decided to risk \$2,000 in the hope of striking oil. They engaged Edwin L. Drake to drill a well at Titusville, Pa. The enterprise became known as "Drake's Folly." This \$2,000 folly of three generations ago is now the thirteen billion dollar American petroleum industry. The original sixty-nine-foot well has now 250,000 successors in twenty-two states.

## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**Saints Who Spoke English**, by Joan Windham. Sheed & Ward, New York. Price, \$1.75.

Children who are familiar with Joan Windham's other books of lives of the saints will enjoy reading her *Saints Who Spoke English*. Those who make the acquaintance of the author with this book will find in her writing that naturalness and direct approach which are necessary for the success of a book for the young.

In conversational, easy-to-understand prose, Miss Windham tells the life-stories of fifteen of the early English saints. She shows them as human beings with impulses and inclinations all young people experience. The quaint legend of the dedication of St. Peter's Abbey at Westminster, the story of Caedmon and how he learned to sing, St. Cuthbert's incident at Ripon with the three miraculously baked loaves of bread, the tale of St. John's cure of the deaf-and-dumb Alfred, St. Edith's experience with the horribly pox-marked little boy, and other stories of British saints in the early Church will be found colorful and fascinating not only by the young people for whom the book is primarily intended, but also by readers of any age.

The author's style of writing adds charm to the tales that are already interesting in themselves.

Teresa Vondenberg.

**House of Cards**, by Alice Curtayne. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. Price, \$2.

Anne Farrelly can neither understand nor quite accept her nostalgia for the green hills of her native Ireland, as she rides away from her poverty-bitten home at Pallasgrange, to the hardship of her wretched new life as teacher in a small English school; to Milan, and, eventually, to the highest rung she

could have desired in the world of business. As manager of a large English firm's office in Rome, she is at last a woman with a highly successful career, emancipated, completely self-sufficient. But in the meantime she has pushed Jim Dalton out of her life, as a necessary means of keeping her freedom. And in the end, of course, she realizes rather suddenly, and too late, that she has made a supreme mistake. Her success turns to bitter failure in her tired heart.

In spite of some rather obvious devices and facile transitions, the narrative skeleton of the novel is competently arranged and ordered. But the skeleton rattles and squeaks occasionally, because it does not support a vital or organic creation. The people are names. Their experience is not realized imaginatively. They are for the most part intelligently analyzed, and the general lines of character are accurately drawn. But the outlines are hardly more than outlines. The complexity and richness of detail that persuades the imagination of reality; the vigorous and vivid play of sensory qualities that rounds experience into living color and form; the subtle shading and shifting of rhythms that suggest the fragile threads of motive, of pity and laughter and anger and ambition, all woven into the integral fabric of character and personality—the whole, ample, varicolored, intense image by which art creates life is lacking here. Though its general lines are competently and intelligently drawn, *House of Cards* is a sterile kind of novel.

Miss Curtayne as novelist does not fulfill the promise of her biography of St. Catherine of Siena. Even our modern fictionized kind of biography does not—and perhaps should not—call for the rich creative force of fiction, and



hagiography is not necessarily a sound apprenticeship to the writing of novels. At any rate *House of Cards* tends to be an "essayish" sort of novel. It is the product of intelligent analysis and competent construction; it has order and design, and its prose is at times admirably finished and modulated in texture and rhythm. But it is marred as a novel by excessive, even intrusive interpretation, and for the purposes of fiction, its phrasing is often prosy and stilted. "This humble *milieu* into which she had dropped was in forceful contrast with the radiant environment of her dreams." This is not the kind of language that marks the novelist sensitively trained in his craft. "Every time this new factor in her office life impinged upon Anne's consciousness, her reaction was exasperation." When it is remembered that "this new factor" is Jim Dalton, lover and minor hero of the tale, a reader is liable to re-act with the wrong kind of exasperation. Even in minor matters of phrasing and sentence rhythm the novel frequently fails.

*House of Cards* often lacks freshness and intensity. It does not have the color or the rhythm of life.

Leo L. Ward.

**This Way to Heaven**, by Paul Hanly Furfey. Preservation Press, Silver Spring, Md. (Pp. 209) Price, \$2.

To encourage and instruct "people who desire to strive for a high standard of perfection while living in the world" is the author's purpose. Christ is the living model of perfection. Following Christ does not mean simply imitation of His actions; it means being penetrated with His spirit and life. We cannot act like Him unless we share in the principle of His activity—His life. To enforce this capital truth the author explains in non-technical language what the Christ-life means, and how it may be increased. The result: we live with deepening intensity the life of Christ;

the standards of Christ become our standards of thought and action; renunciation for love of Christ becomes more generous. This begets and fosters a pure and whole love of God and neighbor—the essence of perfection. In this scheme there is no place for "moderates"—those who attempt to disguise selfishness and mediocrity under the name of prudence. Appeal is made in a personal, vivid way to "extremists," that is, to Christians in all walks of life—doctors, lawyers, mothers, laborers, rich and poor—who are eager to strive vigorously for holiness. There is much solid and readable material here for reflection.

In the development of the theme greater clarity is desired on several points; for example: absolute perfection as an ideal (preface); the manner of our sharing in the life of Christ (p. 19); the interpretation of Galatians, 11-20 (pp. 19-20). In his chapter on Vocation, Dr. Furfey uses the term "vocation" in three different senses. The thought could have been made clearer had the author distinguished sharply vocation to the priesthood from vocation to the religious life. There is an essential difference between the call of the Bishop to ordination and that of a religious superior to profession. The invitation to follow Christ by embracing the counsels is made to all Christians. Christopher J. O'Toole.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

*Woven of the Sky*, by Sister Miriam, R. S. M.; *Exhortations and Admonitions* of Father Jordan the Founder of the Society of the Divine Savior, translated by the Rev. Winfrid Herbst, S. D. S.; *Eucharistic Whisperings*, translated by the Rev. Winfrid Herbst, S. D. S.; *Rural Roads to Security*, by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Luigi G. Ligutti, LL.D., and the Rev. John C. Rawe, S. J.; *Quest*, An Anthology of Verse, by the Students of Mundelein College.

## YOUNGER READERS

### Injustice

By Virginia Scott Miner

*When the windows all are steamy*

*It's a lot of fun*

*Making finger-pictures there—*

*But when I've just begun*

*Someone always stops me, saying,*

*"Oh! That makes a streak—*

*Please don't, honey, for I washed*

*Those windows just this week!"*

*Yet down the street a girl comes out*

*Of Jensen's Clean Café*

*And paints, in white, long lists of things*

*Like "Chicken pie today!"*

*I asked my father and he said—*

*I guess it must be true—*

*That Jensens don't just let her paint—*

*They even pay her to!*

### Some Venetian Painters

By Sara Maynard

II—TINTORETTO

**T**ITIAN, THE PAINTER who brought Venetian art to its highest peak, was a middle-aged man when the last of the great Venetian Old Masters—Tintoretto—was born. This was in the year 1518.

Tintoretto came of an obscure family. He was baptized Jacopo, but while still a young child he was given a nickname, and it is by the nickname he has been known down to the present day. Tintoretto means The Little Dyer, and it was given to him because his father was a dyer by trade.

As he was a poor man's son he had to start working at an early age. His father thought it would be nice for the boy to follow in the family footsteps and become a dyer, but that did not fit

in with Tintoretto's own ideas at all. Venice was a marvellously beautiful city. It had the natural beauties of climate, mountains and sea; moreover it was a city built and enriched by hundreds of artists—churches and public buildings were decorated inside and out with the finest paintings—and so no matter how poor a person might be he could enjoy, merely by living in Venice, by gliding through the canals in a gondola or going to church, what we would call nowadays a most artistic and cultural education. From the time Tintoretto was a small boy he had filled his heart with all this beauty, and he knew there was only one thing in life he wanted to be and that was an artist. Consequently his father's wish to teach him the dyer's trade did not appeal to him at all.

"But father, I am not interested in dyeing," Tintoretto said time after time. And he had a scornful way of saying it.

Tintoretto's mother did not like this continual bickering between the boy and his father, but she sympathized with both sides. "Have a little patience, Tintoretto," she urged repeatedly; "with patience all things come out right."

"Patience, Mother? Can you ask me to have patience when I'm fifteen already? If a boy is going to be an artist he must start before he is my age. Look at Titian's pupils—some of them are only children of nine and ten. Oh, it's stupid to have to waste all this precious time. I want to be an artist, Mother—I will be an artist. I've said it a hundred times!" And invariably Tintoretto would stalk out of the house, frowning and hurt.

Now each time he left the house after



one of these scenes with his father or mother, he went in one direction—each time in the same direction. Wherever Titian happened to be at work in the city, that was where Tintoretto wanted to be.

**A**ND WHILE the great Titian, greatest of all the painters in Venice, worked with the energy of genius upon the wall of some large public buildings, Tintoretto would stand a little way off and watch him—and be happy. But when Titian and his assistants put away their paints for the day and went home then Tintoretto's misery and vexation came back a hundredfold; and when he reached home his fierce pleading with his father would begin all over again. He boasted and begged in one breath.

"Why father, merely from *watching* Titian I know how to paint; then think how splendidly I'd get on if I could only have lessons."

At last the dyer's resistance was worn away. He shook his head sadly. "To be a dyer is better, my boy," he said, "but if there is to be no happiness for you outside of painting—"

Tintoretto did not wait to hear any more. He rushed upstairs to his attic bedroom and dressed hastily in his best clothes, overjoyed at last to have won his father's consent; and having won it he was not going to delay, or give his father time perhaps to change his mind. No, he would go at once and crave an entrance to Titian's studio.

Half an hour later father and son stood in Titian's workshop which was crowded with students, and it seemed they had scarcely introduced themselves before Tintoretto was accepted as a pupil. What an hour of joy that was for him! And what a day, what a week of joy followed! But what a short week!

At the end of the week Titian turned him out. He was not the first lad to be turned out of Titian's studio. Titian

had more pupils than he wanted or knew what to do with; the unfortunate part was that Titian had an offhand way of telling a boy to go; it was always an abrupt dismissal, with never a word of explanation.

This was the beginning of a bitter period for Tintoretto. Instead of making rapid progress, as he would have done under the guidance of Titian, he had to pass through years of hardship while he did what only the most gifted artist can do: taught himself. In order to earn a little money he was obliged to spend a good deal of time on inferior work, such as designing clothes for actors, and painting little trays and jewel boxes; these small articles sold readily and kept him from being a burden on his parents. But the work in itself did not give him much satisfaction. Sometimes he thought hungrily: "Ah, Titian may turn me out of his classroom, yet I'll make him teach me in spite of himself. I'll study his work, figure by figure, shade by shade, and as *he* colors so *I* shall color. He has made me an outcast, but for all that I'll be his most brilliant pupil."

**H**E WAS still a poor man, finding it hard to keep himself going. In Venice it was the custom for unknown artists to set up their easels in one of the principal squares of the city and do their work under the eyes of the public; in this way they eked out an existence, sometimes selling their work before the paint was dry but never getting much of a price. Tintoretto was frequently seen among these shabby artists. One day, along with the popular little painted boxes and chests and hand-mirrors he was exhibiting on the sidewalk, he placed a portrait he had done of himself and his brother. A passerby stopped to look at it, then another and another until a little group of people had gathered around him. No one offered to buy the portrait—per-

haps he had priced it too high—but there was endless talk about it; and as fast as one group of admirers moved on another group formed. So it went on all through that day. In a city crowded with artists it did not take long for the gossip concerning this pavement painter to reach Titian's studio. Towards evening the great and lofty Titian himself came to the Square to see Tintoretto's portrait. Of course he recognized Tintoretto as the youth he had turned out of his class, and so he acted as though he despised this nobody; but back in the privacy of his own studio he was too honest an artist to withhold the praise he felt was due to the portrait of the two brothers.

**A**FTER YEARS of struggling, waiting—always longing for work that did not come his way—Tintoretto took a bold step. He went to a poorer quarter of the city, where the congregation was not wealthy enough to pay for the decoration of their church, and he offered his services for nothing. No fee, merely the price of his paints. The priest, who had no money to spare, was delighted; and more than ever delighted when he began to realize how gifted an artist this man was. Tintoretto painted *The Return of Moses* and *The Last Judgment* for this church, two pictures of gigantic size. And they are still there, in the Church of the Madonna dell' Orto, and still in good condition.

Now when his artistic brethren heard of the paintings he was giving this church free of charge they abused him, especially those who were friends and admirers of Titian. In contempt they called him *Il Furioso* (The Furious One), because of the mad haste with which he was working. Tintoretto let them say what they liked; he had work and he was happy, and as for the nickname he laughed over it—and then lived up to it!

He showed himself to be "the furious one" indeed on one particular occasion.

There was a charitable organization in Venice known as The Society of St. Roche. The Society held its meetings in a large hall, where the ceiling was in bad condition. Instead of having new plaster put on the ceiling and covering it with a coat of paint the directors of the Society decided to engage an artist who would really beautify their hall by painting a picture in the center of the ceiling. But which artist to choose? That was the trouble. One of the directors wanted one man, and another wanted another man, and they could not come to any agreement. Eventually they determined to open a competition. Any artist would have the right to compete, and the one who submitted the most pleasing design for the center of the ceiling would be given the contract. Now all the directors asked for was a *design*, something to go by and choose from. The subject was to be St. Roche entering Heaven.

**T**INTORETTO heard of the competition and thought he stood as good a chance as anyone else. And so alone in his studio—for unlike the successful artists he had no helpers and no students under him; in fact he was so poor that his studio was also his bedroom, sitting room and dining room—he started working with his usual fury. But no mere designs for him. By the closing date of the competition he had a finished picture ready, finished to the last detail. That night, with his brother to help him, he carried the painting to the hall of the Society and somehow managed to get into the building; and not only that but he actually fixed his picture into the vacant space in the ceiling.

Next day when the directors assembled to judge the designs, how amazed they were to see this gorgeous



painting in what had been a cracked and faded ceiling. They were amazed—and pleased. The other competitors, however, were dreadfully angry.

**T**ELL TINTORETTO take down his picture," cried the disappointed artists, "otherwise our drawings cannot be fairly judged."

The directors looked helpless. "*Designs*, Tintoretto," they said; "all we asked for were *designs*."

To this hullabaloo Tintoretto remarked that he did not know how to produce mere designs; but if the Society felt annoyed about it, why he would make them a present of it.

His attitude put the directors in a dilemma. They discussed the matter at length, and came to the conclusion that there was nothing they could do but accept, since a rule of their Society forbade the refusal of any gift.

This painting—Saint Roche entering Heaven—may still be seen at the present day, in the center of the ceiling where Tintoretto had placed it overnight.

Forcing people to give him work became a habit with Tintoretto. Once he noticed a large house being built. With jealous eyes he watched to see who would be employed to decorate the walls. As the weeks passed, and the house neared completion and no artist appeared on the scene, he went to the builder and questioned him.

The builder shrugged. "The master has not sufficient money for decorations," he said; "his orders are to paint the walls a cream color and leave them that way. It is a pity, but there!"

Tintoretto scanned the walls—beautiful large empty walls—and he could not bear to think of such a waste of space. "Go and tell your master I would like to do the work for him. I'll work for nothing but the cost of my paints.

Tell him that I am Tintoretto and see will he turn me down."

The owner of the house did not turn him down.

Finally he became so well known that he did get paid for his work, and when he had saved enough money to afford to live in a whole house, instead of being crowded into one room, he married a well-to-do Venetian girl—and was very happy with her. He had five daughters and two sons. Of his seven children his favorite was his daughter Marietta; perhaps she was his favorite because she inherited more of his talent than all of the others put together. Until she was sixteen she dressed herself as a boy so that she might go everywhere with him. She was his most skilful assistant.

**T**INTORETTO LIVED to be an old man. He began his last great work at the age of seventy. This was an enormous painting of *Paradise*, ordered for the Doge's Palace. While he was at work on this Marietta died; and her death was such a cruel blow to him that he did not live long after her. He was buried beside her in the Church of the Madonna dell' Orto—the same church to which he had offered his work without payment at the beginning of his career.

His paintings number about six hundred, and most of them are in Venice and small towns in Italy. Like Titian, he had the skill of keeping the one character of color in the whole of a picture without letting it become monotonous. His paintings are full of imagination and vigor, and in their lavishness and expansive scope they are a reflection of his own large and generous nature.

Venice had produced a number of famous painters, but with the death of Tintoretto the last of these great Venetian Old Masters passed away.

(The End.)

## ✿ The Weekly Postscript ✿

By M. M. Wirries

**R**OSE FEVER, they tell me, is something like hay fever. When you have it, roses make you have a red nose, sneezes and watering eyes—all the symptoms of a cold in the head.

Now my husband has "rose fever," but the symptoms are not like these. His eyes do not water; instead, they get a gleam in them. Nor does he protect his nose from roses. Instead, he goes about sniffing with it, trying to detect a new and different rose. I was, I believe, the indirect cause of his affliction, because the other day I idly mentioned that the new lot needed a few rose-bushes. True, I mentioned the rose-bushes in the same breath with acacia, Jasmine, and a few other shrubs, but he heard only the one word: "roses." Just as a beginning, we bought four: a Feu J. Looymans, a Radiance Red, a Condesa, and another which lost its tag before we saw it. Having planted these along the edge of what the future will turn into a garage drive, I was content. Not so my husband. Every time we passed a nursery or a garden, he saw roses. "Isn't that one a beauty!" he would say. "Let's stop and see these. Wonder what this one is?"

Last Sunday we discovered a Golden Emblem bush laden with three colors of roses. Of course we had to have one of those. And while we were about it, why not get that Claudius Pernet someone said we should have in our collection? And the Hadley, too. The nurseryman was out of Hadleys. But we found a two-tone President Hoover, a red E. G. Hill, a white Frau Karl Druschki, and the Claudius Pernet. And the nurseryman presented us with a rose catalogue. Studying it, my husband was amazed and chagrined to learn how many roses we *didn't* have; and even

though we had no trellises or buildings for them to climb, he began to speak tentatively of the merits of certain climbers. And then with that gleam in his eye getting more pronounced, he went on the trail of that Hadley. After a half day of feverish energy, he located one—the next-to-the-last Hadley in town. When he came back bragging about his find, another rose-fiend promptly rushed over to the same nursery and bought the last one. So if, perchance, you wish a Hadley, I'm sorry. You'll have to wait.

**W**E DECIDED ON a rose hedge. So today I order fifteen more roses. Two white ones, lest the Druschki be not the white rose we had in mind; five red ones; two pink ones; four others ranging in color from pale yellow to copper. Also, because we couldn't resist them, two climbers—a Talisman and a President Hoover. The lot has four boundary fences—let them climb on that! This will end our rose activities for this year; but if the planting season were longer, we should probably plant fifteen more, for I have the fever too now.

Not just a red rose, now—but an Ami Quinard, an Etoile Hollande, a Hadley, a Hoosier Beauty; not just a yellow rose, but a Joanna Hill, a Soeur Thérèse, a Mrs. E. P. Thom; not just a two-tone rose, but a Condesa de Sastago, a Henrich Gaede, a Talisman; not just a white rose, but a Caledonia, a K. A. Victoria; not just a pink rose, but a Briarecliff, a Los Angeles, a Rose Marie! Beautiful, lovely, intensely interesting personalities!

Nor can you tell us now, that an Etoile France "by any other name would smell as sweet." We know better.



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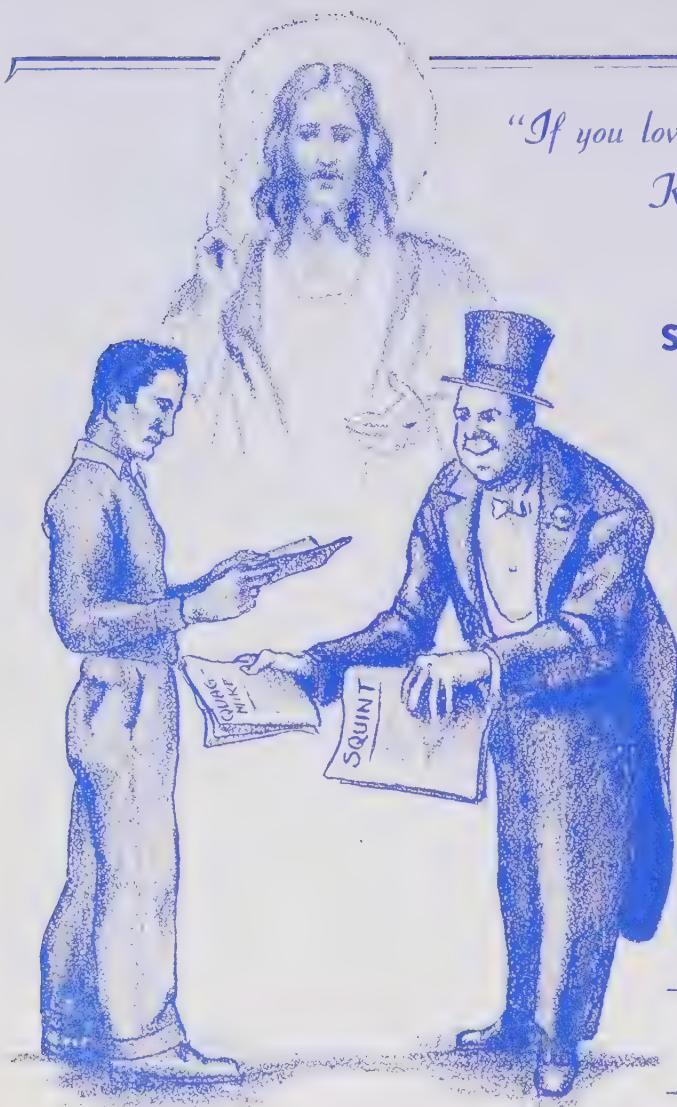
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## NEXT WEEK

*The Pope of the Paraclete*, by the Rev. Richard T. Deters, S. J., St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kansas, is a study of the late Pope Leo XIII's *Divinum Illud Munus*: his great Encyclical on the Holy Ghost. Timed to Pentecost, May 12.

The Rev. Matthew A. Coyle, C. S. C. (*The Ave Maria in Retrospect*), concludes his review of prose writings in THE AVE MARIA during three-fourths of a century, as does the Rev. Charles M. Carey, C. S. C. (*Heritage of Song*) the poetry of the magazine covering the same time.

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## OBITUARY

Mother Maria Kaupas, Foundress and Mother General of the Sisters of St. Casimir; Sister Mary Leonard, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Emiliana, Sisters of Loretto.

Mrs. Mary Dixon, Mrs. Elizabeth Doherty, Mrs. Delia Conrad, Mrs. Elizabeth Halter, Mrs. Mathilda Classen, Mrs. Michael Lawless, John McNamara, Emil Hohenstein, Mrs. Regina Jenkins, John Hogan, Thomas Hogan, Charles Hogan, Miss May Reilly, Mrs. James King, Mrs. Margaret Murrin, Joseph Nerney, George Devan.

May they rest in peace!



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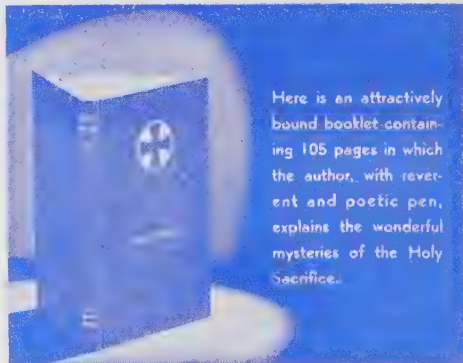
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*THE AVE MARIA is the oldest Catholic family magazine of its kind in the United States. It was established in 1865 by the Reverend Edward Sorin, C.S.C., founder of the University of Notre Dame, to promote the cause of religion by spreading devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Under her patronage it has gone forth as a weekly magazine of Catholic culture to the home. It is used by teachers in the classroom for the purity of its English diction. It appeals to the intellect without being pretentious; has its message for the man in the office and for the man in the shop; for the woman of leisure and for the woman of duty.*

*THE AVE MARIA is a "Catholic Home Weekly." It devotes itself to every member of the family. It has always had an enviable reputation for the dignity and spirituality of its contents. Indeed it has become so much a Catholic tradition that it takes its place beside the family Bible in thousands of homes. For three-quarters of a century it has had the recommendation and blessing of successive Pontiffs and has been read by members of the Hierarchy over the entire English speaking world as well as by pastors and laity the country over.*

*As you have done in the past, so in the present and the future help us to make THE AVE MARIA better known and read. Please tell your friends about it; get them to subscribe for it. A little persuasion, on your part, will be the means of bringing them nearer to God. Besides, you will be participating in real Catholic Action for it was the late sovereign Pontiff, Pius XI, who said: "You are my Voice," speaking of the Catholic Press. "I do not say that you make my Voice heard, but you are really my Voice itself, for few indeed would be the number of children of our common Faith, who could learn my wishes and thoughts, without the aid of the Catholic Press."*

Cordially and sincerely yours,

THE AVE MARIA



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# THE AVE MARIA

CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

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MAY 4, 1940

## World News in Brief

**THE CHURCH** In Vatican City, the canonizations of Blessed Mary Pelletier and Blessed Gemma Galgani, "patrons of suffering" were set for May 2. . . . Four beatifications are to take place shortly thereafter. . . . Pope Pius XII proclaimed a May crusade of prayer for peace. . . . ¶ In St. Paul, the *Catholic Digest* planned to publish a Braille edition. . . . ¶ In Los Angeles, speaking at the Western Conference of the Catholic Hospital Association, Father Bowling, C. S. P., declared "the swing is now very definitely away from therapeutic abortion." . . . ¶ In Washington, the Catholic College Peace Day was set for May 1. . . . ¶ In New York, *Margaret Fuller*, a biography, was selected by the Catholic Book-of-the-Month Club. . . . ¶ In Chicago, Dr. Edward L. Compere, distinguished physician and Baptist layman, deplored the Baptist attack on Myron C. Taylor, asserting that such an attack represents "only a few of the Baptist people in America." . . . ¶ In Milwaukee, plans were speeded for the regional catechetical congress, May 9-11.

**AT HOME** In Washington, the presidential election was reported to center largely on war issues. . . . "The United States is most likely to engage in war with Japan," declared Admiral Taussig to the naval armament group. . . . The Supreme Court killed all state laws prohibiting picketing. . . . The House approved action to help migratory workers. . . . The President planned an extensive tour

during the Republican Convention. . . . Former Communist O'Shea told the Dies Committee of plans for a Red *blitzkrieg* in the United States; he also asserted that most radio operators on American ships are Communist spies. ¶ In New York, union leaders were seized by Prosecutor Dewey in a huge extortion plot. . . . ¶ In Chicago, union leaders were accused of demanding exorbitant fees. . . . ¶ In Indiana, federal agents delved into liquor rackets and slush funds. . . . ¶ In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania primaries revealed a Republican majority. . . . ¶ In Atlanta, floggings by the Klan were likened to Nazi and Red outrages. . . . ¶ In industry, the trade outlook appeared favorable. . . . Eastern railroads anticipated auto service. . . . Steel led the rise of special stocks.

**ABROAD** Little accurate news came from the war front. . . . Britain helped Norway recapture Hamar and Elverum, while German troops extended their control to the vital Norse zone. . . . A shortage of German fuel was anticipated. . . . Nazi despatches reported the sinking of two British troopships, as also the bombing of a British troop train in Norway. . . . Later, British and Norse troops joined to close a vise on Trondheim, and to open a gate to the Oslo plain. . . . Meantime, the Empire's war council placed Sweden as the No. 1 danger spot. . . . ¶ In London, the British press expressed great confidence of a victory in Norway.

## Notes and Remarks

In this issue, THE AVE MARIA formally celebrates its seventy-fifth birthday. Its first thought is one of thankfulness

**Seventy-Five Years** to Our Lady herself for her protection during these many troubled years.

Immediately next comes gratitude for the gracious, kindly messages that have come in from members of the hierarchy here in the United States and in many other lands; from the clergy, from the membership of religious communities, and from lay subscribers. We cannot in the immediate present thank individually all those who have thought so kindly of the seventy-five years of assembling and projecting this Weekly for the benefit of Catholic homes, as to write and wish it a yet longer life of beneficial service. We are grateful to all—hierarchy, priests, religious, fellow editors, members of the laity. We hope, in a final word, that THE AVE MARIA will continue to serve so well the clients of Our Lady as to be granted its hundredth birthday in 1965. Many of us who are here now will not be here then. We devoutly hope that all of us who are gone will have secured heaven in the transfer.

Because most of the misunderstanding which non-Catholics have about the Church is aired at one time or another

### Catholic Hospital Service

before Catholic ears, we believe that a properly instructed laity will always constitute one of the most potent forms of missionary activity. Take the matter of hospitals. Many non-Catholics look upon Catholic hospitals as purely sectarian institutions which take in outsiders only for the lack of any other place for those outsiders to go. Now it is true that, in

organization and spirit, Catholic hospitals are distinctly Catholic; but in their service for the public they make no distinction of race, color or creed. As a matter of fact, a comparatively recent survey shows that in an average year slightly less than one-half of all the patients in Catholic hospitals were actually adherents of the Catholic Faith. Another more elaborate survey demonstrated quite conclusively that the drift of Catholic hospital distribution tends to follow population rather than Catholic Church membership. The extent of that drift can be estimated from the fact that the center of Catholic hospital distribution tends to be within less than one hundred miles of the center of population proper in this country; while it is somewhere around four hundred miles away from the estimated center of Catholic population. In other words, the non-Catholic and Protestant population over the country is benefiting at least as much, if not more, from Catholic hospitals than the Catholic population. Information such as this, when brought to the attention of our various Study Clubs, will serve to make the Church better understood and appreciated by that great mass of Americans whose hatred of things Catholic, when it does exist, is ordinarily a matter of honest ignorance rather than of anything else.

So often we have been labeled narrow and provincial in our outlook on national affairs—especially where the welfare of our great United States is concerned—that we consider it flattering

### We Stand with the Legion

ing to find ourselves taking the same attitude with the American Legion, whose sterling American virtue can hardly be questioned. Our common



ground is the supporting of the Dies Committee. Not only did the Illinois Legion support the work of Mr. Dies, but it condemned specifically five Congressmen from the State of Illinois who fought Mr. Dies and his work, for no other reason than that siding with him would endanger their political life. The Legion is not interested so much in politics as it is in safeguarding Americans from repeating a blunder within their memories and experiences. Even more are they interested in preserving our American freedom of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness in the life of every individual. The direct attack of the Legion on these five Congressmen is significant. To us it is also heartening. Surely, we must be on the right path. And what of our critics? Let them take their stand with the political cabals of Congressmen, if they must. For these men are evidently bent on snatching plums rather than preserving America. Not so mercenary are Mr. Dies and the Legion.



Could we summon any word more expressive of insanity than the word "madness" we should call it into service to apply it to war.

### **The Madness of War**

Think of Great Britain and France building ships, building and buying airplanes and other carriers over land and sea, the final function of which is the destruction of life and property. Germany and such other nations as may choose or be compelled to fight with her, are also building and buying carriers for exactly the same purposes. The allied nations want most compellingly to destroy what Germany has built or bought, and Germany equally wants to do the same thing against the Allies. It is the intent of the French and British to kill Germans; it is just as compellingly the intent of the Germans to kill French and British. Why? To see which can achieve an

open gateway to heaven first, perhaps? Or because this world of ours is not large enough for both belligerents during the thirty or forty odd years left to all of those who are now of fighting age? Not for either of these things, nor for anything that could not be settled without pulling a trigger. Hitler wants more than he has for Germany—so he says. Hence he takes,—to compensate Germany for what was taken from her following the last big war,—from the small nations that are not strong enough to fight back. France and England might have persuaded Hitler to leave the small nations alone and agreed to give back to Germany what they took from Germany in the vengeance peace that followed the World War. Or perhaps that would not satisfy Hitler. We have not been informed. Anyhow, there need not be any evidence of this wholesale human killing with the complete destruction of things it takes billions of dollars to build or buy, were the creatures of God called men, who are endowed with reason and free will, to exercise reason rather than revert to the tribal instincts of cave men. And yet . . . there are some diplomats in foreign service, some sea-bordering colonials, some clergymen and professors who seem to think that the United States must enter this wholesale killing exchange—to save civilization!



We knew that veiled insinuations would become open accusations sooner or later. Subtle propaganda has been tried,

### **A Breakdown in Propaganda**

even as to racial ties, and common interests. But all these efforts have thus far failed to bring the American people into the current European struggle. In the most recent edition of the *Sunday Graphic*, Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, known as the hero of Zeebrugge, stated that America's principal efforts to set Europe's house in order are re-

sponsible for the present situation. Sir Roger blamed America for starting the League of Nations, which supposedly gave security to all nations, and "then running out." He was no less bitter in regard to America's efforts toward disarmament. By persuading Britain at disarmament conferences to limit her fleet, he charged America so weakened England that she was unable to muster naval power that would have made the war impossible. This is a lament that will not disturb the determination of the American people regarding the present conflict. We are going to stay out of this European war. We will not be coaxed or shamed or frightened into it.

Out on the Western coast a movement is growing which bids fair to obtain more than a passing amount of interest.

**Political Parasites** Its sponsor is Otto Adolph Wittwer, Seattle businessman, aroused against the professional politician who, by controlling the votes of shiftless and vagrant non-property owners, is able to dominate elections at the expense of home owners. Mr. Wittwer proposes that every man who can show a tax receipt for a piece of property be given an extra vote over the citizen who has no such possession. One hesitates to offer encouragement to any movement which would extend preference at the ballot box. It has always been our pride—and in many respects our safeguard—that the poorest citizen is equal to his richest and most powerful neighbor when he steps within the precincts of the voters' booth. And yet these rights, we believe, ought to be predicated upon the honest and patriotic observance of the duties which citizenship implies. The movement to make men or women prove themselves worthy of the voting right before the privilege of voting is granted will preserve the ballot box from unworthy use. Within the past few years there has

grown up in this country an army of parasites who live on gifts from the government. And always, it is the property owner who pays and pays and pays. We are not in sympathy with any radical and immediate action in the direction which Mr. Wittwer suggests, but we do believe that leaders should consider means towards taking our shiftless population out of the service of politicians.

Mr. Walter Winchell said in his column on February the first: "A lot of editorial writers who poked fun at

**Mr. Winchell Wrong Again** G-men for their last big raid (meaning the arrest of the seventeen youngsters in

New York) are going to have such crimson faces when the trial is only three days old! And such a bellyache from the words and facts they will have to eat! . . . Especially the overworked word *absurd*!" The news that the public got on the third day, according to the Brooklyn *Tablet*, was that a certain Dennis Healy, a spy for the Government, was using taxpayers' money in order to buy pheasant and hard liquor for the seventeen youngsters, in an endeavor to have them say something which might incriminate them in the eyes of the law. This same government spy collapsed in court when he was cross-examined on the stand and the trial had to be postponed until such time as he recovered from what the press called "stomach trouble"—due probably to the rich food he had been eating at the expense of the taxpayers. The report of the trial for the third day was dropped from the front page of every newspaper in New York. The *Times*, which had been giving it great prominence, relegated it to an obscure place on page twenty-two. And if anyone's face should have been red it was Mr. Winchell's whose monumental prophecy had met with such sudden



collapse. If the Government is really after subversive elements in this country, it should give its time to some of the dangerous Reds that the Dies Committee are turning up, instead of spending money to intoxicate boys in order to have them talk big. The whole affair looks like a plot to discredit an organization to which some of these boys belong. It is unfortunate that the machinery of the F. B. I. which Mr. Dies cannot use in his investigation, should have been given for this purpose.

The Vatican radio announced in a recent broadcast that the anti-Catholic, anti-religious and anti-clerical 'woman

### Another Rosenberg Creation

and mother' exhibition which was held in Berlin last month is now on its way to other points in Germany to be devoured by the gullible. Alfred Rosenberg, the cultural leader of the Nazis, is said to be responsible for this latest outrage which is calculated to give people the impression that the Church is the enemy of womanhood and motherhood. Among the inscriptions to be found in the exhibit are such titles as: *Derision of Women by the Church*, and the *Church's Contempt for Women*, which are expected to appeal to the uneducated and strengthen their dislike for the Church. Clerical celibacy is also derided, and the Church is accused of using witchcraft to serve evil ends and of using women as its victims. To prove that the Church has venerated hysterical women and even moral delinquents, strange stories are told of those who bear the stigmata; and their lives of holiness are turned into ridicule. What seems to be the last straw of contempt is the assertion that the Church in her baptismal service has changed German names into Jewish ones. Certainly the Nazis are not adding to their popularity by antagonizing the Catholic world at this criti-

cal period. And those who know better among the German people will not feel kindly toward a government which endeavors to destroy the only Christian Church which defies Hitlerism.

J. P. McAvoy has written sketchy plays and other fictional tidbits. He is reported to have fared well in a worldly

way in his pursuit,

whereas men who have written high things are still

### McAvoy on Father Coughlin

poor. That is the world's way. Recently, however, Mr. McAvoy wrote a serious lecture in *Scribner's Commentator* for the benefit of the priest of the Little Flower Shrine near Detroit, Michigan, titled "Coughlin—No Gentleman." Father Coughlin, in McAvoy's appraisal, is drifting in the wrong direction and is, therefore, a more or less national menace. McAvoy writes like—you know—a substantial Catholic layman, a leader, a parish pillar, who views the Detroit clergyman with pain and grief. But parts of his article are reminiscent of the *Menace*. McAvoy's seventy-five-year-old Mother, on the other hand, listens to the radio priest attentively and murmurs a "God bless him" at the end of each discourse. She is presented as good, holy and safe within the Kingdom of God. She likes Father Coughlin. Whereas her son is pained, aloof and disposed to mourn over the lost clergyman. McAvoy has made money, it is reported; also it is reported he is thrice married and twice divorced. His mother does not write plays, but she says her prayers. Compared with her son, in his patronizing presentation of her, she seems not wealthy or learned; but she stacks high for heaven. We suggest another bit of serious writing for Mr. McAvoy—on the flyleaf of a prayer book. Short—humble—searching. . . . "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul?"

# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

## Recalling Father Hudson

TO COMMEMORATE the Diamond Jubilee of THE AVE MARIA without bringing in the name of Father Hudson would be like writing a history of the United States without mentioning George Washington. True, Father Hudson did not *found* THE AVE MARIA; but equally true, he *established* it.

When he became editor over sixty years ago, THE AVE MARIA was a mass of printed material brought together without much government or plan. Father Hudson took upon himself the work of assembling, arranging, ordering. He organized the loose material into unity, solidity and shape. He *built* THE AVE MARIA, *released* it from its moorings, *charted* its course. This course THE AVE MARIA followed all through the late Victorian era.

About Father Hudson himself, let it be said he rarely appeared personally. Physically he was a wisp of a man. You would think, to see him, that a mild gust of wind would blow him away. He was medium tall, thin, slim, white-faced. A Vandyke beard and pince-nez glasses were his arresting evidences. He was a hardy man who ate most sparingly. Indeed, meals with him were a sort of formula. He ate because he wanted to live and work, not because he wanted the enjoyment of food. His health was not rugged and those who knew him well say he suffered much.

Father Hudson had the instinct of good writing, beauty, ethics, theology. Most often he *felt* what was right rather than argued himself into a right position. For a man who went about so little he knew very much about what was happening in the world. This was through his correspondence and through

magazine and newspaper sources.

Perhaps this Page may best be concluded by a personal recall. This writer had published *The Man God* which was really a Life of Christ for freshmen students in college and fourth-year high-school boys. Also it was projected to help Catholic study clubs which were then in the process of formation in many parts of the country. It appeared in May, 1927. In July, that year, THE AVE MARIA carried a short notice of it in *With Authors and Publishers*. Among other things the review said this: "The admirable idea of Tatian's *Diatessaron* would seem to be embodied in this present work . . ." etc. The reference to Tatian seemed so needlessly remote with high learning that the author of the text wrote Father Hudson a note in which he asked this question: "Who is Tatian that composed the *Diatessaron*? A Contributor to THE AVE MARIA?" After a few days Father Hudson replied in his well-known script on his well-known card to this effect: "Perhaps when you have recovered from your impatience you will appreciate the associating of your work with the *Diatessaron* of Tatian." Well, we have long since recovered from the impatience, but we still do not appreciate the compliment.

FATHER HUDSON is a great name to remember and to keep. He exemplifies a personality as important to his generation as that of Knute Rockne to his. Father Hudson won his following in spite of a hermit's seclusion. Whereas Rockne's personality has been featured, flashed upon and sung about until the original model is so enlarged, like Cuchulainn's distortion by the gods that hardly a vestige of the real Rockne remains.



# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## The Ave Maria in Retrospect

By Matthew A. Coyle, C. S. C.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS ago this magazine was born. Destined to be for the Catholic family, it has adhered faithfully to that purpose although the lure and invitation to be smart and *dégagé* were never absent. Its form has been made to fit up-to-date, streamlined fashions, but its original aim has been triumphantly fostered. THE AVE MARIA first appeared, writes Bishop Timon (1865), in that "cold, calculating age of Mammonism and in these United States of America, in which more, perhaps, than anywhere else, the interests of this world are held paramount and those of eternity are kept in the background; this is truly one of the wonders of this wonderful nineteenth century" (Vol. I).

In the first year of its life the names of Father Faber, D'Appilly, Archbishops M. J. Spalding and Purcell with other names less prominent are observed. With legends of the Blessed Mother and cullings from pious books, pastoral letters, conversions and deaths among Indians, articles for children, and THE AVE MARIA Almanac, the magazine arrived at its first anniversary; and with it came the warm approbation of Pius IX and Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of the Propaganda. Prominent ecclesiastics, among them twenty-eight bishops, gave hearty approval. The approbation of Pius IX is told by Father Sorin in a letter dated from Rome, September 5, 1866.

... One of the first words the eminent Cardinal spoke to me ... was that the Holy Father was much pleased with THE AVE MARIA and that I must not neglect to ask

him to bless it and recommend it, although he had a great reluctance to recommend journals of any sort. . .

Excerpts from the statement presented to His Holiness by Father Sorin state that:

... On the first of May last, after one year's existence, there were six thousand subscribers, among whom twenty-eight Archbishops and Bishops, who had commended it. . . Next to the Blessed Virgin, it is the Holy See THE AVE MARIA purposed to keep before its pious readers.

... On the first of May, this year, there were employed at the office of THE AVE MARIA . . . twenty persons. . .

... The two last pages, in each number, are devoted to children, under a special title. We have been often told that this Department for youth, is productive of much good in a country like ours, where every one reads, and will read, good or bad.

('Here, no doubt, you give,' said his Holiness, 'anecdotes, interesting stories: that is right.')

... THE AVE MARIA's greatest ambition is now to obtain the Apostolic Benediction, . . . some lines of commendation—for instance, a Latin Letter, for Mary's glory and the consolation of her children in America.

"Here I stopped; I had one; and raising my eyes toward my august listener, I saw on his countenance a smile of which he alone, in the world, has the secret and the charm.

"Latin Letters,' he then said, 'I do not write them myself. But give me your paper.'

"Then smiling again, he took his pen and wrote the following:

### TRANSLATION

September 10, 1866.

"These things being so, and provided that all be directed to the honor and glory of God and of the Blessed Virgin Mary, We bless the undertaking and all the co-operators thereunto, and may our Lord Jesus Christ perfect and strengthen the work."

PIUS IX.

The June issue of THE AVE MARIA (1866) contains Archbishop Spalding's sermon "on the Occasion of the Inauguration of the Monumental Statue"—at the University of Notre Dame in honor of the Blessed Mother of God. After the blessing of the statue the "Guard of Honor" (thirty ladies and gentlemen) who were the donors of the statue and of the crown, received their diplomas. "The crown, which was made in Paris, cost \$1500, and has been blessed by the Pope."

In an issue of the same year is printed:

... Late news from England presents the Puseyite controversy under a new aspect. Dr. Pusey's letters to Mr. Keble and to the weekly journals have attracted the notice of the public which takes a part in this quarrel. Archbishop Manning, Father Newman and the Catholic champions of the day have entered into the arena. As for Dr. Pusey himself, his position becomes daily more untenable. . . . Let us pray to God that he may be relieved from his false position by the only sure way left open to him,—that of embracing openly the true faith. . . .

April the seventh reprints a review of an article in the *Dublin Review* of the "Catholic Church in California" in which, among other laudatory comments, is observed:

... The Californians are a singularly inquisitive and intelligent race. Everybody is able to read and write. . . .

Sincere praise for the work of THE AVE MARIA was not long inarticulate. A letter of April 27, 1867, on that subject is filled with Gallic unction:

It is as "beautiful as a magnolia flower, and perfumed like a bouquet of the aromatic plants of the rich countries across the sea."

From the *Northwestern Chronicle* THE AVE MARIA (Oct. 5, 1867) gives a news item which is a warning about the "Dangers of Popular Literature":

... Three young men, convicted and sentenced in England, a short time ago, of robbery,—attributed their fall to some of the works of Sir Bulwer Lytton, which they had read when very young.

The reading of novels was a practice not to be encouraged. It is not surprising then to find in the Children's Department the beginning of a serial under the title: "How Susy Baker was Cured of Reading Novels."

Few of our present generation will know of the interest fostered years ago in promoting the beatification of Christopher Columbus. The January issue publishes a rather adequate account of it in the "Letter of his Eminence Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, addressed to his Holiness, praying him to introduce the cause. . . ."

Saddening events for the Holy See take place during the years 1869-1871. M. J. Spalding, Archbishop of Baltimore, in an article "Aid for the Pope" tells of the struggles of the Holy Father against "an organized band of powerful adversaries" who sought to "deprive him of the small territory that still remains to him." THE AVE MARIA aided the Holy Father by collecting funds for the uneven strife, and at sundry times sent thousands of dollars to the Holy See.

Without permission of the hierarchy of the United States there was a serious plan to form the American Battalion (1868) to go to the defense of the Pope. The *Freeman's Journal* carried "The Appeal for United States Aid for Papal Defense;" and from THE AVE MARIA we learn that those who presumed to represent the Archbishops of the United States were planning to send one thousand soldiers to Rome to be kept and supported there by Catholics of this country. But Archbishops Spalding, Purcell, McCloskey, and Kenrick did not give their approval. Apropos of the American Battalion THE AVE MARIA writes: "We are advised not to favor the movement."

In various allocutions we are informed of the development of the Roman Question until the sad fact of the



self-imprisonment of the Pope. In the allocution of October 27, 1871, we read the heroic words: "We are prepared to face death with joy, if it shall please the God of mercy to accept the sacrifice of this humble victim for the peace and freedom of His Church."

Other events of those years are: the massacres at Tientsin; outrageous proceeding in Rome by Zouaves' "countenanced by the government of Victor Emmanuel" in which convents were broken into so that the soldiers "could see into the vaults to make sure no one was walled up by arbitrary Superiors;" "Paris in Flames"; and the "Fall of Paris"; "The Fire in Chicago," about which THE AVE MARIA writes: "Our opinion now is that Chicago has been punished for the insults offered to the Blessed Mother of God." Misfortunes indeed! Yet there were other topics of interest . . . the Ecumenical Council was convoked; Father P. J. De Smet, S. J., ("The Great Medicine Man"), was being honored at the age of sixty-eight by the "Indian Peace Commission"; a "Protest of the Catholics of Great Britain" against the invasion of Rome by the army of Victor Emmanuel,—a protest by a committee of which the Duke of Norfolk was chairman; an address presented to the Pope by the same nobleman on "The Catholic Union in England and the Pope"; the celebration of the anniversary of the Pope's first Mass and the 25th anniversary of his elevation to the Papacy—these balance the picture a little.

The Archbishop of Toronto and Bishops from California and Pennsylvania send approval of THE AVE MARIA. The year brings the apostasy of Dollinger; news of Father Hecker and the public schools of New York; the struggle between Bismarck and the Church; the Beatification of Venerable De La Salle; Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey's serial "A Brave Girl" and the devo-

tional item, "Devotion of the fifteen Saturdays and Tuesdays," in honor of the fifteen mysteries of the rosary. In 1873 Doctor Brownson's *Review* of Dollinger and the Papacy; the death of Father De Smet at St. Louis University—the Jesuit missionary and author of "three volumes of letters . . . from his forest home in the Far West"; the death of the Rev. N. H. Gillespie, C. S. C., editor of THE AVE MARIA, is reported in 1874. *Maria Monk's Daughter* is reviewed by Mrs. Dahlgren; Archbishop Purcell on *Temperance* in answer to Ohio women for "sympathy and assistance in the whiskey crusade"; the news of the forthcoming cardinalate of Archbishop Manning, than whom, writes the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "no Catholic since Cardinal Wolsey's time has exerted so great a personal influence in England"; Father Burke, O. P., gives an eloquent discourse on the "Temporal Power of the Popes" in Belfast, Ireland, and when he had finished "he retired to his seat amid deafening cheers which lasted several minutes."

In 1876 THE AVE MARIA "is going to enter upon its eleventh year." In Archbishop M. J. Spalding's notebook after his death is found a letter to Archbishop Kenrick stating: "The Know-Nothing excitement, after doing us some temporary harm, will finally result in good." A few months before he died he wrote to the editor of THE AVE MARIA, saying that "he had not forgotten his promise to write another series of articles for him."

In 1875 THE AVE MARIA is edited by "a Priest of the Congregation of Holy Cross." Cures at Lourdes continue and the monthly newsletter from Rome by "Arthur." Gladstone is berated by THE AVE MARIA for stating that "we cannot place the spiritual higher than the temporal." Gladstone has "always been overestimated, both in Great Britain

and in the United States." The progressing work—"Acta Sanctorum"—of the "Bollandists" is noted; Cardinal Manning tells of his conversion; Archbishop McCloskey is made Cardinal Archbishop of New York; the Holy Name Cathedral in Chicago is dedicated.

A German Catholic paper from Berlin reports that "Bismarck has asked for . . . a plan after which State and Church could be at peace without detriment to the dignity of the former." Heine, German poet, says:

. . . I can . . . glory in the fact of never having assailed her (the Church's) dogmas. . . . I have always been a poet, a true poet, and for this reason the poetical lustre blooming and radiant in the symbols and dogmas of the Catholic Church revealed itself to me clearer than to others.

THE AVE MARIA quotes Thomas Carlyle on Darwinism:

. . . I have known three generations of the Darwins, grandfather, father, and son; atheists all. The brother of the present famous naturalist, a quiet man, who lives not far from here, told me that among his grandfather's effects he found a seal engraven with this legend: *Omnia ex conchis*, everything from a clam shell! I saw the naturalist not many months ago; told him that I had read his 'Origin of the Species' and other books; that he had by no means satisfied me that men were descended from monkeys, but had gone far towards persuading me that he and his so-called scientific brethren had brought the present generation of Englishmen very near to monkeys.

A good sort of a man is this Darwin, and well-meaning, but with very little intellect. Ah, it's a sad and terrible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women professing to be cultivated, looking around in a purblind fashion, and finding no God in this universe. I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pretense, professing to believe what in fact they do not believe. And this is what we have got to do. All things from frog spawn; the gospel of dirt the order of the day. The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the catechism, which I learned when a child, and fuller and deeper its meaning becomes: 'What is the chief end of man?' 'To glorify God and to enjoy Him forever.' No gospel

of dirt teaching that men have descended from frogs through monkeys can ever set that aside.—From the *Hartford Courant*.

On the golden jubilee of Pius IX—the fiftieth anniversary of his elevation to the episcopate—Ireland sent a gift of \$125,000, all from small subscriptions. England, Brazil, the United States, and other countries also sent goodly sums, but Ireland's was the largest. We are furnished many details of Dr. Newman—not yet a cardinal: his influence in moulding the character of the Duke of Norfolk, an estimate of his preaching ability, his life at the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, in Birmingham, and of his various writings.—THE AVE MARIA declares that it is "unhandsome" when a contemporary publication prints one of its poems without giving due credit.—There is Yellow Fever in Florida.—In the winter of 1877 the dogs on Mount St. Bernard "saved the lives of four persons."—Lady G. Fullerton appeals to THE AVE MARIA for funds for the London poor and later thanks all the readers who "generously responded to her appeal."—A granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott,—Sister Mary Maxwell Scott,—solicits aid "to found a house of the Good Shepherd, of which Order she is a member, in Edinburgh."—Cardinal Manning writes a serial on a devotional theme for THE AVE MARIA.—The consecration of John L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, takes place in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York.—"These men have an incomprehensible naïvete," remarks Pius IX on the occasion of receiving an autographed picture of Victor Emmanuel.—"The heaviest bell in the United States is in the new church at the University of Notre Dame."

In 1878 occurs the death of Pius IX.—The nineteenth century is signalized by the fact that two hundred and one have passed the process of canonization or beatification.—Archbishops Williams, of Boston, and Gibbons, of



Baltimore, send approval of THE AVE MARIA.—Father Sorin's visit to Leo XIII, 1878, tells us:

... I had taken with me a copy of THE AVE MARIA in which was published the approbation or rather the special blessing of the saintly Pio Nono. Towards the end of the audience, after mentioning all the names of the dioceses and branches of our own Religious Family on which I wanted particularly to call down the Apostolic Blessing, I said: 'Most Holy Father, one more blessing I desire: for this Journal, devoted to the Mother of God, which I began in the New World thirteen years ago; and which, with the blessing of your saintly predecessor, has prospered greatly, counting as it does, 10,000 subscribers. The Holy Father took it very kindly from my hands, and fixing his eyes attentively upon the autograph, he read aloud the six lines so familiar wherever THE AVE MARIA is known.' 'Ah!' said he, 'this is precious, and deserving attention. It delights me to know of such a Journal of our Blessed Mother in your great and beautiful America. Now listen well to what I have to say: you will write immediately, on my part, to the editor of your AVE MARIA, directing him to place your communication at the beginning of the first page in the next number, and say to him, that *I bless him with an especial blessing, and all the contributors and other persons engaged in its publication and propagation. I renew every word of this exceptional blessing.* Indeed, I wish with all my heart to see THE AVE MARIA more than ever prosperous and extending its usefulness over the country. Now that every land is deluged with wicked papers, can we ever sufficiently encourage the religious and sound press? *Certainly, The Ave Maria deserves encouragement; may God bless it!*'

The widow of the late President Tyler was recently confirmed by Archbishop Gibbons.—Miss Anna T. Sadlier is to write for THE AVE MARIA.—Only three Popes died at a more advanced age than Pius IX: John XII, 90; Clement XII, 92; and Gregory IX, 100.—Doctor Newman lately visited Oxford for the first time since his conversion,—twenty-eight years ago.—Commenting on the fact that Trinity College, Oxford, has made Dr. John H. Newman an honorary member, the Lon-

don *Spectator* remarks: "It will do the college far more honor than it can do Dr. Newman, who is far the greatest master of the English tongue now living, and perhaps the greatest writer of English prose who has ever lived."—THE AVE MARIA has heard "with satisfaction" that the Rt. Rev. Bishop and Clergy of Chicago refused to celebrate a solemn Mass of Requiem for Victor Emmanuel, lately deceased, on the ground that "up to the time of the request being made no trustworthy information that the rascally king had died penitent was received from Rome."

(Conclusion Next Week.)

## A Heritage of Song

By Charles M. Carey, C. S. C.

### I—The Pioneers

THE STORY of THE AVE MARIA poetry is, to a surprising degree, the story of American Catholic song, with an occasional lilt of excellence emanating from the Old World. Father Hudson had not only a flawless taste for genuine poetry, but a rather uncanny method of ferreting out authors in their younger years, and husbanding the best fruits of their labors throughout their maturity. The luxuriant flowering of THE AVE MARIA heritage can be readily appreciated only after a momentary glance at the stubborn soil in which it first took root.

In 1865 the nation began the difficult task of reconstruction; mending its fences, and binding together again the wounded hearts of the North and the South. There was hard work to be done, railroads to be built; the West was yet to be conquered.

But in England the scene was one of contrast. In London there were Alice Meynell, Francis Thompson and Coventry Patmore. On the road from Oxford to join them were Lionel Johnson, Aubrey Beardsley and Ernest Dow-

son—young esthetes following the new white candle of the Faith that ultimately led them to establish a firm Catholic center of culture. The Oxford Movement was breaking over intellectual England, providing encouragement, security, and incentive to Catholic literary circles.

For American Catholic pioneers there was no such camaraderie. We had no literary traditions, no heritage, no leisure for artistic enterprise. Indeed, we had little save the Faith. Only in isolated instances did one hear the faint pipings of Catholic song painfully fashioned in an alien land. There was even less encouragement for such pursuits. Poetry appealed to a distinct class—and that far from being a book-buying one.

Yet, it was in this humble and unfriendly atmosphere that *THE AVE MARIA* poetry was born, took stature, and came of age in a remarkably short time. Because the struggle to preserve the Faith was a reality, it is but natural that a religious magazine during those early years should abound in devotional poetry. Later, following the literary trends of the day, narrative poetry, the pride of the Victorians, became the best form of expression, and was adopted by Father Hudson who frequently obtained permission to use such type of poems by Edgar Allen Poe, by his close friend, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and by James Greenleaf Whittier, who often contributed to Father Hudson's pet charities.

Of one of our earliest poets, Charles Warren Stoddard, it has been said that, "No one need ever write of the South Sea again." Our poet and traveler has done this once for all. Likewise, he was regarded as one of the kindest and most modest of literary men, albeit the poorest speller of them all. Throughout his life he was a wanderer, frequently as a roving correspondent for the *San Fran-*

*cisco Chronicle*. He is remembered as the guest of Father Damien at Molokai, and an intimate of Robert Louis Stevenson. Today his writings are read "for pictures of life; for melody of language; for shapes and sounds of beauty." Undoubtedly the first to write of the Southern Cross, he explained it thus:

A star is set above the Thorns;  
Two mark the bleeding palms extended;  
And one the Wounded Feet adorns—

One only Hand had power to place  
The symbol there—and that immortal.

As a sonnet writer, critics termed Stoddard's contemporary, Maurice Francis Egan, "the best of the younger school of American poets." But Egan was equally brilliant as an essayist, novelist, diplomat, and a professor. Unable to shackle his interests, he desired only a full and happy life. His mastery of musical expression is surpassed only by his veneration for the creator of music, as he clearly manifests in his poem

#### The Old Violin

Though tuneless and stringless, it lies there  
in dust,  
Like some great thought on a forgotten page;  
The soul of music cannot fade nor rust—  
The voice within it stronger grows with age;  
Its strings and bow are only trifling things—  
A master's touch!—its sweet soul wakes and  
sings.

Of equal merit and scholarly attainment are the lines of Austin O'Malley, who was not only a contemporary of Egan, but like Egan, also professor at the University of Notre Dame. Consider his devotional lines in the poem

#### A Blending

Soft, beneath the chalice brim  
A purple wine-drop gleameth, while  
Along the bannered minster aisle  
Low throbs the Offertory hymn.

The chalice now is lifted up,  
And slowly down its golden lips  
The truant drop all trembling slips,  
Lost in the wine within the cup.



O dear Lord Christ, thus may it be  
That my poor heart be one with Thine;  
Be blended with it like the wine,  
Lost eternally in Thee!

Even more poignant is his cry to Our  
Lady of the Snows,

Though blinding drifts fill every place,  
All springtime lingers in thy face!

Brother Azarias was, perhaps, the best representative of Catholic scholarship and culture in his day. Possessed of a deep reverence for the apostolate of teaching, he brought no small glory to the Christian Brothers through his work as an educator, an essayist, and a philosopher whose cardinal thesis was the perennial assertion that literature draws its life and its excellence from religion. Of his minor works, the most charming is his *Mary, Queen of May*, written expressly for THE AVE MARIA. In it he reveals his own powers as a happy combination of head and heart. He died in 1893 at the early age of forty-five.

So well remembered is Father John Bannister Tabb, the blockade runner, friend of Sidney Lanier, and shy little seminary professor at Baltimore, that little more need be said of him here than that he honored THE AVE MARIA with his humble, albeit charming verse. Blind in his old age, he "still sang his songs from the dark." Perhaps his writings are best described by Father Michael Earls—another of our poets—in the lines which he wrote on the fly-leaf of a volume of Tabb poems:

No booming cataracts of song  
Entrancing thrilled thy little lyre . . .

Common things across the mead  
Gave minstrel wisdom to thy heart;  
Now fronded fern and elfin seed  
Wear well the halo of thine art.

With the simplicity of a child, Father Tabb was wont to drive home the most profound truths. Thus, taking a ring, he bids us look through it, saying,

Hold the trinket near thine eye,  
And it circles earth and sky;  
Place it farther, and behold:  
But a finger's breath of gold.

Thus, our lives, beloved, lie  
Ringed with love's fair boundary;  
Place it farther, and its sphere  
Measures but a falling tear.

Father Arthur Barry O'Neill, whose trilogy of prose works for priests is still considered a masterpiece, served on the editorial staff of THE AVE MARIA for over two-score years with remarkable faithfulness. His numerous poetic contributions were, for the most part, devotional and occasional. One of the legends that have grown about his character is that his pen assumed the responsibility of a sonnet whenever a close acquaintance died. And for these rimes of sympathy and reverence for the dead, he was humorously accused by a fellow-priest of being a literary undertaker who had added a new terror to death. That some of his poems possessed genuine merit is attested in his lines of admonition:

Be not alert to sound the cry of shame  
Should thou behold a brother falling low.  
His battle ebb thou seest; but not its flow—  
The brave repulses that heroes' praise might  
claim

Of banded foes who fierce against him came,  
His prowess long sustained, his yielding slow—  
Till this thou knowest, as thou canst not know,  
Haste not to brand with obloquy his fame.

"Judge not," hath said the Sovereign Judge  
of all,

Whose eye alone not purblind is, nor dim,—  
Perchance a swifter than thy brother's fall  
Hadst thou received from those who van-  
quished him;

He coped, it may be, with unequal odds,—  
Be thine to pity; but to judge him, God's.

Because good priest-poets are rare, the name of Father Hugh Blunt cannot be slighted, even in a cursory treatment of THE AVE MARIA singers. His charm and ease as a ballad-maker are easily verified in the quaint Elizabethan atmosphere of his recounting:

## Our Lady's Dying

Peter from Rome and mighty Paul,  
John, and the holy apostles all,  
Bore her out by the city wall,  
While sang the angel bands.

Out in the Lord's Gethsemane,  
Red with the blood of His agony,  
Deep in the shade of an olive tree,  
They made our Lady's tomb.

O wonderful thing, Our Lady fair  
Was left not for corruption there;  
The maid was gone, and perfume rare  
Was all the grave-clothes bore.

Ah, they, I ween, had scant surprise  
To know that God in Paradise  
Could wait not for His Love to rise  
Until the Day of Dread!

That THE AVE MARIA should have some of its roots in Europe is no strange thing at all. Rather, it bears witness to the fact that Father Hudson was alert to the richest fonts of genius, wherever he found them; that he struggled to provide his readers with the best contemporary offerings in literature. One of the most scholarly of foreign contributors during the pioneering years was Aubrey De Vere, of the titled De Vere barony in Limerick, Ireland. Possessed of an unusual sweetness of character, he tells us that it was from a study of Coleridge that he received the first impulse to join the Catholic Church. He counted among his associates, Sara Coleridge, the dramatist, Sir Henry Taylor, and the statesman Gladstone. Next to Browning's, his poetry showed the fullest vitality and covered the broadest intellectual field. The grace and dignity of his lines are free of deliberate, ornate effect. Today, he is best remembered for his translations of *Horace*. Among the poems contributed to THE AVE MARIA is the famous *Trouvère* (The Finder), a name given to poets in mediaeval times. Thus, in the strains of the troubadour he sings:

I make no songs, but only find:—  
Love, following still the circling sun,

His carols cast on every wind,  
And other singer is there none.

I follow Love, though far he flies;  
I sing his song, at random found,  
Like plume some bird in Paradise  
Drops, passing, on our dusky bound.

In some methinks at times there glows  
The passion of a heavenlier sphere:  
These, too, I sing,—but sweeter those  
I dare not sing, and faintly hear.

Of equal renown was De Vere's illustrious contemporary singer, Adelaide Anne Procter, daughter of the poet, Barry Cornwall (Bryan Waller Procter). Her fame began in 1853 when she sent a poem to Charles Dickens' magazine, *Household Words*, under the pen name of Mary Berwick. The poem arrested his attention. "This incident," Dickens later remarked, "illustrates the honesty, independence and quiet dignity of the young lady. She took her chances fairly with the unknown volunteers." By 1877, the demand for her poems was greater than for those of any other living writer save Tennyson. Few poems in English are better known than *The Lost Chord*, to which Sir Arthur Sullivan gave such a noble setting. Her narrative poem, *Legend of Provence* was ultimately turned into the film success—*The Miracle*. Her conversion to Catholicism took place after a visit to Italy, and was inspired by the saintly wife of Victor Emmanuel. Of its effect on her writing, observe the elements of faith in her lines on death:

Why should thou fear the Angel Death  
Who waits thee at the portals of the skies,  
Ready to kiss away thy struggling breath,  
Ready with gentle hands to close thine eyes?

Oh, what were life, if life were all? Thine eyes  
Are blinded by their tears, or thou would'st see  
Thy treasures wait for thee in the far-off skies,  
And Death, thy friend, will give them all to thee.

Of the observations of London's Marion Muir (Lady Richardson), we have a delightful record. Space permits but a brief recollection of her descrip-



tion of October which she observed to be

Only a dark-eyed matron, coiffed in gold,  
Supremely tender, and supremely sad;  
Turning her opal circlet till the cold  
Is touched with fire, and all her face grows  
glad,  
Remembering a day she was not old,  
When in all loveliness her life was clad;  
And in her heart the garnered memories  
Become as radiant as the ripened trees.

The great day of Victorian poetry was just drawing to a close when Katharine Tynan Hinkson came up to London Town as a little Irish maiden, shy, romantic and idealistic. In her work, she revealed a tender and delicately-phrased appreciation of both nature and domesticity. Observe the happy combination in her lines on the Incarnation, moulded in the Chaucerian manner,

Like dews of April that bringeth forth the  
flower  
Sweetly came Jesus to His Mother's bower.  
When they had set Him on a tree high  
Sweet dews of April filled earth and sky.  
Like dews of April bringing forth fruit,  
Fell His sweet Blood then on a parched root.  
Like dews of April He came from the dead,  
Saw the white angels at His foot and head.  
O Thou, dear Jesus, set us to weep,  
Like dews of April that break earth's long  
sleep!

Perhaps the best known of this convert group was Eliza Allen Starr, a Puritan of the first water. Her forefathers had come to the Colonies in 1634. Born and bred a Unitarian, it was truly ironical that one of the most eminent Unitarian divines—Theodore Parker—should have preached the sermon that caused the first weakening of her faith. After her conversion, poetry, art and the saints most engaged her pen. Indeed, few surpassed her in the appreciation of Catholic art and its symbolism. For she brought to a fine fruition that natural and trained perception of beauty in its loftiest forms. Her brief descrip-

tion of a November day from the poem, *St. Martin's Summer*, is typical:

And when Winter, with relentless fingers,  
Clutches at all life, chills with its breath,  
Good Saint Martin with his poor still lingers  
To divide his cloak and save from death.  
But full sunshine long before high noontide  
Brings us genial atmosphere again.

Katherine E. Conway was likewise a singer who struggled to gain a position for her race and her religion against the prejudice and Puritanism of New England. Her craftsmanship is well exemplified in her sonnet:

#### At a Grave on Easter-Day

I know the sting of death—its victory—  
Since one more dear than mine own life is  
dead;  
And I can never more be comforted,  
Whatever love may come in years to be,  
Till God give back what Death hath wrenched  
from me.  
Yet, ye would slay my hope. Who was it said:  
"There is no resurrection for such dead,  
What thou hast lost hath perished utterly?"  
False seer! my dead shall live again, I know,  
Those eyes once, oh, so kind! shall smile again;  
And the dear hands that wrought but good to me,  
Hold mine in warm close clasp. I can forego  
Life's solace, and be patient with its pain  
Until the day-break and the shadows flee.

Readers of an earlier day will, undoubtedly, recall the name of Eleanor C. Donnelly, a native of Philadelphia, whose entire life was spent in the cause of Catholic literature. From her pen came more than a dozen volumes of poetry. An interesting tradition has it that she furnished Longfellow with the theme of his *Legend Beautiful*. It was Miss Donnelly who represented Catholic literature on all occasions of national interest. Indeed, she was frequently selected to write national *Odes* on historic occasions. While her style is time-dated, her thought is poignant. Consider her imagery in

#### The Holy Cross

It is a ladder reaching to the skies,  
Its every rung with gold and jewels decked;

It is a bark which bears to Paradise  
 Unnumbered souls on Life's wild ocean wrecked.  
 A cordial for the weak; a thorny rose,  
 Whence God, His sweetest honey doth distil  
 Into the bitter cup of human woes;  
 Changing the gall of Sorrow's acid wine  
 Into a golden nectar all divine.

For Sister Rita, Notre Dame held both her vocation and her thoughts for song; and sharing the same atmosphere with her was Flora Stanfield, a fruitful source of material in any literary emergency. Perhaps their importance was augmented by their presence on the scene of our magazine's publication. At any rate, Father Hudson counted upon them heavily, and was never disappointed. One of the first to write of Notre Dame, Sister Rita sings well of this little city of the Blessed Sacrament in

#### Sunset at Notre Dame

The shadowed-surpliced trees are acolytes  
 Before a host of fire,  
 The gathered opal clouds are incense-praise,  
 The homing birds the choir.

Across the emerald lake, a path of gold  
 Leads to the temple stair,  
 And on the stillness falls a silver sound—  
 The evening bell for prayer.

God's blessing is upon the silent land,  
 The mystic rite is o'er,  
 The tabernacle of the Day is closed,  
 And Night hath locked the door.

When lo! swung out by angel hands,  
 Behold a gleam afar—  
 The jewelled sanctuary lamp of night,  
 The faithful evening star.

The poets mentioned thus far were but the faint, albeit excellent reed pipings of strangers in an alien land, singing alien tunes to a meagre audience that had little ear and less time for the appreciation and the enjoyment of art. However, with the turn of the Century, there came a full diapason that revealed maturity of thought, of expression—even of appreciation.

(Conclusion Next Week.)

## Remembrance

(To Father Hudson)

By Thomas E. Burke, C. S. C.

*Over the hills of yesterday you came,  
 Your eyes aglow with silent merriment,  
 But ere we learned the music of your name  
 And shared the secret of your deep content  
 You slipped away as silently as dusk  
 Leaving no trace across the fallen night  
 Save the faint fragrance of exotic musk,  
 And the remembrance of a vanished light.*

*And yet you left us something when you passed  
 That we who met you never can forget,  
 Something of loveliness that will outlast  
 The memory of sorrow and regret,  
 Something that only holiness could bring—  
 I think it was your smile in suffering.*

## And Dawn Came

By Madelon Burcham

AS PETER stepped down from the train, his heart sank. It was worse than his dreariest memories: the same dusty platform, the boards a little more mouldy and rat-eaten than when he had left, six years ago; the hot, dry wind whipping bits of dust and small pebbles into eyes and skin; the group of perennial idlers sprawled in the sun, hats over their faces to keep out the sun and discourage the flies. In spite of his failure as an artist it would probably have been better to stay in New York at any kind of a job, than to stagnate back here, he reflected bitterly.

The cloud of dust coming down the road materialized into an ancient Ford, wheezing along on two cylinders. It died with a bronchial sigh, and a tall, white-haired man got out. His face was tanned and ruddy, his gray eyes kindly.

Peter spoke hesitantly, "Hello, Dad."

"Welcome, Son. This all your luggage? Well, then we'll be getting along. Your mother's anxious to see you."

That night Peter tossed and turned, unable to sleep in the stifling heat. His



mother had been pitifully glad to see him, and had seemed to take it for granted he would stay. His father, too, seemed to have the same idea. In New York, he himself had thought that he could stick it out this time, could come back and be a farmer. But now he knew he couldn't. A few hours had brought back all the repugnance that six years in the city had dimmed. The fact remained that he hated the farm and all it stood for; hated the dust, the farm sounds and smells, and the spring mud with all his soul.

He twisted fretfully as he thought of his parents. They had really been swell. No word of his stormy departure, his failure in the city, his unexplained return. Just a tacit acceptance that he was home and so all was well. But could he stay? He knew he could paint if he only had the chance.

**N**OT HERE. Today had proved that. Going to his room to unpack and clean up, he had found that his mother had laid out on the desk his childhood art materials. As he looked them over he felt the old urge to draw. So taking up pad and pencil he went out to where the men were working in the south field. But the attempt had been a failure. Within an hour he had thrown down sketch pad and pencil in despair, and buried his face in his hands. The stuff was no good. He had no feeling for the country scene before him, and his drawing showed it.

The plaintive cry of a calf forced itself into his reverie, and brought him to his feet to pace the floor. All around him were the night sounds of the country. The crickets sang outside his window, and from the meadow pond a bullfrog answered "Har-ump! Har-ump!" A sleepy hen fussed slightly, and somewhere a dog forgot his domesticity and howled at the moon. Peter tried to shut his ears by clamping his hands tightly

over them. He longed for the rumble of an "L," the blast of a horn, the cry of a newsboy.

When Peter arose next morning, his father was already in the field. Peter wandered down to the kitchen where he found his mother churning.

"Here, Mom, let me take that."

**A**LL RIGHT, I'll find you something to eat. Your father wants you in the south field when you're finished. They're making hay today. Here, take that a little slower and steadier. You'll have my butter turning to cottage cheese, if you don't watch out."

"Sorry, Mom. You say Dad wants me in the field?" He gave the plunger a vicious pull, and it sloshed through the milk and hit the bottom with a thud.

But she was bustling around, setting breakfast on the table, taking no notice whatsoever of his question. Finally, back at her churning, she said, "Son, your father's been kinda ailing the past few months, and the doctor says if he don't let up some there's no telling what might happen. But you know how he is. Stubborn as an old mule when it comes to taking care of himself. He says if he's going to die he'd just as soon do it out in the field. I thought you might be able to kinda keep an eye on him so he won't do too much heavy lifting and such."

Her sentence trailed off and she plunged on in silence. The rhythmic "thump, thump" beat on Peter's ears. His father ill! The thought was unbelievable. He had always seemed to be strength itself. Peter thought of his father's strong body, the very opposite of his own. Peter was tall enough, but he was spindly. He had always hated his own weakness as he had loved his father's strength. He thought of the tan, smooth skin, the heavy white hair, the rippling muscles under a shirt wet with

sweat. It seemed impossible that age could attack that body. But his mother's words stood out as though engraved on his mind, "no—telling—what—might—happen."

**S**UDDENLY HE threw down his napkin, and rose to his feet. The screen banged behind him as he started for the field. The first days were harder than he had imagined they could be. At night he would lie in bed with blistered hands throbbing, strained muscles aching, and the endless struggle would begin again. No matter how tired his body, he could not escape his thoughts at these moments. But at last nature would win and he would drop off into a heavy sleep, from which he would be dragged at five next morning, groggy and sick, to start the endless circle again.

Gradually, as he became more proficient in the work, his body began to mend. No longer was there that sickening drag from bed each morning. He began to feel rested with a night's sleep, and though he became tired toward evening, it was no longer the weak exhaustion he had felt at first. One of the hardest things had been to realize that he had forgotten how to do even the simplest farm tasks. The first time he had tried to milk, the cow had first stuck her tail in his eye, then her foot in the pail, and finally with a flip of her heels had dumped milk and milker alike in the dirt of the barn floor.

But now little by little, these tasks became easy routine, and Peter and the hired man were able to relieve John of some of the heavier work. At the same time Peter began unconsciously to enjoy the exhilaration of working in the open air, the excitement of feeling his own muscles swell under his skin as he strained to the pitchfork. The horror-filled nights became fewer and fewer until he had almost forgotten that they ever had existed.

One evening, late in the fall, they finished bringing in the last of the pumpkins. The wheat had been cut and threshed in the heat of July, silage had been gathered and stored in August, fall plowing begun in September and October, and November had seen the corn husked and put in the bins. Now winter was almost at hand. In a few weeks snow would fall. Mornings and evenings were cold and invigorating. Often a thin scum of ice had to be broken off the trough before the cattle were watered in the mornings. Evening brought a slight haze, and the odor of woodsmoke. The hillsides had passed from a deep-green to a maze of red and gold, and now were darkening into a dull brown.

Peter heaved the last pumpkin into the cellar, and laughed aloud. "There's many a pie for the winter," he cried. "Well, Dad, we're about through for tonight."

"Yep, Son; you run on up to the house and tell your mother we'll be up shortly. Jim and I are going to see that the cows'll be warm enough for cold weather tonight."

**P**ETER RAN to the house, gave his mother the message, and was splashing and singing as he cleaned up for dinner, when he heard her cry out sharply:

"Peter! Something happened to your father down at the barn. Jim's calling for help!"

In a few long strides Peter was down the stairs. His mother's face was like chalk, her voice choked, "I was watching him close the barn door—and then suddenly he just went limp—like an old sack. Jim pulled him inside."

Peter ran to the barn. Just inside the door he stopped, blinded by the dusk within.



"Here!" cried Jim. Peter looked down to find him on his knees vainly trying to lift the elder man's heavy body.

Between them, Peter and Jim carried the limp form up to the house. Mrs. Marsh had the bed ready; and leaving his mother and Jim to make the sick man as comfortable as possible, Peter took the old car half a mile down the road to the nearest telephone and called the priest.

Then followed a night of horrible anxiety. John had had a stroke, paralyzing his whole right side. Peter spent the night sitting by his father's bed in the forlorn hope that he might rouse enough to recognize him, or pacing from end to end of the small sitting room just outside. Father Kelly administered the Last Sacraments, and the prayers for the dying dragged on and on. Peter couldn't even pray; his mind was numb.

Just before dawn Father Kelly came out to Peter. "He's conscious," he said kindly, "and has something he wants to tell you."

**A**S PETER leaned over the bed, John opened his eyes. "Peter, you will take care of mother?"

Peter nodded dumbly, tears welling in his eyes and his throat preventing speech.

The weak voice went on. "Father Kelly told me not to urge you to stay here, but to tell you to go on and do what you've always wanted. There'll be some money, and you can sell the farm. And good luck to you, Son. Where's mother?"

A little later Peter stood at the window, watching the first gray streaks of dawn creep into the east. It was all over. He felt a numb loss, as though one of the very fibres of his being had been broken. He thought of his father's last words. Then he took a deep breath and flung open the window letting the crisp air cool his cheeks. The dawn had

brightened until the orange tip of the sun had slid just over the horizon. The shadows on the ground were long and grotesque, and gradually darkening as the sun lightened the rest of the landscape.

Suddenly Peter knew that he was a part of that scene. Never again could he separate himself from it. As he turned from the window he found his mother beside him. Their eyes met for a long moment. Gently he said, "I belong here, Moms." He kissed her as tears of joy sprang to her eyes.



### Diamond Jubilee Greetings\*

Dear Father Carroll: It gives me great pleasure to send to you and to the members of the staff of *THE AVE MARIA* my hearty congratulations and sincerest best wishes on the occasion of the seventy-fifth year of publication of this excellent Catholic home weekly.

I have read *THE AVE MARIA* since I was a boy when it came to our home and was a part of the weekly religious reading in my family.

Father Hudson worked untiringly to make *THE AVE MARIA* such a fine religious magazine and I am happy to be able to say that his zealous successors have continued the high standard set by him.

It is my earnest hope and prayer that Almighty God will bless and prosper *THE AVE MARIA* and I send to you and to all interested in this work my blessing and best wishes for continued success. Very sincerely yours,

W. CARDINAL O'CONNELL,

Archbishop of Boston.

My dear Father Carroll: Learning that on the fourth of May next *THE AVE MARIA* will celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of its foundation, I beg to congratulate those in charge of

\* Other letters received too late for inclusion here will be published next week.

it, not only because of the length of time that this periodical has existed, but also, and chiefly, because of the immense good that it has done during three-quarters of a century.

For very many years I have read it, and always with interest and profit. It has been a valiant teacher of the Catholic Faith and a model of good journalism.

I trust that God will bless all those who have conducted it; and that *THE AVE MARIA* may continue for very many more years to defend and spread our Holy Religion.

With best wishes, I am, my dear Father Carroll, very sincerely yours,

D. CARDINAL DOUGHERTY,  
Archbishop of Philadelphia.

Reverend and dear Father: It affords me heartfelt pleasure to extend to you and your associates of the Congregation of the Holy Cross my sincere congratulations on the seventy-fifth anniversary of *THE AVE MARIA*. In these long years your excellent periodical has entered thousands of homes, and proved itself a fine medium for the imparting of Catholic Truth to the faithful, and has gained well deserved applause for its choice contributions to Catholic literature.

Confident that the gratitude of your many readers is an omen of continued success, I extend to you and your collaborators my special Blessing, with a prayer that *THE AVE MARIA* may long continue to perform its useful service to the Catholic cause.

With sentiments of deep esteem and every good wish, I beg to remain, sincerely yours in Christ,

A. G. CICOGNANI,  
Archbishop of Laodicea,  
Apostolic Delegate.

Reverend dear Father: On its forthcoming Diamond Jubilee we wish to greet yourself and the staff of the

very excellent Catholic weekly—*THE AVE MARIA*. During all these years it has served in an admirable degree its high purpose in the field of Catholic literature, both from the standpoint of the contributors and the subscribers and readers. We hope it gives you as much pleasure to review its splendid record as it has given us to watch that record grow during the past half century and more. With this knowledge of the past we have no fears whatever for the future of *THE AVE MARIA*.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN J. GLENNON,  
Archbishop of St. Louis.

Dear Father: May I congratulate *THE AVE MARIA*, its editor and staff on the occasion of its Diamond Jubilee celebration. *THE AVE MARIA* stands without peer in its own field, a heartening example of Catholic journalism at its most stimulating and effective best.

Be assured of my prayers for its continued growth and success over the many years of future service, which in God's Providence it shall render to the Church.

Very sincerely yours,

FRANCIS J. L. BECKMAN,  
Archbishop of Dubuque.

Reverend and dear Editor: Hearty congratulations on the Jubilee day—May the fourth—of *THE AVE MARIA*. For many long years this splendid weekly was a welcome visitor to my home and I ever enjoyed reading its sound, attractive contents. . . . More power and long useful years to this wonderful and most creditable representative of our Catholic Press.

Yours truly in Xto.,

ARTHUR DROSSAERTS,  
Archbishop of San Antonio.

Dear Father: I am happy to know that *THE AVE MARIA* is celebrating its Diamond Jubilee next month. It is my



earliest recollection of a Catholic magazine, and I doubt if any other made the impression on me which the reading of the first copies of *THE AVE MARIA* did when I was yet a boy.

And I can say with a great deal of truth, that I have been a constant reader of it for at least sixty of its seventy-five years. The beautiful things about the life of the Blessed Mother, devotion to her, her shrine, and the legends which have gathered around her across the years, have flowed in almost a continual stream through the pages of *THE AVE MARIA* for seventy-five years.

I am sure that the editors of this always attractive publication have a friend in Heaven that will make their salvation sure. Keep up the high standard of *THE AVE MARIA* for no paper should dare assume that name that would not adopt the highest standards. With all good wishes,

Yours faithfully in Christ,

C. E. BYRNE,  
Bishop of Galveston.

Reverend and dear Father: I take this occasion of your Diamond Jubilee to congratulate you on this memorable anniversary of splendid Catholic journalism.

I have been acquainted with your magazine for thirty-five years and I am personally aware of the ennobling influence of *THE AVE MARIA* on many Catholic families who have taken it during these years.

Asking God to continue to bless your work, I am, sincerely yours in Christ,

EDWARD J. KELLY,  
Bishop of Boise.

Dear Reverend Father: Permit me to extend to you and to the other members of the editorial and news staffs of *THE AVE MARIA* sincerest felicitations in recognition of the completion of seventy-five years of worthy and useful ser-

vice in Catholic journalism through the medium of your very creditable publication.

During three quarters of a century *THE AVE MARIA* has fulfilled capably and conscientiously its honorable and practical aim of developing a truer understanding of our Christian faith and duties as members of the Church of God.

It has been moreover a valiant champion in meeting all attacks made through ignorance or ill will and in the form of misrepresentation of the Person and Teachings of Our Lord as well as of His duly appointed ministers of Religion.

I feel very confident that God will bless abundantly all those who have been associated with the very creditable accomplishment of developing and preserving *THE AVE MARIA* as a truly instructive organ of Christian expression in journalism.

Sincerely yours,

THOMAS E. MOLLOY,  
Bishop of Brooklyn.

Dear Father Carroll: I am happy to send my good wishes, as well as congratulations, to *THE AVE MARIA* on the occasion of its seventy-fifth anniversary. It has an enviable record in the annals of Catholic journalism, maintaining through these years a standard that has merited for it approval and esteem.

*THE AVE MARIA* has always been welcome in the Diocese of Indianapolis, and I have never missed an opportunity to say a good word for it, both to priests and people. May God grant it many more years of service to the Church as an instrument of instruction, entertainment, and devotion to our Blessed Mother.

With kindest personal regards, I am  
Sincerely in Christ,

JOSEPH E. RITTER,  
Bishop of Indianapolis.

Dear Father Carroll: The manifest blessing of God on THE AVE MARIA is an inspiration to Catholic Action generally. To furnish good Catholic reading to the good Catholic home is a noble ambition; to have done this so successfully for seventy-five years is a noble record. Sincerely always,

JOHN F. O'HARA, C. S. C.  
Bishop of Army and Navy  
Catholic Chaplains.

Reverend and dear Father: It is with keen appreciation of the value of THE AVE MARIA magazine that I extend to you heartfelt congratulations on the occasion of its celebration of the seventy-fifth year of service to Catholic journalism. I have read it for more than a third of its existence and I know it is doing a tremendous amount of good for the Church by its splendid editorials, its trenchant comments, and its informative articles. May you extend the influence and have the prosperity so justly deserved. Assuring you of my every good wish, I am sincerely yours,

EUGENE J. MCGUINNESS,  
Bishop of Raleigh.

The Editor, THE AVE MARIA: I have read THE AVE MARIA for fifty of its seventy-five years, having been made acquainted with it by my mother who prized a prayer book given her by Father Sorin. THE AVE MARIA has fulfilled its high purpose of praising Our Lady worthily. It has published only what is worthy of her both as to form and substance. I congratulate the Holy Cross Congregation upon seventy-five years of noble devotion to the Catholic Press. Sincerely in Christ,

EDWIN O'HARA,  
Bishop of Kansas City.

Dear Father Carroll: My sincere congratulations to THE AVE MARIA on its seventy-fifth anniversary of service to Catholic journalism and my

wishes for many more years of fruitful service in the Catholic field of literature. THE AVE MARIA, along with other Catholic publications, is sorely needed to continue its aid to Mother Church in bringing knowledge of the Gospel to all nations and to every creature.

Sincerely in Christ,  
S. V. BONA,  
Bishop of Grand Island.

Dear Father: Sincere congratulations on the seventy-five years of fine service to the Church on the part of your magazine. It has brought faith, hope and charity into many homes through those years. May God bless the future endeavors and make them worthy of the great tradition of the past seventy-five years.

Sincerely yours in Christ,  
JAMES E. KEARNEY,  
Bishop of Rochester.

Dear Reverend Father: Permit me to extend congratulations for the seventy-five years of service to Religion and the Church which your magazine will have attained on May 4. It is a fine record and is deserving of commendation. May the magazine increase its usefulness and flourish for the good of souls. Yours faithfully in Domino,

JOSEPH G. PINTEN,  
Bishop of Grand Rapids.

Reverend and dear Father: May I be permitted on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of THE AVE MARIA to join with your host of grateful and appreciative friends in tendering heartiest congratulations.

My acquaintance with THE AVE MARIA goes back to the early years of the first decade of the present century. During my student years at Quincy, Illinois, the magazine was a source of great interest and instruction to me. Today it still holds for me a similar



fascination. May the days of THE AVE MARIA be many and most prosperous! Gratefully yours in the Lord, I remain,

C. H. WINKELMANN,  
Bishop of Wichita.

My dear Father Carroll: May I felicitate THE AVE MARIA on its Diamond Jubilee? It was family reading for me when I was a child, and to this day I value it for its substance and its tone.

God grant it prosperity and bless the able men who serve it to our people.

Very sincerely yours,  
G. L. LEECH,  
Bishop of Harrisburg.

Dear Father Carroll: As is my wont, I have just read practically every word of the current number of THE AVE MARIA. To me THE AVE MARIA comes weekly like a diamond, no less, itself with many facets, each yielding its own light. Too stirring for me are some of our splendid publications. Quiet courage is thrilling, I think. THE AVE MARIA is calm, never bitter; but, withal, very clearly frank. May its brave jewel lights never dim!

DANIEL F. DESMOND,  
Bishop of Alexandria.

Reverend dear Father: Our hearty congratulations to THE AVE MARIA on the seventy-fifth birthday of this Catholic family magazine. It has been my pleasure to read its issues for a period of twenty-five years. My re-action always is the wish that it might have a place in every Catholic family.

Wishing you every blessing, I remain  
Sincerely yours in Christ,

WILLIAM J. HAFEY,  
Bishop of Scranton.

Reverend and dear Editors: Ever since my boyhood days it has been my privilege to receive your valued magazine and for forty years I have read it with much pleasure and edification.

As a popular magazine, well-balanced

and thoroughly Catholic, it is outstanding. I am confident that it has made millions of friends and has brought them closer to the feet of our Blessed Lord.

My best wishes go out to you for an apostolate even greater in the future,

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,  
HENRY P. ROHLMAN,  
Bishop of Davenport.

Dear Father Carroll: THE AVE MARIA has always been a most welcome visitor to our Catholic homes. Always interesting—instructing and edifying in its stories, reviews and general information about Catholic life and traditions. What a rich fund of facts and useful information it brings with its weekly visits to all who read it! What a galaxy of splendid Catholic writers it has given to the field of American literature! It is an old friend and we always read it with much pleasure and profit every week.

JAMES P. HARTLEY,  
Bishop of Columbus.

My dear Father Carroll: . . . We have just celebrated our Diamond Jubilee; you are now celebrating yours. We fared forth together in the long ago, and, thanks to Divine Providence, we still march along side-by-side. We have accumulated experience and memories so rich and so various that we should be, like the Church, wise in our own right. There is wisdom in avoiding what is sensational and spectacular; wisdom in trusting the good judgment of the people to recognize and to patronize substantial journalistic worth.

You will receive many complimentary salutations on your anniversary. But you will probably appreciate most highly congratulations upon unswerving fidelity to high standards, in the face of constantly recurring temptation to capitulate to the mood of the moment.

"To thine own self be true" is excellent advice, but no one needs give it to THE AVE MARIA. You have survived and succeeded because you have been true to yourself, and in consequence true to God, to the Church and to the noblest ideal of Catholic journalism.

Very truly yours,

JAMES M. GILLIS,  
Editor, The Catholic World.

Dear Father Carroll: The announcement that THE AVE MARIA will commemorate its seventy-fifth year on May 4, 1940, is, indeed, front page news in Catholic journalism in the United States.

... As regards THE AVE MARIA you may write me down as a "constant reader," having followed it from the days of my early youth to this very hour. Week after week, I more than merely peruse its pages, always with interest, profit and edification especially, your own good writings. Keep up the good work, and God bless you.

Sincerely,

S. A. BALDUS,  
Managing Editor, Extension.

Reverend and dear Father: May I extend in the name of *Our Sunday Visitor* and all of its readers heartiest congratulations on the Diamond Jubilee of THE AVE MARIA. Always among the best of Catholic publications, the improvements which have been made in THE AVE MARIA during recent years have, I am sure, endeared it in the hearts of thousands of readers, and have made its service to the Church of even greater value. May its success be multiplied for the future, and especially for the next twenty-five years so that the observance of its one hundredth anniversary will find its influence and circulation doubled. With best personal wishes, I am, sincerely yours,

OUR SUNDAY VISITOR, INC.,  
F. A. Fink, Associate Editor.

The Catholic Press Directory,  
Chicago, Illinois.

Rev. and dear Father: I notice that THE AVE MARIA will commemorate its seventy-fifth year of service in the field of Catholic journalism on May 4, 1940. Congratulations!

I have been reading THE AVE MARIA for over forty years. In 1898 while I was attending a Catholic high school the Reverend Father Prefect appointed me to look after the school library. I had to put the books and magazines back in their proper places and during the first week of my work I ran across THE AVE MARIA. The magazine was so interesting that I made it my business to look for it from week to week.

THE AVE MARIA is, without question, one of the leading Catholic magazines in the United States and I wish you knew how much good the magazine has done during its seventy-five years of service. Very respectfully yours,

J. H. MEIER, Publisher.

Dear Father Carroll: On the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of THE AVE MARIA, I wish to extend to you and all staff members congratulations both hearty and sincere.

For seventy-five years your excellent weekly has occupied a prominent place in Catholic journalism. I am certain that your publication has brought not only information but also—what in my opinion frequently seems more important—encouragement and inspiration to its fortunate readers.

I trust that the years ahead will be generous to THE AVE MARIA so that *Our Lady's* weekly will be able to still further enlarge its scope and continue the splendid work it has so capably performed during the preceding seventy-five years. Again, congratulations and very best wishes. Sincerely yours,

REV. HY BLOCKER, O. F. M.  
Editor, St. Anthony Messenger.



# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

In general, pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.—*Ruskin.*



Aluminum is the most abundant metal. It constitutes one-seventh of the earth's crust.



About fifty million copies of *A Message to Garcia* by Elbert Hubbard have been sold up to date.



In the Southern Hemisphere a cyclone moves clockwise; in the Northern Hemisphere, counter-clockwise.



In 1939, the University of California outnumbered Columbia's University of New York: 43,266 students to 32,420.



Rug accidents kill seventeen times more people in the home than electricity does, according to insurance-company data.



Social psychologists have estimated that about 72% of our fads will be found in women's dress and ornaments, with men's wear accounting for only about ten per cent.



Tolstoy, the Russian writer, became convinced at one time that he could sustain himself in the air by flapping his arms like a bird. He even tried it

one day by stepping out of a second-story window. Fortunately, there was a freshly spaded flower garden below.



According to *Collier's* some of Napoleon's letters were so poorly written that they were mistaken at times for maps of a battlefield.



Because the burial grounds of China have always been held sacred, and not to be disturbed under any condition, about one-twentieth of the country is now occupied by graves.



The eyes of all birds, except owls and some hawks, are monocular in the sense that they see different objects with each eye. In other words, most birds do not focus both eyes on one object as human beings do.



Approximately 1853 different makes of American automobile have been manufactured at one time or another. Of these, ninety-nine were steam cars and sixty-four electrics, most of which have now gone out of use.



On the New York Stock Exchange alone more than 1200 different issues of stock are listed. The number of bonds is more than 1300. On the New York Curb Exchange the trading covers more than 1000 different stocks in addition to three hundred bond issues.



Back in 1888 a patent was issued to Joshua T. Smith for a so-called snake-bite "neutralizer." We have our doubts about the appropriateness of the term "neutralizer," but judge for yourself. Here are the ingredients: "one quart of alcohol, two ounces of gall of the earth, one ounce of rattlesnake weed, one-fourth ounce of alum, and thirty-two drops of iodine."

## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**On to Suez!**—The Story of De Lesseps and the Canal, by Francis E. Benz. The Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price, \$2.

This thrilling book is for older boys and girls. Don't imagine for a second that it is a detailed, dragged out account of the digging of the Suez, for it is nothing of the sort. De Lesseps, not the Canal, is featured significantly by the facts and added fiction. Dramatically and inspirationally is his career followed. Like in an extra good novel, the action speeds along, adventures are met, and a fine romance arises. De Lesseps gloriously served France in the diplomatic field at places whose names are familiar: Lisbon, Tunis, Algeria, Egypt, Rotterdam, Malaga, Madrid, Barcelona, and Rome. What new glory? The Suez Canal was built and acclaimed. In the telling of *On to Suez* the author writes wonderfully well. James Kingston.

**Bernadette of Lourdes**, by Margaret Gray Blanton. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Price, \$2.50.

*Bernadette of Lourdes* is the story of Bernadette Soubirous by Mrs. Blanton, a non-Catholic psychologist, who finds a universal appeal in the humble little girl who braved one of the greatest controversies of a century. Using a rich abundance of research, especially Père Cros' compilation of evidence given before the Bishop's Commission, Mrs. Blanton explores the human behavior of the courageous young saint and presents the real Bernadette.

With a beautifully simple and fresh style the author shuns sentimentality and dispassionately recalls Bernadette, her family, the psychological background of the community, the apparitions, the believers, the disbelievers and re-creates the actual mood that accompanied the historical events at Lourdes. The character of Bernadette, from the

time that she first saw the "*petit damizelo*" until her beautiful death as a Sister of Charity at Nevers, unfolds a simple, modest and brave girl who suffered a storm of incessant trial with unwavering courage and detachment.

Remember that Mrs. Blanton is not a Catholic. She does not attempt to settle the bitter controversy over the actuality of the apparitions or the reported cures at the Grotto. But she does inevitably offer a few opinions. From her study of Bernadette she holds not only a positive belief in the girl's sanity, but also insists upon the absence of any neurotic disturbance. She even finds an amazing strength of mind in the frail little storm center. In presenting the cases of two reported cures, Mrs. Blanton says that "one would not be justified in repudiating without examination, any belief long held by the race to be true."

*Bernadette of Lourdes* should occupy a prominent position among the opinions, records and interpretations of the modest peasant saint and the events that established her lasting significance.

Edmund R. Butler.

**Steadfast at Valley Forge**, by Rupert Sargent Holland. Macrae-Smith Co., New York. \$2.

This Revolutionary War novel for younger readers has Valley Forge for a setting. Actually, however, much of the story takes place throughout the countryside. From page to page there is interest enough; here and there high excitement. A mysterious someone keeps the plot going. Who is he? Spy? Loyal to England? Loyal to the Colonists? Promise rather than real fulfillment is characteristic of this novel. Much more could have been made out of some of the incidents. The ending could have been strengthened. Thomas Long.



**Lyric Poems**, by William Thomas Walsh.  
P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$1.50.

A reading of *Lyric Poems*, by William Thomas Walsh, is technically and aesthetically a soul-satisfying experience, for here is the work of a genuine poet who living in contact with the tumultuous complexities of his age, yet remains spiritually cloistered. Although contemporary in theme, the poems do not leave the reader with a weight of frustration, but with an uplift as of strong wings.

If the reviewer looks in vain for the quotable, scintillant line, the flash-in-the-pan of clever phraseology, still he does find that more enduring—and more difficult to achieve—essential, a perfected whole, wherein like the colored segments of a mosaic each word forms an integral part of the pattern.

Mr. Walsh is at his best in the opening groups of the collection. These evidence not only a craftsmanship developed beyond the point of obviousness, but a tempo and a rhythm innately his own. Many another poet has snared the "pigeons over Harlem," "the swallows too, great handfuls of them," in a net of words, but none with greater artistry, while *New York from the Empire State* must excite the envious admiration of any other poet who has attempted to transcribe his, or her, impressions of:

"... jeweled roofs, from the hazy north  
To Liberty aflame against the sea  
And those commercial castles tier on tier  
With sun's gold in their eyes. . . ."

Too, with what understanding tenderness he handles the harsh contrast between the Calvinistic "Deacon Wells and his horse-faced wife" and the warm-hearted, bewildered Irish Nora McGillicuddy, in the blank verse narrative by the latter name. Then the heart stands still before the sheer exquisiteness of *By a Bedside*, and the throat constricts at the utter poignancy of *Gethsemane*.

... "His white hand rested on an olive tree."

The sonnets suffer when compared with the spontaneity and originality of the opening group, perhaps because of the theme matter and the rigid form.

There is much to savor, ponder on and remember in the last division. Even in his "lighter lyrics" William Thomas Walsh embodies a kernel of faith which apparently is not so much a legacy from devout ancestors, as a burning personal experience.

If there is an underlying somberness in *Lyric Poems* "per se," it is a somberness permeated with the white fires of exaltation (from *Conversion*):

"... all creation  
Like a giant rose unfolding in the sun  
And in its heart Thy hope."

Ethel Romig Fuller.

**A Catechist's Manual for First Communicants**, by the Rev. Joseph A. Newman. Published by D. B. Hansen & Sons, 23 N. Franklin St., Chicago.

"The purpose of this manual is to enable teachers, students, and parents to become efficient catechists," the author states. Father Newman has had experience in the catechetical field. His method, which follows the *unit* idea, is divided into: Exploration, Presentation, Assimilation, Application, and Resolution. He explains each thoroughly. Even inexperienced teachers need have no fear of that explanation. While agreeing that this manual should be truly helpful to those for whom it is intended, the Rev. F. N. Pitt, Secretary of the Catholic School Board of the Archdiocese of Louisville, believes that it should be especially serviceable "to the lay catechist and parents in isolated rural areas." References are made in this manual to Father Newman's *A Catechism for First Communicants*, the price of which is six cents.

Thomas Daley.

## YOUNGER READERS

### Irish Fairies

By Katherine Edelman

*Skipping and running  
From Antrim to Kerry,  
The wee people dance  
Upon blossom and berry,  
In valley and woodland  
They dance and make merry.*

*When moonbeams fall down  
Like a pale silver spread,  
And earth children slumber  
In cradle and bed,  
These small people feast  
Upon rose-petal bread.*

*Then till the breaking,  
The coming of dawn,  
From the beautiful queen  
To the wee leprechaun  
They frolic and sing  
On the emerald lawn.*

### Billy's Wish

By May Evelyn Skiles

**B**ILLY STOOD gazing up at a man who held a long brush. The man was dipping his brush into a milky white fluid. The brush began to look all gummed up as soon as the white stuff was put on it.

A boy can't keep quiet always. Billy put his head first to one side and then to the other. He even took off his blue cap and scratched his head. Whatever was the man doing? Why, he was pasting big pictures on the board. He had heard these boards called *billboards*. This board for a long time had had only torn strips of paper sticking to it in places. If there were ever any pictures they were all gone.

Now Billy saw the man smoothing the paper with a dry brush. Billy gave a shout and the man looked down at him quickly. Billy saw pictures of elephants and lions in cages.

"Why are you pasting them there, Mister?" Billy asked, wide-eyed.

"**I**M PASTING the pictures so people can see them. Don't you know this is an advertisement?" The man looked down from his stepladder. Then he looked at the board. The wet brush he had thrown down into a bucket. Shouldering his other brush, the one used for smoothing, he began to descend the ladder.

When the man was on the ground, Billy said to him: "I thought advertisements were made to sell things. You can't sell animals."

"I could if I had them," answered the man, as he brushed his hand across his forehead, on which a mass of white had formed. The man picked up his bucket. Just as he was turning to go, he looked once more at Billy. "Don't you know a circus is coming to town?"

"Do you mean a circus tent will come? You mean there will be a big tent with a big top?" Billy dropped his cap in his excitement.

"That's just what I do mean," the man said, smiling. Billy noticed how kind the man's eyes were, but he did look funny with that daub of white on his forehead. It looked almost as queer as a smudge of black.

"Be sure to go, sonny. All boys like a circus. You can read, can't you?"

Billy nodded. He was still gaping at the wonderful pictures on the sign-board.



The man waved the longer brush, the sticky one, as he moved away. He called back. "Don't forget the date. You said you could read. All boys like a circus."

Billy had never been to a circus, but he had seen pictures of animals, and he knew two boys that had been to Chicago. They had seen a circus there. Billy often thought these two boys strutted a little more than they needed when they described the inside of the tent. He sighed. What good would it do him if the circus did come? There might be a parade, but he knew his aunt couldn't afford to buy him a ticket for the show. His aunt hadn't been very well. She was better now; still, he couldn't ask her for money.

Well, all he could do was to tell somebody that the circus was coming. He would go tell Tommy, the little boy who lived near his aunt's house, on the outskirts of the village.

**H**E FOUND Tommy returning from the grocery store with a bag of starch. "Mother is ironing today for the rich folks at the top of the hill. I'll run inside the house, and be back in a jiffy."

Billy was satisfied at Tommy's astonishment when he told him the wonderful news. His brown eyes opened wide. Billy's own blue eyes suddenly became thoughtful.

"Can you go?" Billy asked his friend, who was a little younger.

Tommy's mouth drooped. "No, can you get a ticket?"

Billy shook his head sadly. "If there is a parade, we can see that," he said, trying to comfort Tommy.

After that, for days after, whenever they had the chance, the two boys stood before the signboard. A huge head attracted their attention. There were wide-open jaws.

"What's that?" Tommy asked.

"It's—it's a hippopotamus," Billy

said, catching his breath over the long word. "Those boys that went to the circus said they heard of a trainer who had to sleep in the cage with one because it was lonely when it was a baby."

"Are they ever small? Are they ever babies?" asked Tommy, shaking his head unbelievably.

**O**F COURSE, they were babies once, but I don't think they could have been little ever," and he put his arm about Tommy's shoulder. He knew that Tommy wanted to go to the show just as much as he did. Maybe he wanted to go more. Tommy was a little smaller; when you were small you wanted things. Billy drew himself up and tried to thrust out his chest. He'd show Tommy he didn't mind about not going to a show.

"What you puffing out your chest for?" Tommy asked.

"Grown people don't always go to shows. Maybe they are not so good after all."

"Why, Billy, I never thought you'd go back on a big circus like this."

As they strolled away, he said, "Of course, it would be nice to go with you, Tommy, but lots of big people will not go."

Once Billy came alone and stood in front of the signboard. He had made up his mind that he wouldn't look at it any more. The big signboard made him sad. But he did want to take one more look. As he gazed up at the bright pictures, he heard someone walking on the sandy road. It was his old friend, the man who had pasted the pictures on the board.

"Made up your mind to go?" the man said.

Billy turned his head away. "No; everybody doesn't go."

"Then you don't want to see a circus. Thought maybe you would like a

circus. This is the first time one ever came to this town."

Billy's eyes were eager: "Of course, I'd like to go, mister. But when your aunt hasn't been very well, you can't ask her for money. I don't think she has it to spend on a circus."

The man began to finger a small bit of blue pasteboard. Then he handed it to Billy.

"Here, you can have it. The ticket was given to me because I put up the signs. Do you want it?"

Did he want it? Billy blinked hard. Something must be the matter with his eyes.

"You see I've been to circuses so many times. I'm not going," and he held out the blue ticket.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" gulped Billy.

"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, sonny. I can remember the time when I felt just as you do. This is going to be a grand circus."

Billy turned the ticket over many times after the man had gone. After a while he started off to tell Tommy. Then, suddenly, he stopped short. If he told Tommy that he was going to the circus, it would only make his little friend sadder than ever. Billy dug his bare toes in the sandy road. The ticket had black letters on it, and they spelled *Grandstand*.

Tommy had come over to see him. He stood before Billy's home. "Oh, Billy!" he began breathlessly. "The man at the store says that early tomorrow morning the animals will be unloaded. Don't you wish we had tickets for the show?"

"I have a ticket for you, Tommy," Billy said, looking straight into Tommy's eyes. "I can't go. You can go, though."

"Why can't you go, Billy?" Tommy asked, staring at the ticket.

"I told you I can't," Billy said. "Go home and show the ticket to your

mother. Tell her I couldn't go with you."

Billy winced. It was true. He could not go to the circus if he gave away his ticket.

"I wouldn't enjoy it as much if you weren't there."

"SURE YOU WOULD. Just think. You can tell me all about it tomorrow night. Sure you'll have a big time, Tommy. I'll want to hear all about the clowns and the bareback riders. Won't your mother be glad because you are going?"

Tommy grinned. "She will be glad, Billy."

Early the next morning Billy was up. The sun was shining bright when he went out into the yard to feed the few chickens.

The signboard man was passing on his way to work.

"You'll have a big time, sonny. There are lots of animals. Good thing you have a ticket. There isn't going to be a parade. The village roads aren't any too good."

Billy's heart sank. Then he couldn't see the animals.

"Goin' early?" the man said.

Billy didn't answer, but his blue eyes were troubled.

"What's the matter? Did you lose your ticket?"

Billy couldn't answer. His heart was too heavy.

"Can't you tell me what's troubling you, sonny?" the man asked.

Billy wished the man wouldn't look at him so straight. When you felt terribly bad, all you could do was to bite your lips hard. The man laid his hand on Billy's shoulder. "What is it, little man?"

"You'll be angry if I tell you," Billy said.

But the man wasn't angry at all when Billy told him that he had given his



ticket to Tommy because he was smaller, and had never seen a circus.

"But you haven't seen one, either," and the big man pulled out a handkerchief, and wiped around his eyes. It was early in the day for the man to be so warm. He pulled out something else from his pocket.

Another blue ticket! "I was passing by to see if you didn't want some boy to go with you."

Later in the day two happy boys stood proudly looking at the "big top" tent.

Billy was sure he heard a lion roaring. "Don't you think it is a hyena?" Tommy asked.

Billy looked wise. "No; hyenas laugh. They're not like lions. They are silly."

"I was just coming to give the ticket back to you," Tommy said. "I just knew you gave it to me when you wanted to go yourself."

"And what if I did? The man gave me another ticket," Billy said.

**T**HE BOYS caught their breath, as the breeze sent ripples all over the big canvas. All about there were blue, yellow and red balloons. Hawkers flourished striped candy canes and balls of colored popcorn and bags of peanuts.

The sound of a calliope floated toward them. Everybody was smiling and happy. The boys, hand-in-hand, edged toward the main entrance, their hearts filled with rapture.

As they looked at the gay colors that seemed to be everywhere, Billy sighed happily.

At last they stood in the entrance. "It was nice out there," Billy said, "but it's wonderful to be inside."

They took their seats opposite the big arena. They looked up at the huge canvas, too thrilled to speak.

A bugle sounded. Horses pranced through the side entrance.

The wonderful performance had begun.

## Judging Friends

By Henry H. Graham

**W**HILE NO BOY wishes to be critical of his associates, still he wants friends of the right sort and it is a good idea to size up his associates to make sure they are meeting his requirements. Friends, of course, must measure up to high standards in order to be worth while.

In judging the quality of friends it is wise to ask one's self some questions about them. Here are a few that should determine whether a friend is worthy:

Are his habits good? Does he drink, smoke or use coarse language? How does he treat his parents, other relatives and his friends? Other than yourself who are his friends? (Birds of a feather flock together, you know.) Is he extravagant? Is he selfish? Is his talk clean and worth while or vulgar and shallow? Is he cheerful? Is he stubborn? When things do not go his way does he grumble? How does he spend his free time? Is he moody or always the same? Is he good-natured and inclined to make the best of situations that are not altogether pleasing? What is his attitude toward religion? Does he speak slightly of things that most people rightfully consider sacred and inviolate?

The above are a few of the questions you can ask yourself about a would-be friend. It should be realized, of course, that no boy is perfect. All have faults. If the latter are not serious the friend is probably worth while. Incidentally you can do much to eliminate those faults yourself from his make-up. This can be accomplished by the force of good example—by giving his faults nothing upon which to feed and grow. In fact, you owe it to your friends to help them, preferably without their knowledge, to overcome weaknesses. That is one of the duties of a true friend.

## ✿ The Weekly Postscript ✿

By M. M. Wirries

"I DON'T MAKE friends," I once heard a woman say boastfully. "I don't go around the world smirking at people so they'll like me. I'm frank with everybody. I say what I think, and if people don't like it, they can let me alone. I'm not two-faced."

Her philosophy is awry. Everyone should have friends, friends who like them for what they are, friends whom they like. You do not smile at people because you want them to like you: you smile because you like them. And if you do not like people—people who, like you, are made to the image and likeness of God,—then there is something wrong with you. Because in every man there is something likable, some spark of the Divine. And if that something is encased in a cruel and ugly crust which has been bred of bitter years and unhealthy surroundings, then you must still like him, because of the pity in your heart.

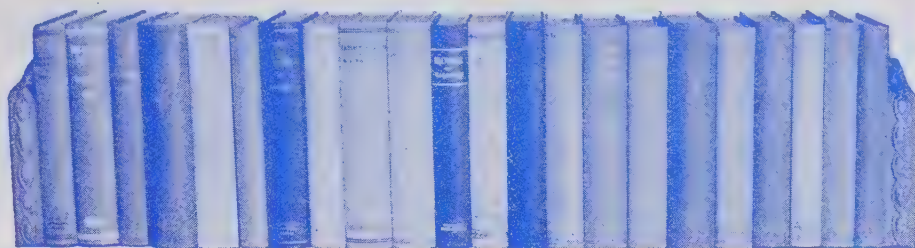
As for saying what you think—why? Is what *you* think so very important after all? You do not like Sadie's hat, you do not like Maude's disposition, you do not like the way So-and-So acts—well! Need you say so? Are you perhaps an authority on hats, or dispositions or modes of action? Or are you merely expressing your own ego, when you tell Sadie she would better have bought a black hat, and Sam that he didn't need a new car? Speaking your own mind is often just another term for prying into another person's business. Probably the hat is a fright, but if Sadie likes it, what do you care? If there's nothing good you can say about the hat, you can at least tell Sadie you are glad she could have it. For you *should* be glad. You should rejoice in the good fortune of another.

You're not "two-faced," you say. And why aren't you? If by "two-faced" you

mean being kind, then a little of that kind of hypocrisy won't hurt you. In fact, it will do you good. Of course if you've been in the habit of speaking your mind, it may take you a little while to right about face from your rudeness and crudity and speak kindly. You may be so accustomed to looking for flaws that good points escape you entirely. If that is the case, you certainly need a good spring renovating yourself. Best get out the little vacuum cleaner called "Love Thy Neighbor" and begin on you. Perhaps when you really get into the corners of your soul, you'll find you do have some sweetness there.

KEEPING A HOUSE clean, going to church on Sunday, reading the Bible is not enough. There must be Light within you—the Light which is God. Sparkle brightly, scintillatingly, reaching far with your rays to illumine the world, if God made you that kind of person. But that kind of brightness is for the few—the Xaviers, the Little Flowers, the truly great and holy. But if you are just an ordinary person, occupying a little niche in the world, at least glow in that niche. Make your own home a sweeter place, because you are in it, your neighborhood more pleasant, because you are there. Plant flowers in your dooryard, and smiles on your lips. Be kind—"two-faced" if that is what you choose to call it. Occasionally go out of your beaten track a little to do something for somebody else—something you really don't want to do. It will tire you probably. And your efforts may not be fully appreciated by those you would help. But why should you be appreciated? Has anyone ever fully appreciated the Man Who left a peaceful carpenter shop to climb Calvary?





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## NEXT WEEK

Maurice V. Reidy, 285 Upton Lane, London, England, offers a descriptive study of the notable English convert, Lister Drummond, K. S. C., who joined the Faith at the age of nineteen and was its zealous defender from then on. Title: *Lister Drummond: Militant English Convert.*

*Early Irish Missions in Italy* is really the record of the Franciscan laybrother, Brother Anselmo, whose labor of love is seen in his work, *Irish Saints in Italy* (English translation). Written by A. Hilliard Atteridge, Isleworth, Middlesex, England.

*The Mighty Magician* is a delightful Spanish story done by Stephanie McKinley Layman, 4881 N. Paulina Street, Chicago.

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## OBITUARY

Sister Mary of St. Francis Xavier, Religious of Our Lady of Charity of Refuge; Sister Mary John Baptist, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister Mary Leonard, Sisters of Providence; Sister M. Benedict, Sister M. Patricia, Sister M. Oswald, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Andrew C. Murphy, Mrs. Robert Karg, Mrs. Mary Owen, Mrs. William J. Fogarty, William J. Logan, Isabel M. Dittmar, Mrs. K. McCarthy, Mrs. J. O'Keefe, Mrs. Lizetta Rethman, Joseph Doerr, Mrs. Anna Lenger, Dennis W. Toye, John J. MacDonald.

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# THE AVE MARIA CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

VOL. 51, (N. S.) NO. 19 [Copyright, 1940: The Ave Maria Press]

MAY 11, 1940

## World News in Brief

**THE CHURCH** In Rome, the *Regime Fascista* demanded that the semi-official Vatican newspaper, *Osservatore Romano*, be banned on the ground that it is "pro-ally" in tendency. . . . ¶ In Atlantic City, Methodists demanded that President Roosevelt recall Myron C. Taylor from the Vatican. . . . ¶ In Washington, the report that Cardinal Segura of Seville had been exiled by the Franco Government was denied. . . . ¶ In New York the petition to demolish the chapel at Clinton Prison, instituted by the League for the Separation of Church and State, was thrown out of court.

**AT HOME** In Washington, both the President and Secretary of State Hull were again charged with attempting to drag America into the war. . . . Despite bitter New Deal opposition, the House voted for changes in the wage-hour law. . . . The Supreme Court began the review of anti-trust charges against labor officials. . . . As the President turned to politics, and failed in his attempt to wrest Texas from Vice-President Garner, Democratic officials anticipated a compromise within the party. . . . Congressmen from Georgia were accused of selling mail-carrier jobs. . . . Young lawyers, hired by the NLRB to review cases, admitted they had but two months of previous experience. . . . ¶ In Chicago, ten notorious gangsters were ordered seized on sight. . . . General Dawes told the "next President" how to balance the budget. . . . ¶ In Pitts-

burgh, citizens sincerely offered a million dollars reward for the apprehension of Adolph Hitler that he might be tried by a League of Nations' court. . . . ¶ In industry, foreign grains competed with the American trade. . . . Prices of paper soared. . . . A rise in shipping issues was reflected in the stock market. . . . The English-German trade war reached a feverish pitch.

**ABROAD** In Norway, thousands of fresh British troops were reported safely landed, as German forces slackened their pace of *blitzkrieg* to fortify the Roros section. . . . Norse officials rebuked the British forces for not capturing Trondheim. . . . As five German ships were reported sunk by British submarines, a Nazi air raid on Namsos resulted in the destruction of a British destroyer with heavy loss of life. Other naval battles were reported off the west coast of Sweden. . . . ¶ In Rome, Italy's army was again warned that war is inevitable. The basis of the warning was a fear of hostilities in the Balkans. . . . ¶ In Paris, France forbade all gossip regarding war as troops proceeded to Norway. . . . ¶ In London, Britain called on Ireland for food, and arranged for immediate conferences. Meantime, Britons assailed their own war cabinet for "blunders in Norway." . . . A Nazi plane crash in an Essex coastal town resulted in the death of the crew, and injuries to forty citizens. . . . ¶ In Berne, a large alien population caused Swiss officials to take new precautions.

## ===== Notes and Remarks =====

One of the brighter items of news to break through the war gloom of the past week was the announcement made by the editors of the *Catholic Digest* that, beginning in September, a thousand copies of their magazine will be published in a Braille edition for the blind. This decision marks the first Catholic magazine in America, if not in the world, to become available in this form. Furthermore, it will be distributed free of charge, thanks to the generosity of Catholics who are friends of both the blind and the *Digest*. To us, this work of mercy appears as one of the latest and best expressions, not only of charity but of worth-while Catholic Action. And it is singularly fitting that Catholics espouse this movement, since both Louis Braille who originated the system of raised printing, and Valentine Haüy who began the movement for the education of the blind as a class, were Catholics. THE AVE MARIA heartily endorses this latest step in the apostolate of Catholic literature, especially since it will bring no small number of THE AVE MARIA articles to Braille readers.

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We are so much concerned today over the rights of individuals in other parts of the world that it is not out of

### Disfranchising Americans

order to take a look occasionally at certain Americans who, because of the thinness of their pocketbooks, are denied the privileges of their citizenship. In eight states of the Union today, citizens have actually to buy the privilege of voting which elsewhere in the nation is taken for granted. This difference comes by way of a specially levied poll tax which stands in the way of certain underprivileged classes who

cannot afford to exercise their rights as citizens. These unfair laws were originally directed against the Negro, but they have taken in hundreds of thousands of other citizens whose only offense against the government is the offense of honest poverty. In other words, those who pay may vote; those who can't, don't. So distasteful is this situation to fair-minded people that Representative Geyer's Anti-Poll-Tax Bill is receiving the enthusiastic support of patriotic citizens all over the land who look with disfavor on this effort to disfranchise American citizens because of their poverty. Of course, little can be expected from the Congressmen of these states, since forty-three out of seventy-eight of those same gentlemen were returned to their office without a single opposition vote in the last election. Congressional representatives of other states, however, are learning that the seniority rule ordinarily allocates the ranking places on important committees to the representatives of those vote-controlled states because of their relative sureness of re-election. We hope that the representatives of our more democratic states will give their enthusiastic support to the Anti-Poll-Tax Bill when it comes before Congress. We have dictators enough in this world without countenancing in our own land the dictatorship of a privileged minority over large groups of people whose only offense is a slim pocketbook.

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The *Boston Globe* of April 22 gives the details of the renewal of marriage vows by Mayor Maurice J. Tobin of Boston and Mrs. Helen Tobin in the Church of St. Leonard of Port Maurice. The Italian Consul, Commendatore d'Alena, and Mrs. d'Alena, in addition to some

### To Have and to Hold



five hundred other couples, went through the same ceremony. The mayor, the Italian Consul and their wives, and all those one thousand husbands and wives did not take part in this renewal ceremony because of any lessening of earlier love or loosening of marriage bonds, but to receive the grace of renewal and to attest that there is yet living a goodly army of men and women by whom one wife or husband is taken in love and kept in joyous loyalty of affection until death parts. The mayor, the Italian Consul, and their wives, and all those five hundred Catholic couples are a living evidence that the marriage Sacrament with some of Christianity is yet a high, divine reality that bestows upon married people constancy, happiness and devotion. Too, they are a rebuke to all gushy, society column vow-makers that are lyric and loving through honeymoon days and then end their "romance" marriages in the trench warfare of a divorce court. We are talking much about saving civilization these days. Mayor Tobin and Mrs. Tobin, Consul d'Alena and Mrs. d'Alena, and those five hundred wedded people back of them in St. Leonard's Church that morning are doing more to save the structure of civilization in this hour of stress than all the Roosevelts, Hulls, Bullitts, and Cromwells from here to Boston.

Whereas, out in Los Angeles, Alexandria Dean, who writes a column on "How to Help Your Husband Succeed" recently entered suit for separate maintenance against her husband. Reason? "The trouble was that I built up Bruce until he began to think he didn't need me." So Bruce and Alexandria will have no marriage renewals in a Los Angeles Church, with five hundred men and women in a like service. They should,

### By Way of Contrast

however, be able easily to assemble five hundred divorcees from the Hollywood divorce colony to witness their pact of separation.

Mr. Joseph Scott, nationally known lawyer of Los Angeles, sent us the following correspondence between himself and President Sproul, of the University of California, which we gladly publish in order to give Dr. Sproul an opportunity to free himself from any association with the "academic freedom" supporters of Bertrand Russell. Here is Mr. Scott's letter to Dr. Sproul:

April 8, 1940.

Dr. Robert G. Sproul, President,  
University of California, Berkeley, Calif.  
My dear Doctor Sproul:

My attention is directed this morning to the enclosed clipping from the front page of the *Los Angeles Times*, over which I am quite distressed and disturbed; not that I believe the story, but that your name should have been linked up in an Associated Press dispatch in that fashion. I am sure if you have read the full text of Judge McGeehan's decision cancelling the contract you will see that academic freedom, as such, does not enter into it at all. A man must stand before the youth of America as a teacher who lives, as well as teaches, a clean moral code.

With cordial regards, sincerely yours,  
JOSEPH SCOTT.

Here is Dr. Sproul's telegram in reply to Mr. Scott:

April 9, 1940.

Mr. Joseph Scott,  
1001 Black Bldg., Los Angeles, California.  
Your letter of April 8th disturbs me so much that I am replying by telegram. Use of my name as a member of "Academic Freedom Bertrand Russell Committee" is completely unauthorized. I have defended grounds on which I appointed Mr. Russell but have taken no other part in current controversy.

ROBERT G. SPROUL.

While, therefore, Dr. Sproul "defended grounds" on which he appointed Russell to his own university he wants

it understood he has had no part in the present controversy of getting Russell back into his New York assignment on the plea of "academic freedom." Dr. Sproul therefore supports Russell, but not to the extent of getting him back his New York job on the academic freedom plea of President Hutchins and his educational colleagues. Is this right, Mr. Scott?



We hear and read considerable silly talk about America taking on the rôle of savior of civilization at the end of

the present hate-and-vengeance war now waged in Europe. The

**Windbags** United States has as many evidences of dry rot in the abstraction called civilization as almost any nation now at peace. We lead the world in peace-time murders. Marriage fences, if we except the minority Catholic group, are broken or completely thrown down. Divorce is become a recognized institution. Birth-control clinics flourish, and much of the medical profession nods approval. Consider the number of public officials who are jailed annually, or should be, for using public office to corrupt the public conscience. They steal, cheat, give bribes or take them. See the number of men and women at the present time who live, not for their country, but on it. We could go on and on. But to what purpose? Tomorrow or the next day some other political windbag will continue to shout about "our manifest duty" to save a civilization for Europe which we seem hardly able to save for ourselves.



David Lawrence, the Washington columnist, seems to believe that Italy will join forces with Hitler just as soon as the Balkan situation moves into

**Will Italy Join?** another crisis, which is expected to be brought about when Germany starts to "protect" Hungary. "The entry of Italy into the war,"

he says, "would be a regrettable step viewed from the standpoint of the United States. At present, passenger traffic and mails intended for the smaller countries, as well as for belligerents, are being taken care of by service between American and Italian ports. If Italy becomes a belligerent there will be no direct communication except through combat zones where American ships are forbidden to enter. The United States will be virtually cut off from all trade relations with Europe in her own vessels. The situation is naturally looked upon with the utmost concern by Americans." He then points out that although the Vatican and the royal family of Italy are lined up against entry into the war, Mussolini may go to war without the consent of either parliament or the people. It is hoped that Mussolini is wise enough to know that if he wishes prosperity and a contented people in Italy he should endeavor to keep out of the war. He was wise enough to realize in the past that no ruler ever fought the Church successfully, and it was because of this he made friends with the Vatican. He probably realizes also that no one ever wins a war. It's like winning an earthquake. And unless he is forced to fight in self-defense, he will probably avoid war.



Mr. Boake Carter says in a column of recent date: "Men are queer creatures. They lie, cheat, defraud, fight, steal and do all manner of

**Boake Carter's** evil things in the  
**Short Sermon** course of their life.

But when they suddenly realize that they are face to face with their Maker, they reach for the Bible. As if that gesture alone is a sufficient passport to permit them passage through the Eternal Gates. The bodies of two gold prospectors were recently discovered on Vancouver Island. Both were trapped by the floods. Their food



became exhausted. One died of starvation. The other shot himself. The last passage in their diary read: 'Jim just died. I wish I had my Bible. I'd like to say a prayer for Jim and me.' The fact that men speak of prayer just before they know they are to die is man's admission of a Supreme Spirit. It is also a confession of fear. With death at his elbow, man knows there are no more second chances left to him. That is why he is afraid—and prays. But the passport into Paradise is not contained in the gesture of reaching for the Bible when there is no other alternative. The true passport is knowledge that one has done one's best throughout life. The man who proceeds on that basis is the man who reached for the Bible—before the fear of death and the unknown fate awaiting him forced him to reach." This is very good catechism theology. It is what every Catholic knows even if not what every Catholic practises. It is pathetic to think that one about to appear before his Maker, who has no good reason to be satisfied with the kind of service he has rendered, uses the gesture of picking up a Bible to make up for the waste of a lifetime.

At the present time on Broadway, there is a brazenly irreverent play entitled *Family Portrait* wherein the

**A Wise Decision** Blessed Mother is treated not as the Virgin Mother of

God, but as the mother of a large family. With concurrent announcements that the play was purchased by Hollywood producers, and that there is to be a new movie depicting the life of the Mother of God, entitled *Queen of Queens*, we grew even more uneasy. What a Hollywood super-stupid play re-writer might do to this already blasphemous treatment of the Mother of God, in order to give the play a movie-marketing value, makes us shudder. But Mr. Cecil B. DeMille, a veteran director

of very sane and very artistic ideas, hastens to inform us that the movie script will be a new one; that it will be comparable to his *King of Kings* in reverence for its subject. We do not believe that anyone else has previously attempted to portray this beloved and exalted theme; therefore it will entail great research and care. We trust that the forthcoming picture will add to, rather than detract from, the reverence we pay God's Mother. We feel safe in warning Mr. DeMille that he faces a very, very delicate and difficult task when he attempts to portray the Blessed Mother through the medium of a screen play. We warn him that what a cynical, unbelieving audience, whose appreciation of spiritual values is practically nil, may consider worthy and worthwhile, a Catholic audience, that knows better, may consider audacious, blasphemous.

Almost every day some diplomat, sea-coast colonial, navy officer, professor or columnist, insists that the United States must enter this present European war or civilization

**Contradiction** will become a lost essence. At the moment the English, French and Germans are in the civilizing business of killing one another off, and otherwise destroying what contributes to the health and happiness of human beings, while Stalin laughs sardonically. They are doing to each other what jungle instincts lead men to do. We are told by these hysterical, un-American, self-constituted leaders that we must leave our work, our God-given peace, our security, our normal life of brotherly love and trust and set out for Europe to add our contribution to the sum total of human misery, destruction, waste, sickness, starvation and death by gas and gunfire—to save civilization! Do you preserve civilization for people by wasting their substance and killing them?

# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

## To Discouraged Writers

THIS WEEK this man writes in the first person singular addressing himself to all who produce prose or verse or both, and feel sorrow like David's when their manuscripts are returned as not "available."

You may consider this a turning the flashlight on myself. Have it your way and so save heckling. Well, the first piece of my own verse I ever saw in print appeared in THE AVE MARIA of (and keep the great date in your head) March 19, 1898. I was a novice in religion whose future was tentative. I had written some private verses which were read by myself. And then I took one evidence to Father John Cavanaugh, assistant editor of THE AVE MARIA. He read it patiently once; read it a second time. Then: "Why, this is great! This is poetry." He kept it, promising to give it to Father Hudson. I left, as glad as the two disciples at Emmaus after they had recognized the Lord. I said nothing about it to anybody, but waited for the resurrection. It arose on the great date. It was and is called *The Wrecks of Departed Years*.

Should you read them you may say the verses are as commonplace as a safety-pin. For all that, they made me famous for one week. Father [then Mr.] Thomas A. Crumley, himself a writer of limpid prose, wrote among other things, that I was fit for "treasons, stratagems, and spoils." I read his letter ten times. I read *The Wrecks of Departed Years* three hundred times, finding some new pride at each reading. Whereas Dom Charles M. Carey did not even mention the poem in *A Heritage of Song* for the Diamond Jubilee issue.

I have gone on writing prose and verse through the years since then. And I beg to record these experiences to all those, young or old, who write for THE AVE MARIA or for any other carrier: I never again felt I had arrived at a reputation, since that day when Father Cavanaugh bestowed the tribute of a second reading on my first try at publication. I have never at any time since then considered myself in the company of those who match speech to thought arrestingly. I say this sincerely. And with equal sincerity I assure you I am not grieved in the least.

This I am grieved at though. I never after recaptured that first exaltation and wonder over my first acceptance that came to me like the vision of a lesser transfiguration. With each new acceptance, the joy became less and less, until, alas, today it is a fade-out.

THINK OF READING a book of mine over and over for the joy of seeing my own very thoughts in the miracle of print! I paid Patch the tribute of going over each episode of his, after he had been housed between covers. And my reading brought to me two scenes that stirred two moments of felt humor. One was Patch's wonderment at the succession of meetings and partings between the bishop and his staff, the bishop and his mitre. The other was that dramatic ride on the White behind Dick Sheehy.

When (to apply these reflections) you get comfort from the attempt to give thought shape within clear and musical speech, when you feel satisfaction in the discovery of some new vesture to clothe the unshaped dreams of your own mind, then writing is to you a joy of possession. Don't worry about your public.



# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## The Pope of the Paraclete

By Richard T. Deters, S. J.

**S**PEAKING OF RADIO quizzes—can you answer these two? First, what is the *Divinum Illud Munus*? And, secondly, what is its relation to *Rerum Novarum*? If you can answer those you know your encyclicals; and you have a deep, Catholic understanding of and solution for such problems as a living wage.

*Rerum Novarum*, at least by name, is known to almost every Catholic over ten. Its pages have been worn thin by the fingers of innumerable readers. It has been popularized, printed in handy pamphlets, carried in pockets.

But *Divinum Illud Munus*, Leo XIII's encyclical on the Holy Ghost, is neither so widely known, nor so thoroughly understood. That encyclical has but gathered dust in the dark corners of our libraries.

Yet there is a deep relation between these two encyclicals. One is a step that leads up to the other. And the encyclical on the Holy Ghost is the lower and more fundamental step; if we have not first understood that encyclical, we cannot ascend to the full, Catholic meaning of *Rerum Novarum*.

What is the doctrinal bridge that connects Leo's encyclicals on Labor and on the Holy Ghost? Simply this. The Holy Ghost *teaches* and *sanctifies*. But *Rerum Novarum* *teaches* on the condition of society in general, and on the rights, duties, and dignity of the workman in particular. This teaching is that of the Supreme teaching authority in that infallible teaching body which Christ, the Eternal Truth, founded here

upon earth; and that teaching, both in *Rerum Novarum* and in *Quadragesimo Anno*, supposes the sanctification both of individuals and of society. This teaching and this sanctification are the work of the Blessed Trinity, attributed or appropriated to the Holy Ghost. Therefore, to understand the teaching of the social encyclicals a Catholic must understand the *Holy Ghost* as *Teacher* and as *Sanctifier*. Hence Leo's encyclical on the Holy Ghost.

We men are taught, we learn, first through our natural reason. The return to reason is the first step back to peace, peace between employer and employee, between nation and nation, between man and God. But Leo XIII saw

The widespread subversion of the primary truths on which, as on its foundation, human society is based.

For that reason he wrote his encyclical on Philosophy, *Aeterni Patris*, to call the modern man back to reason.

Whoever turns his attention to the bitter strifes of these days and seeks a reason for the troubles that vex public and private life, must come to the conclusion that a fruitful cause of the evils which now afflict as well as of those which threaten us, lies in this: that false conclusions concerning divine and human things, which originated in the schools of philosophy, have crept into all the orders of the State, and have been accepted by the common consent of the masses. . . . If men be of sound mind and take their stand on true and solid principles, there will result a vast amount of benefits for the public and private good.

But philosophy is always the handmaid of theology. Reason without revelation wanders down strange and perilous paths. The light of reason needs the more constant, luminous, penetrating

light of the Holy Ghost. Wisely, then, did Leo XIII write *Aeterni Patris* as a rational foundation for *Rerum Novarum*; even more wisely did he sink that rational foundation of *Aeterni Patris* deep in the bedrock of *Divinum Illud Munus*, on the Holy Ghost.

Man needed revelation; and it would have been extremely useful. God revealed Himself to man, not necessarily, but freely, because He loved us, through Christ, and after Christ's Ascension, through the Holy Ghost. To that revelation, says Leo, and Pius XI after him, we must return as to the foundation on which we build, four-square, the new society.

Economic life must be inspired by Christian principles. For this pitiable ruin of souls, which, if it continue, will frustrate all efforts to reform society, there can be no other remedy than a frank and sincere return to the teaching of the Gospel.

Therefore did Leo write *Providentissimus Deus*, the encyclical on the Study of Holy Scripture; and *Divinum Illud Munus*, on the Holy Ghost, since the Holy Ghost inspired Scripture. If the new life we are to give society is the life of the Gospels, then we must undoubtedly go to the Holy Ghost. He inspired Scripture; He knows what He meant; at times, He alone knows.

But Scripture under the naked eye of unaided human reason is sometimes—often—like the marvelous plant and animal life unseen by the naked eyes. We need a microscope. We need someone to interpret Scripture. Reason alone, private interpretation, has hurled us into the modern abyss where there is but weeping and gnashing of teeth. We need a living interpreter of the inspired word of the Holy Ghost. That authorized, divinely constituted, living interpreter is the Catholic Church: "Going therefore, teach ye all nations."

This Church interprets Scripture; she interprets, cherishes, develops, the deposit of revelation, given and sealed

once and for all with the death of John the Evangelist. She interprets with the help of the Holy Ghost; the Holy Ghost interprets and teaches through her. "I will send the Paraclete; He will teach you all truth."

As Leo XIII wrote:

Thus was fully accomplished that last promise of Christ to His apostles of sending the Holy Ghost, who was to complete and, as it were, to seal the deposit of doctrine committed to them under His inspiration. 'I have yet many things to say to you, but you cannot bear them now; but when He, the Spirit of Truth, shall come, He will teach you all truth.' . . . And since the welfare of the peoples, for which the Church was established, absolutely requires that this office should be continued for all time, the Holy Ghost perpetually supplies life and strength to preserve and increase the Church. 'I will ask the Father, and He will give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever, the Spirit of Truth.'

The Holy Spirit, yesterday, today—now, always, lives in the Church, teaches. And since it is to that living, teaching Church that modern man must go for the new, life-giving teaching he seeks, how fitting, how necessary, that Leo XIII should write an encyclical on that Spirit of Life and of Truth who lives and teaches in the Church!

Moreover, as Christ gave to His Apostles and their successors the power to teach, so did He give that power in a particular manner to one of His Apostles. "Thou art Peter, a rock, and on this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." "Feed my lambs . . . feed my sheep." To Peter, the head of the apostolic college, and the head of the Church, He gave a special power to teach, alone as supreme teacher. That power He gave also to the legitimately constituted successors of Peter unto the day when He Himself will come in all His majesty, "sitting on the right hand of the power of God, and coming in the clouds of heaven."

That teaching authority God gave to



Pope Leo XIII. That historical fact we must grasp if we are to understand the doctrine and the influence of *Rerum Novarum*. As Pope Leo XIII was the world's supreme teacher on matters of faith and morals; on such matters he had a grave duty to teach. How keenly he recognized his power and his consequent obligation!

Now we have earnestly striven, by the help of His grace, to follow the example of Christ our Saviour, the Prince of pastors, and the Bishop of souls, by diligently carrying on His office, entrusted by Him to the apostles and chiefly to Peter, 'whose dignity faileth not, even in his unworthy successor.'

It is We who are the chief guardian of Religion, and the chief dispenser of what belongs to the Church, and We must not by silence neglect the duty which lies with Us.

Pope Leo XIII was the world's supreme, master teacher, divinely constituted—and he knew it. Never did man speak thus. He speaks as one having authority. It was his privilege, but also his duty, to teach all men the true principles from which the streams of the new social order must flow, fountains of living water sparkling forth from the Rock. Yet it was not Leo the man who taught; but through Leo the Holy Ghost. No wonder that Leo XIII, the champion of the workingman, should have been also the champion and the loyal son of the Spirit of Truth.

Now that we are looking forward to the approach of the closing days of Our life, Our soul is deeply moved to dedicate to the Holy Ghost, who is the life-giving Love, all the work We have done during Our pontificate, that He may bring it to maturity and fruitfulness.

Yes, we may talk much of, and work hard for, the establishment of a new economic and social order, but only the Holy Ghost can bring that talk and that work to "maturity and fruitfulness." The Holy Ghost teaches. He also sanctifies. And He teaches precisely in order to sanctify. He teaches not only to make men more learned. He teaches that men may have life, and have it

more abundantly. He teaches in order that they may be one with Himself, through Christ, in the Father.

So it is with the Catholic Church, of which Christ is the Head, and the Holy Ghost the Soul. She teaches, sometimes infallibly; but only to make men more holy, to lead them to the Blessed Vision of God for days without end. Hence, Leo would say in his encyclical on the Holy Ghost that one of the two chief ends toward which he had directed all that he had attempted and persistently carried out during a long pontificate was

The restoration, both in rulers and peoples, of the principles of the Christian life in civil and domestic society, since there is no true life for men except from Christ.

He was interested, like Christ, in the material needs of all men. He wanted them to have bread on the table, coal in their cellars, clothes on their backs. But he knew that not by bread alone does a man live. I have meat to eat of which you know not. And living water. Leo XIII's chief concern was this supernatural bread and meat, this living water.

Only one thing is evil—sin. From that evil all other evils flow, polluted streams from a polluted cesspool.

The fundamental cause of this defection from the Christian law in social and economic matters, and of the apostasy of many workingmen from the Catholic faith which resulted from it, is the disorderly affection of the soul, a sad consequence of original sin, the source of these and of all other evils.

Since religion alone . . . can destroy the evil at its root, all men must be persuaded that the primary thing needful is to return to real Christianity, in the absence of which all the plans and devices of the wisest will be of little avail.

How necessary, therefore, that we should know more deeply the Holy Spirit, and call upon Him for that light and strength only He can give. Absolutely necessary; for so has God ordained. The Holy Ghost is the Paraclete, the Consoler; He is the Spirit of Peace.

He is the Spirit of Love, of Charity. And to bring about economic and social reform, "charity . . . must play a leading part." The Spirit of Charity! We need Him today. Priests, commands Leo, must above all

Cherish in themselves, and try to arouse in others, Charity, the mistress and queen of the virtues. For the happy results we all long for must be chiefly brought about by the plentiful outpouring of Charity.

That Charity is the gift of the Holy Ghost. These three: faith, hope, charity; and the greatest of these is charity. "The plentiful outpouring of Charity"—in fiery tongues as on the first glorious Pentecost.

Small wonder that the Pope of the Workingman should be also the Pope of the Paraclete. *Rerum Novarum* almost cried out for an encyclical on the Holy Ghost, from Whom alone is that "plentiful outpouring of Charity."

We Catholics have paid our respect to *Rerum Novarum*. But we have neglected *Divinum Illud Munus*—and the Holy Ghost Whom it honors. As Leo XIII wrote, almost humorously:

Perhaps there are still to be found . . . even nowadays, some who, if asked, as were those of old by St. Paul, whether they have received the Holy Ghost, might answer in like manner: 'We have not so much as heard whether there be a Holy Ghost.'

There are several ways in which we could—and should—make up to the Holy Ghost for this neglect. First, we might read the encyclical *Divinum Illud Munus*. Second, form study-clubs to study this encyclical in itself and in its relation to the social encyclicals. That relation we must grasp; otherwise we are mere humanitarian economists, sociologists, social workers. Third, allow Him to work in us. Personal holiness! Through the sanctification of the individual comes the sanctification of society. Fourth, if only for the novelty and the variety, pray to the Holy Ghost.

As We are sure that this peace and victory will more quickly and more readily be given Us, if the faithful are unremitting in their prayers and supplications to obtain it, We earnestly exhort all, Venerable Brothers, to stir up for this end the zeal and ardor of the faithful.

We ought to pray to and invoke the Holy Spirit, for each one of us greatly needs His protection and His help.

There will be no New Deal except by the Holy Ghost. Who can say whether He may not deal soon, if twenty million Americans cry out to Him with one thunderous voice: "Come, O Holy Ghost, fill the hearts of Thy faithful, and enkindle in them the fire of Thy love. Send forth Thy Spirit, and they shall be created; and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth."



### Diamond Jubilee Greetings

Dear Father Carroll: I wish to offer my cordial congratulations on the commemoration of the seventy-fifth year of service of THE AVE MARIA to Catholic journalism. During three-quarters of a century THE AVE MARIA has consistently presented the Catholic point of view on the problems of the day and has been an important factor in developing a Catholic consciousness. May it continue its splendid service for many years to come!

With every best wish and blessing, I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN J. MITTY,

Archbishop of San Francisco.

Dear Editor: On the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of THE AVE MARIA, I take a real pleasure in recommending highly and without the least restriction the magazine of Our Lady. It is replete with lofty thoughts and pregnant with wholesome teachings, at large and in a special manner for our Catholic families. . . . May God bless THE AVE MARIA and cause such a genuine Catholic jour-



nalism to become more and more a force against the anti-christian forces working with a view to destroying Christendom. Believe me, dear Editor,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

JOSEPH H. PRUDHOMME,  
Bishop of Salde.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sir: Your splendid seventy-fifth year of service to Catholic journalism needs no praise. May the future bring you even greater recognition.

It is a pleasure to congratulate you on this Diamond Jubilee and to wish you still better success.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

CONSTANTINE BOHACHEOSKY,  
Bishop of Amisus.

The Editor: Since a long time I am a reader of THE AVE MARIA which you have so kindly and graciously sent me for a number of years. I always pass it on to a community of Sisters who direct a sanatorium for tuberculars near here. The Sister in charge tells me that THE AVE MARIA is her favorite Catholic review and that her patients also delight in reading it. I am sure that this praise is most justly merited and there is no doubt in my mind that in the course of its seventy-five years of life it has done much to foster and develop a true Catholic devotion to the Blessed Mother of God.

I pray that THE AVE MARIA may long continue its good work and that Our Blessed Saviour may bless and reward its editor and the staff for writing so well of His Virgin Mother.

Yours very gratefully in Jesus and Mary,

P. A. CHIASSON,  
Bishop of Bathurst.

Rev. Father Carroll: For family reading I know of no weekly magazine quite equal to THE AVE MARIA. There is no one in the household who will not profit by its perusal. Personally, I scan

with deep interest the *Notes and Remarks* of your wise and discriminating editor.

P. A. MCGOVERN,  
Bishop of Cheyenne.

Reverend and dear Father: Please accept my sincere congratulations on the Diamond Jubilee of THE AVE MARIA. Perhaps one of the reasons for its growth and the favor of its subscribers is that it has carried all through the years something of the flavor of Our Lady's graciousness.

May her blessing and her guidance continue to brighten her messenger as they have undoubtedly done in the past. Sincerely yours in Christ,

MATTHEW F. BRADY,  
Bishop of Burlington.

Reverend and dear Father Carroll: . . . For some thirty-seven years as a priest and some long years before my sacred ministry, have I looked anxiously for the weekly issue of THE AVE MARIA, to refresh my mind and recreate my leisure moments, with the charming stories, together with the news items from your own prolific pen and the talents of your worthy co-workers in the field.

. . . May you be blessed and rewarded in these days of your Diamond Jubilee, with the assurance of a work nobly done and the promise of richly deserved patronage for your generous labors and sacrifice. With sentiments of profound respect, I remain,

Yours faithfully in Christ,

JOSEPH E. MCCARTHY,  
Bishop of Portland, Maine.

Reverend dear Father: Please accept my most cordial congratulations on the seventy-fifth anniversary of THE AVE MARIA, so deservedly popular during all these years. The loyalty of all your readers is a compliment both to the magazine and to the readers.

It is consoling and encouraging to

know that we have so many Catholics who appreciate *THE AVE MARIA*, when there are so many who are so indifferent to Catholic literature.

With best wishes and earnest prayers for the continued influence of *THE AVE MARIA* for the good of religion and of souls.

Sincerely yours in Christ,  
JOSEPH F. BUSCH,  
Bishop of St. Cloud.

Dear Father Carroll: It gives me great pleasure to congratulate *THE AVE MARIA* on the occasion of its seventy-fifth anniversary.

Its unattenuated Catholicity and its bright Marian spirit have always marked this magazine, so modestly imitative of our Blessed Mother.

May it flourish for many more years.  
Sincerely,  
GERALD SHAUGHNESSY, S. M.  
Bishop of Seattle.

Dear Father Carroll: I consider *THE AVE MARIA* to be one of the best of its kind in the United States. I hope that it may find its way into every Catholic family in our country to be read from cover to cover and then passed on to those outside the fold.

Very sincerely yours,  
BISHOP KEYES,  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Reverend Father: On the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of your excellent magazine, please accept my most sincere congratulations, and my wishes for the future.

Devotedly yours in Our Lord,  
J. OMER PLANTE,  
Bishop of Dobero.  
Auxiliary of Quebec.

Reverend Father Carroll: It is with pleasure that I send a word of appreciation of what has been accomplished by *THE AVE MARIA* since it was founded. During all the years that I have known *THE AVE MARIA*—and they

are many—it has been a fearless defender of faith and morals.

Sincerely yours in Christ,  
EDMOND HEELAN,  
Bishop of Sioux City.

Dear Father Carroll: My very sincere congratulations to the editor and staff of *THE AVE MARIA* on the occasion of its Diamond Jubilee.

What a fine work of religion and education this attractive publication has done during these seventy-five years. Its devotion to the highest ideals of Catholic journalism has been unfailing, and has made countless loyal friends throughout America.

May the host of its enthusiastic admirers continue to grow with every issue.

Sincerely yours,  
THOMAS A. WELCH,  
Bishop of Duluth.

Dear Father Carroll: One of my earliest recollections is the weekly arrival of *THE AVE MARIA*, my father having subscribed to it in my name before I was even able to read. If it has shaped and inspired the average Catholic family of America in any degree commensurate with the rôle it played in mine, its influence must have been great indeed.

... Only God can count all the seed sown and the good effected in these seventy-five years of vigorous journalism on the part of *THE AVE MARIA*. It is an accumulation that must mount to the skies.

Maryknoll sends heartiest congratulations, gratefully conscious that it reaps apostolic vocations from the Catholic homes of today because zealous agencies like *THE AVE MARIA* have kept those homes Catholic through all the yesterdays.

Sincerely in Christ,  
JAMES E. WALSH,  
Superior General.



Dear Father Carroll: *The Tablet* takes this opportunity to felicitate THE AVE MARIA on the golden jubilee of its foundation. As long as we can recall we have received and carefully read your interesting, informing and stimulating weekly. We vividly recall the many years in which Father Hudson so magnificently contributed his erudite, urbane and saintly pen. The background, traditions, objectives, atmosphere and contents of THE AVE MARIA have been of salutary service to our Church, our country and our citizens. We hope and pray that it long may continue its successful career, that its circulation and advertisers will increase, and that the Holy Cross Fathers who direct it and the readers who appreciate it may have the delight of seeing its splendid efforts crowned with success.

THE BROOKLYN TABLET.

357 South Hill St.,  
Los Angeles, Cal.

My dear Father Carroll: The approaching Jubilee of THE AVE MARIA is a signal event in Catholic journalism. Through the long vista it has kept the faith, avoiding bitter and useless polemics, filling the homes of our country with decent, entertaining, instructive Catholic literature, and stimulating the weakest and poorest of us to have not only faith in God and Mother Church, but a respect for the fundamental principles of our Government, and the prerogatives that go with the privilege of being an American citizen.

From my heart I extend to the editors my heartiest congratulations, and pray God to give them a superabundance of strength and courage to carry on this apostolic work. With cordial regards,

Sincerely yours,

JOSEPH SCOTT.

## A Mother at Close of Day

By Marcia P. Champagne

*How many steps my feet have run  
From early dawn to setting sun,  
My tasks are finished it would seem,  
My clock ticks on, my children dream  
Each sweet face on the pillow slip  
Soft and rose from the nightly dip.  
Now comes the joy, to glance around,  
Another day's fulfilment found  
And a prayer to rise that all who dwell  
Here in my house are safe and well.*

## The Ave Maria in Retrospect

By Matthew A. Coyle, C. S. C.

### II

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS now THE AVE MARIA has grown in stature and in importance and the year 1879 is filled with important items. An introduction to Volume Fifteen is written by Bishop J. L. Spalding; the United States is having trouble with the Indians.—The year brings the death of Bernadette Soubirous.—Ireland faces famine—the poet Whittier contributes to the suffering poor in Ireland. In a letter to John Boyle O'Reilly he asks him "to send the enclosed \$10.00 to Sister Mary F. Clare, Convent of Poor Clares . . . for the poor in her neighborhood. I only wish I could do more."—Charles Warren Stoddard appears with his *An Uncrowned Saint*.—Maurice Francis Egan resigns the editorship of *McGee's Weekly*—in praise of "Beth's Promise," a new story scheduled to appear in THE AVE MARIA, the editor opines: "No living Catholic writer that we know of possesses in a higher degree the gift of teaching moral lessons in an attractive way and of making deep and lasting impressions for good, by the medium of fiction, than Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey."

The London *Times* has announced that the Cardinalate has been offered to Dr. Newman, and that Dr. Newman has

"declined the honor."—"Dr Newman," THE AVE MARIA writes, moreover, "plays the violin and violincello with exquisite taste and skill. The symphonies of Beethoven are his evening's delight."

THE AVE MARIA volumes from 1880 to 1887 have many items of interest. Secretary of State, James G. Blaine, thanks Leo XIII for his solicitous cable regarding the attempt on President Garfield's life; Nugent Robinson, Charles Warren Stoddard, Brother Azarias, Anna T. Sadlier, Christian Reid, John A. Zahm, C. S. C., and John Gilmary Shea begin their writings for THE AVE MARIA.—Cardinals Borromeo and McCloskey die, Cardinal Manning is seventy-five years old and Cardinal Newman reaches his 85th year. . . . Reminiscences of the Civil War. . . . The Fathers of the late Plenary Council accept the offer of Miss Mary G. Caldwell (\$300,000) of New York, towards the founding of a National Catholic University. The New York Times apropos of this, avers that it would be unwise to found such a university because "the Church of Rome is generally regarded as hostile to modern science." News arrives of Father Damien's leprosy. . . . There is a change of attitude toward the Church by Bismarck. . . . Archbishop Corrigan receives the pallium. . . . Seton Hall College is destroyed by fire. . . . The remains of Dr. Brownson are transferred to a crypt in the basement of the Church of the Sacred Heart, at Notre Dame. . . . Father Ruben Parsons' writings appear in THE AVE MARIA as well as those of Father Bickerstaffe Drew. . . . The magazine sends greetings to the newly created Cardinal of Baltimore, Cardinal Gibbons, and Leo XIII prepares to celebrate his Golden Jubilee. In 1890 there appears the *Disappearance of John Longworthy* by Maurice Francis Egan. . . . In 1890 the death of Cardinal Newman of pneumonia in his 90th year. . . . Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's

(1892) new book *The Doomswoman* is severely criticized by THE AVE MARIA, under the heading "Need of a Literary Quarantine," chiefly for the "blasphemies uttered by the hero."

The appointment of John Ruskin as the new Poet Laureate to succeed the late Lord Tennyson brings the comment that "Catholics would have been glad if Aubrey De Vere or Coventry Patmore had met with this recognition," but, withal, Mr. Gladstone is praised for his "unerring taste" in his selection. In reference to John Ruskin THE AVE MARIA records:

Among the many touching incidents of Ruskin's life over which Catholics love to linger is his meeting with the beggar in Rome. He had dreamed the night before that he himself was a Franciscan friar; and, the spirit of his dream still possessing him, he kissed the beggar's cheek as he gave his customary alms.

In 1893 the writings of Austin O'Malley, Father Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., and Katharine Tynan Hinkson are appearing. . . . Father John A. Zahm, C. S. C., writes on the "Mendacity of Voltaire," and in 1895 Louisa May Dalton under *A New Danger* condemns "the present extraordinary rage for bicycle riding." Non-Catholic clergymen are lamenting its inroads on church attendance on Sunday because,

The streets upon that sacred day are filled with fitting creatures in grotesque garb, in lines or in crowds; hurrying out, perchance, for trials of speed where money changes hands, and into which jealousy and anger enter.

The years pass on and THE AVE MARIA in 1896 writes on the "Pope's Decision" on Anglican Orders. Too we read articles from the gifted Francis Marion Crawford (1898), Father John Talbot Smith, and rebukes on the "rodomontade" of Robert G. Ingersoll. In 1898 Maurice Francis Egan in collating the opinions of Catholic American critics finds that,

Christian Reid is graciously compared to



Miss Alcott, with a certain reserve in favor of the latter. It seems to me that Christian Reid is, by all odds, the very best novelist we have, in her line.

Apropos of the United States and religious education among the Indians, *THE AVE MARIA* finds it suitable to quote Professor Huxley,

If I were compelled to choose for one of my own children between a school in which real religious instruction was given and one without it, I should prefer the former; even though the child might have to take a good deal of theology with it.

In 1904 Dr. James J. Walsh is writing articles on *Science and Faith* and from Dr. Dolman, head of the New York Institute for Social Science, we have some disturbing statistics on the dangers incident to railway travel. During the five years preceding 1904 the death from railroad accidents in this country alone have "averaged twenty-one daily, and the number of severe injuries one hundred and thirty-nine daily."

In a retrospect such as has been attempted here there are many worthy names which have been omitted. They are ruefully left by the wayside to satisfy the exigencies of space and to placate an editor who was not always too responsive to requests for a more sabbath lingering with the investigation. And editors always win. To those, therefore, whose names do not appear I feel sure of their indulgence.

*THE AVE MARIA* in her seventy-five years has displayed many a fair name. From 1900 on, Frank H. Spearman, Mary Cross, Father R. O'Kennedy, Mary E. Mannix, Mary Boyle O'Reilly, Dom Gasquet, Brian O'Higgins and E. L. Dorsey have appeared many times. And at this present day from Chicago come ethical and social themes from the Rev. Dr. James Magner; social service and economic themes from Dr. John J. O'Connor of Brooklyn, New York; literary and domestic material

from Katherine Yehle, Syracuse, New York; serial fiction from Monica-Selwin Tait, Washington, D. C. From Long Beach, California, arrive the short stories of May Evelyn Skiles; English essays on current topics by Stanley B. James; English political science essays from Christopher Hollis and Arnold Lunn; literary criticism from Harry Elmore Hurd, Cambridge, Mass., and graceful contributions from Mrs. Waggaman and Mrs. Mary Mabel Wirries.

*THE AVE MARIA* has been a witness to almost a century of growth, not only in America but in Europe. We wish to it even more tomorrows than it has had yesterdays. May it continue to exercise a champion-like attitude for Catholic interests, Catholic progress, and Catholic homes. And in concluding I must not allow any modest misgivings to prevent me from paying tribute to the present editor, whose own story of the Irish boy *Patch* elicited this comment from Bishop Gilfillan of St. Joseph, Mo., "You have discovered the Irish boy. You have made him a living essence as no one else has done. You have pioneered herein. No one can take that honor from you."

(The End.)

## Month of Mary in the Balkans

By Kees Van Hoek

**M**ONTH OF MAY! Month of Mary! Memories of years ago in Holland, where the whole family, nay the whole town used to file *en masse* to evening benediction. To sing those hymns which in every language remain the most beautiful, for is there anything less artificial than our feeling for a Mother? To recite that wonderful string of titles which forms her immortal Litany and to gaze at her statue, enveloped in light and smothered with the flowers of the loveliest month of the year! It needed a Mother's feast to

make even the House of God look its homiest.

So when May calls, though it is two decades since one served Mass at the Dominicans in a great port, and few years less since one left the Jesuit college near the Dunes, there is a force which is no longer habit but something very precious, to which one clings even after time and tide have swept away much which gave color and contentment to life in the less troublesome days of youth.

**THIS MAY** found me at London's Maiden Lane—that little sanctuary amongst the hubbub of the workers' day—and during week ends at Chislehurst, one of the loveliest little churches of England. From the open porch one's glance wanders over unspoilt valleys and hills and woods, violet in the lengthening shadows of the evening and silvery with the rising ground mists and it was as if the rumble of the trains rolling over the viaducts in the far distance were the underlining by an unseen multitude of the response to the invocations of a gray-haired priest, with a voice so soft but with a conviction so moving:

Virgin most Venerable, Virgin most Pure,  
Virgin most Holy. . . .

In Paris the big organ of the Madeleine boomed out through the open portico that rainy evening. One saw the liquid silver of the world's greatest square. Midinettes, homewards from the ateliers, stood side by side with gentlemen in evening dress on their way to some social whirl. Even underneath the colonnade, for so many Parisians crowded the service to testify to the supplications:

Mother most Wise, Mother most Lovable,  
Mother of Good Counsel. . . .

It was the same in the sturdy square church of Stresa, where an Italian

priest recited the May prayers for his flock. Waiters and barbers came in and hurried out again after a speedy *Ave*. Young "Balilla" and still younger "Sons of the Wolf" gazed with admiring eyes at the magnificent decorations round the Virgin's statue, which looked more like heirlooms of the Borromeo family than parish property. Outside the Lago Maggiore listened in dreamily, underneath an impossible moon, so big and silvery that it looked like a bit of scenery which the verger had hung high in the sky because it was the month of May. And when Mary's titles were recited the myriads of lights, embedded all along the deep velvety coastline flickered their acquiescence:

Tower of Ivory, Golden Fleece, Ark of the Covenant. . . .

My May journey had brought me before through Territet, on the Lake of Geneva, to Venice and Trieste afterwards. Everywhere the churches, which had silently basked in the sun during the day, sprung into life and light by the evening. Whether it was French or Italian, the prayers of the Universal Church remained the same:

House of Gold, Morning Star, Help of Christians. . . .

**MY MAY MONTH** ended in Belgrade, citadel of the Greek Orthodox Balkans. And strolling at night through a cool street I noticed, not a stream this time but a constant trickle all the same, disappearing into a building.

Mary, as Bernadette saw her, was on the altar in a riot of candles—it was the same kind of statue which used to stand in my mother's bedroom, in front of which I proudly recited my First English *Ave*; which my father had taught me, to the disgust of my little sister, who thought it a wasted effort as to her mind God only understood Dutch.

The cultured, French speaking, Belgrade parish priest, spotting a new-



comer, invited me to join the next morning, the last Sunday in May, the Corpus Christi festival, the "Fête Dieu" as the French call it so movingly.

It was indeed God's own feast. We stood shoulder to shoulder in this little Serbian church: high staff officers in their white uniforms and women from the Hungarian plains in their picturesque leather jackets. Girls from the Slovenian mountains in the tightest of bodices and the widest of many skirts. A German general-director, looking like a million marks stood next to a Montenegrin forester—who, in barely more than a tattered shirt and breeches and with his funny sandals with their enormous upturned noses, would hardly be convinced that there is a million of any currency, had his mind turned to such astronomical problems. Deputies and deputations in morning coats perilously clasped top hats against their substantial stomachs, whilst little children, somewhere underneath—constantly wormed their way through airtight space.

We all sang the *Credo*, for wherever we came from it had been the one same Faith of our Fathers which made us one great family. There was no space to kneel when the Consecration came; as the Bishop bent over the Bread, we all bent our heads and in the sacred hush that fell, time itself stood still.

**F**INALLY THE Son of God, and of Mary, was carried along the streets of Belgrade. Troops presented arms as Christ the King passed by and little girls in bridal veils had strewn the asphalt boulevards with rose petals. Even the poorest of the poor had gone out to the meadows to bring bunches of plain field flowers, but at least the biggest they could find, not bought in dinars but paid for in the golden coinage of a long journey in early hours.

Tens of thousands lined the route, silently but reverently, hardly anyone could have been a Catholic since all the faithful walked in the procession. In this impressive tribute of the streets of the Balkan capital, where all traffic had stopped, where policemen, and tram-conductors and soldiers stood to attention, a whole contingent of Sisters of the Poor came down the hilly street, their enormous wide hoods making one great, moving and sweeping flowering bed.

They chanted the Litany of all nations and races, and of all ages until the fulness of time:

Queen of Angels, Queen of Apostles, Queen of Peace, *Ora Pro Nobis!*

## A Heritage of Song

By Charles M. Carey, C. S. C.

### II—Our Contemporaries

**S**INCE 1900, WE cannot but observe in our poetry many changes in thought and style of expression that have increased its value for a new world of Catholic readers capable of artistic appreciation. These changes, in turn, are but so many indications that Catholic poetry in our day is a vital and artistic field of religious expression. Thus one readily observes: an absence of stilted phrases; fewer attempts to tie up mere "pious packages" in rimes; a ruling out of apocryphal themes, and non-dogmatic interpretations. Normally, there is an absence of long poems, with a corresponding emphasis on the short lyric that is fresh, original, and compact in both thought and expression. Perhaps these changes are the literary counterparts of the speed, the directness, and the distractions that so influence our living today. We are in such a rush, nowadays, that even a literary man may find it necessary to adopt a becoming brevity.

But more important than these externals, the Catholic poems of contemporary singers reveal that wholesome growth which is obviously the result of careful planting in good soil, and the sturdy growth that is the reward. We have not only preserved the literary heritage of the Faith; we have also clothed it in the language and the manners of the hour, "giving the very age and body of the time its form and pressure," to garble Shakespeare slightly. One would do well to call our vitality a second spring, were it not for the fact that there has never been a season without its fruitful voices. Indeed, we have witnessed an ever increasing group of those who, though they do not profess the Catholic Faith, nor fully understand it, yet who appreciate its cultural consequences—though they are at a loss to understand how men can be so thoroughly shackled with dogmas, and the trite teachings of Rome, and still maintain a remarkable freedom of spirit. But that answer is part of the reward of those who belong to the fold of Rome and her infallible Vicar.

Louise Imogen Guiney offers us an excellent example of a poet who adhered to Rome in a most unusual manner. She was the descendant of an English Catholic family that remained faithful throughout the Elizabethan days, and so was banished to Ireland. Even when Louise was born of immigrant stock in Roxbury, Massachusetts, centuries later, the fight for the Faith continued. Bereft of her father, General Guiney, at the age of sixteen, she supported herself and her mother by becoming the postmistress of her little, bigoted New England town. Literary friends throughout the nation came to her rescue by purchasing stamps, and thus increased her revenues. Throughout her life, she tasted the bitter penalty imposed by her faith. Hence, it is quite fitting that her great literary interest and love and scholarly endeavor

should be for the recusant poets of England. She died in 1920. An intimate glimpse of her devotion to her father's memory is gathered from her lines, *The Wounded Playmate*.

Half the dreams my spirit hath  
Urge me back on thy lost path,  
Looking for love's aftermath;  
Aye with some fond gift to share,  
Some light trouble soon o'erthrown;  
Some old outburst, frank as air,  
Transient as a bugle tone.  
Angels best can understand  
How I somehow miss thy hand  
Yet; and in this indecision  
For thy footfall pause and pine,  
Beautiful quick-going vision,  
Unforgotten soldier mine!

Father, most thy memory guiding  
Is a song and star of May;  
And the land of thy abiding  
Always Childhood, always Play.

Another contributor of established literary excellence is the Irish singer, Ethna Carbery. Perhaps she is best remembered as the poet of motherhood. But here is a brief lyric of sadness, as only the Irish can be sad in their songs. In it she confesses the empty folly of her youth, and begs forgiveness for the faults of all her days:

#### Mea Culpa

Be pitiful, my God!  
No hard-won gifts I bring,  
But empty, pleading hands,  
To Thee at evening.  
Spring came, white-bowed and young;  
I, too, was young with spring;  
There was a blue, blue heaven  
Above a skylark's wing.  
I rose and saw the sheaves  
Upstanding in a row;  
The reapers sang Thy praise  
While passing to and fro.  
My hands were soft with ease,  
Long were the autumn hours;  
I left the ripened sheaves  
For poppy-flowers.  
But lo! the winter glooms,  
And gray is now my hair;  
Whither has flown the world  
I found so fair?



And likewise from across the waters comes the song of another frequent contributor to THE AVE MARIA, Enid Dinis, who is equally known for her many prose contributions to American magazines. The doctrine of the Communion of Saints is well-expressed in her lines from the poem *Trysting Place*.

But at the evening hour of prayer,  
When pain with peace keeps tender troth,  
As softly down the darkness stole,  
I felt your soul within my soul,  
And God about us both.

Convert contributors to THE AVE MARIA have been consistently conspicuous as individuals and as poets. Joyce Kilmer assuredly predicates and justifies such prominence of himself and of his literary work. As a lecturer, critic for the *Literary Digest*, the father of a growing family, and as a soldier, he revealed a character and an ability that gave great promise in the years of maturity. His untimely death but heightened the pathos of his memory. Perhaps he is best described in the words of Lionel Johnson:

Magnificence and grace,  
Excellent courtesy:  
A brightness on the face,  
Airs of high memory:  
Whence came all these to such as he?  
  
Like young Shakespearian kings,  
He won the adoring throng:  
And as Apollo sings,  
He triumphed with song:  
Triumphed, and sang, and passed along.

One gathers some idea of his understanding, love and appreciation of the Mother of God from the lines in which he chose to sing of a beautiful Catholic traditional devotion,

#### The Rosary

Not on the lute, nor harp of many strings  
Shall all men praise the Master of all song.  
Our life is brief, one saith, and art is long;  
And skilled must be the laureates of kings.  
Silent, O lips that utter foolish things!  
Rest, awkward fingers striking all notes  
wrong!

How from your toil shall issue, white and strong,  
Music like that God's chosen poet sings.

There is one harp that any hand can play,  
And from its strings what harmonies arise!  
There is one song that any mouth can sing,—  
A song that lingers where all singing dies.  
When on their beads our Mother's children pray,  
Immortal music charms the grateful skies.

No one knows better than Seumas MacManus that a lilting loveliness haunts the very hills of Donegal in the spring. So well and so often has he written of these scenes and of the people who live there, that we cannot but detect the note of authenticity in his every utterance. That a young Irish heart should most long for his departed loved one at this time of year is not only provocative of a tender sadness; it is the burden of his poem,

#### From the Hills

The pleasant paths your feet had blessed  
Beneath our changing sky,  
The flower-swept brae, the flame-struck moor  
You left, nor gave good-bye,—  
The little linnet's plaintive pipe,  
The throstle's cheery call  
That charmed your soul through days of bliss  
In glens of Donegal.  
  
Forsook the fond hills of your heart  
When love's bright bow found birth;  
And one you left who loved you, love,  
Above all things of earth.  
  
But now your linnet always lilt,  
Your mavis ever trills  
Where you uplift a radiant face  
Amid eternal hills.  
  
Through mazes of unending bliss  
Down glens of joy you glide—  
Would God your hand were held in mine,  
And I walked by your side!

Of a somewhat different sadness is the lament of Theodore Maynard that men should so completely forget intellectual powers and the dignity of man as to slaughter one another in the blind fury of war. Lately of England, but

now an American professor and lecturer, Mr. Maynard was the intimate of Chesterton, Belloc, and the Catholic literary circle in London. Even now he helps to keep alive the strong English Catholic tradition of THE AVE MARIA literature. It was on a battlefield of Europe that he received the inspiration for

#### Carrion

A little time ago they heard the call  
Of mating birds in thicket and in brake;  
They, wondering, saw night's jewelled curtain  
fall  
And all the pale stars wake. . . .

Bodies most marvellously fashioned, stark,  
Strewn broadcast out upon the trampled sod—  
These temples of the Holy Ghost—O hark!  
These images of God!

Flesh, as the Word became in Bethlehem,  
Houses to hold their sacramental Lord:  
Swiftly and terribly to harvest them  
Sweeps the relentless sword.

Stark Young, author of *Glamour Essays*, and the popular novel and photoplay, *So Red the Rose*, writes of contrasts as he stands within the peaceful cloister of a convent and looks out upon the city of Florence. All day his gaze rests on the scenes that pass before him. At last he takes stock of his impressions; weighs the value of the world's tumult, and acknowledges the happier choice of his hosts.

#### From a Convent

Grey with a silver sadness half forlorn;  
And then a rose upon the hills afar;  
And, like a dream that treads where angels  
are,  
The domes of Florence rise, and it is morn.  
The dying twilight and a bugle horn;  
The sound of bells; the rumbling of a car;  
In myriad echoes of the first bright star,  
The lamps of Florence break, and night is  
born.

O foolish, far-off world of din and roar,  
O market-place of gaudy merchant lights  
And men that traffic still from morn till even!  
The moon lies here upon the shadowy floor;  
And through the peaceful days and quiet  
nights  
The solemn cypress pointeth unto heaven.

Father Edward Garesché, S. J., is the author of one of the most widely-quoted poems ever to appear in THE AVE MARIA, entitled, *The Young Priest*. Likewise, we are indebted to him for a delightful morality play in the mediaeval strain. We quote the latter here because of its antiquity of form, and its value in the light of Catholic literary and theatrical tradition. Its artistic technique is surpassed only by its sound doctrine.

#### Truth's Answer

*The Moralist saith:*

Death, the great leveller, doth bring  
All men in one low plane to lie,—  
In peace the poor man and the king,  
Despite of rags or majesty.

*The Spiritual Man replieth:*

Death, great exalter, that doth bear  
All just and steadfast souls above,  
Unto the Light! The pauper there  
Hath with the monarch equal love.

*Truth interposeth:*

Peace for your varied sayings both are true:  
Death slayeth Pride, that he may Love renew.

One of the most outstanding poets in our times is Thomas Walsh. His *Anthology* is the most comprehensive of Catholic books on poetry. Intimate friend of Joyce Kilmer, it was from Mr. Walsh that we obtained the minute details of Kilmer's death in 1918. One of his many excellent contributions to THE AVE MARIA is his poem

#### Deipara

Two names are sovereign on the lips of man  
Since ever Time with deathless wings was shod,  
Or the white order of the world began—  
The name of Mother and the name of God.

But He Who on the gibbet would resign  
His Godhead to the trembling hands of Death,  
Calling Thee *Mother* of Himself divine  
Made glory bankrupt in a single breath.

Of equal merit is the quatrain of Charles Hanson Towne—one of the better poets of the age,—as he describes time through the veil of imagery.



### The Years

Gray pilgrims we, who, tireless, march on,  
Nor falter as we tread the mystic sod;  
Who move toward night, or haply toward the  
dawn,  
Unquestioning, but striving back to God.

It is not so much imagery as the eyes  
of Faith which concerned the visioning  
of Father Speer Strahan, as he recalls  
the doctrine of the Mystical Body of  
Christ, and the consequent obligations  
toward our fellowmen which such a  
divine charity imposes. Father Strahan's  
treatment of charity far transcends the  
insipid claptrap of humanitarianism.  
There is a divine fire which gives warmth  
to his regard for

### The Poor

The poor were out at the cloister gate  
And mutely begged with their patient eyes  
An alms for the love of Him who sate  
And supped with the poor in human guise.

The gentle monks saw the nail's deep scars  
In the shrunken hands that reached for  
bread;  
And they heard a Voice from beyond the stars  
In the broken thanks of them they fed.

I, too, at the gates of God each day  
Must seek for an alms of strength and grace,  
Beggar am I, while I wait and pray  
To feast my soul on His beauteous Face.

Sister Madeleva, President of St. Mary's College, is easily the first and best known of our convent poets. Her songs have echoed through our pages for over a score of years, with the recurring theme of her consuming love for God, expressed in delicate word patterns of unending variety. One glimpses the burden of her singing in the lines addressed to St. Francis of Assisi:

Stars nebular and wise, indeed,  
Above Aiverno shared thy creed  
Of pierced Heart and Wounds that bleed.  
Enamored Christ, Knight of Calvary,  
Teach me love's madmost ecstasy!

Contend with the Editor, if you must,  
over his political and social diatribes,

but reserve a cup of kindness and well-merited praise for Father Patrick Carroll's many stories and poems contributed over a period of many years; most especially for his tender homily to the faithful on Christmas morning,

### Your Crib

Make of your heart a crib to take them in  
Against the winter's cold on Christmas morn;  
And keep your love all white and clean from  
sin

To wrap around the Babe when He is born.

And bid your thoughts where they are shepherding

To leave their flocks and hasten where He lies;  
Your quickened pulse the song of welcoming;  
The light upon the hills, adoring eyes.

And Father Thomas E. Burke, an Associate Editor, is equally brilliant in his use of imagery to cast witchery about his thoughts. His mastery of the short poem is readily apparent in

### The Day

No more the night,  
For lo! the Eastern light  
Is shattering the sorrow-laden gloom;  
All fearfully  
The startled shadows flee,  
Like guards departing from the Master's tomb.

An excellent quatrain from his pen is

### Consecration

Day pours her crimson vintage into the West.  
A hush of benediction falls; and soon  
The High Priest Night, in starry garments  
dressed,  
Uplifts the golden chalice of the Moon.

The late Father Charles L. O'Donnell, former President of the University of Notre Dame, first president of the Catholic Poetry Society, and a former associate editor of *THE AVE MARIA*, likewise employed imagery to bring out the beauty and the profundity of his poetic concepts. An austere craftsman, he contributed frequently of his artistic singing to our pages. One of his best poems is the story of the Lady

Poverty who asked the friars to show her their cloister. And they, leading her to the summit of a hill, showed her the wide world, saying, "This is our cloister: O Lady Poverty!" Father O'Donnell then comments:

Well, that were a cloister; for its bars  
Long strips of sunset and its roof of stars.

Four walls of sky, with corridors of air  
Leading to chapel, and God everywhere.

Earth beauteous and bare to lie upon,  
Lit by the little candle of the sun.

The winds gone daily sweeping like a broom,—  
For these vast hearts it was a narrow room.

It would be difficult, and not at all becoming for us to hurry on without a momentary glance at the memory of our gracious and talented Professor Charles Phillips, one of whose quatrains is presageful of his early passing:

For I am going home, dear world,  
The hour has grown so late!  
O guide me sure, soft candle-stars,  
To where my loved ones wait!

In casting up these names and songs, we have noted only the brighter candles that have flamed at Our Lady's Shrine. In this high company we should have included many others, perhaps. At best our effort has been but a "puppet show of memory." But this list is intended to portray only a general idea of the many who have contributed to an apostolate that is now seventy-five years of age. Nor is it to be forgotten that THE AVE MARIA played an important part in the work of aiding Catholic singers to persevere through trying beginnings to the mature poetical stature which they enjoy today. And so, highly encouraged by this happy and satisfying glance at the not unfruitful past, we look with a prayerful optimism to our Catholic literary future, and reiterate the sentiments of our Arthur Wallace Peach in his poem, *Visions*:

For visions that will see beyond the hour  
The shining reaches of eternity,  
Let us then pray; remembering the Power  
That led the past shall lead the years to be!  
(The End.)

## Saturday Matinee

By Brooke Hilary C. Stewart

CERTAINLY I WAS overjoyed that my old friend, Richard Compere, had become a Catholic; and certainly I was pleased by the almost volcanic enthusiasm he displayed for the things of the Church. But I confess I grew a little weary as the months went on, of listening at all hours to what St. Thomas or Duns Scotus would have said to the arguments Richard, in the old days before his conversion, was wont to use on me. I couldn't help feeling that my friend's interest in the Faith was all of a piece with the dozens of other temporary interests he had taken up so blithely and subsequently forgotten.

He told me it was all a stimulating intellectual adventure, and I had an idea that eventually this enthusiasm would burn itself out and he'd drop the whole business one day for whatever new thing caught his fancy. He went after apologetics the way a bright child goes after logic puzzles, and the art of the Liturgy was to him, I suspected, simply art. Uncharitable thoughts, but I had them. As it happened, I was wrong—about my friend and about myself.

One Saturday afternoon late in Summer, we found ourselves debating whether to do a little studying or to spend the hot afternoon in a boat reading. We elected to walk to the river and test the temperature there before we decided.

Halfway to our destination, Richard stopped to read a black and gold sign swinging out from a stone church across the street. The sign read:

ST. GREGORY'S CHURCH  
SUNDAY MASSES, 8, 9, 11  
DAILY MASS AT 9

Richard could never pass a new church, so we went in. It was breath-



taking: the loveliest little church I'd ever been in. Flickering candles provided the only illumination, and there were not too many of them. The Sanctuary lamp before the exquisite altar glowed softly and half a dozen candles of varying lengths were burning before a delicate little statue of the Blessed Virgin.

THE CHURCH was empty. Richard was all over it, examining this, standing to look at that. I was tremendously impressed by the beauty and good taste of the place. All the fittings, the altar appointments, the Stations, wonderfully carved in fine-grained wood, the two large statues on either side of the Altar, one of St. Gregory, the other of the Sacred Heart, even the holy water fountains—all had a strong individuality and at the same time blended and harmonized perfectly.

Being in this church, seeing these lovely things gotten together with loving care to the glory of God, is an experience I do not like to forget. Richard, I thought then, must be enjoying the place immensely. He was it appeared.

"My dear Peter," he whispered, "this is magnificent."

I nodded. It was indeed magnificent.

"Must be an unappreciative lot in this parish," he said, echoing my thought. "We could come here to High Mass tomorrow. Probably they do Gregorian as well as interior decoration—considering the church is St. Gregory's."

I suggested we take a look at the bulletin board. In the vestibule we found no board; but on a small table was a pile of folders, each bearing the printed words, *St. Gregory Notes*. I picked one up. A schedule of Masses, hours for confessions, various general announcements and the dates for a forthcoming Novena were listed. On the back cover was a table of the Saints' days in the

month. I read with a start, that the day was one of fast and abstinence and blamed myself for being a careless Catholic.

We went back into the church. Ah, but it was beautiful. It was so lovely that even now I think of it a little sadly, but if it hadn't been for its beauty and loveliness, there'd be no moral and no story to tell.

I knelt at the altar rail, paying rather more attention to the unbelievable blue of the stained glass window above me than to my prayers. Richard had entered a little chapel to the right.

A priest came out of the vestry, genuflected and knelt in a pew beside one of the confessionals. Shortly another priest joined him. Still there were no more people in the church: just ourselves and the two priests. Again the emptiness seemed odd. After all, it was Saturday afternoon. I turned my thoughts away from the sacramental habits of the parishioners and surrendered myself to the quiet splendor of the place.

I thought I saw Richard coming toward me.

"WHAT'S WRONG?" I whispered. He said nothing, just walked on slowly and with a grim look. As he passed the kneeling priests, he glared at them with an unmistakable sneer. I followed him out into the vestibule. I was thinking to myself, "Now it's come. He's fed up with the Church at last. An hour ago he was all boiling over with St. Augustine and plain chant and now, suddenly, it's gone stale and he's bored and disgusted."

I was getting angry; and by the time we reached the vestibule I was really mad. Volatile Richard, enthusiastic Richard, played with an idea until he got tired of it, then chucked it away! It didn't hold his interest any more, and I'd been quite right in my fears of the past months. The Catholic Church was

not any more to him than a logic puzzle and a few pretty trinkets. O damn him, I thought, damn him for the effervescent shallow fool he is! I realized suddenly how much having my best friend a Catholic had counted with me.

Richard, of course, knew nothing of the angry thoughts that were crowding my mind. When we closed the door behind us and stood there in the vestibule—I ready to hurl my furious accusations at his head, Richard, white and somehow scared looking, said softly, dazedly, “Just five minutes later! O God, five minutes.” He seemed exhausted, leaned against the wall.

“**W**HAT’S THE MATTER? What’s wrong?” I asked, forgetting my fury. What was he talking about? He jerked his head toward the interior of the church. “Stage set,” he said. “Saturday Matinee.” He laughed bitterly.

I didn’t know what to make of this strange behavior, these crazy words. He looked as though he’d come through some terrific ordeal, just escaped from something—narrowly. I muttered words to this effect.

“Yes,” said Richard, “a narrow escape.” Suddenly he was brisk and full of purpose, picked up a book from the shelf beside us. “There was one of these on every seat,” he said. The title page read, *Book of Common Prayer*. I was uncomprehending.

Impatiently Richard, “This isn’t a Catholic church.” He went to the pamphlet rack, pulled down a leaflet or so. Each one bore a familiar title—*Social Significance of the Mass*, *Catholic Teaching*, and the like. I looked for the *Imprimatur*, and found instead the words, *Anglo-Catholic Congress*.

At once my mind was full of odd recollections. I remembered a girl I knew saying that her mother was an Episcopalian—went to Mass and Confession. I remembered a line from a book, *They call themselves Father, wear*

*our vestments, appropriate our Liturgy*. . . . I remembered hearing at school something about the Branch Theory. As Richard said, we had had a narrow escape.

I looked through the glass of the vestibule door at the dimly-lit interior. It was empty save for the cassocked figures. Now I knew why. In my mind I repeated Richard’s phrase—stage set.

Late in the evening, alone, I made my way to the crowded church I always attend and thanked God for the multitudes of people who waited in line for the heart-easing absolution. And I thanked Him that He had kept me from the mistake I had very nearly made. I did not hate, as I had at first, the actors in the afternoon’s little drama. Certainly it was through no fault of theirs that we stumbled onto the stage. But I realized with shame and humility that for all these months the fault I’d suspected in my friend was very present in myself. I as much as he, and with less excuse, had let incense, embroidery and fine music take the place of Faith. And I gave thanks for the blessed fact, that in more than one sense, I had come home again.

## Mother

By Catherine M. Williams

*Your flowers bloom once more beside the wall,  
So pale the larkspur, radiant red the rose,  
And in this quiet place where beauty grows,  
Where sunlight lingers and the thrushes call,  
Through misted eyes I watch you pass and see  
The wilted leaf, the twig, the disarray  
Removed, your flowered dress a bright bouquet  
That joins the garden’s colored company.  
You used to say a garden was a song,  
A hallelujah of the glad new birth,  
A tender promise sent from heaven to earth—  
So nearer much to heaven, its joyous throng . . .  
Strange, I should feel you closer now than  
then,  
And in your garden talk with you again.*



# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

Antelopes have been known to run at the rate of sixty miles an hour.



The Liggett and Myers' advertising appropriation for 1934 was \$11,654,000.



The ant is said to have the largest brain in proportion to its size in the animal kingdom.



The only President's child born in the White House was Grover Cleveland's daughter Esther.



Souvenir hunters walk away each year with more than a million dollars' worth of hotel property.



The United States has about two-thirds of the world's visible gold supply—at least seventeen billion dollars' worth.



Opticians say that eye-glasses may lose as high as 50% of their efficiency if they get out of alignment or if side-bows permit them to slip down on the nose.



Although Chicago is in Illinois, East Chicago is in Indiana; although St. Louis is in Missouri, East St. Louis is in Illinois. And Michigan City is not in Michigan but in Indiana.



A correspondent tells us that the hydra, a small pond animal, when cut into several pieces, each piece will

eventually grow into an entirely new animal. Pieces too small for that individual growth may even fuse together and so develop into a typical specimen.



During the Spanish-American War, more American soldiers lost their lives from yellow fever than from the bullets and bayonets of the enemy.



Heredity is an omnibus in which all our ancestors ride, and every now and then one of them puts his head out and embarrasses us.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*



As a rule, cold-blooded creatures continue to grow as long as they live. Warm-blooded creatures generally stop growing when they reach a more or less definite size.



Petaluma, California, has the world's only drugstore devoted exclusively to the needs of poultry. A registered pharmacist devotes his entire time to the hen-troubles of the neighborhood.



As early as 1769, Captain Nicholas Joseph Cugnot, a Frenchman, built a three-wheeled steam driven vehicle which traveled about three miles an hour and had to be refueled every fifteen miles.



Paul Shoup, prominent Pacific Oil Company and Southern Pacific executive, was at one time or another in his life a railroad mechanic, photographer, freight handler, telegrapher, stenographer, editor.



If we ever join a League of Nations, we will be able to do at least a little singing in harmony, since Switzerland's national anthem has the same music as "My Country 'Tis of Thee" and "God Save the King."

## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**Wilhelmina**, by Clementia. Frederick Pustet Co., Inc., Cincinnati and New York. Price, \$1.50.

This novel is for girls. Wilhelmina, the principal character, who usually does not want for something to do, readily finds trouble if trouble does not first find her, at school, at home, or on a trip in the West. Detective or banshee, a heroine during a hold-up as well as during a kidnapping, she needs the wisdom of sound judgment and a courage which is less daring. Younger readers, thrilling to her exploits, need not imitate her, and they could profit from the lessons proposed. From the grown-up viewpoint other criticisms could be made.

John Kingston.

**Mary Stuart, Young Queen of Scots**, by Mildred Criss. The Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price, \$2.50.

The story of Mary, Queen of Scots, is an exciting one even during her early years in Scotland and in France. Miss Criss gives us a sprightly account of the lovely little girl who all her life was deeply conscious that she was marked for greatness, and who always conducted herself in a manner becoming that greatness. The book authentically details her early years with accounts of dress, companionship, games, court life and royal splendor. With little effort, the reader is introduced to the personalities, the attitudes and the connivings of the royal families of Stuart, Tudor, Guise, Valois and Douglas—names that are the keys to French, English and Scotch history, as well as the keys to many problems in the life of Mary Stuart. The volume closes with Mary's marriage to the Dauphine of France—son of Catherine de' Medici—and with the Queen of Scots returning to her native highlands. So far as we know,

this is the first volume wherein so many pages are devoted to Mary Stuart's childhood. For this period, as a rule, is passed over hurriedly by the historian as he hastens forward to later and more tragic days of intrigue, misfortune, the second and third marriages, the struggle with Elizabeth of England, and the last sad years of the Queen's life. It is well that these later events are omitted; they might easily become too complicated for the young minds from twelve years up, for whom this book has been prepared. As the book is presented, young minds will not willingly lay it down.

Charles M. Carey.

**Paul and the Crucified**, by the Rev. William J. McGarry, S. J. (Pp. 272.) The America Press, New York. Price, \$3.

The theology of St. Paul is of inexhaustible depth and beauty. New studies of its riches are produced in every generation without ending the promise of still richer rewards. Father McGarry's contribution to this volume of Pauline literature may not lay claim to any startling originality, but it does merit, as an exceptionally well-done synthesis, to be placed among the finer exegetical works.

The book in its first form was a course of lectures on the doctrine of Redemption as delivered in the classroom to Jesuit Scholastics who were so enthused by the beauty and clarity of the lectures they begged Father McGarry to publish them. To do this, it was necessary to take into account the much more limited receptivity of the general public. However, the task of adaptation has been admirably accomplished without sacrifice of fulness of treatment. Not only the priest-specialist, but anyone of modest intelligence, Catholic or non-Catholic, will find the book interest-



ing and moving. The author writes with clarity and animation, and at times with high eloquence.

The rôle of Christ as Redeemer is presented in logical steps from the fall of Adam to the fulfillment of redemption by mystical incorporation in the Redeemer. It is a work of Scriptural Theology rather than of spiritual reading, but the dogma is exposed with such warm cogency as to afford rich material for sermon and meditation.

The complete index is an added perfection to an excellent work.

William M. Robinson.

**The Word of God**, by the Most Reverend Francis Borgongini-Duca; translated by the Most Reverend Francis J. Spellman. The Macmillan Company, New York. (Pp. 211.) Price, \$1.

Meditation to many is an unknown art; to others, its beauties and helps are often overlooked in empty wanderings; to a select few it offers a source of much spiritual joy and a basis for righting the wrong or improving the good—and such it should be. If a meditation manual makes God better known, life better lived, and the future more bright, its purpose is accomplished. To say that a book does this is high praise and that is what we say of *The Word of God*.

*A Series of Short Meditations on the Sunday Gospels* is the simple sub-title of a book offering a meaningful insight into the life of the Man-God. The Gospel of the Sunday, a reflection, an illustrative story from the Bible or from the life of some saint, a scene from Christ's life, a story of yesterday, the past relived to make the future better, one forgets that he is meditating—which is as it should be—and finds a spiritual pleasure that remakes the torn things of life.

Meditation rightly understood and practiced should be an easy devotion. This volume is a splendid introduction.

Good for the religious and the priest, it cannot be too strongly recommended to the laity. Its reading would make a splendid preparation for the Sunday Mass, providing, as it does, an insight into the Liturgy of every Sunday of the year.

Thomas M. Fitzpatrick.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

*His Dear Persuasion*, The Life and Letters of Elizabeth Ann Seton, by Katherine Burton; *Freedom under God*, by Fulton J. Sheen; *A Textual Concordance of the Holy Scriptures*, by the Rev. Thomas D. Williams; *Adoremus Dominum*—Eucharistic Motets and Hymns, by the Rev. Carlo Rossini; *Jewish Panorama*, by David Goldstein; *What Is Literature?* by Charles DuBos; *A Passion Flower of Carmel*, by the Rev. Pius aan de Stegge, O. Carm., translated by Frater Joachim Smet, O. Carm.; *Jeanne Jugan*—Foundress of the Little Sisters of the Poor, by the Very Rev. Canon Helleu; *Law Office Secretary's Manual*, by John J. Antus; *The Sublime Shepherdess*—The Life of St. Bernadette of Lourdes, by Frances Parkinson Keyes; *The Catholic Church*, by the Most Rev. Tihamer Toth, D. D., translated by V. G. Agotai; *Our Lady of Fatima*, by Monsignor Finbar Ryan, O. P., Archbishop of Gabula; *Your Catholic Language*—Latin with the Missal, by Mary Perkins; *These Three Hearts*, by Margaret Yeo; *The End of the Armistice*, by G. K. Chesterton; *The Life of Bishop McDevitt*, by Ella Lynch Flick; *First Port of Call*, by Elizabeth Jordan; *The Patriotic Thing*, by William O. Stevens; *Catholic Social Theory*, by Wilhelm Schwer, translated by Bartholomew Landheer, Ph. D.; *Know Thyself*, by Joseph Malaise; *Mary of Nazareth*, by Vincent McNabb, O. P.; *Ferdinand, Indiana*, A Bit of Cultural History, 1840–1940, by Albert Kleber, O. S. B., S. T. D.

## YOUNGER READERS

### The Mockingbird

By Garald Lagard

*The mockingbird most pleases me,  
With his complete variety.  
He flies to me on eager wings  
And opens wide his throat and sings.  
And if I'm bored by what I've heard  
He imitates some other bird.*

### Biography of Michael O'Leary

By Lois Snelling

HENRY LAID DOWN the last sheet of paper with a sigh of satisfaction. The thing was good, he told himself gleefully; downright good! Manna from heaven, that's what Mike O'Leary was! Then he grinned at the thought of leathery, weather-beaten Mike in the rôle of sustaining manna. But why not? Mike had played many a strange and exciting rôle during his colorful lifetime. That was why he had made such splendid copy.

Folding the sheets, Henry tucked them into his pocket and went down the street to the Stair house. Dr. Stair, helpful as usual, had offered the use of his typewriter.

"It's finished!" Henry told the white-haired man he found in the old-fashioned library. "I've called it 'Michael O'Leary: A Biography.' When I've typed it, I want you to look it over and see what you think of it. The rules of the contest don't allow me to accept any help, but you can tell me what you think."

"O. K.," the doctor answered. "Get busy."

Henry commenced his typing. Neatly, accurately, the words which told the story of Mike O'Leary marched their

straight lines across the pages. So absorbed he was, he hardly heard the jangle of the telephone and the voice of Dr. Stair answering it. He glanced up and replied, "All right, Sir," when the doctor announced from the doorway that he must go out on a call and that Henry was to leave his carbon copy in the library.

The wintry dusk was settling down when Henry left the Stair house. His whistling was blithe as he strode up the street.

"Wish old Charley was here," he mused to himself. "I'd tease him a-plenty about his prospects of winning the Lander Lockeridge. Charley's a corker in English, all right, and walks all over me in class. He'd just about win the Award if—"

The *if* that stood in the way of Charley's triumph was Henry's own "Michael O'Leary: A Biography."

THE ANNUAL Lander Lockeridge Literary Award was one of the important features of the Frankfort High School semester. Lander Lockeridge, a world-famous writer now living in New York, has spent his boyhood in Frankfort. In memory of that happy boyhood, he offered each year a first prize of one hundred dollars and a second of fifty dollars for the two most outstanding pieces of literary work submitted by members of the Senior English class. Henry Clinton wanted desperately to win that hundred dollars and the coveted honor that went with it. But for that matter, so did many other members of the class. A number of them had entered the competition, but Henry was not really afraid of any of them except his chum, Charley Caraway. Both he and Charley has made plans



for majoring in journalism at the University next year. The Lander Lockeridge Award was a mighty banner for a journalism student to be able to wave in the faces of the instructors.

AND HE HAD done a good job. For weeks he had worked, writing, re-writing, rejecting and writing again. The very best that he knew had gone into the story. Before starting on the biography he had talked it over with his friend, Dr. Stair, telling him the history of the interesting old sheepherder. The doctor had enthusiastically agreed that he had a splendid subject.

Henry had made the acquaintance of Mike O'Leary the summer before. He and Charley Caraway had spent the vacation months at the Wind Mountain Ranger Station, where Henry's uncle served as Ranger. Almost every day they saw Mike. While his innumerable sheep grazed in the green little valleys, Mike would talk to the boys. And such tales as he told! His experiences, from the time he had departed as a boy from his home in Ireland until he had driven his woolly flock up the slopes of Wind Mountain, were as thrilling as any fiction the two had ever read. Humorous, kindly, courageous, loquacious—Michael O'Leary was a character!

Henry had had no opportunity to speak of the contest to Charley. His friend had been excused from school early on the day of Miss Meredith's announcement, in order that he might drive his mother over to Warsaw to see her sister. And that drive had been woe to Charley! A slick pavement and a reckless motorist had combined to send Mrs. Caraway's car into the ditch and her son to bed with a broken leg. Charley had been housed up at his aunt's home in Warsaw ever since, but he had optimistically written Henry that half a dozen broken legs could not keep him from competing in the contest—and winning.

"Poor old Charley," Henry murmured, as he switched on the light in his own room. "I hate to beat a fellow when he's down with a busted leg." Then he added, as he picked up a fat envelope that had been laid on his desk. "Speak of the devil, and here he comes!"

The envelope bore a Warsaw postmark, and tearing it open Henry found a little note clipped to a bunch of typed pages. "Read it," the note commanded in Charley's scrawl. "It is a copy of the winning entry in the well-known Lander Lockeridge Literary Award for the current year. The original is in the hands of the delighted judges. The author is a one-legged, feeble specimen physically, but mentally he is a giant. (Signed) Him, himself."

HENRY WAS LAUGHING as he slipped off the clip. Abruptly the laughter faded from his face. A displeased frown crept across his brow and settled there, as he read the title on the first page, "My Friend, the Shepherd."

"Well, of all things!" he exclaimed, biting his lips in annoyance. "Mike O'Leary! But—well, of course Charley—if Mike made such an impression on *my* mind, of course Charley would—"

He eagerly commenced reading the composition. As he read, the frown on his forehead grew deeper. The prickling irritation in his heart became more acute. His story was all there before his eyes. Not in his words, of course, or his style, but his identical story, nevertheless. His precious, superlative biography of old Mike O'Leary!

When he had finished the manuscript, he tossed it on the desk impatiently. He was thoroughly provoked and angry with innocent, unsuspecting Charley Caraway. A sweet kettle of fish Charley had made of *his* prospects! Then like a mist before the morning, all his

vexation suddenly vanished away. Reaching into his pocket, he drew out his own composition.

"What are you grouching about?" he demanded of himself, grinning complacently. "That is good work of Charley's, all right. I have a hunch it would be the winner *if*—"

There again was that impeding *if*, and Henry could not but have faith in its strength as he glanced over his "Michael O'Leary: A Biography." His composition, he knew, was better than Charley's. There was no need to fret, just because Charley had happened to select the same theme that he had.

"I'LL GET YOU into the mail in the morning," he told the manuscript, as he slipped it into an envelope, sealed it, and laid it on the desk beside Charley's.

Strange enough, the sight of the two plump envelopes lying there side by side caused the old uneasiness to return to taunt him. Dark clouds of doubt came sweeping back into his mind, upsetting his complacency.

"Stolen goods," he heard himself whispering softly. The idea turned his heart sick.

"Stolen poppycock!" he retorted defensively. "You wrote an honest story out of an honest mind."

"Oh, yeah! But would Charley ever be able to see that? Would *you* be able to see it, if you had trustingly placed your story in Charley's hands and Charley had turned the self-same story over to the judges as his own? You'd think he had stolen your theme, that's what you'd think! Anybody would. And you know good and well that you'll be taking the Award right out of Charley's hands, too, for your story is better than his."

"Which makes it just too bad for Charley!" was the acid reply.

Henry slept but little that night. He

tossed about, thought grim thoughts, tossed about more violently, stared beligerently into the night's darkness. Once he flung himself out of bed, stumbled across the room, reached for the envelope he had sealed, grumbled that he couldn't find it in the dark, and stumbled back to bed. Towards morning he quietly rose from his bed, picked up the fat envelope, tore its contents into ribbons and dropped them into the waste-basket.

The next day Henry commenced work on a story about Dr. Stair.

"The doctor will make swell copy," he told himself comfortingly. "And I ought to know him if anybody does. Good old doctor!"

The work progressed slowly, and its persistent mediocrity mocked at its composer. Over the telephone he had confessed to the doctor that he had changed his subject and was going to write about him.

"You're crazy!" Dr. Stair had yelled back. "Why, boy, that O'Leary fellow is a subject out of a thousand. And your biography is simply fine!"

"YOU'RE GOOD MEAT, doctor," said Henry, airily. "This *second* biography is going to be fine too." He didn't care to explain why he had changed his subject. He simply *could not* take Charley's story, and he was afraid of the arguments that the doctor might advance.

"Well, send both of them then," Dr. Stair said. "You are entitled to as many entries as you like."

"No, I'll just depend on the Stair story," Henry had replied. There was a deep, disgusted grunt from the other end of the wire, as the telephone clicked.

That evening Henry wrote to Charley, congratulating him on his excellent biography and telling him that he was writing about Dr. Stair. "I sincerely hope you win the prize," he said. "Mean-



ing second prize, of course. The hundred dollar check is to be cashed by Mr. Henry Clay Clinton, who is yours truly." In the diary which he painstakingly kept from day to day, both for amusement and practice in his writing, he noted: "No possible chance of my winning with the Stair story. It's flat as a pancake. My best effort went into the Mike O'Leary. The coincidence of Charley's biography seems to have taken all the starch out of me."

Weeks drifted by. Charley Caraway, with his crutches, was back in school again. The English class was growing restless with suspense over the Lander Lockeridge Award announcement.

"Funny," Charley said to Henry one day, "that you didn't think of old Mike. He's a grand character, and I was scared you'd nab him."

"It's so funny that I could die laughing about it," Henry answered dryly. "But Dr. Stair's a pretty grand character himself."

**A**T LAST came a morning when the suspense ended. In a pretty little preliminary speech, Miss Meredith made the class fidgety with waiting. But finally: "... and first prize goes to Henry Clinton. Second prize goes to Charley Caraway."

When the applause had subsided, she continued, "The odd thing about these winning biographies is that they are both about the same subject, an Irish sheepherder named Michael O'Leary."

Henry sat staring at her for a moment, dazed. Then feeling Charley's questioning gaze upon him, he blurted out, "But—but—there's a mistake! I—my story was about Dr. Stair!"

But nobody was listening. The class was swarming about him and Charley with generous congratulations. Henry, completely bewildered, stammered and protested in the midst of the tumult.

"See!" he heard a familiar voice suddenly call out above the others. "Didn't

I tell you the Mike O'Leary was a winner!"

Dr. Stair was pushing his way through the crowd.

"I—I simply don't understand—" Henry cried, dropping into a seat, his face red and perspiring.

**I**T'S SIMPLE, and I've explained to Miss Meredith. Remember leaving a copy of the O'Leary biography in my library? Well," as Henry nodded, "I sent it to New York."

Henry, half angry with his old friend, burst out, "But I didn't want it to go to New York! The honorable thing for that manuscript to do was stay at home!"

"So I gathered," the doctor laughed. "That night I went to your room when you were away. I really went to take the copy of the biography—but I didn't leave it. You see, your diary was lying open on your desk and I couldn't help seeing the last entry you had made. When I had read it, it inspired me to do some deliberate snooping. I read back through your other entries and learned why you had abandoned the Mike O'Leary. I then mailed 'Michael O'Leary: A Biography' to New York."

Charley Caraway had been standing beside Dr. Stair, staring at him, his mouth wide open. When the doctor had finished speaking Charley reached out an impulsive hand.

"Thanks, doctor," he exclaimed with a wry grin. "Of course, you know that you have knocked me clean off of the Christmas tree. But I must say that, of all your splendid deeds, this is the splndidest. Henry's a sap, and really needs a guardian." Then turning to Henry, he slipped an affectionate arm around his shoulders. "A plain, idiotic sap," he said in a half whisper. "I'm going to miss that extra fifty dollars; but old fellow, I wouldn't give this stunt of yours for a dozen Lander Lockeridge Awards."

## ✦ The Weekly Postscript ✦

By M. M. Wirries

IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD of this sprawled-out, singularly beautiful, but still so-new-its-squeaks southwestern city, many a Mexican peon enjoys squatter's rights on some little patch of ground. You see their shacks as you take your evening drives. This one perches on a canal bank—just a half-dozen cottonwood posts, roughly hewn and driven into the ground to hold up a palm-thatched roof. The walls? A sheet of tin, orange crates, an old tarpaulin slung from the thatch. The beds are in the open,—crazy beds, crazily blanketed. The stove is in the open, too, its length of pipe thrust through a tin semi-shelter designed to protect it (after a fashion) from the mad mid-summer rains that may come. A poor enough place, heaven knows. But a good enough one for my Mexican friend. He likes it. It's his spot of earth; his address, in case someone writes to him, or the installment collector comes to see about the payment on his Ford—the payment he is always going to make *manana*. He would be a poor man indeed did he not own that shining car which waits so proudly in its special *ramada*. The car is his love, his life, his one extravagance. Does it not take him to town for his groceries, for the liquor which warms his veins when the week's hard work is done, and for the Holy Mass on Sundays? Would you have him walk, *Senor*? *Porque*? He can afford the car. He has no rent to pay, no electric bills to bother him, no telephone, no water bills. He is a rich man indeed. He has a car; a guitar, which he was born knowing how to play; petunias by his doorstep; a wife who will work beside him in the hot fields all day, bake his tortillas in the evening, and wash his clothes on Sunday; and

nine or ten brown-eyed, merry children to make his life happy. *Si, Senor!* He can dip water from the canal to water his petunias and wash his clothes; he can strum his guitar by the light of the moon. What more does he need? The rancher pays him for his work in the fields—little, but enough. He does not have much to buy. He has few complexities in his peaceful and simple existence.

THERE IS his younger brother who thinks himself more advanced than this Manuel of the old school. Ramon has a "town job," a "town home." The job is W. P. A. The home is in a thickly settled and unsavory section of the city now marked on the map as a project for "slum clearance." Such are the characteristics of his neighbors that Ramon's wife says the children are not safe on the streets after night. But the older ones have learned to elude her vigilance. She is so busy with the little ones and Ramon is so much of his time at the corner saloon that the eldest girls spend their evenings dancing in a cheap dance hall, and the eldest boy is part of a gang that will probably end in the juvenile court. There is no room in Ramon's yard for a milch goat, such as his brother has, nor are his *frijoles* and *tortillas* supplemented by the protective foods of grapefruit, figs, and green vegetables from a rancher's fields. Ramon's children suffer from rickets and malnutrition, and he himself will die years before his elder brother.

They are at the lower end of the social scale, these Mexicans. But the one who is content with less, has more. And at the upper end of the scale and in the middle it is the same. He who is content with less, has more.



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University student, railway engineer, soldier in the World War, and a lay brother in the Franciscans. These are chapter heads in the story of Brother Anselmo Tommasini, who during his religious life published his notable *Irish Saints in Italy* in 1932.

By A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE



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## NEXT WEEK

Thomas F. O'Connor, St. Michael's College, Winooski Park, Vt., writes informatively of the once well-known Catholic writer, George Miles, under the title, *George Miles: Catholic Man of Letters*.

*The Land of Evangeline*, by M. H. Persons, 137 Warner St., Rochester, N. Y., is a recall of the scenes of Longfellow's poem.

*Afterward the Harvest* is a short story by Marie Butler Coffey, 222 Rich St., Syracuse, N. Y.

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## OBITUARY

Sister M. Urban, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister James Maurice, Sisters of Providence.

Mrs. Catherine Gillis, John J. Chisholm, Daniel Chisholm, Michael J. Englert, Mrs. Emma Waters, Mrs. Mary Campbell, Mrs. Catherine Reinhalter, Mrs. Mary McDonald, Mrs. Margaret Lorway, Susan McCloskey Hartye, B. French, Mrs. G. C. Gilchrist, Elizabeth M. Nash, Patrick J. O'Connor, David McCarthy, Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, Mrs. Anna Janitschke, Mrs. Susan Henegan.

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# THE AVE MARIA

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MAY 18, 1940

## *World News in Brief*

### **THE CHURCH**

In Romé, Pope Pius XII led the Italian people in praying to St. Catherine of Siena and St. Francis of Assisi for peace. . . . ¶ In New York, the impartial presentation of news in *Osservatore Romano*, Vatican City newspaper, was lauded by American news commentators. . . . ¶ In Brooklyn, 115,000 Holy Name men joined in a religious demonstration. . . . ¶ In Las Vegas, thirty-eight Mexican students received Holy Orders at the Montezuma Seminary. . . . ¶ In St. Louis, a radio program honoring the new Beata, Philippine Duchesne, was set for May 12. . . . ¶ In Berlin, the Reich permitted Catholic groups to aid the devastated churches of Spain.

### **AT HOME**

In Washington, the President's new bid for more power was strongly opposed as the Senate voted to curb alphabet agencies. . . . Investigations revealed a tie-up among the NLRB, the CIO and the Reds. . . . Secretary of the Navy, Edison, insisted that battleships are still superior to aircraft. . . . Both Gerard and Baruch branded American defenses as inadequate. . . . The House refused the President's plea for a shift of air control. . . . ¶ In Milwaukee, Mrs. Lutie Stearns, crusader for women's rights, declared that results proved "she had wasted her time." . . . ¶ In Austin, uninstructed delegations threatened the Garner control in Texas. . . . ¶ In Baltimore, Democrats again swept the Maryland primaries. . . . ¶ In De-

troit, municipal graft charges were aired in court. . . . ¶ In San Francisco, federal judges lashed the NLRB as "grasping for power." . . . ¶ In New York, the Scalise method of tapping union treasuries was revealed in court. . . . ¶ In industry, the shift in money-hoarding worried Wall Street. . . . Steelmakers feared order difficulties because of a price-cut deadline. . . . Wheat prices dipped. . . . Railroads launched a credit plan to win new passengers.

### **ABROAD**

In Athens, a new Balkan move stirred Europe as the Greek government opened a strategic rail line to the Bulgarian frontier. . . . ¶ In Hegra, the besieged Norse fortress capitulated. Meantime, Nazis reinforced the garrison at Narvik with a German parachute army. . . . ¶ German bombers raided Kirkenes on the Arctic coast. . . . A German seaplane captured a British submarine. . . . In Berlin, officials announced that from the start of the war to April 30, German destruction of Allied shipping totaled 2,300,000 tons, including twenty-three Allied submarines since April 9. . . . ¶ In Belgrade, Roumania considered accepting a German guarantee. . . . ¶ In London, Chamberlain and Churchill were blamed for the British disgrace in Norway. After Churchill assumed the blame, Chamberlain was retained as Prime Minister. . . . Meantime, the Empire fleet was bolstered off Egypt, as Italy massed troops on the Jugo-Slav border. . . . ¶ Germany invaded Belgium and Holland.

## Notes and Remarks

A correspondent has written us, more in kindness than in chiding, for overlooking the name of Father Neil Gillespie in our recalls of editors who have carried on the tradition of THE AVE MARIA. And on our own oversight we confess omitting the name of Father Eugene Burke. The correspondent suggested that Father Matthew Coyle might give honorable mention to Father Gillespie in his final installment of *The Ave Maria in Retrospect*, and so make amends. Rather we shall do so here and now on our own right, without concealment or evasion. Father Neil Gillespie, a great name in a great family, edited THE AVE MARIA for some years before the advent of Father Hudson. That it lived through those days of stress and poverty is due in a great measure to this cultured, gentle priest. That his name was overlooked in the biographical checkup is one of those afflictions that hover like annoying spirits around editorial desks. Father Eugene Burke is living and well. May he go a long, long journey yet before his train slows down for the terminal!

One of the newer and brighter elements of Catholic progress in our own country is the lay retreat sponsored by the Brooklyn diocese under the patronage of Christ the Worker. All Catholic workingmen are eligible for membership in the organization. The very nature of the services at the retreat is such that it rouses the laborer to a class consciousness that is legitimate, and even necessary, if we ever hope to combat the poisoned inroads of specious Communistic attacks on the American system of industry. In this atmosphere of retreat, it is very likely that the worker will be enabled to

appreciate the consciousness that he is intimately related to one "Who, being in the form of God, chose to become a carpenter and to be known among men as the Son of a carpenter," as Pius XI proclaimed it. There is need in our day to recall the dignity and nobility that rightfully belong to labor. All too often, because of unscrupulous leaders, it has been made a despised thing, while the laborer is exploited by the very leaders elected to protect him. Newspaper accounts would give the reader the impression that labor today is little more than a racket. In our estimation, only the Christian outlook of the workingman can restore labor to its proper and lofty place of honor, regardless of the bland promises of Communism, or the expedient maneuverings of union "bosses." In this as in every other walk of life, there can be no adequate model for man save Christ.

Within the past month, fully two-thirds of domestic news in our daily papers have been devoted to one exposé after another of internal corruption. The political, patriotic, and labor fronts

are the main targets for such attacks. Mr. Dies and his revelations make us gasp and cry, "Incredible!" The Scalise incident of draining an international union treasury of \$1,500,000 within three years gives us an adequate idea of how poor workingmen are being shamelessly exploited under the guise of union protection. At the same time, the unusual procedure of legislators in Washington, strongly influenced by party politics and slush funds, is daily becoming less of a mystery and more of a scandal. Thus, if we are to take the newspaper as a barometer of the nation's moral vitality, the evidence of

### Model for Workmen

### Enemies From Within



our reading clearly indicates anything but fair weather. Indeed, the evidence gives us reason to be alarmed; even to wonder what further things might come to light, in the event that those clamoring for our participation in the European struggle should prevail. To all but the scatterbrained it is quite obvious that our first and most important duty is to set our own house in order, before we point an admonishing finger at the warring elements abroad. There are too many serious domestic problems to be faced and solved, before offering Europe a panacea. It is possible for a nation to crumble because of its enemies from within. And if Mr. Public doubts that this could ever happen to us, that it is even worth bothering about—let him observe the choice domestic news items that monopolize our newspapers. Such evidence is too graphic for denial.

—◆—  
The war propaganda has been turned on in full force in the East, and although none of the propagandists believe it prudent at this time

### War Mongers Are at It

to suggest sending an American army to Europe, they are leading up to it step by step, being very careful not to overreach. Let us quote to illustrate: Nicholas Roosevelt, former American Minister to Hungary, said, "That the United States should take its position with those nations which are fighting the forces of international gangsterism is, it seems to me, no longer open to question of doubt. We cannot sit by in smug isolation and say that the outcome does not concern us." (Will Mr. Roosevelt go to war? He will not.) Jules S. Bache, New York financier, says this: "Probably the Allies can defeat Germany themselves, but if they fail, the United States will have to help them." (Will Mr. Bache go to war? He will not.) Henry Breckenridge, formerly of the War Department, tells us: "If

Hitler makes one move to touch Iceland or Greenland, the United States should occupy them and loosen its air power upon the Nazi bandit." (Would Mr. Breckenridge go to Iceland with the troops? He would not.) Robert Sherwood, the playwright, says that there is an awful conspiracy of silence in Washington. He calls it "peace hysteria" and describes the United States as an ostrich. Bishop Lawrence of the Episcopal church rebukes to the effect that we talk of ourselves as a strong nation but we are afraid to defend the principles upon which our nation is founded. Lawrence Hunt, New York lawyer, assures us that the United States will eventually enter the war on the side of the Allies despite the Communist propaganda (a rather ambiguous phrase). Bishop Manning and Anne Morgan, sister of J. P. Morgan, both made speeches on the necessity of our entering the war. Will any of these people go into the war themselves? They will not. They will watch the rank and file of American boys driven into another European slaughter while they prate about saving civilization.

—◆—  
Dr. James L. Mursell of Columbia University pointed out recently in *Harpers Magazine* that although the men-

### The Mental Testing Craze

tal testing movement has been the most important single phase of American psychology during the past twenty-five years, its actual achievement has been rather spotty. Some good and useful work has been done, he believes, but far too much is on the level of palm-reading, bump-feeling and the casting of horoscopes. The public has been regaled with ballyhoo about the "uncanny accuracy" with which "science" can measure this or that mental characteristic and predict the potentialities of young children, when often tea leaves would be a safer

guide. "Tests by the score are turned out which expressly claim to measure all sorts of mental traits—prevailing interests, moral attitudes, introversion-extroversion, musical and mechanical aptitudes, and so forth, as well as general intelligence. In not one single case can such claims be rigorously proved. Yet they are made without a qualm by people who ought to know better, and swallowed whole by the public. The glaring weakness of the testing movement is the general absence of proof that tests really measure what they purport to measure, coupled with a general tendency to interpret them as though they certainly did so. This holds true of the best tests, as well as the worst." We have often expressed that idea in these columns. We have no patience with the man who after a course of psychology at night school goes around with a slide rule measuring the mental and moral tendencies or attitudes of those he meets, and believes he can pigeon-hole all humanity as he would grade pears in a canning factory. We have some serious doubts about his own I. Q.

—◆—  
In a recent issue of the Washington *Times-Herald*, Leon Pearson has something to say about the harm

### Hollywood Offends Again

done to our international relations by Hollywood. He writes: "‘Mr. Smith Goes to Washington’ is now being distributed throughout Latin America, and with harsh results. The Latin audiences are suddenly led to believe that the Government in Washington is occupied only with venality, corruption, and intrigue. . . . Diplomats in Washington, who know the United States Senate better than Hollywood does, are alarmed over reports from Latin America. After seeing the picture, audiences are exclaiming, ‘So this is your much vaunted Democracy!’ . . . The point will be made that the ‘Mr.

Smith’ film plays right into the hands of Nazi-Fascist propagandists, who have been the principal foes of the good neighbor policy in Latin America." Evidences of a leaning toward the European conflict are visible in Washington these days. It is the hope of all real Americans that we will not allow ourselves to be imposed upon as we were during the World War; but if we do, our South-American relationships may be the very targets through which we can be effectively attacked. Our government reserves the right to deal with subversive influences originating and ending within its own confines. It should exercise the same right when similar influences originate within this country but terminate beyond our boundaries.

—◆—  
Ex-President Herbert Hoover writing recently in *Collier's*, made the statement that it was a "gigantic political and moral mistake"

**Gigantic Moral Blunder** to recognize Russia. "We are holding in friendship," he said,

"the Red hand that grabbed a part of Poland and forced a treaty that despoiled Finland. Russia promised us, at the time of recognition, not to use propaganda in the United States, and not to permit the formation of any organization or group whose aim was the overthrow of our political order." He then quotes Benjamin Stolberg to show how the Communists have, since that time, penetrated into American labor unions and organized walk-outs, sit-down strikes, and every manner of interference. The Dies Committee stated recently that the Communists are more firmly entrenched in this country than the Nazis were in Norway when they virtually handed that country over to the Germans. And what did we get from Russia by way of trade? Says Mr. Hoover: "From the time the treaty was signed to the day Poland was attacked



we sold about two hundred million dollars worth of goods to one hundred and sixty million people, or less than seven per cent of what we sold to ten million people in Canada. We bought over three hundred million in gold from Russia at \$35 an ounce. A large part of this is produced by the bleeding fingers of farmers condemned to Siberia because they wanted to farm their own lands. Since Poland was attacked our sales to Russia have increased three hundred per cent, with a large addition of gasoline, copper, alloys, etc., to aid in the subjugation of the Finns, Poles and other peoples." To parade before the world as humanitarians, to insist that we are on the side of justice and morality while we shake hands with Stalin, is to make ourselves despised by decent, God-fearing people.

Raoul de Sales, writing some months ago in *The Atlantic Monthly*, drew a rather humorous picture of love in

America. A foreigner, he says, receives the impression from the movies that love is always triumphant, and that although blissful unions are sometimes wrecked, they never remain wrecked. Even if the observant foreigner discount Hollywood, the impression still remains that love is always wholesome, uplifting and fresh, like a glass of Grade-A milk; and that when it fails to keep you uplifted, wholesome and fresh, the only thing to do is to begin all over again with another partner. If the hotel room is equipped with a radio the newcomer's impression that America is the land of eternal youth and perfect love is confirmed at any hour of the day or at any point on the dial. One does not realize till he leaves America that so many songs can be written on other subjects. The prevailing conception of love in America is similar to that of democracy. It is perfect in theory; and when

it does not work so in practice, Americans believe something should be done about it. The secret of making a success of democracy or love is to allow for a fairly wide margin of human errors; but this does not satisfy Americans. It is not true, for instance, that there is but one formula of love worth bothering about, and that if you cannot get the de luxe model, with a life guarantee of perfect functioning, nothing else is worth while. It is not true either that if a man and a woman have not found perfect happiness in each other they will find it with somebody else. Life unfortunately does not begin at forty, and when you reach that age, to go on complaining of your sentimental maladjustment becomes farcical. This is all very true. Happy marriages are the outcome of sacrifice—sacrifice made by both parties. When this is present no adjustments need be made; when it is absent no marriage can be happy.

Those rich Americans in Pittsburgh that offered a million dollars for the capture of a living Hitler are certainly breaking through our neutrality boundaries. We are not at war with Germany, and except for a very small minority group who identify the cause of the Allies as the cause of the United States, we are not going to be. We are, as said again and again in these pages, so far away from Europe that Europe cannot touch us in war. Our interests are on this side of the Atlantic with the peoples who live on this side. We do business with Europe in a give and take of buy and sell. We cannot, if we follow our traditions, let our best interests and security be jeopardized in a give and take of war. We have all the territory we need, all the freedom that is good for us, and are able to get along reasonably well left alone.

# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

## Language

LANGUAGE IS the building material of thought. It is the stuff brought together, made orderly and fashioned into a unit of related ideas. The unit may be brief or long, involved or simple, gay or sad, profound or light. It may be a poem, an essay, history or politics.

Like the materials of all construction, language is imperfect. Being a human means to achieve a human end its imperfections are taken as a matter of course. But just as one kind of material is more suitable because of tone, color, flexibility, and so on, for specific uses, so of language. One language may serve the uses of poetry, another those of science and philosophy, while another may be especially suited to secure delicate effects in descriptive prose. Very ancient languages have no words for ever so many inventions and discoveries in physical science and medicine. Granting these inequalities and shortages, it remains true that all languages can produce effects of expression through the workmanship of a master.

Marble can be fashioned into a hundred and one evidences of beauty: a human face, a human form; an arch, a pillar, a staircase. The marble, however, does not make itself into these things; an artist does. And so marble becomes art rather than material thrown on the ground, or a crude wall, or a very common, serviceable bridge because an artist takes it up and handles it, and chisels it into curves, angles and what not, until something artistic comes from his hands. Not many, it need not be said, are able to fashion out of marble the cunning thing which makes everybody pause, look and say in a breath, "How beautiful!"

And so of language. Most of us use it—whatever language it be—to build fences and common bridge crossings, so to say. We are not the artists to break it apart, select or reject, and shape it with a marvelous understanding of rhythm and meaning into a wonderful carrier of beauty. Most of us use language to say things so we can get what we want and, more or less, exercise the urge common to all men of talking through word sounds.

Read a page from the ordinary newspaper story, the average letter of the average man; hear the household conversation between two housewives. Then you will find words brought together to serve the obvious need of communication between mind and mind. It will be the material of language serving the needs of people. It will be the tin cup at the well which does the business of carrying water to the mouth very definitely and rather satisfactorily. But you are not delighted with it; you never pause in the act of drinking to admire the delicate artistry seen in its shape and color. It serves your immediate want. And so will a language of slang, double negatives, faulty reference, plural subject set before wrong number and tense. It does not give you delightful reception as great speech always does; it does not make you halt, or say again a lovely phrase or sentence as you sing over the sweeter passages of a song.

LANGUAGE IS the material out of which thoughts are erected. If it is to be beautiful material set before you, it requires William Shakespeare, John Henry Newman and men and women like them to express it as beauty through selection and combination.



# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## Lister Drummond: Militant English Convert

By Maurice V. Reidy

**T**HE LONG LINE of English converts to the Church during the Nineteenth Century, headed by the great name of Newman, had a radical influence on the position of Catholics in Great Britain. The great Anglican converts, both clergy and laity, included men so highly endowed as to make their weight felt in any cause to which they had given their adherence.

Lister Drummond, subject of our present sketch, was not an intellectual giant. He was what might be termed an outstanding example of a cultivated English gentleman, a sound if not a brilliant lawyer, a sincere man of fine character, who on becoming a Catholic, became also a fighting crusader for the Catholic Faith. Genial, kindly, unaggressive in everyday life, he was unbending in his observation of Catholic practices, never shirking the least of them through human respect.

Through his father, Lister Drummond was descended from Lord Strathallen, one of the Jacobite leaders killed at Culloden in the year 1745. He studied for, and was in due course called to the Bar. He had a good practice at the Criminal Courts, held many official posts in legal life, and was eventually appointed a stipendiary magistrate of London. In all, he acquitted himself in such a way as to confer additional honor on the posts he filled. His death was regretted by thousands who were not of his Faith, but who had observed the fine work he did from day to day in the London police courts.

He has left on record the manner in which he was irresistibly drawn into the Church. The contradictory doctrines preached in the Anglican Church of his day discouraged and repelled him. In one church, as he said himself, was taught the doctrine of the "Real Presence," whilst in another church around the corner was taught the doctrine of the "Real Absence." The more he pondered on the subject of religion, the more he became convinced that the Church of Rome alone fitted the description of the Church of which he read in the New Testament. Clearly he heard the voice of the Founder of that Church: "Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

**H**IS CONVERSION when nineteen roused the anger of his father, who regarded the Catholic Church with all the contempt and dislike which was prevalent amongst Protestants of Victorian days. A lifelong estrangement between father and son was the result. His mother, the Honorable Adelaide Drummond, was a deeply religious woman, who, like her son, did not feel at home in the cold, formal, and worldly atmosphere of the Anglican Church into which she was born. For a considerable time she identified herself with the Salvation Army, then a new and strange sect, despised by the upper and middle classes of England, and insulted, jeered at, and often furiously attacked by the lower. Adelaide Drummond admired the courage

of the men and women who, according to their lights, came out in public to testify to the faith that was in them, despite the missiles of jeering mobs. She admired their warmth of devotion, their enthusiastic abandonment to their newly-established creed. It was not until she reached the age of seventy that she found the peace for which her soul yearned, within the Church to which her son had turned in his youth. She lived for thirteen years after becoming a Catholic, and died a most saintly death.

FROM THE FIRST moment of his entry into the Church, young Drummond began to give proof that his Catholicity was not of the tame and pliable sort ready to adapt itself to the atmosphere—in nearly all respects an anti-Catholic atmosphere—prevailing in his native land. As a young barrister in the Temple he became acquainted with another remarkable convert, Father Philip Fletcher, with whom he became closely identified as co-founder of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom. The aim of this Guild was the conversion of England by prayer, by work, by the re-establishment of the ancient pilgrimages once common in pre-Reformation England. Protestant England suddenly became aware that not only was the Catholic Church not dying or dormant but that it was very much alive in their midst. The drab streets of London were suddenly lent a new beauty by Catholic flags and banners; crucifixes and statues of Our Lady became familiar sights; hymns and public recitations of the Rosary resounded on the London air. Hostility was manifested here and there, but the majority of the people admired the new manifestations of Catholic life, and the disturbers were eventually suppressed. As a trained and forceful pleader in the Courts, Lister Drummond, with the approval of Cardinal Vaughan, began to

tell the public in Hyde Park and other places just what the Catholic Church was, and what it was not. Dull, and often ungrammatical, anti-Popery orators in Hyde Park and other public resorts, had no magic with which to hold their audiences when a brilliant orator began to address the crowds at a little distance from their pitches. Men and women of all religions, and of no religion, rallied round the open-air rostrum of the man to whom it was a pleasure to listen. In vain did the anti-Popery orators reveal the dreadful happenings in the interior of convents which they had never seen, the iniquities of the Vatican, the persistent plotting of the priests to overthrow the Protestant Church, and introduce Popery into England. Their audiences melted away to join the crowd who listened for the greater part with close attention to Lister Drummond who told them of "The Four Marks of the True Church," "Why I go to Confession," and "Why I joined the Church of Rome." What could be done with a man who displayed a huge placard over his pitch, bearing an inscription in large, glaring, print: "Lister Drummond, the Escaped Protestant, will speak tonight," or "Mr. Drummond, the escaped Protestant, will unmask the confessional at 8 o'clock."

THE OPEN AIR preaching of Drummond, and his helpers of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, prepared the way for the systematic work of the Catholic Evidence Guild in the present day. Drummond is also responsible for the "Red Mass," for Catholic lawyers and judges on the first day of the opening of each legal term. The Mass is said at Westminster Cathedral in the presence of the Cardinal Archbishop; and the periodic processions of Judges, King's Council, and Barristers, dressed in their wigs and gowns,



have become a permanent feature of Catholic life in London.

If Lister Drummond had done nothing else, his revival of pilgrimages to pre-Reformation Catholic shrines would make his name endure in English Catholic annals of the Nineteenth Century. Great Catholic pilgrimages were organized to visit such places as Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, Canterbury Cathedral, and various other shrines. In these pilgrimages Drummond was at his best. His knowledge as a lawyer, his genial personality, his unflinching courage and determination, conquered the opposition raised against the alleged invasion by "Romanists" of what were called Protestant edifices.

**C**ATHOLICS IN public resorts occasionally overhear opinions expressed by non-Catholics, which they inwardly resent but outwardly ignore, as the remarks were not made to them personally. At a meeting of Barristers on one occasion, an Irish Protestant barrister made some slanderous remarks on certain Irish convents which he did not name. Lister Drummond, who was present, jumped to his feet and eloquently defended the fame of Irish nuns. He offered the offending barrister the sum of twenty pounds for any charity selected by him, if he could prove the truth of his statements. As a lawyer, he insisted on having the names of the convents, of the nuns concerned, of the exact places where the convents were situated, of the dates and times of the alleged occurrences. The offending barrister murmured some inadequate excuse for not being in a position to supply the information, and ingloriously slipped out of the assembly.

Long before the outbreak of the Great War, in which Mr. Drummond's work for the Belgian refugees made his name as familiar in Belgium as it was

in England, he did a great work for Catholic sailors and soldiers. The Catholic Truth Society of England was also indebted to him for making its booklets known everywhere. He left thousands of well-selected and well-written pamphlets between the railings in front of fashionable and unfashionable houses, on the seats of trams, trains and busses, in hotels, clubs and resorts.

**A** LONDON POLICEMAN has left it on record that he and his family were converted to the Faith through a pamphlet deposited by Mr. Drummond in a railing on his beat. On another occasion a convert Catholic declared that he and his family owed their conversion to a pamphlet handed to him by Mr. Lister Drummond.

The unique position held by Mr. Lister Drummond in the Catholic community of England may be gauged by the expressions of regret and appreciation at his death voiced by Catholics from the Cardinal Archbishop down, and by non-Catholics of every social grade. Mr. Theobald Mathew, with whom he shared chambers in the Temple, said of his friend: "Holy joy is said to be an endowment of the saints. The phrase repels many readers of pious records; but I felt that in Lister's case it possessed a real and attractive meaning. He certainly communicated to others both his holiness and his joy. By Catholic lawyers Lister cannot fail to be remembered in years to come." Sir Chartres Biron, the chief of the London magistrates, and a highly respected Anglican, wrote: "In a drab world, to have added something, however little, to the sum of human happiness is no mean achievement. For all his friends, something of the sunshine of life seemed to go with him." Mr. Walter Sichel, the well-known author, wrote of him shortly after his death: "I think that of all men I have ever met, Lister Drummond most recommended

goodness, for he made it lovely and lovable. His innate distinction of mind, heart and breeding, his wit and sense of fun, his lively love of life which twinkled on all its facets, his rare gifts of grace and sympathy, his spiritual spirituality, so to speak, attached earth to him even though it was by a silken thread." We will end by one final appreciation from a priest who knew and missed him: "There is a motto," writes the Reverend J. P. Valentin, "which fitly sums up Lister Drummond's forty-one years of Catholic activity—the motto which is that of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, and which proclaims the motive which ruled his public no less than his private life:—'For God, Our Lady, and the Catholic Faith.'"

### A Seasonal Sensation

By Ethel Romig Fuller

*There is a little, lovely  
Stranger come to town.  
I passed her on the avenue,  
And, oh, my dear, her gown!  
The bouffant skirt all ruffles,  
Petal white and pink!  
The grey pellisse she carried—  
Pussywillow mink—  
Was lined with lilac taffeta,  
(The color of her mitts.)  
And you should see how snugly  
Her leaf-green bodice fits!*

*Her hat—narcissus leghorn:  
I stole a second look—  
Was trimmed with ribbon streamers,  
Satin as a brook.  
Her eyes? Brown pansy velvet.  
Her hair? Gold tulip curled.  
In her wake, a spice of  
Orris satchet swirled.  
I didn't catch her last name,  
But I heard someone say—  
I wonder where he met her?—  
"Well, if it isn't May!"*

### Mother's Ten Days

By Mary C. McLellan

#### The First Day

HE KNOWS ME, he smiles when he sees me. I hug this sweet knowledge to my heart, even though older mothers smile at each other with a little lifting of the eyebrows. One said: "Oh, my dear, babies of *its* age do not know anyone."

But I have watched, and what I see, I know. I have laid him in other arms, beautiful faces have bent over him, chirped at him and cooed to him, but he only gazed at them in wonderment. Then I have taken him, and as I bent over him, he smiled. When I clasp him to me, the fact that he is *mine* is so infinitely sweet, that I know I could bear hardship or trial in his behalf, or stand fearless, between him and danger.

#### The Second Day

He has gone to school today; six precious years I have had him all to myself. Now with a catch at my throat, and a stinging back of the eyes, I kissed him the first "good-bye." He went as far as the steps, then came fluttering back. "G-good-bye, Mamma," he quavered. I laughed and called him my little man, and he ran off with a smile, but with backward looks. I stood on the piazza and waved as he turned the corner. Then I fled to the phone and called the school.

"This is Mrs. Lindsay. My little boy is on his way to school," I faltered.

Over the wire came a dear kind voice, "I'll meet him at the gate,—and he will be all right."

I tried to thank her, but my voice sent only a broken sob into the phone, and again came the voice so kind and sweet, "Trust me." And we hung up. Aren't they wonderful—these teachers, teaching so many lives, and training



them, so the far tomorrows will find them ready for life's tasks.

I did my usual work, but I seemed to make so much clatter; and even the clock ticked loudly. I realized it was because my small son was at school. There were no swiftly running footsteps, and no little boy singing lustily as he romped through the rooms. When he returned I met him, as he flung himself into my arms, and in his haste, kissed the end of my nose.

#### The Third Day

Today Earl entered High School. I look at him in wonder,—he grows so fast. There are three piazza steps, he only touches the middle one. Coming in he gives his cap a dexterous twirl that lands it on the hook; he tosses back the wavy auburn hair, and dropping down on the piano stool, the keys seem to leap to meet his fingers as they twinkle over them, calling forth rich strains of melody, sometimes so full of life and beauty, but at evening times he plays my favorites, soft, sleepy dreamy things of exquisite sweetness.

He has a workshop in the attic and a "near gym" in the basement, yet with all his interests he is kind enough to do the dishes for me when I am ill.

#### The Fourth Day

My boy entered college today and I am so glad we live in a college town, as it would be hard for a widow to part from her only son. Soon now I may see signs of what he will be, but he has grown four square. He is so tall he looks down and calls me "Little Mother." It seems but a few yesterdays I looked down and called him my "Little Boy." His eyes are kind and true, they can twinkle with merriment, shine with joy, or grow infinitely tender over any concern of mine.

#### The Fifth Day

Earl was graduated today, with high honors, and my heart was surely the happiest one there. Now that he is

finished he is taking me to the beach for an extended stay; the family doctor and Earl have had their heads together, I suspect.

After our vacation Earl will enter the firm of Clayton Brothers. They have known him from boyhood, and unknown to us, have watched him grow, noting carefully every trait and development. Last evening the two elderly men came to our home, and offered him employment.

His delight and his surprise amused both men. Earl said, "W-why I've not had experience, and I've no recommendation or—or anything."

The elder Mr. Clayton said, "You have made your recommendation yourself."

#### The Sixth Day

Today we arrived home from our lengthy stay at the beach. We met delightful people. I read and rested a lot and feel the satisfying return of health.

On the second morning of our stay, I went to a house to buy cream, and there met the delightful daughter of the home. Ruth Saunders is the finest type of girl I ever met. Her voice is low and sweet, and in the clear depths of her eyes I read something priceless and lovable.

The next day I sent Earl for the cream, and was amply amused, when the following day, he *offered* to go. I never again had to *ask* for cream, but sometimes he was gone for two hours.

Yesterday I went to bid her good-bye and I confess I found it hard to come away. We looked deep in each other's eyes: her color was coming and going, as I whispered to her, "I have often wished for a daughter like you."

Her cheeks rivalled the roses in the trellis, as leaning toward me, she whispered, "I have often longed for a mother like you."

### The Seventh Day

The priceless gift of a daughter is mine. Ruth takes the most delightful interest in everything about her home, and she is such a friendly little soul. I am sure they will be very happy. The possessions of the house seem to fit around her, and as she is a sweet singer, there are hours of music when hearts are filled with wonderful contentment.

The past year has been a great year for Earl. He has prospered beyond my dreams. The Claytons say he is their right hand.

### The Eighth Day

The busy years have slipped away; such happy years they have been! Ruth is the dearest daughter, Earl the same big noble man. Now a small boy climbs carefully on my knee, and says, "Gran'-ma, tell me 'bout when Dadda was your little boy." And at night a very tiny girl comes to kiss me good-night.

### The Ninth Day

The little boy went to school today. Ruth stood on the piazza, and waved as he turned the corner, then hurried into the phone and I held my breath. Ruth was speaking. "This is Mrs. Earl Lindsay: our little boy is on his way to school—" "Yes—" "Oh, thank you so much."

As Ruth turned away, dabbing her eyes, she found me wiping tears away. "What is it, Mother dear?" she anxiously asked. I laughed and said, "History repeats itself, and smiles and tears are double cousins." Ruth looked puzzled, but little Betty claimed her attention, and I sat among my memories.

### The Tenth Day

"At eventide it is light." I am surrounded by all the dear ones, son and daughter, grandson and granddaughter. I am at ease. Flowers and music make golden the hours. All this because, under God, my boy started right and kept straight.

## The Mighty Magician

By Stephanie McKinley Layman

**I AM AN OLD MAN.** As I sit here, a poet of no great consequence, writing in the quietude of my inn, it seems to me that, after all, I have but one story to tell.

My thoughts go back to a golden summer morning, such as this, when I first drew rein before my cousin's house. I had never been in Seville before; but I had had no difficulty in finding my way to it, for what Sevillano did not know the whereabouts of the famous Casa de Pillato. Having been born and bred in the country, I was not without some uneasiness as to how I should comport myself. So long a time had passed since my cousin and I had played together in the fields at home! We were but children then, thinking nothing of the wide difference in our social rank; for my mother, a De Ribera, had—but with never a regret—married much beneath her.

As I was about to dismount, my cousin appeared. Tall and graceful was Juan de Ribera; very handsome, too, with his high-bred features, flashing eyes, and dark clustering hair. He was dressed in a plain, rich suit of velvet and silk, deep wine-color, on which the costly lace showed to great advantage. Though my mother had taught me not to set account upon a man's clothes but upon his breeding, I could not help feeling abashed as I realized how humble a figure I must have cut before my cousin in my stout homespun, my high festival dress though it was.

"How glad I am that you were able to come, Felipe," he said, grasping my hand warmly. "I wonder that you remember me. So many years have gone since we last met."

"Truly, a long time," I replied, "but I have never forgotten you, Juan, and often have I hoped that when your



travels took you to Madrid you would stop on your way at my father's inn. He would have been honored to receive you, and my mother has always longed to see her brother's son."

"Both are well, I trust, and the inn flourishing?" inquired Juan.

"BOTH ARE WELL, thank you, and happily busy," I answered. "The inn is not so crowded that I cannot be spared; and even had it been, my mother would have found means to do without me, for she has at heart to make a scholar of me, and holds that nothing could win me more surely to letters than to witness one of Master de la Barca's plays. How I thank you, Juan, for giving me the opportunity! When does it begin?"

"You are in a mighty hurry," laughed Juan. "Here in Seville in the summer time, the plays only begin at three. All the better, is it not, Felipe? For you must be tired out after your long ride. Come, we shall go into the house."

We crossed the patio and came into an inner court surrounded by light Moorish columns over which rose fairy-like arches, each different in design and detail, and exquisite beyond words.

"How can you live in the midst of such surpassing beauty?" I said to my cousin. "Are you not afraid, almost, to breathe? Even the gentle summer breeze, it seems to me, must injure the delicate tracery of those arabesques!"

Juan was pleased, I could see, at my genuine and frank admiration.

"Why, Felipe," he said, "I believe you've an artist's eye and, who knows, a poet's soul also. I'll wager, you'll be spouting poetry one of these days, and maybe writing plays too, once you've seen Master de la Barca's." And he laughed because I tiptoed along the galleries as you sometimes see folk tiptoe

up the aisle of a church, instinctively in reverence to the Divine Presence.

After our siesta we set out for the theatre on foot. Throngs of people were hastening in the same direction, for all Seville was agog over Master de la Barca's plays—Master Calderon he was now commonly called. *The Mighty Magician* which was to be presented that afternoon was, they said, better than any he had yet produced.

The theatre was the courtyard of the principal inn of Seville, much the same in general aspect as my father's, but of course much larger; not large enough, however, to accommodate all the playgoers. Luckily our places were reserved. Having seen minor plays acted by strolling companies in our own inn yard, I noticed that the stage was set up at one end, just as it was in ours. There were also the same *gradas* or rising seats, for the men, and the *cazuela* for the women; with the *desvans* or balconies and *apostos* above. Juan led me to the *Ribera desvan*.

AS THE ACTORS had not appeared the ladies had not put on their masks. I found them fascinating in their brilliant gowns, with their high, jeweled combs gleaming in their dark hair, their gorgeous fans, and their graceful mantillas. But one lady in particular held my attention. Many beauties were more dazzling than she; but she had an indescribable charm in her delicate features, an exquisite fairness in the ivory tones of her complexion, a radiance in the soft light of her thoughtful eyes, a sweetness in the sensitive carmine lips that, to me, was incomparably more lovely than the vivid beauty of those around her. She sat silent in the midst of the gay chatter, her old-rose gown admirably suited to her delicate loveliness; the white roses she held in her tiny gloved hand seemed to me the last touch to the gracious

picture. Youthfulwise I was beginning to weave fancies about her, when a sudden lull in the hubbub of voices stopped me short. An actor was reciting the *loa*. The play had begun.

I FOLLOWED with interest the fascinating story of Cypriano and Justina, two holy martyrs of Antioch. The first act presented Cypriano, still a pagan philosopher, deep in study, seeking to find evidence of the existence of a Supreme Deity. Satan, fearing that he might discover the truth, breaks in upon his retirement, disguised as a man of learning, and engages in a dispute with Cypriano upon the subject of his research. Satan is beaten in the argument and withdraws to plot other means for the ensnaring of Cypriano. Passion he decides will be the most potent instrument. Accordingly, he prompts Lelius and Florus, two pupils of Cypriano, who are both in love with the fair Christian, Justina, to settle their claim to the lady's hand by a duel to the death. The spot the rivals choose for their encounter is precisely that where Cypriano has withdrawn to study. Cypriano interferes, and upon hearing their story agrees to visit Justina to discover, if he may, to which of them this paragon of excellence has given her heart. Here the first act ended, and a bewitching Sevillana began dancing the *ole*.

As soon as the manager of the troupe, assisted by the innkeeper and his men, could quiet the mob, the play proceeded.

Cypriano visits Justina as has been agreed, but instead of executing his commission falls hopelessly in love with her! Being a devout Christian, Justina rejects his advances. Far be it from her to hold intercourse, still less to ally herself, with a pagan.

Despairing of his suit Cypriano sells his soul to a Mighty Magician—Satan in disguise—upon the understanding

that the magician will teach him his black arts, that thereby he may secure Justina. Both the magician and Cypriano depart to the desert for a year to study and practise the dark science of sorcery.

While Cypriano studies assiduously in the desert Satan roams Antioch, stirs up the governor against the Christians, and tempts Justina in every possible way. In vain, however, does he essay to seduce her; her innocence defies him, and time and again defeats him.

At last, in desperation he brings to Cypriano a demon transformed into the shape of the fair Christian maiden; but lo! when Cypriano would embrace his beloved, she vanishes with a loud cry into the dark depths of the earth. A piercing shaft of light fells Satan to the ground and despite himself he is forced to acknowledge that the Christ Justina adores is, indeed, truly God. This avowal instantly converts Cypriano, and he flees to the hut of a holy hermit to seek instruction in the doctrines of Christianity. Thunderous applause followed as the actors withdrew; and no wonder! Satan thwarted, Christ triumphant! That stirs a Spanish heart!

IN THE NEXT act Cypriano, fresh from his baptism, comes on the stage where the Governor of Antioch is seated in state in his tribunal. Justina, now a prisoner, has been condemned to death; she is to suffer her martyrdom that very day. Though once his friend, the Governor condemns Cypriano to death because before all the assembly he professes Christianity. Upon hearing his death sentence Cypriano swoons. I heard exclamations of disgust at his behavior which was, however, but a device of Master Calderon's to bring about what next happened. A poor device, I judged, and offensive to a man's notion of manliness. The Governor thereupon orders Justina to be brought



in and everyone else to withdraw. Upon Cypriano's recovering consciousness both are to be instantly executed.

Very beautiful Justina looked in her plain white robe, the picture of serene innocence and sweetness. After Cypriano came to himself, great was his joy upon seeing his beloved whose Faith he now fully shared, and to whom, soon, he was certain he would be undyingly united in Heaven. He told how he had become a Christian and what had befallen him while the world believed him dead. Awaiting the executioner the blessed pair prayed together. What a touching sight it was! A hush fell upon the audience. When the executioner appeared upon the scene to do his work he was greeted with groans by the groundlings and some of the women covered their faces as the martyrs were led behind the scene. A moment later a bell announced that the sword had fallen.

**A** TERRIBLE darkness descended on the city of Antioch. Its walls fell in with a tremendous crash; thunder and lightning rent the air; all was terror and confusion. A weird calm followed upon this storm; and in a ghostly twilight, more awesome than the darkness, Satan appeared, a giant horror frightful of aspect, with bat-like wings extended over the scaffold where the martyrs had suffered death.

A second time defeated, finally Satan is obliged to acknowledge that Christ is God, and he is compelled to declare further that Cypriano and Justina are enjoying now and forever the beatitude of Heaven. As if the words were live coals, Satan spat out the avowal, then vanished into the earth. Immediately a light of glory shone over the bodies of the two martyrs, witnessing to their victory over temptation and death.

Awed and thrilled by this splendid drama I turned toward the lady in rose

and noticed with rapture that she too was evidently enjoying the same emotions. I was beginning to picture myself as Cypriano and the lady as Justina when my cousin drew me away. At that moment the lady dropped one of her roses. Stooping, I picked it up, shaking off his arm as I did so. She smiled at me.

"Juan," I cried, "who is she?"

"She, where?" he said. "Make haste."

"There, on the balcony, the beautiful one with the white roses," said I, standing as one possessed.

**T**HAT IS THE Señorita Ysabella Dolores Martinez; but, Felipe, she is not for you," said Juan, noticing my emotion. "Her father has betrothed her to a hidalgo whom she has never seen; though 'tis said he comes soon to claim his bride."

"Then she cannot love him," I cried. This seemed too cruel a fate for my lady of the roses.

"Perhaps she may in time. At any rate it would be impossible for her to draw back now."

"But you know her, do you not? You can present me to her?"

"Yes, I suppose I could arrange an introduction. But why?"

"Juan, I have always believed that marriages were made in Paradise, and my heart tells me that she is my love."

"There speaks your mother, Felipe! Alas, it is not so easy as all that. Even if all were not already arranged, think you her family would look on an inn-keeper's son, even though he is related to the Riberas?"

"But I would leave the inn for her. Win renown. Be a soldier."

Juan smiled sadly at my boldness. "It is too late."

Nevertheless, he presented me to Ysabella. Never shall I forget that meeting. The Senora Martinez eyed me coldly, though she was more cordial to

Juan who kindly engaged her attention so that I was free to speak with my lady.

After that we met daily, chaperoned by Ysabella's deaf old nurse who often discreetly dozed behind her fan. Soon we were deeply in love, and for a time forgetting the gulf that lay between us were blissfully happy. But the day before her mother was to return I arrived to find Ysabella in tears.

"What is it, my dear one? Do you weep because your mother is to come?" I chided her.

"Alas, Felipe. Worse than that! My father has had a message from the hidalgo, my betrothed. He is to arrive tomorrow and wishes to hasten the marriage. What shall we do?"

"Do! Oh, Ysabella, there is but one thing to do. This marriage must not take place. I will go to your father and tell him of our love. Surely he—"

"Oh, Felipe, it is hopeless. You do not know my father. He is a proud man, and besides the word of a Martinez has been given. But my word has not been given. I was not consulted. Felipe, if you were to marry me without my father's knowledge before the hidalgo comes—"

"NO," I CRIED. "That is not the way. I'll not marry you in secret, but gladly before all the world. If I were to do that your parents would indeed be angry and might never forgive you. I would not have your love for me bring you unhappiness. I will go to your father, and if that fails, to the hidalgo himself—"

"So, you miserable girl, this is how you repay the effort of your parents to procure for you an advantageous marriage! Disgracing yourself with this fortune hunter. Go to your room at once."

*Maria Sanctissima!* the Señora had returned.

In vain I protested the sincerity of my love for Ysabella. The Señora, and later her husband, would have none of it. Could their daughter prefer an inn-keeper's son to a hidalgo? Impossible! Could they countenance such an insult to a nobleman? Unthinkable! I was forbidden ever again to enter their home.

MY LAST NIGHT in Seville I went with Juan to the theatre. Ysabella was to be there with her betrothed and I wished one more glimpse of her to carry back home to solace the emptiness of my life. My heart was bitter. I felt that God had done me an injustice. Well I knew that, poor though I was, I could have made her happier than the hidalgo ever would for I could see at a glance that I loved her more than he—if indeed he loved her at all.

Ysabella was standing near the railing of the balcony to the right of ours, apparently waiting for her escort who was calling down to someone in the crowd below. How I wished I were in that hidalgo's place! And how unmannerly he was to keep a fair lady waiting! Neither did I like the florid flush of his countenance. My beloved was more pale than usual, paler even than the white roses she carried in her arm. Her eyes sent me one piteous glance then turned away. Happily the play began, or I know not what madness I might have committed, for my brain swirled with desperate thoughts.

The play was again *The Mighty Magician*. Slowly its holy influence calmed my turbulent passions. Again in my imagination I assumed the rôle of Cypriano, and Ysabella became Justina. Gradually my will was strengthened and my heart became at peace until at last, when Cypriano and Justina went forth to martyrdom, I too was ready to die for my Faith. I resolved to bow to the Will of God and to give up Ysabella. I would return to my father's inn, never



to leave it again. For me, life was over.

Enthusiastic applause broke in upon my thoughts. Cries of "Victor" mingled with exclamations of regret that the play was over. The stir of departure began. In the courtyard was animation begging description which the occupants of the *apostas* watched with amused interest. Then a scuffle broke out in the crowd below. The hidalgo had dropped his hat and was leaning over the balcony's railing angrily shouting at the *mosqueteros* to return it to him.

Wishing to leave before my good resolutions should desert me, I turned to Juan to suggest that we go when, all of a sudden, before I could open my lips, I heard a cry of terror mingled with groans of horror. I swung around in a flash. *Maria Sanctissima!* What a sight met my eyes!

A clumsy lout with the hidalgo's hat upon his head had attempted to climb the balcony on which Ysabella stood. Under the strain of his weight its ancient supports were giving away. I saw the hidalgo with no thought of his betrothed leap back to safety while with one wild bound I sprang to rescue my beloved.

When I reached her—*Maria Sanctissima!* How still she was!

"Ysabella mia, speak to me, my darling," I cried.

AND GOD was good. She lived. But long and slow was her recovery. When at last it was accomplished, the broken hip had failed to heal properly. One leg was shorter than the other. When the hidalgo learned of this the engagement was discreetly cancelled.

At last, and with great reluctance, Ysabella's parents listened to my suit. We were quietly wed and I brought her to this inn where my mother welcomed her with more love than ever I think her own bestowed upon her.

A few short years of happiness, God gave us, then my Ysabella died. But I know that it was better so. Never strong, she suffered greatly since her fall. Yet had it not been for that accident we never could have wed.

All these years I have kept faith with my love, waiting till God should join us again; and sometimes, lately, in the moonlight I seem to see her standing in the courtyard, still young and fair, still carrying her white roses. And she smiles at me and whispers that death will come soon and we shall be together.

I am an old man, and perhaps I dream. But this I know, our love will wait till Paradise.

### Early Irish Missions in Italy

(A Franciscan Lay Brother's Researches)

By A. Hilliard Atteridge

AFTER THE world-wide war of 1914-18 there were many vocations to the priesthood and the monastic life among men who had served by land, sea and air in the armed forces of the belligerents. There were not a few who had held high command and won well-earned distinction. For most of them it was a call to the altar, but there were some who asked to be received into one or other of the religious Orders as lay brothers.

Some of these were highly educated men who could have at once begun their studies for the priesthood. Of these was Brother Anselmo Tommasini, who received the cord and grey habit of a Franciscan lay brother. Most of his years since then have been passed at Rome, where he is one of the community of the Irish College of St. Isidore. This is one of the colleges founded in the Catholic lands of old Europe, in the time of the persecutions that followed the so-called Reformation, to prepare students to minister to the persecuted Catholics of their native lands.

When he took the Franciscan habit as a lay brother, Brother Anselmo abandoned a successful career for the coming years. As a young university student he had devoted himself largely to scientific subjects, in which he won high distinction. After taking his degree he spent some time in practical training in the workshops, and then obtained a post in the Government railway engineering and organization service. He won rapid promotion, and for some years his official duties took him all over Italy from the Alps to Sicily.

When Italy joined the Western Allies in the Great War, Tommasini was attached to the headquarters staff of the armies in the North. He did most valuable service when, in October, 1917, the Austro-German armies broke through the Italian front on the north-eastern frontier. He was entrusted with the important task of organizing the railway transport of the French and British armies that were hurried into northern Italy to save an almost hopeless situation. He took a leading part in organizing the supplies of the allied armies holding the line of the Piave and received high praise for his part in this difficult task.

**W**HEN THE WAR ended, his good service in this critical period for Italy assured him a prosperous career in the public service. His friends were surprised at hearing that he resigned his official employment and cast aside the brilliant prospects that his distinguished services had ensured for him.

After a novitiate with the Franciscans he took his vows as a lay brother. It was expected that he would leave Italy to spend the rest of his life in the Italian missions of Africa or Asia, but another field was assigned to him.

When he entered the Franciscan novitiate he had handed over to his superiors a large collection of manuscript

notes and other documents, which he had put together during several years of his service under the government when he was travelling all over Italy. He suggested that they might have special interest for the Irish Franciscan Fathers at St. Isidore's.

**L**IKE OTHER energetic men, he had found recreative diversion from the daily routine of his professional work. It is a relief for many such men to give their spare time to some "hobby," that has little or no connection with their business or official interests. Many successful men choose for their diversion the making of collections of interesting objects from postage stamps to works of art and first editions of famous books. While he was employed by the Italian government, Brother Anselmo had found relief, from the round of official inspections and reports, in devoting the opportunities of his years of travel to making a collection of notes and documents on interesting elements in Italian history of the early mediaeval period, and its commemoration in the life of the present day. When, on entering the novitiate, he handed this collection to his superiors, they recognized its value.

In his earlier journeys in Italy he had been first surprised and then interested at finding many churches and chapels dedicated to St. Patrick and St. Brigid, not only in great cities but in little country towns and obscure mountain villages. In many he found churches dedicated to other Irish saints, and the same saint was thus honored in many parts of the country. In the extreme south, he found that Taranto counted as its patron saint, St. Cataldus—St. Cathal of Kerry—who was its bishop some 1200 years ago. His shrine was a local centre of pilgrimage. These local honors to his memory were not surprising, but it was remarkable that churches dedicated to him were



found also in many other places, including some of which there is no mention in any record of his missionary travels. It was easier to account for the popular devotion to and local legends of the most famous of the early Irish missionaries, St. Columban, for his tomb-shrine at Bobbio in northern Italy is a centre of pilgrimage from all parts of the country.

WHEN THE railway expert turned to historical works he found only scanty references to the part played by the Irish missionaries in the remaking of Italy, after the downfall of the Roman Empire. Yet it seemed obvious to him that this must have been an important element in the making of the new Europe and the saving of Christianity in Italy at a time when the flood of barbarian invasion was sweeping over old Europe.

It was a relief from the routine of his official duties to study the question of Ireland's influence in the re-shaping of his native land during those troubled times. He seems, however, to have had no literary ambitions when he began his great collection of notes and documents bearing on the services of the Irish missionaries to mediaeval Italy. It was a studious recreation that developed into a devotion. From the parish priests of churches dedicated to the Irish saints he had some records of their history. A master of the dialects of Italy, he collected from the country folk popular traditions of their Irish patrons. Much of his annual vacation was devoted to collecting information from works bearing on his favorite subject. He studied the records of three centuries to secure a sound general knowledge of the origin and development of the great Irish missionary movement that was so soon the sequel to St. Patrick's conversion of Ireland. He became an expert in these studies, and his collection of notes and docu-

ments grew from month to month and from year to year.

The great war interrupted his studies, and his labor of love was laid aside. When peace returned and he had received the habit of St. Francis, he hoped that his notes might be of some use to one or other of the historical experts of the Order. Happily these experts examined his collection of notes and documents, and not only realized its values, but soon felt that the lay brother was not only himself an expert in historical research, but also had the gift of a graceful literary style. It was decided that he pursue researches and prepare a work worthy of his favorite study.

HE WAS ATTACHED to the Irish College of St. Isidore, where he had access to many historical works and manuscripts in the Roman libraries. Greatest of these treasure houses of historical documents is of course the world famous Vatican library. There the student has in his researches, aid from a splendid organization of experts, and instead of the necessarily slow labor of pen and ink, copyists can easily obtain from efficiently organized and equipped photographers, not mere transcripts, but facsimiles of page after page of historical manuscripts. He was able also to obtain material for his work from the great treasury of the Bollandists of Brussels and from other centers of research.

Years of patient preparation at last resulted in Fra Anselmo producing his exceptionally valuable work on *The Irish Saints in Italy*. The original Italian edition was published at Milan in 1932, on the eve of the International Eucharistic Congress of Dublin, and timed somewhat to the celebration of the fifteenth centenary of St. Patrick's mission to Ireland. In the preface to his work he modestly describes it as, "an humble but loving

tribute to the island that has done such good service to the cause of Christian civilization" and he expresses the hope that it may lead other students of history to undertake more complete researches. But a highly competent expert in the records of Ireland's service to the Faith—Father Gregory Cleary O. F. M., D. D.—has expressed the opinion that the results of Brother Anselmo's researches are so complete as to leave little scope for further discoveries on the subjects with which he deals.

Writing primarily for his fellow countrymen in Italy Brother Anselmo devotes many pages at the outset of his history to a masterly essay on St. Patrick's conversion of Ireland, the wonderful development of the religious life that at once began among the Irish people, the rapid rise of monastic foundations all over the country, and the results that followed in the Irish missions to other lands during the troubled centuries that followed the downfall of the old Roman Empire. The concluding pages of his Introduction give a sketch of the Ireland of penal times, and the heroic endurance that at last resulted in the winning of freedom for Faith and Fatherland. Then comes the main theme of the work—the record of the Irish missionaries in the Italy of the early Middle Ages.

An English translation of this important work\* was published in the early summer of 1937—a version worthy of the original. It well deserves a world-wide circulation in English-speaking lands, and especially among the Catholics of the Irish race "sons of the sea-divided Gael." I hope it will find a place in every Catholic library of America, and in many an Irish home.

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\* *Irish Saints in Italy*, by Fra Anselmo M. Tommasini, O. F. M. with an Introduction by the Rev. Father Gregory Cleary, O. F. M., D. D. Translated with some additional notes by J. F. Scanlan.—Sands and Company, London and Glasgow (1937).

## Diamond Jubilee Greetings

Dear Reverend Editor: I learn with pleasure that on May 4th THE AVE MARIA commemorates its 75th year of service to the Catholic Church. I wish to congratulate you and your predecessors on the quality of this service. I have read THE AVE MARIA for many years and always with interest and profit.

With very best wishes and kindest regards, I am very sincerely yours in Christ,

FRANCIS J. SPELLMAN,  
Archbishop of New York.

Dear Father Carroll: Permit me to congratulate THE AVE MARIA through you as Editor for its seventy-five years of service to Catholic journalism on May fourth. THE AVE MARIA has always adhered to high standards of literary excellence, while its comments on current events of importance have been judicious and helpful in the shaping of sound constructive opinion. May it continue to serve for many years to come the cause of religion and Christian culture. With kindest personal greetings, I am very sincerely yours in the Lord,

JOSEPH F. RUMMEL,  
Archbishop of New Orleans.

Dear Father Editor: Seventy-five years of real service to Catholic journalism is no mean record. THE AVE MARIA has always been a wholesome publication, according to the best traditions of Catholic devotion to Our Blessed Lady, and that is why it is so popular with the Catholic laity and so highly endorsed by the hierarchy and clergy.

ALFRED A. SINNOTT,  
Archbishop of Winnipeg.

Editor, THE AVE MARIA: Among my earliest recollections is the delight given me by the reading of THE AVE MARIA, and still I find pleasure and profit from the weekly perusal of its columns. Let



me congratulate you on its completion of seventy-five years of outstanding journalistic success.

J. T. McNALLY,  
Archbishop of Halifax.

Editor, *THE AVE MARIA*: Permit me to extend sincerest congratulations on your Diamond Jubilee. Your magazine has done a fine piece of work in Catholic journalism and deserves every commendation.

WILLIAM L. ADRIAN,  
Bishop of Nashville.

Reverend and dear Father: I have known *THE AVE MARIA* almost since the time I learned to read. It came to our home regularly and it was read.

I am very happy to note that you are celebrating the Diamond Jubilee of this most worthy exponent of Catholic journalism and I want you to know that I rejoice with you and that I hope prayerfully for many years of continued service to the Church and to souls in behalf of *THE AVE MARIA*.

With an expression of my deep esteem and begging Almighty God to reward you richly for all the hard work you are expending in the publication of *THE AVE MARIA*, I am,

Yours sincerely in the Lord,  
FRANK A. THILL,  
Bishop of Concordia.

Dear Father Carroll: You may well be proud of the splendid record achieved by *THE AVE MARIA* during its seventy-five years of service; service rendered not only to Catholic journalism but to Catholic homes and schools. I have often heard men and women, many of them now Priests and Sisters, speak of the happy hours when, as a reward, they were permitted by their mothers at home or by their teachers in the classroom, to read *THE AVE MARIA*.

May God bless you and your associates and grant you continued success

and still greater circulation of your very fine weekly periodical!

Very sincerely in Christ,  
JOHN MARK GANNON,  
Bishop of Erie.

Reverend Father Carroll: It has been my privilege to be on the list of *THE AVE MARIA* for the last ten years and I wish on the occasion of your Diamond Jubilee to congratulate you upon reaching such a venerable age.

You have helped immensely in developing a real and practical devotion to our Blessed Mother and thereby you have served the Church most effectively. May your work be continued many years to come, so that you may reach the hundred mark!

May I profit by this occasion to thank you for your generosity in sending me *THE AVE MARIA* every week for so long a time. I am a poor Missionary Bishop without any revenue. Otherwise, I would certainly do my share by the payment of my subscription.

Yours cordially in J. C. and M. I.,  
JOSEPH GUY, O. M. I.,  
Bishop of Gravelbourg.

Reverend Father Carroll: I very cordially felicitate on its seventy-fifth anniversary, *THE AVE MARIA*, which has been a source of enlightenment and inspiration to many by its excellent and timely reading matter. May its good work continue with the blessing of God!

HENRY ALTHOFF,  
Bishop of Belleville.

Dear Father Carroll: It is a pleasure to offer congratulations to the Editor and Staff on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of *THE AVE MARIA*. Who will count the homes to which *THE AVE MARIA* has come as a messenger of truth and comfort during the past seventy-five years? All who love the cause

which it has served so faithfully and well will say from the heart *Ad Multos Annos*.

With all good wishes, I am,

Yours sincerely,

JOHN M. MCNAMARA,

Auxiliary Bishop of Baltimore.

Reverend and dear Father: Your most praiseworthy magazine, THE AVE MARIA, has come to the Bishop's house here every week for over twenty years. It was always given a most hearty welcome as a dear, noble and much desired friend.

By its regular and gracious supply of charming Catholic literature it has won our admiration and acquired a title to our deep gratitude.

I have remailed every number to some isolated families. It is endeared to them all and has done in their midst the work of an apostle.

Devotedly yours in Xto and M. I.,

E. M. BUNOZ, O. M. I.,

Vicariate-Apostolic of the Yukon and Prince Rupert, British Columbia.

Editor, THE AVE MARIA: Priests and people join me in sincere congratulations to Our Lady's faithful, illustrious and welcome messenger, THE AVE MARIA. Even more beautiful with the passing years it still enlightens and blesses each home it enters. *Prospera, procede et regna.*

CHARLES F. BUDDY,

Bishop of San Diego.

Dear Reverend Father: Allow me to join your host of friends, admirers and well-wishers, in extending congratulations on the Diamond Jubilee of THE AVE MARIA. THE AVE MARIA has been a most welcome weekly visitor for many years. I have derived much pleasure and profit from its timely, brave and virile notes, as well as edification from the general tenor of its rich contents.

May the Blessed Mother, whose honor and devotion you are promoting in a special manner, keep your magazine ever as youthful and vigorous as it is today after seventy-five years of beneficent influence. With blessings,

JULES B. JEANMARD,

Bishop of Lafayette, La.

My dear Father Carroll: Ten thousand congratulations and as many blessings for and on THE AVE MARIA on the occasion of the seventy-fifth year of publication.

I read and admired THE AVE MARIA when the saintly Father Hudson was its editor—I read it and admire it now.

From my heart I pray God through His Immaculate Mother to bless THE AVE MARIA, its editor, etc. *Ad multos annos.*

Cordially and gratefully yours in Christ,

M. J. FOLEY,

Editor, Western Catholic.

Dear Father Carroll: Weeks ago I made a note on my calendar to send you a word of congratulation on the seventy-fifth anniversary of THE AVE MARIA. Only illness on the staff has prevented my writing to you sooner.

The Diamond Jubilee is an occasion for far-reaching joy and satisfaction to all who are interested in the Catholic Press. The pioneering spirit which created THE AVE MARIA has fortunately not been lost in the long years of service which your publication has given. May your high standards always be followed and may your uncompromising defense of the Faith be an inspiration to others.

Begging God to bless your splendid work and with kindest personal regards, I am, cordially yours,

THEOPHANE MAGUIRE, C. P.,

Editor, The Sign.



## Signs of Spring

By Sara Van Alstyne Allen

*These are the signs of spring today:  
A hint of green on a distant hill,  
A flowerpot on a window sill,  
Delicate new winds that pass  
Along a rising sea of grass.  
Here are roof-tops bright and new  
Under a canopy of blue.  
A bird high in a budding tree  
Sings on a branch where a nest will be.  
A boy's red kite flies brave and high,  
A banner in a windy sky.  
The voice of Spring is in the air,  
Makes a music everywhere,  
And in the sun of noon today  
Shines the radiant hope of May!*

## The Meek Shall Inherit

By May Evelyn Skiles

"**WHO** IS IT, Cousins?" a pleasant voice called.

For answer, the housekeeper, with determined expression, drew inside the vestibule a frightened boy.

"I found him on the porch, Mrs. Trilitt," turning appealingly toward her mistress. "He was at the crack in the door. You don't deny it, do you? You were looking through the crack of the door," fastening her eyes on the boy, "now, weren't you? Mrs. Trilitt, it shouldn't be encouraged," and the voluble Cousins stopped for breath, as her mistress put up a restraining hand.

Mrs. Trilitt came toward the boy. "You were on the porch?" not unkindly. For an instant the boy looked up, his startled blue eyes meeting the gray ones of the lady. Then the lids drooped and he stood eyeing the worn shoes, his face white and drawn, his lips forlornly drawn downward.

"He can't even look you in the eye, ma'am."

"Hush, Cousins. You will answer, will you not, dear?"

"Dear!" No wonder the blue eyes were raised now.

"Could you tell me now why you were on the porch?"

"I wasn't doin' no harm—I just wanted to see. . . ."

"You know looking into people's houses isn't the best thing to do—"

"Yes, I know, but I wanted to so much. Maybe if I had known that a lady like you would mind about it—maybe then I wouldn't have done it; but all the same I would have wanted to," he admitted shyly.

The lady smiled. "As you say, you didn't do any harm—but I am wondering why you came." Suddenly she stopped thinking and a terrible thought must have crossed her mind. She must have shown it for the boy said, "No—no—don't think that—I never beg—"

"I didn't think it, dear," looking at the proud little face that was far too white. Then she rang the bell, and went to the doorway just as a maid appeared. Mrs. Trilitt said something to the maid in a low tone, so low that the boy could not hear, but the maid smiled. When Mrs. Trilitt came back to the boy, she drew a chair to his side and she took his hand in hers. With his free hand, he touched the lady's arm.

"You aren't cold?" leaning over him.

"**NOW?**" LOOKING up into her face. "A fellah couldn't be cold with someone to touch him, could he?"

"Someone to touch him—oh, dear boy, you haven't any mother?" she breathed.

He shook his head: "No; but I know a fellah that has—he says it's great—but he talks a lot—I didn't know. You are a mother?"

"Yes—I was."

"Are all mothers like you?"

"Some are much better."

"Than you?" doubtfully. "I don't see

how they could be," eyeing the maid who was rolling in a tea wagon.

"I thought it would be nice to eat together—in here."

THE WHITE LINEN and moving tray caught the boy's eye; the rolls and the fried chicken and the cranberry sauce did not escape him either. "I am to eat with you?" his eyes on his shabby clothes, but at least the small hands were clean.

"I like company."

"I never saw a table on wheels," he said biting the chicken with relish. Then he paused: "I didn't tell you why I was on your porch. You see it's this way. At night where I sleep, Mag, the woman, comes from work. Bob—he comes too. Both of them are tired. They are always tired. Sometimes they fight when they are not too tired. I heard Mag tell him once that she thought that was what made them fight—because they were both tired. I heard Bob tell Mag that maybe she was right—he called her 'old girl' and he said there wasn't ever goin' to be a time when they were not tired. Sometimes when they are tired they fight me. It doesn't take much strength to fight me—I'm little. I don't mind much. You see it makes a difference when folks are tired. Everybody fights when they're tired, don't they?"

"Why, I didn't know."

"How queer!"

Something strange happened; the lady couldn't swallow her bite of roll.

"Could I hit you on the back?" sympathetically. "Mag says—"

She was smiling now. "I am all right. Take a piece of chicken breast, dear. And where are Mag and Bob now?"

"They are sleeping, and I couldn't go to sleep. They would whip me if they knew I was here."

"They will worry to find you gone. They may wake up."

"Lady, they don't ever wake till morning."

"But you shouldn't have run away."

"They'd be glad if I didn't come back, 'cept for the pay somebody gives 'em for me. They don't see me much. They are always tired when they come home."

"You came because they were asleep?"

"I came because I had heard about homes. I heard a boy boasting and I wanted to see if he was right. I wanted to see inside a home. I didn't know what a home would look like. I can tell him now. I—I—have seen a home. Thank you, lady," sliding from the big chair. "I must be goin'. I didn't see any harm—I just wanted to see a home." His little face bright and smiling.

"If Mag and Bob don't wake till morning, couldn't you stay with me to-night? I'll let you go early in the morning—"

"You mean stay all night in a home?" unbelieving.

"Yes, and I'm going to make an arrangement to have you stay with me always. Would you be contented?"

"Stay in a home always? Oh, lady!"

The blue eyes shone like stars. Perhaps that is why the lady's eyes suddenly seemed to blur, for she seemed unable to stand the light that emanated from the blue eyes.

## May

By Ethelyn Miller Hartwich

*Light-footed May with happy eyes*

*Moves softly through her wooded hall*

*With tiptoe steps as springtime flies.*

*I hear her leafy laughter fall*

*Because some argent-tinted cloud*

*Makes moist a silken silver breeze,*

*And all her fruit trees standing proud*

*Lift petals for the wind to tease.*

*With May my eyes are wide for seeing*

*Sweet beauty on its way to being.*



# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

Tongue twister: chop shops, stock shops.



Fulton Market in New York is the largest fish distributing center in the world.



Calico gets its name from Calicut, India, because it was first imported from that place.



After the leech has once had its fill of blood, it can live for months before needing another meal.



We Americans eat over sixteen billion pounds of meat a year, about twice as much as any other nation of equal size.



Chrysanthemum salad is one of Japan's most highly favored dishes. Dahlia bulbs are also popular as a vegetable.



A United States Biological Survey estimated the number of bats in the Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico at three millions.



The greyhound can run at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. The thoroughbred horse will stretch that average to thirty-eight miles.



During the 1880's when special efforts were being made to populate Southern California, railroad rates

were cut so viciously that at one time it was possible to travel from the Mississippi to Los Angeles for a dollar.



If there were only three people in the world, two of them would get into a corner and talk about the third.—*Anon.*



In spite of their ability to forecast rain, snow or fair weather, our meteorologists are seldom if ever able to forecast a tornado.



Every year about four hundred-thousand people in this country are attacked by pneumonia. The bulk of these attacks come in February and March.



Since monkeys catch cold from nearness to human beings, most zoo keepers prepare for the "Monday colds" which result from the influx of Sunday visitors.



When the Armistice was signed after the World War, there were 21,000 new American millionaires. That accounts for some of the efforts to force us into the present conflict.



There are over three hundred individual trees in this country whose historical interest has won a place for them in the Hall of Fame of the American Forestry Association in Washington, D. C.



Once when Jack London was in Korea, an official of the hotel announced that the entire population was gathered in the square below to see him. Enormously pleased, Jack mounted the platform prepared for the occasion, only to be asked to take out his bridge of artificial teeth. Living up to the situation, he forgot his pride and continued taking out his teeth and putting them back in again for a full half-hour to the thunderous applause of the multitude.

## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**Blue Shadows and Other Poems**, by Margery Cannon Murphy. St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. Price, \$1.

Mrs. Murphy's little tributes to the Mother of God and her acknowledgment of God's presence in the world provide the subject matter for most of the verses in this volume. Though the sincerity of the poems cannot be doubted, one would wish that Mrs. Murphy had avoided the repetition of theme and included more like *To One Deafened*:

And so in you God's miracle is found,  
For He has taken from your mind the sound  
Of busy earth, the heated, nervous shrill,  
And gives in place of this the still  
Cool sounds that linger near a pansy bed  
Or point to distant stars above your head;  
Why need you wish to hear the words we say  
Who have the voice of God both night and day!

And like this pure lyric, *When I Am Old*:

I shall not mind  
The whiteness of my hair,  
Or that my slow steps falter  
On the stair;  
Or that young friends hurry  
As they pass,  
Or what strange image  
Greets me in the glass;  
If I can feel,  
As roots feel in the sod,  
That I am growing old to bloom  
Before the face of God!

The Catholic poet possessing the beautiful heritage of the Church is obligated to make use of that heritage. It is often more important, in the belief of this reviewer, for Catholic poetry to be more Catholic in spirit than in content. Mrs. Murphy, like so many of her excellent company, writes in such manner and on such themes as to exclude her non-Catholic friends. *Dawn* (to name only one of many in this book) is too definitely the Catholic's own, just as one's confession is one's own, and will find little if any response

on the part of readers who do not understand the dogmas involved.

Despite this too subjective quality, which may be no fault of the poet, Mrs. Murphy's verses convey a sensitive awareness of beauty. It is good to share the experiences of so genuine and so gentle a singer in this day of dull propaganda poetry.

Mary-Virginia Rosenfeld.

**She Wears a Crown of Thorns**, by Rev. O. A. Boyer. Published by the author, St. Edmund's Church, Ellenburg, N. Y. Price, \$2.50.

The natural interest which all people feel towards ecstasies is considerably heightened when those same ecstasies have been favored by the manifestation of the stigmata. And that added interest, if we may be permitted to say so, is in turn heightened by the controversies which have invariably waged around those favored servants of God. For that reason we welcome this straightforward presentation of the life of Marie Rose Ferron, the stigmatized ecstatic of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, popularly known by her intimates as "Little Rose." Father Boyer makes no exaggerated claims. He simply presents the case as it appeared to the eyes of everyday witnesses, with just sufficient explanation as he goes along to remove any misunderstanding about the various phenomena. One reservation he does make, and this we believe adds to the presentation more than anything else. He insists that his readers approach this case with at least some knowledge of Mystical Theology. Therefore he devotes his two opening chapters entirely to that subject. Thereafter he practically hands over the case to the reader—and an edifying and convincing case it is. Two suggestions we would make for any future editions: one, that



the sentence structure be revised in places; the other, that the picture on the jacket be kept to the interior of the book. Outside of those two possible corrections, we sincerely recommend this book. It should have a salutary effect upon all readers.

Frederick Bovee.

**John, Apostle of Peace**, by the Rev. Leo Gregory Fink. Published by the Paulist Press, New York. Price, \$1.50.

The story of the New Testament is seldom fully appreciated. And as the world grows older, it seems to become more difficult to reach into past glories and derive benefit therefrom. Perhaps the recent ideas of "change" that blatantly accost us on every side have increased the reluctance to take a good, long look over the shoulder. The Catholic Church, paradoxically, is masterful in retaining tradition, and yet in sponsoring and leading pioneers in many endeavors. It has learned to learn from what has gone on in centuries past.

*John, Apostle of Peace*, is an attempt to rekindle something of the Catholic attitude of the first century in the minds of modern Catholic youth. Very simply and clearly, the author goes over the story of that time as revealed by this exalted writer of the New Testament. The text is extremely easy to read, and not lengthy. It is brimming with an enthusiasm of the author that savors something of his subject. No comment need be made on the choice of the subject, for the times—and even the late Pope—recommend it. At times, however, the author lets his admiral zeal carry him beyond the bounds of his proven literary excellence. His reference to the "dear reader" subtracts established interest. The book is for general reading and not to be graded as just another pietistic effort for the cloister.

Jeremiah Green.

**Why Is Thy Apparel Red?** by the Rev. Max F. Walz, C.P.P.S. Messenger Print, Carthage, Ohio. Price, \$1.

The author of this book, a priest of the Congregation of the Precious Blood, admirably carries out the mission of his Congregation by setting before the public the story of the Precious Blood and its daily sanctifying work on the souls of men.

In a vision there stood before the Prophet Isaias the suffering Messiah and the ghastly sight prompted the question, "Why is Thy apparel red?" The story of the Precious Blood was foreshadowed in the Old Testament times by the blood of the lambs and goats spilt in sacrifice, a virgin playing her part, for from Mary blood would be received by Christ. Calvary was not the climax of this story. The Blood of Christ goes on saving men through its mystical re-shedding in the Mass, and through the Sacraments. The souls in Purgatory know relief from suffering because of the Blood of the Lamb, and the saints in heaven praise the Son of God, knowing full well that His Blood has made them part of the great multitude of the elect.

In the first section of the book the author explains how the Precious Blood touches every point of Christian doctrine; and in the second, he excites devotion to the Most Precious Blood and suggests methods of devotion. The book recommends itself to spiritual reading. Preachers will find in this simple, popular, and fervent presentation, a source of splendid material.

William T. Craddick.

#### PAMPHLETS

The Mission Press, Techny, Ill.: *Wanted Co-Missionaries*, by the Rev. Bruno Hagspiel, S. V. D. 10c.

Moses H. Douglass, South Hill, Lempster, N. H.: *The Farewell Address of George Washington*.

## YOUNGER READERS

### A Rainy Day

By Sister Mary Helen, C. S. C.

*Through an open space in the maple tree  
The old gray sky looked down at me,  
Then burst into tears  
Quite suddenly.  
"What," said I,  
"You poor old Sky,  
Did the naughty clouds  
Make you cry?"  
"Yes," said she,  
Quite peevishly,  
"They're misbehaving  
Fiendishly.  
They drink the water  
Out of the rill,  
Chase the sunbeams  
Off the hill,  
Flirt with the wind,  
Then run away,  
Actually I'm getting gray.  
I can't manage them anymore."  
And then the tears began to pour.*

### Our Vacation Plan

By M. Keating

"OH, I WISH we were back in school," said Mary Ellen. "There's nothing to do around here with so many of our friends gone away for the summer."

"My Aunt Alice always has the best ideas of things to do," answered Rita. "I'm going up to her house now. Come on with me. You know she just lives up in the next block."

"That would be fun. I'll go in and ask my mother. Wait for me."

Rita was right—Aunt Alice was never lacking in ideas for things to do.

"Oh, girls, I know such a fine thing that you can do," she said in answer to

their request for ideas. "I was thinking of you last night, Rita—of you, and of the beautiful manuscript writing you do. I dearly prize the booklet you gave me last Christmas—the booklet in which you have so artistically written the Four Canticles of St. Luke.

"I was reading our Catholic paper, *The Catholic Bulletin*. One article told of a letter which Archbishop McNicholas has addressed to his priests and people. Let me read to you from his letter."

She took the paper from the magazine rack and read the part which she had marked.

"WE URGE that all know the corporal and spiritual works of mercy, and then that they practise them as far as their condition of life permits. Would that hundreds of millions of copies of a small leaflet giving only the corporal and spiritual works of mercy could be printed and distributed among all classes! This divine message and simple program of the Gospel would have the most far-reaching effect."

"Oh, Mary Ellen, isn't that a grand idea?" said Rita. "We'll make hundreds of millions of copies and distribute them."

All three, including Aunt Alice herself, laughed heartily at this.

Then Aunt Alice continued, "I have a picture in the attic of a girl in an old-fashioned dress, on a funny old bicycle. The picture is worthless but it has a lovely little ivory frame. I've been wanting, for some time, to get a motto for my kitchen to put in that frame. What more inspiring motto could I have than the Corporal and Spiritual Works of Mercy!"



"I'll make one for you," both said in one voice.

"Thank you both. I'll surely appreciate it," said Aunt Alice.

"Can you tell us the inside measurements of the frame, Miss Alice?" asked Mary Ellen.

"I'll get the frame right now," she said.

While she was gone, the girls decided to say the Corporal and Spiritual Works of Mercy to one another. Mary Ellen said the seven Spiritual Works of Mercy, but Rita could remember only six of the Corporal Works of Mercy. Mary Ellen knew the seventh but she would not tell her.

**Y**OU'LL HAVE to think of it yourself; Sister Mary Michael would feel disgraced if I were to tell her that I had to help you with the Corporal Works of Mercy."

Just then Aunt Alice returned with the picture-frame in one hand and a plate of cookies in the other.

"I know the seventh Corporal Work of Mercy," said Rita, laughing. "Feed the hungry." And then more seriously, "I wonder how it must be to be hungry with no food anywhere around?"

"It must be awful!" said Mary Ellen, "just awful!"

The girls planned to begin working on their new project that very afternoon.

"But I can't print," said Mary Ellen. "I was out of school with scarlet fever when our class took up manuscript writing."

"There is not much to learn, Mary Ellen," said Rita. "Practice is the main thing in manuscript writing—practice, and being careful to keep your work neat—and not leaving a space between the letters of a word, and spacing the lines properly. We'll be working together and I can give you the sugges-

tions that Sister Mary Michael gave us."

"I guess we ought to be going home now. Good-bye, Aunt Alice. Thank you for the good idea."

"Good-bye, Miss Alice. Thank you for the idea—and for the cookies too."

"Good-bye, girls. Come again."

As the girls were leaving, Aunt Alice asked them if they were planning on winning a place in the tennis tournament at the playground in August.

"We hope to, Aunt Alice. We play at least two sets every day it doesn't rain."

"And 'practice makes perfect' in tennis just as it does in manuscript writing, eh, Rita?" said Mary Ellen.

When Mary Ellen and Rita brought the copies of the Spiritual Works of Mercy and the Corporal Works of Mercy which they had promised to make for her, to Rita's Aunt Alice, she was delighted with them. She said they were both done so beautifully that she didn't know which one to choose. So she said she would close both eyes and then keep whichever one her hand touched first.

"Shut your eyes!" said Rita.

Then the girls moved the two cards about, on the table before her.

"Ready!" said Mary Ellen.

She dropped her right hand and it fell on the one Mary Ellen had made.

**I**T DIDN'T TAKE long to put it in the frame and then they went into the kitchen to plan where it should be hung.

"Do you think this is a good place?" asked Aunt Alice, holding it against the wall above the radiator.

"It looks well, Aunt Alice, but the light isn't very good there," said Rita.

"How would you like it here?" asked Mary Ellen, pointing to the space above the refrigerator.

"The very place!" said Aunt Alice as Rita held it against the wall. "I'll go

and get a wall hook for it right now.”

After they had hung it on the wall above the refrigerator, Aunt Alice suggested that they give the copy of the Spiritual and Corporal Works of Mercy which Rita had made, to Mrs. Finn who lived across the street.

“I know it will make her happy,” she said. “Dear soul, she never complains. And she’s been an invalid for so many years.”

And so, without stopping to consider that they were really doing one of the Corporal Works of Mercy, the three of them started across the street to visit Mrs. Finn and bring her the card. As they walked along, Rita said, “We’re having such a happy time printing these cards, Aunt Alice. I know there must be hundreds of other children who would enjoy making them too. I wish you’d write a little story about it for the Children’s Page of our Catholic paper.”

“OH, PLEASE DO,” said Mary Ellen, “and include a copy of the Corporal and Spiritual Works of Mercy. Even though children know them, they may not be sure of the spelling of a few of the words. And their Catechisms have probably been stored away in the attic with the rest of their school books till Fall.”

Aunt Alice has tried to carry out Rita’s suggestion.

And, following Mary Ellen’s suggestion, we here repeat: The Corporal Works of Mercy: To feed the hungry, to give drink to the thirsty, to clothe the naked, to harbor the harborless, to visit the sick, to visit the imprisoned, and to bury the dead. The Spiritual Works of Mercy: To reclaim sinners, to instruct the ignorant, to counsel the doubtful, to comfort the sorrowful, to bear wrongs patiently, to forgive offenses, to pray for the living and the dead.

## Great Pilgrimage

By Walter E. Taylor

IN THE AUTUMN of the year 1831 a group of Indians from the western slope of the Rocky Mountains of the Northwest made one of the most remarkable Christian pilgrimages in the history of the two Americas. They traveled thousands of miles overland from their homeland to the city of St. Louis, then capital of the vast Northwest Territory. They traveled in quest of Christian teaching and their story thrilled the entire Christian world. Their visit to the seat of the Catholic church at St. Louis led to the establishment of Christian missions west of the Rocky Mountains.

Most of the Indian groups of America fought Christianity when it was first introduced to them, but the Flathead and Nez Perce tribes of the region that is now western Montana, Idaho, and eastern Washington, sent emissaries across the wilderness to request that Governor William Clark of Northwest Territory send missionaries to bring them the teachings of the Prince of Peace. Clark had visited these Indian groups in 1804-05 when the Lewis and Clark expedition of which he was co-leader passed through their territory. He had made a good impression upon the Indians and they knew that he would help them.

The Flathead and Nez Perce Indians had heard of Christianity from Canadian Indians and it was this information which caused them to send emissaries to Governor Clark. Two Nez Perce and two Flathead braves were chosen for the dangerous journey. To reach St. Louis they had to cross country ruled by hostile tribes and for protection for part of the trip they were accompanied by a large party of Flathead warriors. Somewhere in the region that is now South Dakota the escort turned back,



for the most dangerous part of the trek was over. The four delegates went on alone and finally reached St. Louis in October, 1831. Governor Clark received them cordially and turned them over to the Rt. Rev. Joseph Rosati, Bishop of St. Louis.

The long journey of the Indians in search of Christian teaching made wonderful news copy, and many sensational accounts of the great pilgrimage were printed at the time. Some of these were quite inaccurate, placing flowery oratory in the mouths of these Indians who could not make themselves understood to anyone in St. Louis. But among the inaccurate accounts of the event was one factual, well-written story. That was the article written by Bishop Rosati. This piece was important in that it aroused the church authorities to the need for missions in the Northwest. The article appeared in a missionary periodical at Lyons, France, December 31, 1831. The Bishop wrote as follows:

**T**HREE MONTHS ago four Indians, who live on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, near the Columbia river, arrived in St. Louis. After visiting General Clark, who in his celebrated travels had seen the nation to which they belong and had been well received by them, they came to see our church, and appeared to be exceedingly pleased with it. Unfortunately there was no one who understood their language. Sometime afterward two of them fell dangerously ill, I was absent from St. Louis. Two of our priests visited them, and the poor Indians seemed delighted with their visit. They made signs of the cross, and other signs which appeared to have some relation to baptism. This sacrament was administered to them; they gave expression to their satisfaction. A little cross was presented to them, they took it with eagerness, kissed it repeatedly, and it

could be taken from them only after their death. It was truly distressing that they could not be spoken to. Their remains were carried to the church for the funeral, which was conducted with all Catholic ceremonies. The other two attended and acted with great propriety. They have since returned to their country.

**W**E HAVE learned from a Canadian, who crossed the country which they inhabit, that they belong to the nation of Flatheads, and have received some notions of Catholic religion from two Indians who had been to Canada, and who had related what they had seen, giving a striking description of the beautiful ceremonies of Catholic worship, and telling them that it was also the religion of the whites. . . . They have retained what they could of it, and have learned to make the Sign of the Cross and to pray. These nations have not yet been corrupted by intercourse with others; their manners and customs are simple; and they are very numerous. We have conceived the liveliest desire not to let pass such a good occasion. Dr. Condamine has offered himself to go to them next spring with another. In the meantime we shall obtain information on what we have been told, and on the means of travel."

It is interesting to note that in the records of the cathedral at St. Louis there is record of the burial of the two Indians whose death is referred to by Bishop Rosati. They were given the Christian names of Narcisse and Paul at baptism. These two unlettered savages gave their lives that their people might have access to eternal truth.

Among others who heeded the call sent out by Bishop Rosati were the famous and gifted Belgian, Father De Smet, and the versatile Father Ravalli. Both of these labored for years among the Flathead Indians.

## ✻ The Weekly Postscript ✻

By M. M. Wirries

THE HOLY NAME Society picnic and program at St. John's Indian Mission is always so much work and worry for the Sponsor and the Chairman of the Catholic Committee, that each year as the date draws near, we wonder if it is worth the headaches it causes. The youngsters try to do it according to Hoyle. First they get permission, then they set a date, then they request transportation and food. The Sponsor struggles with the program, and the Chairman of the Catholic Committee struggles with the food.

This year it is the same as usual. With arrangements made three weeks ahead of time, and all the O. K.'s in black-and-white, the morning of the trip finds the bus which was to take our young folk to the mission shunted off to Roosevelt Dam with another group that decided on the trip just a few days ago. The chairman is perspiring and angry as he commandeers the small bus which is left for our girls, and loads boys and food into an open truck. The Sponsor has a decided shaking of the knees as she reflects that her performers, forty in all, have had not one single rehearsal.

But the day can't be all grief. Truck and bus arrive at the mission without mishap. So does the Sponsor, bringing her two young daughters, the accompanist, and two of the mission's own Franciscan Sisters whom she has picked up at the hospital. We greet the Fathers and the Sisters at the mission, and our ball games get under way. Girls battle first. Those mission girls are hard hitters; they pile up runs while our girls are getting started. Things look bad for us; when suddenly, in the last inning, our girls make a sudden spurt, tie the game—and then win it! Now the

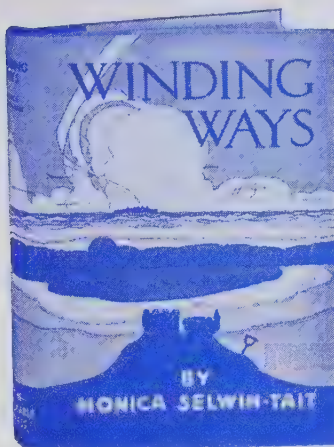
boys get on the field to warm up. When the game is all finished, we are constrained to tell them: "It might have been better had you just kept on warming up. You looked good *then*." But in the game—alackaday! Certain young St. John's Indians named José, Amos, Henry and other names we don't even wish to remember knock that ball all around the lot to amass a score of ten runs in the first inning—a score which our lads never live down. We sitting on the sidelines, jeer at our own. We tell Tony that his feet aren't mates, else he could stand up on them; we tell Houston that as a pitcher he's a good guitar-player; we tell Archie to put some resin on his hands; we tell our fielders we'll send the girls out to play for them.

Lunch! The accompanist, the Chairman's wife, and the Sponsor get themselves lost on mission grounds, and arrive for dessert. Fortunately, they are not hungry. The ball game stole their appetites. Dessert and a drink of cold punch will do nicely, thank you. And now that we have eaten, how about getting to the auditorium to get ready for our program?

THE SPONSOR'S troubles begin anew. The matter of chairs on the stage. And costumes. What costumes? "But it's a *barn dance*. I told you to bring costumes. Oh, well! I have three sunbonnets, four straw hats, a half dozen bandannas, three aprons, and a make-up kit. Grab something, and try to look *rural*. Here's a bell. Here's a rattle. Here's a tambourine. All set? Curtain going up, Father John. Sing! *Sing out*, for goodness' sake! I didn't expect to have to do a solo!"

It's over—for another year. But—fun, wasn't it?





# Winding Ways,

By Monica Selwin-Tait

It is not uncommon to know persons of different religious beliefs who love one another ardently in many respects and yet, on points of religion, do just the opposite. Miss Selwin-Tait, author and lecturer, and a convert to Catholicism, knows, from experience, the attitude Protestants oftentimes have toward Catholics and vice versa.

In her new novel, **WINDING WAYS**, Miss Selwin-Tait depicts in the leading characters that opposition sometimes met with in social life, and builds up her story round a romance at once intriguing and inviting.

Squire Martin's second wife, a fallen-away Catholic, is torn by remorse in the thought that her baby died without the sacrament of Baptism. The Squire passionately loves his wife but bitterly hates Catholics. On one occasion he tells the young man who is secretly engaged to his only daughter, Marjorie, that he has one insurmountable obstacle: "You belong to the Church of

Rome, and I would rather see my daughter dead than married to a Catholic."

How he overcomes the obstacle is arrestingly told in this work that will delight you with its delicate tracery of character; it will thrill you with its dramatic situations; above all it will edify you by what it teaches about God's all-embracing Providence. **\$1.50**

## WINGS OF LEAD

By Monica Selwin-Tait

One of the most talked-about stories, when it appeared serially in *The Ave Maria* a short time ago, was Monica Selwin-Tait's novel, **WINGS OF LEAD**, now available in book form. And the reason for this popularity might be attributed to the fact that the author, in the telling of this fascinating and dramatic story, reveals a deep and sympathetic understanding of human nature and never allows the interest to lag.

**WINGS OF LEAD** is a love story that follows the lives of a number of persons upon whom one theft reacts. Love and sorrow, suffering and tragedy are portrayed in the technique of a modern thriller. The action is lively; the plot surprising in its development, and the characterization excellent.

Reared in a sheltered life and the practice of high ideals, Marian Strangely suddenly finds herself in a new atmosphere sharply at variance with her former environment. How she conducts herself in the changing conditions of her new life, as gay as they were formerly somber, and how she learns by sad experience the truth of her dying father's warning, "that evil never comes suddenly," but "creeps in by degrees," form the pivot upon which the story revolves.

**\$1.50**



THE AVE MARIA PRESS

Notre Dame, Indiana

# Smoking Flax,

By Patrick J. Carroll, C.S.C.

Father Carroll, at one time or other administrator, professor, pastor, writer and now the editor of *THE AVE MARIA*, draws from the stores of his vast knowledge and experience the materials with which he builds up his sixth and latest book of fiction — **SMOKING FLAX**.

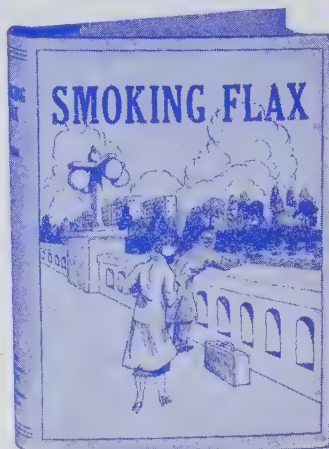
With a fine play of psychology; Carrollisms, full of meaning, humor and brevity; with a means to justify the end, Father Carroll captures the interest of his readers from the very beginning, nor will they want to put his book down until the last chapter will have been read.

Warren Hall was hardly the kind of a young fellow that a mother would like to see going with her daughter. To begin with he was somewhat of an agnostic; had a strong urge for liquor; was a reckless driver, and almost at the beginning of the story engaged himself to one girl while actually bound to another.

Certainly if any young man ever had worked himself into what promised to be a tangle of broken hearts, that young fellow was Warren Hall. Nor could any mere missionary expect to help him. Yet, through the power of prayer and confidence in divine

aid, God directed even the most impossible situations to His own ends.

In his usually interesting style Father Carroll gives us a typical American story of real men and women whose words and actions become for us instructive, stimulating and entertaining. **\$1.50**



## MANY SHALL COME

By Patrick J. Carroll, C.S.C.

Built upon American life and enacted by American people, **MANY SHALL COME** is a vital story. It brings Catholic faith into the hurry and bustle of life. It shows Catholic people full of mirth and laughter to whom certitude about the soul's place in the world gives serenity and charm. Contrasted with this, is the man who leaves his Faith for position and social advantage — saves the life to lose it. Father Carroll has set this man in the person of James Rice, vividly and unforgettably within the pages of this book.

Seldom do you come upon a girl of fact or fiction, so vital, so manifold in the quiet strength of her character, as Helen Rice, whose world-pursuing father enriched her in the things of Time but dispossessed her of the things of Eternity. How she found that Faith through a chance meeting with two nuns, on whom Father Carroll has bestowed insight and charm, and through a friendship that later blossomed into love and marriage is admirably told with a finesse that leaves nothing to be desired. **\$1.50**

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HOME WEEKLY

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1865 — 1940

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, U. S. A.

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"Grapes of Wrath" Criticized . . . . .  
Cardinal O'Connell's Warning . . . . .  
Saint Gemma Galgani . . . . .  
Not Impressive . . . . .

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# THE AVE MARIA

CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

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## NEXT WEEK

Dr. Walter M. Langford, South Bend, Indiana, in *Mexico Girds for Trouble* balances chances for and against a revolution in the nearing presidential elections in Mexico.

Miss Margaret Mary Kerwin, Marygrove College, Detroit, Michigan, reveals the help and sympathy given the Michigan pioneer missionaries, Fathers Richard and Badin, by Angelique Campau of Detroit.

*Rewards*: a short story by Myles D. Blanchard, 3721 Third Ave., Miami, Fla.

☞ Payments in advance. Make money orders payable to THE AVE MARIA, Notre Dame, Indiana; or, register letters containing money.

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THE AVE MARIA is indexed in THE CATHOLIC BOOKMAN and THE CATHOLIC MAGAZINE INDEX.

## OBITUARY

Rt. Rev. Charles E. McManus, Halifax, N. S., Canada; Rev. Father Vincent Frech, O. S. B.

Sister M. Digna, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Magdalene, Sisters of Charity.

Mrs. Hugh O'Rourke, Mrs. Theresa Riechman, Daniel Campbell, Mrs. J. Juzwinski, Mrs. Mary Daly, Miss Hanna E. Burns, William M. Flannery, Mrs. John McLaughlin, Mrs. Margaret Harrigan.

May they rest in peace!

# Water

from the

## Grotto of Lourdes

As proof of the reality of her appearance at Lourdes, the Blessed Virgin caused a miraculous spring to bubble forth at Bernadette's feet. Our Lady of Lourdes has been pleased to bestow many favors and cures upon her children when they accompanied their prayers with the use of the Miraculous Water.

A small quantity of Water from the Grotto at Lourdes, France, will be mailed to anyone who requests it. To cover expenses of importation, etc., an offering is expected from those who can afford it.

ADDRESS ALL REQUESTS TO:  
REV. FATHER DIRECTOR, OUR LADY OF LOURDES,  
Box 6, Notre Dame, Indiana



PLEASE DO NOT SEND TO THE AVE MARIA





# THE AVE MARIA

CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

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MAY 25, 1940

## World News in Brief

**THE CHURCH** In Rome, the *Osservatore Romano*, Vatican newspaper, again denounced the German invasion of the Lowlands. . . . Another plea for peace by Pope Pius XII was anticipated on June 2. . . . ¶ In Philadelphia, Cardinal Dougherty celebrated his sacerdotal golden jubilee. . . . ¶ In Washington, the papal cross, *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice* was awarded to Msgr. Lardone, Dr. Herbert Wright, and Joseph M. Murphy, all members of the Catholic University faculty. . . . ¶ In Chicago, bigotry and hatred in preparatory sports, especially in the East, were deplored by the Catholic High-School Association authorities. . . . ¶ In Mexico, of the four presidential candidates, only Juan Andreu Almazan has voiced his belief in religious freedom, and constitutional changes that would abolish anti-clerical laws. . . . ¶ In Buffalo, the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems included over six hundred representatives.

**AT HOME** In Washington, the House was warned of the Great Lakes' "Trojan Horse" activities instigated and directed by Communists to cripple all inland shipping. . . . Contemplated American war games included 310,000 men. . . . Congress was stirred by Secretary of State Hull's assertion that the nation was woefully lacking in defense equipment. . . . A New Deal move to lift the ban on war credits angered the nation. . . . The President drafted new defense plans.

And Democrats planned to become the war party—should Mr. Roosevelt seek a third term. . . . House members introduced a bill to deport Harry Bridges. . . . WPA graft exposures involved government officials in seventeen states. . . . The War Department listed five million men of military age. . . . ¶ In industry, American shipbuilding continued at a high level. . . . Active warfare in Europe led American steelmakers to anticipate large orders. . . . Stocks continued to drop in the severest break since 1937.

**ABROAD** In Europe, German troops smashed through northern Holland, cut the country in half, and took Luxemburg. Meantime, the Dutch royal family fled to England as the Dutch army gave up, though the navy continued to fight. . . . Nazi infantry and tanks hammered a forty-five mile sector of the Maginot line. Other Nazi forces moved north as if to invade Switzerland. . . . Another German offensive battled in Belgium in an attempt to reach Calais. . . . Severest Allied fighting occurred in the Sedan sector. . . . ¶ In Paris, officials ordered all Nazi parachute prisoners in false uniforms to be shot. All Germans were interned, and French trains were suspended near the Italian border. . . . ¶ In Rome, anti-British demonstrations spread throughout the city; but Italy was not expected to go to war for at least two weeks. . . . ¶ In Tokyo, Japan became excited as Allied troops landed in the Dutch West Indies.

## Notes and Remarks

The *Tablet*, London Catholic weekly, suggests that the time has come for "the French Government to consider the repeal of the lay

### Comparative Scores

laws of 1901 and 1905," which were responsible for the partial disfranchisement of French religious. In the present, as in the World War, some French religious priests and brothers are serving their country in the battle front as are other male citizens. It seems a bitter irony that men who are good enough to fight for France are not "accorded *de jure* recognition of their citizenship." The Nazi broadcasts in French, for the benefit of French listeners, assert that the French are in no position to condemn persecution of the Church in Germany and Poland while the lay laws are still operative in France. Turning to England, the *Tablet* is of opinion that even at its worst, British Imperialism was never defaced "by the atrocities with which German Imperialism is defaced today." It is premature, perhaps, to pass judgment on Germany's program of "liquidation" as represented in reports that come to us. We are willing to concede however, that if British Imperialism "at its worst" is not comparable in villainy to the German product, then the German product is no pat on the cheek.

The critics have finished singing their praises about 'fidelity to fact' in Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*. It is interesting to

### "Grapes of Wrath" Criticized

note, however, what a number of people have to say about the authenticity of that picture. The Honorable Leland M. Ford of California says of the characters presented in the novel: "I challenge him to produce the vulgarity, the

lack of decency and the immorality among the people who have come here from Oklahoma." Representative Boren of Oklahoma supports that challenge in the following forceful language: "For every fine son and noble daughter of the great, good class of people which this putrid-minded writer labeled as 'Okies,' I arise to say to you my colleagues, and to every honest, square-minded reader in America that the painting Steinbeck made in his book is a lie—a black, infernal creation of a twisted, distorted mind." Mr. Boren shows how Steinbeck takes Sallisaw out of the hills of eastern Oklahoma and places it in the "dust bowl," how he pictures baptisms taking place in irrigation ditches which never existed, and has tractors working in a county which possesses less than forty acres available for that purpose. According to Mr. Boren, Steinbeck's novel not only offends against decency, but also misrepresents facts. "It is certain that he wrote about a country he never even visited and a people with whom he was not acquainted and had never contacted." By this time, it seems, the reading public should be thoroughly disabused concerning the taste and judgment of our so-called American critics.

Cardinal O'Connell, speaking before the Diocesan Congress of Catholic Women, sounded a note of warning

against propagandists in this country who are endeavoring to draw us into the war. "We have the greatest sympathy," he said, "for the people of all lands and we are sorry for any horror that comes to any race or flag; but we dare not make the same mistake we made in the last war. Every American should love his country, and love it in such a way as to

### Cardinal O'Connell's Warning



stand by it through everything, and defend it if necessary with his life; but to go around the world trying to right every wrong is too preposterous to be thought of. Pray for peace as the Holy Father entreats. It is the only way civilization can advance. That is why I warn you against those who put on a false face to excite our emotions. They are doing somebody's business for which they are very well paid." We trust that Cardinal O'Connell's warning will be listened to and meditated on. Those people who say, "We just can't keep out of this war," are talking sheer nonsense. We can keep out of it if we are determined to do so. Lincoln said that it would be better for nations to settle their disputes by the toss of a coin rather than to engage in war. And his statement is still true. As said already in these pages, there is no such thing as being victorious in a war any more than there is in a plague or a cyclone.

On the second day of May, Gemma Galgani, commonly known as the "Passion Flower of Lucca," was solemnly canonized in Saint Peter's Cathedral at Rome. This astonishing girl, only twenty-five years old when she died, was granted the gift of the stigmata during the last two years of her life. This phenomena reoccurred each Friday and was the subject of much debate in ecclesiastical and religious circles. Gemma had entered the Visitation convent several years before, but because she realized the Rule of the Order would not permit her to perform the penance she had craved for, she remained only twenty days. Now with the appearing of the stigmata, gossip spread to the effect that the chemist's daughter, who had left the convent, was perpetrating a species of pious fraud to draw attention to her-

self. So severely was she harassed by relatives and friends and even by some of the religious authorities, that she left her home and took a room with a friend. She made several attempts to enter the cloister but was unceremoniously refused on each occasion. When she died, on Holy Saturday in 1903, the whole town of Lucca suddenly realized that it had been sheltering a saint. Her life is another instance of how God's holy ones are afflicted in this world.

M. Jacques Maritain tells us, in a lecture at Georgetown University, that since Americans want no part in the European peace, it follows that Europeans will not want

**Not Impressive** Americans to have any part in making a safe peace. What M. Maritain really means to say is, that since Americans want no part in the European war, they will not be asked to help formulate peace at the end of the war. That is quite satisfactory to Americans. We most emphatically will not enter this war, and are not asking to help to formulate a peace following it. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Lansing, Colonel House helped to create the instrument forged at Versailles, and what did it get us! M. Maritain's threat to keep us out of the peace-making period following this present European madness is not impressive.

THE AVE MARIA has asserted from time to time that woman is fitted both by grace and by nature to be queen of the home. That is her proper sphere of activity, her realm of dignity, and no adequate substitute can be found for her presence there. Something of this wistful realization was voiced last week by Mrs. Lutie E. Stearns who, for fifty years, has been one of Wisconsin's most militant feminists. Now she confesses that women in politics have failed. "They

rush into politics," she said, "without knowing a plank in a political platform from a planked whitefish. Their influence has been practically nothing in shaping public opinion in the interests of the best candidates. I made pleas for women's suffrage in thirty-four states because I felt if women had the right to vote they would make politics the translation of Christ's principles into the law of the land. I firmly believed that women would vote only for those candidates who would do the most for humanity. Never was I more deceived. On getting the right to vote, the women rushed into political parties by inheriting them, as they usually do their religious beliefs. They spend their time playing bridge rather than voting, and their indifference has hurt many good causes." There you have it, and from an unexpected source. We never thought we would live to see the day when a militant feminist would make so humble an admission. A day will come when our old-fashioned ideas about women will be preached by the militants as new doctrine!

Unless we misjudge all evidences, the hands-across-the-sea patriots will not be permitted to break down the resolution of the American people to mind their own business in the present war in Europe. These "patriots" are trying to persuade us that we again owe it to mankind to save civilization by joining arms with France and Great Britain in a fight against Germany. Where is the civilization we spent lives and money to save in 1918? Where are the results that should have come from our efforts? England and France are fighting for what they took from Germany in the Peace of Versailles; Germany is fighting to recapture it. We got nothing but debts which we hardly hope ever to collect. We have only recalls of

ridicule for our efforts, complaints that we were so tardy, abuse that we were grasping in calling for the return of what we loaned. The American people, we feel, have not forgotten these things. Small, well-fed, well-groomed, non-fighting minorities are noisy about saving civilization—to Europe. Let us challenge their alien impudence with the stout, stay-at-home Americanism of refusal.

A much excited correspondent rushes in to inquire how we can excuse Germany's invasion of Belgium and Holland. The question is the equivalent of an insult. We are not attempting, and never have attempted, to make any excuses for Germany. We feel deeply for all small European countries which at the moment are looked upon as convenient battlegrounds in wars not of their making or of their wishes. European history is re-enacted again today just as it was re-enacted from 1914 to 1918. The present conflict is not a new experience for Europe. The many-colored garment of internationalism is the cause of most of Europe's wars. Back of the push for wealth, territory, and the yields of the earth is pride of race. If there be races enough and pride enough and folly enough, war will always be a going concern.

Sometimes we find ourselves at a loss for words to describe the multiple charities that crowd themselves into the busy hours of American life. The most puzzling evidences to come to our attention in recent months, however, is the party staged by a committee of society leaders in a large midwestern city "for canteens for isolated French aviators." Five hundred women attended and contributed fifteen hundred

### Stay-at-Home Americanism

### Europe and Racial Wars

### In Charity's Sweet Name



dollars. The club ran out of teacups; there were not enough chairs. But everyone had a good time in the cause of isolated French aviators—at a time when the city's breadlines had the local relief board worried to death; and at a time when the terrifying European struggle approaches the critical stage, and makes it imperative that we confine ourselves to home affairs. We are continually warning one another not to meddle, not to take sides with Allies or Dictators. It seems to us, in the light of these attendant circumstances, that the noble cause of charity could have been served in a more prudent, less noisy manner by these short-sighted humanitarians. The chairman of this party is an original if not a praiseworthy thinker. Help from midwest America for "isolated" French aviators rather than for impoverished and war-weary Poles, Finns and Norwegians is a peculiar charity project by these society ladies from the prairie spaces.

We quote what follows from the *Catholic Transcript* not for its personal warmth, but to illustrate for high-school and college youth the difference between sanctum and campus speech.

**Praise from Sir Hubert**

THE AVE MARIA is keeping its diamond jubilee. A flavor of correctness clings to it always and everywhere. Emerging from the academic shades of Notre Dame, it could be nothing else. When a less favored periodical goes wrong only a lesser light begins to flitter. An adjustment can be made, or the faltering flame may be snuffed out. But were a university product to betray a lack of intellectual or spiritual direction an eclipse would threaten the heavens. We all know that, and that is why we turn to THE AVE MARIA each week with absolute confidence, satisfied and without a haunting fear that we are committing ourselves to the care of those who can, and who frequently do err, slightly or egregiously.

We knew the Notre Dame publication intimately when Father Hudson was its guide. He placed it high in air, and there it has re-

mained ever since—to its seventy-fifth birthday. Thus high will it remain, full of light, spiritual as well as intellectual, a sweet weekly visitant and a firm supporter of everything noble that gives the Catholic home a bit of heaven brought down to remain among us. THE AVE MARIA has our warmest felicitations and our heartiest thanks. May the last quarter of its centenary circle be brighter, if possible, than those that have passed.

May we insert a wee correction? We must disclaim the honor of being a University of Notre Dame publication. THE AVE MARIA distributes culture to the professors and students of that great university; sheds light and warmth equally on all—the just and the unjust, lions and cubs. We will probably be best described as "guest professor," a name which the North Central sanctions for educational gadabouts.

The Baptists and Methodists are still nagging President Roosevelt about his appointment of Mr. Myron Taylor as his special envoy to the Vatican. Unless the President

### Still Protesting

recall Taylor, it is thought the so-called church and state issue will enter the coming presidential campaign should Mr. Roosevelt decide for a third term. Of course, the appointment of a special envoy to the Vatican to confer with Pope Pius XII on European peace has nothing whatever to do with the union or separation of church and state. Anyone who gives the smallest fraction of thought to the subject will see that. The bishops and ministers of some Protestant denominations, however, profess to see a wedge driven in for union in the appointment, and are making the most of it. To have something to protest against is fuel for an argument. As for the Catholics, should the President surrender before Protestant pressure, they will view the recall much as they viewed the appointment—a matter that belongs to the Vatican and to the White House.

# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

## A Meeting in Memory

TODAY TWO PERSONS crossed paths in memory that by no trick of chance could have met in real life. They are both dead. One was known in your youth: a man bent at the shoulders, his feet going out at an approximately right angle. He was one of three brothers, who were born and grew up in a little mid-Limerick farm until two emigrated to America, leaving this third their share of the small holding. There was a sister who married the butler of an influential landlord in this mid-Limerick section who is mentioned in order to complete the roll call. You knew this bent-shouldered, bow-legged man when he was thirty;—you, a small boy in knickers and bare shins. He went out of your life until you met him again when you were thirty and he over sixty. And then and finally you saw him for some months when you were well beyond fifty and when he was broken, gasping, drawing the pension; as old, or older, than the hills. This is written July 27, 1939, and the bent, bow-legged man is dead some years.

Someone crossed a memory path with this dead Ancient this morning, who never did and never would cross his path in life in a thousand odd years. They met at a crossing in your memory, after coming a long journey by roads far apart indeed. That someone who met this bent, whimsical Irish farmer was a girl, born and brought up in South Bend, Indiana,—a town set eighty miles east of Chicago on the railroad that spans half the United States from Grand Central station in New York. She was almost a miniature girl, she was so physically small. She was not unsightly, however. Quite the contrary: she had what they call the per-

sonal charm. And she was fair to the eye—if you are so interested. She walked with swift short steps; was impulsive, gay and of a religious nature. Some said she would be a nun. She did not enter the convent, however, as she died at the relatively young age of twenty-seven. Needless to say, these two were, are, and very likely will remain for all eternity utterly unlike. As said, had they lived for a thousand odd years, their roads would not have crossed.

Yet their roads crossed today in this memory. And the crossing you might call a holy inspiration, only that you never confound accident with divine illumination.

THE MEETING occurred during the *Memento for the Dead* at the Mass in Cappagh Chapel, Ireland. You wished to remember the first name to come to you of someone you knew in the locality of Limerick. Came this man, bent and bow-legged, along his road across your mind. Then you wished for someone from South Bend, Indiana. Came this mite of a girl, walking with the quick, nervous steps of old. The two met at this crossing, then passed each other and continued their journeys on and on out of the mind. You bade them good-bye and wished them peace and safety in their rest in that new, wonderful world to which they went.

Sad to confess they surrounded you with a dust of distractions stirred up by the passing of their feet. The Ancient was bossy, whimsical, humorous in every season of the year. The girl was quick-moving, had a way of quoting a phrase from a sermon you preached and asking in a sort of challenge, "How do you like it?" Very well of course. . . . And then you went back to the Mass.



# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## George Miles: Catholic Man of Letters

By Thomas F. O'Connor

OF THE ONCE well-known American Catholic writers of the southern tradition, George F. Miles has fared least kindly in the memory of posterity. From how few of the present generation of the Catholic reading public of America does his name elicit even the faintest recollection! The great majority have heard neither of the man nor of his works. Abram J. Ryan has survived the obliteration of time partly because of the unaffected character of his muse and to a lesser degree because of his devotion to the "Lost Cause." John B. Tabb's stature has increased rather than diminished with the years, as those qualified to judge have come to appreciate his merits. Even the bilingual Abbé Adrian Roquette is still remembered, both in his native Louisiana and elsewhere. But Miles, because of a combination of circumstances, most important of which were his comparatively early death and the unfortunate advice that led him to devote so much time to the one form of literature in which he possessed the least ability, has been allowed to lapse into oblivion.

There were aspects of Miles' life and work which, looked back upon through the perspective of time, are worthy of a few moments of recollection. In such a consideration one must always bear in mind the social and literary *milieu* of Catholicism in America in the middle decades of the nineteenth century. It was a period which witnessed a vast numerical increase of Catholics in the United States. This augmentation of the Catholic body soon began to affect the social structure and to some degree

the political atmosphere of the nation. But its effect on the amenities of American life in general were, for the time being, negligible. The vast majority of these newcomers had been victims of economic and social oppression in their homelands. Their lot in the New World was one of material toil and of unselfish endeavor to make pleasanter the road of life for those who would come after them. The cultivation of the arts could not be expected to have much place in their lives.

THESE PEOPLE had come, moreover, into an atmosphere alien to them in religion and in the philosophy of life. There was too little in common between them and the established dominant classes to afford any ready nexus of approach in affairs cultural or social. Some indeed of the newcomers did succeed by means of the pen in gaining respect, if not affection, for their Faith. But their efforts were usually called forth by misrepresentation and written in the atmosphere of controversy. The quiet, pervasive influence of non-controversial literature permeated by the spiritual and moral teachings of Catholicism, had to await the emergence in the American Catholic body of individuals of undoubted literary ability, who, either by personal experience or assiduous study, understood the non-Catholic American mind of the day.

He who would undertake such a mission, and bridge by ever so little the chasm separating the Catholic heritage of faith and culture from contemporary American life, had need to be a man of

fortitude as well as of intuition. He had to be prepared to stand frequently alone and to expect little applause from his co-religionists. The champion of Catholicism in nineteenth century America who identified himself with one or other of the national groups comprising the immigrant class, stood to receive a goodly measure of esteem from the members of that group. The rare individual who undertook to set forth the Church and its teachings apart from the national backgrounds of its adherents, could expect little encouragement.

**IT WAS TO** this latter group that George Miles belonged. Born in Baltimore, July 31, 1824, of Puritan-English, Scotch, German, and Hebrew ancestry, and of Protestant parents, he was introduced at an early age to the heritage of good literature. When he was but nine years of age, his father's business necessitated the family's removal for a time to Haiti. The boy was thereupon sent to Mount Saint Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland, and his sister Elizabeth to the neighboring Saint Joseph's Academy.

What nature provided in the way of heredity to prepare him for his future work, grace now complemented in his religious life. The years spent at Mount Saint Mary's were all important to his subsequent career. Situated at the foot of the Maryland spur of the Blue Ridge Mountains, this pioneer institution had much in the form of sound Catholic tradition as well as of doctrine to offer an acquisitive youth such as George Miles. The college and vicinity had sheltered many of renowned name in scholarship and sanctity during the early formative decades of the Church in the Republic. Its spiritual children had already for over a generation been exercising their mission of preaching and teaching throughout the land when Miles first took up residence there as a

student. The pioneers—Dubois, Bruté, David, and others,—had long since departed from the college, but their spirit had remained, and had been united in their successors with the aggressiveness of the mid-century American. Of the personalities directing the college at the time, the one who influenced in greatest degree the young non-Catholic student was the then well-known Dr. John McCaffrey. Later in life Miles acknowledged the debt of inspiration and knowledge which he owed this worthy mentor. In particular did he attribute to his sermons and class instruction many of the themes which became the subjects of his literary productions.

At the age of twelve, with his parents' permission, George became a Catholic. Soon his sister Elizabeth, and a little later the entire family, entered the Church.

Following his graduation in 1843, Miles studied law in Baltimore, was admitted to the bar, and for a number of years practised law in that city. But like many other young men of literary inclination, he found the law ungenial, and gradually, but with enduring enthusiasm, turned to writing.

**HIS FIRST** literary effort at this time was the tragedy, *Michael di Lando, Gonfalonier of Florence*, commenced the year following his graduation from college. This initial excursion into the field of drama met with little praise, and he turned to fiction.

*The Truce of God*, first published in the *United States Catholic Magazine*, and subsequently in book form, was decidedly popular and ultimately went into eight editions. So he seemed to find his field in fiction, and soon followed up his first success with *Loretto*, or *The Choice*. In 1847 the *Catholic Mirror* offered a prize for a Catholic serial story. Miles entered the competition and emerged triumphant with



*The Governess*, a tale that still retains its charm, and indicates what the author might have accomplished for American Catholic literature had he remained in the field of fiction.

In 1849 Edwin Forrest, the actor, offered a prize of one thousand dollars for the best original play. Again Miles turned competitor, and again won the prize from among a thousand manuscripts submitted, with *Mohammed, the Arabian Prophet*. Forrest never used the play himself, as had been his intention when he initiated the competition. It was published in Boston in 1850, and performed the following year at the Lyceum Theatre in New York. Its literary qualities were highly praised at the time of its publication, but it lacked the elements of construction essential for a stage play, and met with little success.

DESPITE THE failure of *Mohammed*, Miles was persuaded, apparently by Forrest and others of the theatrical world, that he possessed unusual talent in dramatic writing. And indeed his *Señor Valiente*, written a little later, and based on an incident of the Mexican War, did enjoy a transient popularity. It was written at the request of I. W. Wallack, and lasted through the then considerable run of four weeks in New York City, in addition to being performed in Philadelphia and Boston. The comedy, *Mary's Birthday*, written for John W. Ford of Baltimore, enjoyed a temporary success in that city and later in New York, with Laura Keane as one of the cast. His *Hernando de Soto* was variously estimated. Meeting with a measure of approval at its first performance, it went quickly and definitely out of favor.

Miles' preoccupation with dramatic writing virtually came to a close in 1858. Two events of this time changed for the better the course of his life. The

one was his appointment as Professor of English Literature at Mount Saint Mary's; the other was his marriage to Adaline, daughter of his friend Edward Tiers.

HIS FATHER-IN-LAW built the young couple a pleasant residence, "Thornbrook," a short distance from the college, and Miles now entered the career of professor and man of letters. Happy reminiscences have survived of his methods and personality in the classroom, and of his success in inspiring a love of literature in his students. His literary work from now on took chiefly the forms of poetry and of criticism, although he did do *Uncle Sam's Magic Lantern* for Laura Keane, and was gratified by the reception it received in New York.

The verse of this period of Miles' life, like the fiction of his younger days, provided a more suitable medium than the drama for the revelation of the finer and deeper springs of his mind and heart. Those who knew him best testified to the genuine and abiding qualities of his religious life. And when he had turned aside at last from the field of secular drama, these qualities again became more evident in his writings. It is in *Raphael Sanzio*, written at his new Emmitsburg home in 1859, that we find the tenderly beautiful lines on the Blessed Virgin,

The Nazareth Maid  
Who gave to Heaven a queen,  
To man a God,  
To God a Mother.

His most ambitious verse-narrative, *Christine, A Troubadour's Song*, was also written during these early months of his new life at Emmitsburg.

In 1866, when THE AVE MARIA offered a prize for the best original poem on the Blessed Virgin, Miles for the third time entered the lists of competition, and a third time he was success-

ful, with *The Sleep of Mary*, published in THE AVE MARIA for June 23, 1866. *Said the Rose*, the writing of which was apparently extended over a number of years, was begun and finished at Emmitsburg. It is considered by many the best of his offerings in verse, and the one most likely to endure.

It was at Emmitsburg, too, that he began his writings in literary criticism. He had formulated plans for a series of critical studies on the tragedies of Shakespeare, but death came before the project was well under way. Only the study of *Hamlet* appeared. Death found him working on *Macbeth*.

IN 1867 MILES retired from teaching to give all his time to writing. But the following year evidences of physical decline became apparent. From the hitherto active and hearty individual of mature life, he began to show premature signs of age. A general lassitude settled over his constitution, and his cheerful and happy disposition gave place to long-continued periods of depression. Finally his eyesight failed, and death closed his earthly career towards the end of July, 1871, at his beloved "Thornbrook."

Judged by the productions which he left after him, George Miles was not a great writer. His name will occupy but a minor place in the nation's roll of literary great and near great. Of what he might have become had his interests not been deflected to dramatic composition—in which at best he possessed but very mediocre talent—it is idle to speculate. Rather should his name be kept in honor by American Catholics for the idealism with which he sought the cultivation of the literary life at a time when all but a pitifully small fraction of his co-religionists had inclination or opportunity for either the cultivation or the patronage of literature.

## His Mother

By Patricia Buchanan

*I wonder if she watched Him as He played  
And ever cautioned Him, "Be careful, dear,"  
Or was her heart encompassed by one fear  
That let her face all dangers undismayed?  
Or if His baby footsteps ever strayed  
To some small rise where stood a barren tree  
And He, with arms outstretched, cried, "Look  
at Me!"  
I wonder, did she weep the while she prayed?  
Above her heart, where lay his tousled head,  
I wonder if one date was graven deep?  
And did she kneel at night beside His bed  
To pray He might not waken from His sleep?  
Or did she garner wisdom from above  
And know her Son would conquer death with  
love?*

## The Lady Mary

By Sister M. Joan of Arc, B. V. M.

I

THE STREETS of Ephesus saw, in the days of Claudius Caesar, even as now, a strange mingling of East and West. Here the Roman toga and the Greek mantle were side by side with the striped tunic and broad girdle of the Syrian trader. Here yellow-haired Goth and swarthy, bearded Hebrew met in unconscious contradiction. Here the pearl vender of Persia and the dealer in camels and asses from Arabia were on an equal footing, as were the silent Stoic and the voluble seller of fine silks. Here were mingled the wearers of Phoenician purple and of beggars' rags.

The crowd about the Temple porch that summer morning were no exception. A young Hebrew, standing on its highest step, addressed them, and his words had power to grip them all. As he finished and stepped down, some followed him with eager questions. Some strolled off well pleased with this new diversion; while others hesitated and



hung about in puzzled thoughtfulness, or spoke among themselves of this set-ter-forth of strange doctrine and new God. Two stood apart in earnest conversation. The round head and heavy features of the one might have marked a Roman senator, while the other, with graceful bearing and face of finer mold, was perhaps a Grecian man of letters.

"Theophanes, this is folly. You have ever been of balanced mind. A Jew a God! Why, the Man he speaks of is dead. I knew Pilate at Cilicia, and he was ever a righteous man. It was he who crucified the Upstart. I heard it told by a Jew himself who heard it of a man who saw it all."

"**M**Y DEAR Quintillus, I cannot be convinced by logic. This man's words are more than logic,—they reach my heart, though yet my mind is wrapped in deepest fog. This Man they crucified, He rose again. He lived among and loved the most the very men we most despise, and healed and comforted. He did no harm but only good to all, and children loved Him. I know not why men hated Him. I heard once from Paulus how—you know the story—he was centurion then in Capharnaum, and his old servant was by this Man healed. And the Kingdom that He claimed,—somehow the thought gives solace to my wearied heart."

"You are depressed. Too long you've thought on all of this. Let's shake it off together—" and they passed out of hearing.

"Who is the fellow?" was the earnest question of a well-groomed seeker after news.

"Of Galilee, they tell me, in Judea. A foolish fisher who knows not there were better livings in catching herrings than in throwing such poor bait to men of learning."

"He is like, in speech at least, to one I chanced to hear in Lystra when last I

made the journey there as legate,—Paul, I think he was, of Tarsus."

"I heard him also once. He is a mad-man, too."

"I saw the litter of Quintillus' daughter let down at the crowd's edge yesterday, and it was here again today. The tasselled broideries on the sides make it unmistakable."

"It is a good tale for a foolish maid, but not for men—"

"I am not so certain, friend. It strangely moves me. What school at Rome or Athens, or Alexandria has answered for us yet the 'why' of life? If he can do so, I care not if all his garments smell of fish, and his horny hands be dripping still with brine."

And in the litter that they spoke of, swaying slightly with the rhythm of the black-skinned bearers, two maidens talked together of the stranger.

"I know not what to say of things so high. It is more fitting for us, mayhap, to learn from women's lips. My good nurse who tended on our household for all our growing years, spoke yesterday of the Lady who dwells with this strange teacher, and I would that I might know her. They keep a low stone cottage on the Via Julia, quite close to hers. I think she said they call the Lady Miriam."

"'Tis a common name among the Hebrews. Mary, is it not?"

"**I**'VE HEARD so. She is a quiet woman, but Naida says, so sweet and gracious and beautiful to look upon. She tells me that the lamp burns early in the little cottage, and she loves to watch her there about her work, stirring up her batter, or setting things aright, and later in the morning, spinning in the warm sun in the doorway."

"I think that I should love to know her, though it seems strange a Lady should be pleased to set her hands to lowly tasks like these."

"It is odd to us who know no toil. I mean, as soon as I have rested, to spend some hours with Naida, and see her for myself, perhaps to view her closely when she passes on her evening journey to the well."

**I**T WAS AS they had said, and the gentle Hebrew woman, quite unconscious of watching eyes, went quietly about her daily round of duties. Each morning and evening saw her journey to the common well. On these trips from time to time she met with friendly folk who passed the time of day with her, or inquired with neighborly curiosity from whence she came and if she found her new home to her liking. Encouraged by her gracious manner, they came to count her as a friend.

Besides the native folk of Ephesus that came to the well we speak of, there were dark-skinned slave girls, brought from the coasts of Africa or the inlands of the country to the East, and fair-haired, broad-framed women from the forests of the North. These were held in bondage by the wealthy Greeks and Romans whose palaces were situated near the Temple of Diana. To these sometimes the Lady spoke, and at times a sullen face, dark with inner rage and shame, would brighten, and the flash of shiny teeth and clearing eye would reward the Lady's gentleness.

As Mary passed one day the row of white stone huts along the pathway to the well, she heard a woman's sobbing, and, pausing, she turned toward an open door. An anguished mother knelt beside her writhing infant. In an instant Mary had the little one in her arms, chafing the tiny wrists and feet and giving directions for the remedies that were needed. Half an hour's effort was rewarded when the babe fell into a quiet slumber, and the Lady Mary had become a friend to every mother thereabouts.

It was near sundown of a summer evening when, pattering down the road, her water jar balanced gracefully on her shiny black head, came little Tirzah. She was Syrian by birth, this small maiden, as her brownish skin and smiling eyes quickly told the Lady on the doorstep. That she was in service to a Greek household her simple dress revealed. She turned to catch the Lady's glance, and as she did so, stubbed her brown toes against an unfriendly stone. A cry and the crash of the heavy jar brought Mary quickly, helping the little one and brushing off the dust. Together they collected all the fragments of the jar, then seating the child on the stoop, Mary bathed and dressed her bleeding foot. Then they played a little laughing game together while the Lady fitted all the broken bits of crockery into each other. There was such sweetness in the Lady Mary's face and voice the child quite forgot to watch her deftly working fingers. Then the kiss upon her forehead quite enraptured her, and it was many days before she remembered that the firm, whole vase she carried still to fetch the water was the very same one that she had broken to fragments.

**T**HUS THE QUIET woman's days went by, filled to overflowing with the household tasks that every woman knows, and the cares and needs and sorrows of all who came to her.

Each day the young Judean preacher, John by name, spoke in the public places, now at the baths, now in the market place, and on the temple porches. Then each evening with the sunset there came to the cottage those who had heard and believed his words, and whose sins had been washed away in holy Baptism; and each bringing his offering of fruit and wine and meats, dined here with him. There were women, too, but they came to serve and to partake



humbly in a place apart. After the feast of friendship which they chose to call the Agape or Love Feast, John laid aside his garments as he said the Lord had done, and in eastern fashion, washed the feet of each man present. Then he clothed himself with garments of a finer cloth, embroidered with rich colors and with threads of gold; and taking in his hands a piece of bread, he blessed, and breaking it, he spoke the words the Lord had taught him. The Lady Miriam came and knelt beside the board, and John gave a Morsel of the Bread to her as Food. Then the others came in turn, and each received a Morsel. Next, he took the golden cup. Each in turn, the Lady first, drank of the Chalice. Together, then, they repeated after John the prayer,—“Our Father in Heaven, may Thy Name be hallowed.” He made over them as they knelt the gesture of the cross, and all rose and sang the Hallel of thanksgiving, as it was sung in Juda’s Temple.

Now, each day there were many things to prepare for the evening’s feast, and each evening brought new faces to the table, and the little cottage was becoming quite too small.

ONE EVENING, as Mary laid out the rich garments John should wear, a timid rap was sounded at the door, and little Tirzah asked if she might enter. The Lady smiled her welcome. Tirzah watched the strange preparations, chatting as she watched of her Mistress Thecla whom she loved.

“I sit often at my mistress’ feet and sing to her when she is sad or tired. I love to sing some songs which she thinks strange.”

“Then sing for me, my sweet.” And in a childish treble, high and sweet, there came the Psalm of Aggeus with which the Temple almas responded to

the trumpet’s morning call to prayer. And Mary’s heart sang with her.

“I can sing it in my mistress’ language, too, but the words don’t fit so well,” and she sang her childish translation of them.

“Does the Lady Thecla love to hear them?” asked Mary.

“OH, VERY MUCH, and always when she’s lonely. Her father is away at Rome and there are few she loves to talk to. The Roman maiden Claudia—she rules the Claudian palace on the Via Sacra—comes sometimes, but she is not kind and loving as my mistress Thecla. I know, for Afra, who is her nearest maiden slave, hates her bitterly. She sometimes lashes Afra or strikes her with a tiny dagger, or the like, if she doesn’t please her in the dressing of her hair, and Afra would sometimes wish to kill her if she dared.” And the child went on to tell the stories of the slaves, their pains, and unavailing rebellions, their lonely hopelessness; and Mary listened as she worked.

“But what are all those pretty garments for, and why do people come here so many every evening? I’ve watched them often, and crept close to hear them as they pass, but they say strange things and I do not understand.”

“It is the Love Feast, dear child, for we all should love one another.”

“And their mistress, too? and their slaves? The Lady Thecla says it is much happier to be kind.”

“And after the Feast of Love there is something beautiful takes place which you shall see some day. But now it is growing late, and little girls must hasten home, so fare thee well, my sweet. God watcheth thee.” And the little one ran off quite happy.

“Why art thou so gay, little Tirzah?” asked Thecla as the child danced up the steps to the portico.

“I was visiting with the Lady Mary,

and that always makes me happy." She settled herself at Thecla's feet. "It was she who helped me with my pitcher, and bound my toe when I hurt it. She loves children for she told me so."

"What else did she tell you, child?"

"ONCE SHE told me of her little Boy. He's dead now, though. She said He used to help her and He always brought her water and ran errands, and—"

"And what was His Name, and how did He die?"

"His Name was Jesus. I like it, don't you? Sometimes I say it to myself a thousand times, I like it so. She didn't tell me everything. She said she would save some for that day when sorrow came. I don't know what she meant, do you?"

"No, child, but sing to me,—that one which says, 'Beautiful art Thou above the sons of men—grace is poured abroad from Thy lips.'"

John and Mary sat long that night in the light of the eastern moon, talking of the many memories their hearts shared. She spoke of the Child to him and he told her of the Man, as with men about Him, He journeyed through the land of Israel, now healing, now teaching, now spending a long night in prayer. Then they spoke of Ephesus, and those who opened their hearts to His truths, of those who failed to heed, of the sorrow and the bitterness and pain that lay all about, the burdens on the souls of men which only His Hand could lift.

It was a day in early autumn when a messenger brought news from Antioch, from Peter there, that John should come. The journey might require an absence of many weeks, and John was sad to leave the Lady quite alone. How painful it would be to her to miss the one thing dearest, the daily coming of her Son in the evening sacri-

fice. All day he pondered it, and when evening came there was still no answer to this perplexity. Then as he broke the Bread and gave It, he knew what he would do. A Particle he laid aside and covered with a linen veil. Mary watched him, puzzled, then she understood. That night they set a tiny lamp beside the golden plate that held their Lord and in the morning when John left her, she was not alone.

Many were his journeys after that, but there were no anxious moments for him. And the last moonbeams often found, as the first had done, a silent figure kneeling there beside the altar table. With His Presence in her house again, the tasks were light and sweet, and often in the day she would slip off a moment from them, or even bring her smaller tasks and sit with Him to do them.

It was thus one day that Thecla found her, drawn by Tirzah's praises of the Lady. She brought a simple, beauty-loving heart, and it found there rest and food and satisfaction.

(To be continued.)

## The Land of Evangeline

By H. M. Persons

A RECENT ARTICLE on the shrines of Longfellow recalls a visit to the Land of Evangeline. The section of Nova Scotia known by that name is much the same today as it was in 1749 when the bewildered Acadians were driven into exile, their houses and property confiscated by the British.

The site of the village of Grand Pré has been carefully preserved and is now known as Acadian Memorial Park. At the entrance stands a little gatehouse where souvenirs are sold and where the services of a guide may be obtained. From this building one steps directly out upon the meadows.

As far as eyes can reach, are spread



the fertile grass-lands, their rich green broken at wide intervals by variously shaped beds of brilliant flowers. A small stream meanders through the landscape, in some places a mere thread of water, in others wide enough to be bridged by a single plank. Near the center of the park, the stream widens into a pond where ducks and water lilies flourish together. Then it contracts to a narrow ribbon, almost lost in the grass.

**F**ARTHER ON, to the right of the pond, is the well where the villagers of Grand Pré obtained their supply of water. Broad flat stones surround its base, and smaller irregular ones form a curb about three feet high. If one peers over the wide flat top, water can be seen in the mossy depths. Nearby hangs a bucket from a long forked pole.

A short distance beyond the well, stands a tiny church, built on the site of the church of St. Charles, where the men of Grand Pré assembled to hear the announcement of their expulsion. Like the well, the church is built of irregular stones. The steep slate roof is topped near the front by a simple, very pointed belfry. A flight of stone steps leads to the main entrance, and inside are kept the ancient records and relics of the Acadians. Under the broad buttresses of the building a colony of swallows have plastered their nests of mud and fly busily about their affairs undisturbed by wandering tourists.

At the foot of a long gentle slope, in front of the church, stands a life-sized, bronze statue of Evangeline, sculptured by Henri Hebert, a descendant of some of the original settlers of Grand Pré. The expression of the face of the statue is sad, and her head is slightly turned as if she were taking a last longing look at her beloved land before leaving it forever.

Along one side of the park, far to the right of the statue, is the row of willow

trees which once bordered the village street. The cuttings from which the trees grew were brought from Normandy by the first settlers and planted exactly where they now stand.

The ancient dykes which once protected the low-lying fields of the village, still keep out the rushing waters of the Bay of Fundy. The huge double tides of that body of water roll in with such speed and force that all the rivers on that side of Nova Scotia rise from thirty-four to forty feet at high tide. If it were not for the dykes the meadows would be flooded.

Directly to the north rises the rocky promontory called Cape Blomidon. It still guards the Basin of Minas across which the exiles sailed for other lands, and still shelters the fertile meadows from the heavy fogs and cold winds of the Bay of Fundy. Many years ago Blomidon was believed to be the home of Glooscap, a wonderful creature, half-Indian, half-god, who ruled over Nova Scotia, guarding its people and protecting its animals. One of the many interesting stories is that of Glooscap and the owl.

**A**MONG THE witches who claimed Acadia as their home, was a most powerful one called Gamona. Her chief delight was the torturing of animals whenever she could catch them off guard. One day an owl she had captured managed to escape from her long sharp claws and flew to Glooscap to complain. After hearing the owl's story, Glooscap changed the bird's eyes to the large round ones he has today.

"Now," said Glooscap, "you will be able to see Gamona better. Watch for her and whenever she is near warn all the other people of the woods."

The owl obeyed and that is why, the Acadians say, he perches in the trees all night and gives his warning cry.

Cape Blomidon is now noted for its

amethysts. Every winter the heavy frosts open up new veins of the lovely stones, which shade from delicate lavender to deep purple. In the natural state, before they are cut and polished, they look just like pieces of colored rock salt. The stores of Halifax and Yarmouth are filled with all kinds of jewelry set with the stones which have been cut into various sizes and shapes.

A visit to the Land of Evangeline would not be complete without a trip westward to St. Mary's Bay, to which some of the exiles returned some years after their expulsion, to found a new Acadia. In little towns, strung like beads along the coast, the descendants live exactly as did their ancestors, preserving all the quaint old customs and manners.

They build their houses partly of clapboards and partly of shingles; and usually fill all the front windows, even the cellar ones, with potted plants, which grow so luxuriantly that they form a regular flowery screen.

**O**XEN ARE USED instead of horses not only for farm work, but also for getting from one place to another. On holydays you will see families in oxcarts going to Mass. They are a most religious people, and no matter how much work there is to be done, it is all laid aside upon a holyday.

Here and there may be seen churches in various stages of completion. Sometimes no work is done upon them for years at a stretch, because those people will never go into debt for anything that is used in the practice of religion. In good seasons, a little more material is purchased, a little more work is done; and then all activity ceases until more money is available.

The Land of Evangeline is a land of memories, a land of lovely scenery, a land of simple, satisfied people.

## Myself 'n' Himself and Saint Philomena

By Mary E. L. Hennigan

**T**HIS TIME IT was Portugal we were visiting, Myself 'n' Himself. How we came to be there is a long story, which may some day be told. Today it is enough to tell that here we were quite without plan, almost without intent; yet not without reason wandering along the bright mosaic walks of lovely Lisbon.

The reason for being there is the sad part of the story. That we had put deep down in our hearts as happily as we could. Meanwhile, we covered it over with pleasant things: visiting splendid cathedrals, buying exquisite bits of enameled filagree, drinking rich red wine in old taverns; or following with wide-eyed interest the apple-cheeked, sloe-eyed Amazons who strode along every cobbled street that rose from sea to city, balancing on their dark heads great baskets of shimmering silver fish.

Filled with such pursuits a week sped by. Then one Thursday evening we suddenly recalled that the next day, besides being the day of our departure, was also First Friday. (Strange how seldom we forget Him when we need Him!) Confidently we hastened into the nearest church. Disconsolately we wandered out again. How can one pour contrition in English into ears receptive only of Portuguese? One necessarily begins a pilgrimage of churches in search of an English-speaking or at least an English-understanding priest.

It was, apparently, to be an unavailing pilgrimage. True, an encouragingly long line of penitents stood before every box in every church, but all alike answered our timidly whispered request with lifted shoulders expressive of non-



comprehension. In one such line we did find a lady who responded in broken English to our query. And we watched her with horrified interest as she tiptoed from confessional to confessional, knocking gently at each; she interrupted priest and penitent by whispering sibilantly into each opened door her request for help for the strangers. But she would only return, telling us with a truly Latin but sympathetic shrug of the futility of her quest. Finally, we gave up the search with reluctance, for we do not lightly break our Fridays.

HAVING ABANDONED the quest we went to a part of the city we had never visited; a place where we had been told we might find a certain book printed in English which explained Portugal. Coming out of the bookshop we followed our usual custom of wandering more or less aimlessly about the new neighborhood in which we found ourselves and came upon still another church. We went in for our customary visit. Every one of these beautiful old structures is worth a visit for its artistic beauty entirely aside from its spiritual claim upon the devout Catholic. Coming out we were doubly rewarded, for our glad gaze fell upon a sign hanging in the vestibule identifying this as the Irish Dominican Church of Lisbon.

The white-robed Dominican, the confessor who came, was a sturdy figure of a man, with an eager, vital face under his silver thatch of hair. He strode into the dim church with much the same vigor with which the late Pope Pius XI in earlier years strode into the audience chambers of the Vatican. Later, we knew the source and fount of that vital eagerness of Father O'Sullivan's. It was a little known Saint for whom this exiled Irish priest had a deep and grateful devotion that perforce kindled all who saw its clear

light and felt its warm glow. In the rectory, to which he brought us after confession, he filled the commonplace souls of Myself 'n' Himself with some of this light and warmth.

"You," he said to me at parting, "are to be an apostle of St. Philomena. You are to spread devotion to her and knowledge of her in the community where you live. In what measure and by what means is your own problem. But never for a moment doubt that the problem is there for you to solve. You were directed here. This is part of the purpose."

Nor was this all the good priest urged upon us, for before we left he exacted from us a promise that we would begin at once, the very next morning, a novena of Masses and Holy Communions in honor of our new friend and patroness. Feebly, I raised a few objections to this program. We were sailing for Cherbourg next day. It was winter, and though that might not mean much in sunny Portugal it did on the stormy Bay of Biscay where we would probably find ourselves thoroughly tossed about in the next three days. Fasting could easily prove impossible—or worse, inevitable. Besides, it was likely that there would be no priest aboard that ship.

"LEAVE ALL that to her," said this Dominican cheerfully. "Sure, you need not trouble your head about all that! Just do as I bid you and leave the other arrangements to one who is a better hand at it than you."

He was quite right. There was a priest aboard that English ship which was returning from a cruise to South America. He was French and a bit lost among the passengers, few of whom were of our Faith. He liked a modest glass of good wine in the afternoon and over it some pleasant conversation was enjoyed with him, though the Bay of

Biscay did prove a bit rough. On our last afternoon together this French Father told us regretfully that there would be no Mass on the following morning. To our dismayed questions he answered that since we were landing so early there would be no one to serve Mass nor even to assist at it. Therefore, it could not be celebrated.

**ONE DOES NOT** meet on a pleasure cruise such as this the sort of Catholic that will rise at four o'clock on a cold dark morning to hear Mass."

"But one does, Father," we hastened to assure him, "if one chance to meet Catholics who need the Mass at whatever hour it may be being said. We will not willingly interrupt the devotion we have begun, and will be in your cabin tomorrow morning at four o'clock."

When we crossed the deck, next morning, cold rain was slanting from a bitter sky. A wild wind tossed the great ship about with terrifying ease. No one stirred on deck nor in the silent alleys we tiptoed through on our way to the French priest's cabin. It was very tiny, that cabin, scarcely room in it for the small improvised altar with its sweetly familiar lighted candles, book, covered chalice, and celebrant. Not to speak of Himself 'n' Myself, whose feet touched the closed door where we knelt close enough to the priest to touch the hem of his garment. Myself answered the responses, Himself performing the manual duties of acolyte.

We sailed for home, some days later, with the blessing of a French priest, the obligation resting on us to spread in our American small town devotion to a little Italian saint of whom we had never, until that encounter with a devout Irishman in a Portuguese city, even heard. How catholic indeed is our Mother Church! To encourage one another in the project which lay before

us we discussed eagerly the things which Father O'Sullivan had told us in Lisbon about St. Philomena.

"I never really wanted her in my church at all," he had confessed. "I did my best to keep her out, although the pious lady who was persistently forcing upon me a beautiful statue of the saint was a friend for whom I would do much. As a matter of fact, I like the good old saints. You know, St. Dominic, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Ignatius, St. Anthony. Well, she came in despite my every effort to exclude her, the little saint so beloved of the Curé of Ars. Once she was established there came upon us the most amazing flood of blessings. And such devotion! We have here a rule that not more than one vigil light may burn before a shrine at once. Yet, no matter how often they are removed, there are always a dozen or more grateful ones alight at the feet of little Philomena."

**THE GREATEST** favor which the community in general and Father O'Sullivan in particular felt had come to them through the intercession of St. Philomena was sent in the midst of revolution. On every side of the Dominican Community churches were reduced to ashes, schools went up in flames, priests and nuns were driven like chaff in a whirlwind. Escape seemed equally impossible for the Irish Dominicans. It was only a matter of time until they too must face irreparable loss and suffering. More than anything they feared the loss of their boys' school. For there, and in places like it if anywhere, lay the hope of Catholic Portugal. Prayerfully, the Fathers sped over the wires to Mugnano, to the shrine of the little saint to whom they had become more and more devoted through the years, a message begging that a novena of Masses be begun at once for their intention. On the ninth day of the novena, there was discovered in an obscure cor-



ner of their church under the choir loft a charge of dynamite and a lighted fuse. The boy who discovered it proceeded to do—so the military expert called in later assured the Fathers—everything calculated to set off the charge. Instead of which, the child successfully extinguished the lighted fuse, and running to Father O'Sullivan with his story, he brought the priest back to see what he had done. Ever since that time, grateful for what he believes to have been the miraculous intercession of St. Philomena on behalf of his beloved boys, the priest has spread devotion to her.

It would, perhaps, have been as well for him not to have told me how hard that first disciple had found it to spirit a statue of the saint into the Irish Dominican Church of Lisbon. I was convinced that I would have the same trouble with my own Pastor over St. Philomena. I worked out an easy little scheme which would avoid any embarrassment between the Pastor and myself, as well as allow me to discharge my obligation with the least possible expense and trouble.

**I** WOULD BUY nine statuettes of the little girl saint. I would give one to the oldest girl in each of the eight grades in our school and the ninth to our own Honore Mary. The children would begin regular devotions to St. Philomena, and that, perhaps, would be as good a way as any to spread knowledge of her. So said I, finishing on a note of self-satisfaction.

Himself sometimes agrees with me. That, however, was of no assistance in this particular case, for the saint herself did not. Search as I might, I could find no statuettes of that Virgin Martyr, not indeed a statue. For the latter I had to send to New York, paying many times more for it than I might have paid for the nine small images had I found them.

The statue did arrive in our parish on the seventeenth of March. It did not, however, arrive at the address to which I had so carefully and painstakingly sent it.

**I**'LL DIRECT IT to the Convent, not the Rectory," I had said to myself. "Sister Mary Paul will help me out in this matter. She can set Philomena on the landing, just outside the office door, where the children will see her every day. They can make a shrine, bring flowers, light vigil lights. Father Mac need not be bothered at all."

And to the waiting clerk I had said: "Be sure, that the statue, when it comes from New York, is readressed to Sister Mary Paul, Dominican Convent. My boys can carry it over to the school and set it up for her."

I had reckoned without the determined little saint, though I had, it must be admitted, been fairly warned by Father O'Sullivan's narrative of how determined she could be. I realized it quite fully when the telephone called me to the Rectory early on St. Patrick's Day. There on the Pastor's dining table, lovely in her robe of purple and gold, a wreath of roses in her hair, stood the little Philomena waiting to be given a place in our church where she had from the very beginning intended to be. Never ask how she managed to arrive at the Rectory instead of at the Convent to which I had assigned her. No one yet knows the answer to that. Suffice it to say that she had already won a friend even before I came to speak for her. The Pastor himself carried her over to the church, and chose the place where she should stand at the feet of the Blessed Mother, in the aisle set apart for the Children of Mary, whose specially appointed patron St. Philomena is.

We watched eagerly for signs of the Saint's favor. And how human, too, not

to be satisfied with them when they did come: a public novena, for instance, the very first held in our church though the building is fourteen years old and the parish nearly a hundred; later, the gift of a beautiful shrine of Our Mother of Perpetual Help which brought with it an established novena, now drawing nearly the whole parish together in prayer every Tuesday; a great fragrant bouquet at the shrine placed there by a Jewish couple, neighbors in deep grief to whom a ray of light and hope had come, who had begun to believe that its source was here; a new way of attacking the parish debt that promises amazing results. These were signs of special favor, surely; yet none of them that rose blooming in the snow which, no matter how little we may have deserved it, we still hoped for.

**M**ORE THAN a year later, on September the ninth, the feast day of the Saint, it came,—the water gushing from the barren rock. On that morning a rejoicing parish assisting at Mass saw a woman receive her First Holy Communion on her fiftieth wedding anniversary. Standing beside her eighty-year-old husband in a privileged place inside the altar rail, she spoke her marriage vows again, this time before a priest. Her son and daughter, good Catholic mother and father of children themselves, stood beside their parents, and kneeling in the congregation were the son-in-law and daughter-in-law who had been her godparents earlier that morning when she was baptized. Surely, thought those of us who were privileged to be there, as we looked on the two happy, wrinkled old faces of the "bride and groom" coming down the aisle from the altar, here at last is that special blessing which Father O'Sullivan assured us would follow the coming of his little saint among us.

And now, as I think I have said be-

fore, this parish of ours which, until St. Philomena more or less forced a gentle way in upon us, had never had a public novena, is engaged upon a perpetual one to Our Lady. Each of us has, of course, his own fervent intention, his special personal plea to lay before Our Mother.

How catholic, indeed, is Mother Church! Because a couple of troubled Americans met an Irish priest in a Portuguese city who urged upon them devotion to a little Italian Saint, a whole parish in an American small town beseeches Our Lady to succor two forlorn children of Israel whose child appears to be lost, and may yet be found in our Temple.

Most people will see in all this merely a chain of circumstances which, however interesting, is still quite natural. Outsiders may consider reading anything supernatural into it as superstition. Even some "insiders" may shake indulgent heads over what seems to be a sentimental stressing of a rather extraordinary sequence of incidents. Let them shake away! Let them say their say! We know, Myself 'n' Himself, that angels have touched us lightly in their passing. We have heard the whisper of their wings.

### Overtones

By Sister Miriam, R. S. M.

*Assail with sword-tipped words the self in me  
Laid bare by bleeding sensitivity,  
And pride no verbal thrust can bend or bow  
Lifts high a haughty head to challenge you.*

*But come to me, my dear, as you did now,  
With no apology except a few  
Gold daffodils, a quaint old Chinese book,  
The sweet repentant silence of your look,  
I'll let your nobleness in this new guise  
Divide my pains and hide my tear-wet eyes.*



## Afterward the Harvest

By Marie Butler Coffey

THE DOORBELL shrilled and Ann Brent, seated at her dressing table, flung up her bright head and stopped powdering her nose to listen. Marc had gone whistling through the hall to greet the late caller.

"How do you do? Come in, come in," Ann heard him rumble cordially.

"I'm from the Acme Furniture Company," said a brisk masculine voice. "When I was here the first of the month Mrs. Brent promised to have some money for me today."

Ann gasped. Caught again! What would Marc say to the man? If he did make a payment on the furniture it simply meant they would have to give up seeing Delicia Anton, the professional skater, tonight and the gay supper party at the Miramar with the crowd afterward.

"Mrs. Brent, eh?" Marc laughed. "Now there's a girl for you! Her promises would bankrupt a millionaire. Wish she was here and I'd make her cough it up herself. As for me—"

Ann, who had seen the performance before, pictured Marc turning his pockets inside out to attest to his temporary insolvency.

"Mr. Brent," said the other crisply, "we must have some money on that furniture this month. Otherwise—"

"Yes, yes, I know. Suppose you come over to my office Monday and I'll see that you get your money." Marc would be good-naturedly patting his caller on the back, sending him away with a smile.

The heavy bang of the outer door announced the collector's departure and Marc came in beaming. "Well, I got rid of that fellow again," he said, selecting one of many expensive ties from a rack on the wall and flipping it deftly under his collar.

Ann was relieved in a way. She would have been consumed with envy if she had had to listen to the Flemings and the Carrolls and the Tremonts raving over Delicia Anton and her marvelous skating, and adding ruefully, "Oh, Ann, it's too bad you had to miss it!"

"I suppose most respectable people do pay their bills regularly, Marc," she observed in a troubled tone.

"Oh, I suppose they do," he returned carelessly. "But they don't have as good a time as we do. After all, when people work and slave as we do they're entitled to some fun."

Even Ann had to smile at that. Marc's "slaving" consisted in driving about town selling real estate or playing golf with his prospects. She performed the simple duties of housekeeping in this small apartment in two morning hours and spent her afternoons shopping, playing contract or going to the movies.

"LET'S STOP around for the Tooloes," Marc suggested. "Maybe we can drag them out tonight. They're fun."

Ann brightened. She liked the Tooloes. Molly and Frank were always a delightful addition to any party. She carefully adjusted a tiny flowered hat on one side of her bright head and drew the veil over her eyes. The effect was startlingly chic, but she wondered if it were really worth the stupendous price she had paid for it. Dark, crisp, new spring coat, white gloves and a gardenia.

"You look like a million," Marc approved.

The Tooloes were equally flattering a half-hour later.

"You look like the Spirit of Spring, Ann," Molly declared. "Your hat is sweet."

"Stepping out tonight?" Frank asked.

Marc explained their plans in gay

detail. "You'd better come along," he invited. "It's going to be quite a party."

"I'm sorry but I'm afraid we can't make it tonight," Frank said. "I hate to sound like a piker, but we couldn't expect to see the gorgeous Delicia cut a few figure eights at the hockey stadium for less than five dollars. It would be seven or eight more before the evening is over and I'll have a dentist's bill to pay this week."

"**D**ENTIST'S BILL!" Marc scoffed. "Let him write it down. He keeps a black book handy for that sort of thing, doesn't he?"

Frank grinned. "Yes, I suppose so, but we don't do business that way."

"But say, you're not going to turn old fogey on us already, are you?" Marc demanded. "You'll have years to toast before the fire and read. Why not have a good time while you're young and healthy?"

"We are having a good time," Frank insisted. "And at the same time we're keeping out of debt and saving a little besides."

Marc expressed his skepticism by a contemptuous gesture. "Come on, Ann, we'll leave grandpa and grandma to toast their shins and nod over their precious books," he said with a gay laugh that smoothed the edge of his sarcasm.

To her own surprise Ann left that tranquil fireside reluctantly. It would be fun, she thought wistfully, on a cool spring night to sit before an open fire with a good book. Now and then she became a little weary of gaiety and she was becoming increasingly uneasy about having continually to dodge people to whom she and Marc owed money.

Monday, when the collector for the furniture company was expected again, there was no money. The evening's "fun" on Saturday had cost Marc

eighteen dollars. "I'll not face that man again," Ann determined. Just to be on the safe side she locked the apartment door and denied herself to all callers. It proved to be a tedious day. Even though she performed her household duties in the most dilatory fashion she was finished by ten. She dawdled over the morning paper for another hour.

Sue Caldwell telephoned inviting her to an impromptu luncheon with several of their friends: "All the girls I could contact that were in our class at college, Ann. It's such a glorious day! And afterward we are going to the movies."

Ann remembered her empty purse and regretfully declined.

"Molly Toole is going," Sue put in hopefully. "I know you like Molly."

It was warm in the apartment, and there was nothing to do. Nothing but to sit and think about a gay group of her friends chatting and laughing over their luncheon and strolling down the street afterward to the Orpheum, window shopping as they went.

She thought about these women one after another. None of their husbands was earning as large a salary as Marc. Yet they all had pleasant, well-run homes, were always well, though conservatively dressed and managed to enjoy the simple pleasures they allowed themselves. They had money for club-work, for church, for charity, for their children.

"**W**HAT AILS Marc and me?" she asked herself. She knew the answer. There were dozens of unpaid bills holding them back—crowding them against the wall. "I'll have it out with Marc tonight," she promised herself.

Marc came in at five on the crest of the wave. He was quite pleased with himself because, once again, he had dodged the bill collector. "As luck would have it old man Driscoll sent me out to Amityville with a prospect this after-



noon," he chuckled as he expertly carved the roast. "And the furniture fellow called while I was out."

"But, Marc," she protested, "we can't go on dodging him forever. Besides it's giving us a disgraceful reputation around town, isn't it?"

"Who would know except the furniture company and ourselves?"

**T**HERE ARE A host of other bills, though. There's money due on the refrigerator, the car and my fur coat. The grocer hasn't been paid in weeks and the butcher gave me a nasty look when I ordered this roast yesterday. Besides that, I owe for clothes at Madame Marchand's, and there's your suit and topcoat and the doctor's bill from last winter for your sprained ankle."

"Oh, but you can give a fellow a headache!" he groaned. "I'll tell you, dear, you trot out all those unpaid bills some rainy night and I'll run through 'em. Now let's talk about something cheerful. How about the movies tonight?"

Ann laid down her fork with a sigh. "Honestly, Marc," she began.

"Oh, by the way," he broke in quickly, "they are sending Baxter to the New York office the first of the week. You know what that means, don't you?"

She caught her breath in a little gasp of rapture.

"A promotion for you, Marc!"

"Exactly. I'm the next in line. And that's a promotion that is a *promotion*. Very soon now we'll have so much money we won't know what to do with it all. We'll use some of our surplus to pay off those bills!"

"Oh, Marc, I'm so happy for you," she said, diverted at once.

"We can have a grand vacation this summer, too," he went on, once more in his element. "The mountains, Lake Diane, the Allegheny Hotel!"

"Oh, what fun! But expensive. I'll need scads of new clothes."

"Well, you run downtown tomorrow and buy what you want. If old lady Marchand won't let you have 'em go over to LeClaires.' They have a pretty good line, haven't they?"

Ann needed no further urging. She went downtown the next day, salving her conscience by avoiding the expensive house of Marchand so that she might bargain hunt at LeClaires'. An ingratiating saleswoman flattered her into running her purchases into a hundred dollars in no time at all.

"Where shall I send them?" asked the saleswoman, gathering up evening gowns, sports dresses, swim suits and afternoon sheers.

Ann frowned. Was she being too hasty? Surely half of those gowns would be sufficient with what she would be able to use from last season. "I'll think it over and come back in an hour," she said.

Downstairs she ran into Molly Toole looking at inexpensive cotton-dresses.

"I've been selecting some new clothes for our vacation," Ann explained.

**T**HAT'S JUST what I'm doing," said Molly. "Frank and I have rented the same cottage we had last summer over at Pleasant Lake. Where are you planning to go?"

"Marc's expecting a promotion so we are blowing ourselves to a couple of weeks at the Allegheny Hotel at Lake Diane." Ann just couldn't resist being a bit boastful.

Molly stared at her oddly. "Oh," she said mildly.

That mildness infuriated Ann for some reason. Molly was so smug, so serene and self-satisfied. Nothing ever seemed to jar her out of her maddening poise. "And yet she's just a slave to a

budget," Ann thought contemptuously. Abruptly she turned and went back toward the elevators. "I simply will not pinch pennies like Molly," she promised herself angrily. Upstairs she said to the surprised saleswoman, "I'll take those things I selected. All of them. Charge them to Mrs. Marcus Brent, 1014 Collingwood Place."

**M**ARC CAME home looking gloomy and irritable and utterly spent.

Ann was alarmed. "Are you ill, Marc?" she asked.

He shook his head. "It's the heat, I guess."

Marc couldn't eat. After a brave pretense at dinner he laid his fork down with a little clatter. "I didn't get the promotion, Ann," he announced glumly.

Ann gaped at him. "Why—why, Marc—what happened?"

"Frank Toole is the lucky boy," he explained, avoiding her eyes. "Driscoll gave Frank the good word yesterday. I didn't know until this morning."

Ann's face went white. She cringed at the recollection of Molly Toole happily buying cheap cotton-dresses for her simple vacation, and of herself standing by, contemptuous, boasting. And all the time Molly knew! Angry tears sprang to her eyes and brimmed over. "Why, Marc, you've twice the ability of Frank Toole," she flared.

"Yes, I know," he admitted absently, "but it seems ability didn't count so much this time."

"What do you mean?"

"Driscoll explained to me that Frank is steady and reliable and—and pays his bills regularly. He said that is the type of man he needs to handle such an important executive job. He had us both looked up, I guess. He questioned the bill collectors that called at the office when I was out, too."

Ann slumped in her chair. So their bills had caught up with them at last.

She and Marc had been fooling themselves with a fake philosophy. "Enjoy yourself while you're young and let the future take care of itself" had been their carefree creed.

"Marc," she said briskly, "we're going to give up the vacation and the parties and expensive clothes and pay our bills. You'll have another opportunity some day. Let's be ready for it next time."

He frowned. Gay, extravagant Marc, who never in his life had lived within his income. She could read his thoughts now as he contemplated the fishing and boating and swimming he would miss at Lake Diane.

"I'm tired of forever dancing on the rim of a volcano," Ann went on, before he could protest. "From now on I'd like a chance to manage our finances. I used to manage my own affairs when I was teaching and I was never in debt. In fact I saved money."

Without a word Marc took out his salary check, indorsed it and passed it across the table.

**A**NN SIGHED. For the first time in their married life she assumed responsibility. She had to succeed. There would be a constant struggle against Marc's extravagances and her own weakness for lovely expensive hats and gowns. No more could she confidently lean on Marc's careless, "Now don't worry, honey, I've got another check coming in a few days."

Her eyes were tender as she looked across the table and said firmly, "It's not going to be fun, Marc."

The warmth of his smile enfolded her. "It might be fun to watch a row of figures pile up in a bank book, at that." His eyes twinkled mischievously. "I just hope I don't become a miser, that's all."

"That's one thing I'm not worrying about," Ann laughed.



# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

In spite of a lot of study, scientists are still not agreed as to how bees convert nectar into honey.

♦ ♦

As a rule, our battleships are named after States, our mine-sweepers after birds, and our cruisers after principal cities.

♦ ♦

The heat of a gallon of burning gasoline is sufficient to raise seventy-five gallons of water from freezing to boiling.

♦ ♦

To impress visitors to his farm, Diamond Jim Brady had gold-plated buckets in which to catch the milk from his cows.

♦ ♦

Chemistry experts at Cornell University, working to produce color changes in flowers, expect to be able to produce a blue rose.

♦ ♦

According to the Eyesight Conservation Council of America, nine out of ten persons over 21 years of age have imperfect eyesight.

♦ ♦

Ants and men seem to be about the only organisms able consistently to adapt themselves to any climate, wet or dry, hot or cold.

♦ ♦

Physically the Indian is not the tall and straight specimen that he is usually pictured in fiction. Generally he is

shorter than the white man, apt to be round-shouldered, and often bowlegged into the bargain.

♦ ♦

Every day in New York City, approximately \$3,000,000 is paid out for about 4,500,000 meals.

♦ ♦

The United States weather bureau says that winters have been warming up since the Civil War, with an especially rapid rise since 1929.

♦ ♦

Scientists in the Department of Agriculture estimate that there are 25,000,000 insects in the air above each square mile of the earth's surface.

♦ ♦

According to Doctor Heiser, in *An American Doctor's Odyssey*, nets of tremendous strength are made in Papua from the webs of giant spiders.

♦ ♦

Carleton Ellis, New Jersey inventor, holds more patents than any other living man,—over seven hundred in all. Edison holds the all-time record with fourteen hundred patents.

♦ ♦

A woman salesman sold the steel which went into three of Chicago's largest buildings: The Merchandise Mart, the Board of Trade Building, and the Marshall Field Building.

♦ ♦

A Dominican nun, Sister Ann Joachim, has been admitted to legal practice at the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States. Before entering the Sisterhood she was a practicing lawyer in the State of Michigan.

♦ ♦

Someone has said that "a typical bore is a person who tells you all about *his* family, or experiences, or ideas, or feelings, or maladies, or remedies, or household arrangements, or travels, or dreams, or what have you—while you want to be telling him about yours."

## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**The Early Years of Isaac Thomas Hecker (1819-1844)**, by the Rev. Vincent F. Holden, C. S. P. The Catholic University of America Press, Washington, D. C.

Father Isaac Hecker became a Catholic on August 2, 1844, when he was twenty-five years old. Already a great deal of experience was his and much of it had found its way into his letters and diaries. These letters and diaries, as well as other writings, the author of this book has used to tell the story of the first part of Hecker's life.

*The Early Years of Isaac Thomas Hecker*, a dissertation and not a popular biography, presents the plain truth as far as the sources allow, and conforms to the rules of scholarship by giving references for every statement. Consequently it offers hard reading and not entertainment. Of its nine chapters, *Friendship with Brownson, Brook Farm, Fruitlands, and Hecker's Conversion* are the most interesting. Dr. Holden makes clear the more accurate meeting date of Hecker and Brownson, and shows what influence Brownson had on him. Vividly written is the story of Hecker's experience at Brook Farm and Fruitlands. To these institutions he went to play the ascetic, to study, and to seek religious truth. Neither school could give him religious peace. That he found in the Catholic Church after a struggle which only a few know.

In a new edition the printer will make some corrections: on page 39, line one, *had* slipped in for *hard*; on page 44, foot-note number four, *Herker* should be *Hecker*; and on page 142, line one, the word *objection* is used for *object*.

Dr. Holden has done well. He keeps close to the sources and lets them speak. In so doing he has corrected misstatements and provided a more accurate account of Fr. Hecker's early life.

When Dr. Holden tells the story of Hecker's life from 1844 to 1888, let us hope it will be with the same care as that which he used in his history of the first twenty-five years, for then we shall have about the last word on the great founder of the Paulists.

W. J. Lyons.

**My Hobby of the Cross**, by Madeleine Sweeny Miller. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. Price, \$2.

From the "Parsonage on the Park" in Brooklyn, New York, the wife of a Methodist minister here presents their combined experiences in collecting rare specimens of the Cross during ten years of search and one hundred thousand miles of travel. She contributes the descriptive text; he, the beautiful photographs that illustrate it. Interwoven with the description of the pieces is interesting comment on persons and places, together with some historical detail. It is not professedly a precise study in Iconography, but it is a good lead to that fascinating subject. The use of some of the material for lectures may account for occasional unevenness of composition, and certain lapses of attention rather than of intention.

Prior to the Reformation the only form of Christianity was Catholicism. For Greek over Latin forms of the Cross, Renaissance over Medieval, one must be exact in one's point of view. To say, "there was yet no central authority in Rome to dominate and clamp down orthodox rules of construction" (p. 57), is to do scant justice to the care with which papal authority safeguarded representations of the Cross or the motives which prompted that solicitude. To say that the masterpieces of Bellini and others testify to "a Renaissance freedom of spirit, unloosed from its Medieval swaddling bands" (p.



155), and then to refer with approval to a thought from Sartell Prentice "who challenges us again to build the splendor of the Church whose old and faithful servant, Christian art, was destroyed by the Renaissance and interred by the Reformation" (p. 182), is to leave some doubt on which foot one wished to stand.

After making all due allowances, one can say that the book is a real delight. It is an excellent companion for arm-chair travel. It instructs, entertains, puts you on your mettle.

L. Broughal.

**Morality and the Mystical Body**, by Emile Mersch, S. J. The P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Price, \$3.50.

A very reverend diocesan official, whose intellectual ability is assured not only by his position, but also by his degrees in philosophy, theology and canon law, read the first chapter of this book; then realizing he had not understood it, he re-read it and wryly admitted he still could not follow the author. After such a confession, the present reviewer approached the work with awakened curiosity. To be sure, his intelligent friend was probably a bit rusty on the metaphysics of relation; and just as surely, a book which so defies double perusal can hardly be credited as a popular presentation of the practical consequences that flow from this all-embracing Christian dogma.

The book is made up of what were distinct contributions to various theological reviews. Quite evident, therefore, is a lack of logical development in successive chapters. There is admittedly no attempt to give a complete presentation of the moral aspects of the Mystical Body. Profundity and sincerity are at hand, but warmth and clarity are not save for the expert metaphysician. As one reads with admiration the accurate theology, he becomes impatient with longing that these lofty ab-

stractions at least eventually descend to convincing vitality. The last part of the book corresponds to this hope; and especially do the chapters on poverty, chastity and obedience realize it. Even then, however, there is such depth of speculation as to make the book useless for the ordinary Religious.

Nevertheless, this scholarly work does represent progress. The theologian will be grateful for its publication, but the director of souls will not find in it a help to enable the modern Christian to live a life in the Mystical Body—as St. Paul wanted even the first Christians to live it.

W. R. Robinson.

#### **A Modern Flower of Saint Francis—**

Sister M. Francis de Sales of Our Blessed Mother, by a Sister of St. Francis, Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, Peekskill, N. Y., Benziger Bros., New York. Price, \$1.25.

Every Religious Community has worthy souls, some more remarkable than others. Sanctity is not necessarily claimed for them, but a general goodness is, even a goodness akin to holiness. An outstanding virtue is theirs, such as charity, prayerfulness, fine spirit, devotedness to duty, resignation to invalidism; or an outstanding character is theirs, the flowering of many virtues, no one of them especially striking. However, the task of the biographer is to get the facts in presenting the lives of such persons, for records of early years are usually lacking and even the records for the years in Religion. Hence books in keeping to the commonplace can fail to make readers fully appreciative. So for Sister M. Francis de Sales of Our Blessed Mother. An invalid from 1916 to her death in 1931, a blessing to herself and her Community, her rule of life, as given in a listing of some of her favorite practices, could be the subject of fervent resolutions by anybody.

James Dorkin.

## YOUNGER READERS

### Song of the Peddler

By Katharine Welles Wheeler

*Tinkling tunes and skipping feet  
Near my little cart;  
Songs of spring and growing things  
Trilling in each heart.  
Buy a pencil, buy a shoelace,  
Buy a stick of gum;  
Just a copper, just a nickel  
Such a silly sum.  
Buy a crocus, buy a tulip,  
Buy a daffodil;  
Blue and pink and orange colors  
For your window sill.  
Buy a booklet, buy a leaflet,  
Buy a little rhyme;  
For a songlet of a treelet,  
Just a silver dime.  
Tunes that tinkle, toes that twinkle  
Near my little cart;  
Songs of spring and growing things  
Trilling in each heart.*

### Treasures of Milton Abbas

By Ivy Bolton

#### I—ROGER THORNE TELLS HIS STORY

WINIFRED IS A tiresome one sometimes, though the sweetest little sister that ever a lad had. I told her to write this tale herself but she will have naught of it and, as my Lord of Damory would have it written down, I must even do my poor best. I am handier with the ploughshare than with the pen. We have not much use for writing at the farm, save to cast a few accounts, and our life has gone on since I can remember in peaceful fashion enough. The Dorset Downs sweep behind us and our farm lies north and west. We have been on the land as long as the

Damorys if not longer. Our home is a lovesome place—nestling among the trees with its thatched roof and dormer windows and the vines climbing over grey walls. The garden is in front and Winifred often sits there spinning and sewing, or teaching the little cottage children from Thorncombe over the way. Winifred was brought up by the nuns of Blandford St. Mary where our Aunt Cecilia is one of the lay Sisters and the Convent is a second home to her.

BLANDFORD LIES five miles over the old Roman road and Charlton Marshal a mile. There we go each morning to the old grey church for our Mass, save in the height of the harvest when some of the men have to bide at home. Such a peaceful happy life as it was until two months ago.

I rode into Blandford one day on an errand for my father and found the whole place agog with news of a Royal Commission which was expected. I paid little attention to the gossip, thinking it did not concern me, till I ran upon Master Wakeleigh, the parish priest, and he told me of the destruction of the great Abbey of Glastonbury and of the execution of the abbot and the prior and subprior. If so great a place as Glastonbury had fallen, Milton Abbas was not like to fare better and so I hastened home.

As I expected, my father sent me straight over to Milton Abbas as soon as possible. I rode fast, but the Compline bell had rung before I reached the monastery and I waited in the courtyard until the monks should come out. They looked grave and sad as they passed me, but I had little time for reflection. Brother Simon, the porter who



had been beckoned by the Father Abbot, came over to me.

I gave him my father's message and asked if there was any way in which I could be of service. I rather expected to be sent home with a courteous message, but to my surprise, Brother Simon said that the Father Abbot wished to speak with me.

"I have a service to ask of you, Roger," he said at once. "Your coming is most opportune. I had thought of summoning Lord Wilfred, but you would be in less danger than he, though I warn you frankly that the service is not without peril."

"I should be but a poor scholar of Milton Abbas, if I let danger deter me from the service of friends and Mother Church," I said.

"**U**NDoubtedly, Milton Abbas will be suppressed," he told me. "This morning I sent the elder brethren and the infirmarian to Weymouth. They will take ship for France and the Abbot of Beauvais will befriend them. We who be younger and stronger must face the storm. I want you to take care of this packet. It is the reliquary loaned to us for veneration last year from the Abbey of Dortengen. There are also jewels given by a benefactor for the Dortengen Shrine and some papers entrusted to me by the Lord Abbot of Glastonbury. These I have not dared to entrust to the brethren going to France, lest they be searched at Bournemouth."

I thought for a moment and then I nodded. The Father Abbot lifted his hand and checked me as I was about to speak. "Do not tell me where you will put them. It is best for me not to know," he said. "Take it now, but if possible come back to the monastery unobserved by midnight so that it may be supposed that you have spent the night here. Spies watched you come in. You can do some work in the gardens tomorrow morning to serve as a pretext."

I put the packet under my smock and hid it from curious eyes. The Father Abbot dismissed me from the postern.

"The gate will be ajar and I myself on the watch," he promised me.

**I** FOUND MYSELF outside the monastery and drew back in the shadow to think. The Downs had the best hiding places I knew and I walked out of the town into their broad expanse. I have been there often at midnight before—sometimes in the blinding snow—seeking my father's sheep and never felt a qualm, but here in Blandford with the treasure beneath my cloak, I was filled with abject terror.

I sought our old hiding hole near the great chalkpit in the blasted oak tree beyond Damory. The ivy has covered it thickly and there is an owl's nest above so that it seemed a safe hiding place for the time. Lord Wilfred knows of it and Winnie, but we kept it a close secret from William and his friends. No other prying hands were likely to find it, for the growth was so dense now. I looked around for possible watchers, drew back the ivy, and placed the box within the hole. I covered it well with stones and leaf mold, till I was sure no ray of light could catch it. I drew the ivy back, studied the place well to see if it looked disturbed, and then cut at full speed across Damory Court Park lest coming back the same way, I should attract undue attention. There by ill luck, I ran into my young lord who has always loved to prowls about in the moonlight.

"Faith, Roger, and what are you doing here at this time?" he inquired.

"I am going to my night's lodging, my lord."

"You came from the downland," he insisted. "Adventures are afoot and you are questing alone. Is this the way to treat a friend?"

I saw that secrecy was no use. "I am on an errand for the Father Abbot," I

told him. "There is some small peril in the matter but I am less likely to be questioned than you are. I took this path for safety."

"I am willing to share peril with you," he retorted huffily.

"I know that, my lord. What is the use of involving two now? If I am in difficulty, I shall come to you fast enough."

His face cleared. "That is a promise?"

"**H**AND AND HEART, my lord," I assured him. "Now if you will forget that I have been here, you will do me a service indeed."

"My memory is of the shortest," he vowed. "Good luck go with you, Roger. I fear there is trouble ahead. The Commissioners went to Blandford Saint Mary, and the Nuns were all turned out. My father has taken as many as he can and Sister Cecilia and Sister Audrey have gone to your farm. I am looking to see if there are any others without shelter."

Heavy-hearted indeed, I made my escape. The abbot was waiting for me. "If aught happens to me, Roger, give up the packet only to one who has the password, 'Iron for strength and gold for Christ the King,'" he told me. "The messenger should produce this ring which makes a seal like this." He showed me a paper.

I was afoot early working in the garden. Mass was scarcely ended when there was a sound of horsehoofs, and the Commissioners and their escort came into the courtyard.

Faith but their arrogance was beyond belief. They jostled us all as though we were the scum beneath their feet. The abbot was placed in arrest with the prior and master of the novices and locked in the *Scriptorium*. The rest were thrown neck and crop into the street. Commission forsooth, there was not the semblance of an investigation. I stood in the courtyard watching and

the Lord Chancellor spied me and ordered his guard to drag me before him.

"What are you doing here, lout?" was his first question.

"I am a former scholar of the house; I have been giving a hand with the gardens, my lord."

"Your name?" He spoke frowning.

"Roger Thorne."

"What was the name of that wench over at Blandford St. Mary?" He turned to a man at his elbow.

"Winifred Thorne."

"I am the brother of Winifred Thorne," I interposed. "My father's farm lies six miles from here."

"And why are you not at work with him?" he snarled.

"Because my father heard the Abbey was in danger and sent me over to see if there was anything that he could do."

"You own your sympathy with these traitors?" he blustered "What have they taught you here?"

"To stand by our friends and forgive our enemies," I answered.

"You dare to preach to me, you young popinjay."

**I** LOST MY FEAR of him then. It came to me that he was in a difficulty. He had arrested king's liegemen without a warrant and evidence of wrongdoing was not forthcoming.

"I have told the truth," I averred.

"Let the ignorant lout go," he ordered. "Make no effort to escape, Roger Thorne, or it will go ill with you."

"You will find me on my father's farm," I answered. I walked away slowly but I took to my heels as soon as I was out of sight and went to get my horse. I rode home as fast as I could.

Father was on the lookout for me. I went into the kitchen and Mother sprang up with a cry of joy. Sister Cecilia, her round cheeks white and tear-stained, sat in unaccustomed leisure on the great settle and old Sister



Audrey was on the window seat, her thoughts far away, her eyes on the shadowy downs. Their presence added to my difficulties, for with nuns in our household it meant that we should be watched and I had to find a more secure hiding place for the treasure.

It was Winifred who came to my rescue. I stood next morning out by the barn staring at its rafters.

"Moon-gazing?" she asked. "That would make no hiding place, Roger."

"Why do you think I want a hiding place?" I retorted. Winifred sat on a ploughshare and laughed again.

**WHEN A LAD** spends every moment of leisure staring at shadows and then goes out to the barn to stand with his mouth open, looking at the rafters, it does not take much mother-wit to know he is after a hiding place. The question is what he would hide, Brother mine?"

"I do need help, Winnie," I told her desperately. "The Father Abbot gave me a trust—a box—and I fear a search."

"Where is it now?" she asked.

"In our old hiding hole."

"That will not do for any length of time," she said thoughtfully. "The best thing is not to hide it at all."

"Are you daft?" I cried. "There are jewels, a reliquary and documents and I know not what. It is a box about the size of your carding one."

"Go and get it and bring it to me," she suggested. There seemed to be nothing else to do. Winnie took the box and, teasing girl that she is, would tell me nothing of her plans. We were at our noontide meal when my mother cried out that soldiers were approaching. In a moment, they had burst in headed by the chancellor himself.

"In the name of the King," he thundered. "I have a search warrant here to seek for property missing from Milton Abbas. It is a box containing jewels and documents and cannot be found."

"Why does your lordship think it is here?" father asked.

He pointed at me. "Your son spent the night in the monastery," he insisted. "He was not there between the hours of nine and midnight."

"Where is your proof?"

"A servant saw him leave by the postern. Do you deny this, Roger?"

"I have no wish to deny it," I said as carelessly as I could. "Lord Wilfred will testify I was with him in the park last night."

"Your lordship is welcome to search," said my father.

And search they did. Nook and corner, rafter and beam were knocked and shaken. Winnie was quite undisturbed. She sat down at her spinning wheel and went at her work as quietly as if nothing had happened. Her carding box was beside her; her book of Hours in open sight. My heart beat fast as the chancellor looked at her and laid a heavy hand on the wheel.

"I search this," he said curtly.

"As you will, my lord," Winifred curtsied to him. "Shall I turn out my carding box and unwind the combs?"

"No need," he snarled. "Now to the barns."

He stamped out. Winifred went on spinning.

"Methought that we were lost, Winifred," I said.

**HE COULD** have unwound every comb," she laughed. "The jewels were in plain sight had he had the wit to see them." She went over to the closet where she keeps her preserves and comfits and moved the jars. She had matched them well but I caught a glint that was neither preserve nor comfit.

"The documents are in the cover of my book and sewn in the lining of my gown," she went on. "Tonight we must find another place; but now they will be safe for the time."

(To be continued.)

## ✧ The Weekly Postscript ✧

By M. M. Wirries

HERE WE SIT, talking about vacations. Twelve started it this morning, mourning because her best friends will soon be leaving for the mountains. Our vacation is scheduled for late summer, and what can she find to do between now and August? We are suddenly amazed at the way summer has stolen upon us. Two weeks from today is Commencement at the Indian School.

"What shall you do while Bob is in Texas with the National Guard?" we ask Claire idly. Claire and her young husband cook the meals we serve in the pantry and their vacation coincides with ours and the National Guard encampment.

Claire doesn't know. She'd like to go to Texas, too, were it possible. Vacation without Bob is no vacation. And the Coast is an old story to her. But not to us. We had just enough of it two years ago to make us want more this year. And Grandmother must see the Pacific! In the past five years she has followed her nomadic granddaughter and her family to see more of this great country than she knew in her other eighty years. But there are still the oceans. So Grandmother will go with us to the Golden Gate Exposition, will stand on the bridge that crosses the Bay, will know Market Street. Then she will be content. But we—we shall want to be going on and on because we are like that. We want to see the Big Trees, the Yosemite, the Willamette.

"You ought to go to Jersey," says the Easterner who has somehow been dumped in the wrong part of the country and can't get away. "You'd never want to leave Jersey."

But we have no hankering for Jersey. With all due respect to the Jerseys, it makes us think of mosquitoes.

Are there mosquitoes in Jersey? We don't know. Perhaps we got the idea from a book, just as we got the idea that the Willamette flows with milk and honey.

Of course we won't have time to go to New England this year. Nor Quebec and Montreal. But we yearn to. We yearn to roam up and down New England highways hunting history and granite boulders, tall pines, white farmhouses, hollyhock-trimmed towns, and men who look, and talk and think, like Calvin Coolidge. Just imagine! He did *not choose to run!* And the country at large has so many talkers, all running for something—generally for themselves. We'd like a whole summer of genuine New England reserve, and genuine New England apple pies. And if the antique hunters have left any, we'd like at least one genuine New England glass or stone china pitcher for our collection of pitchers.

WHY CANADA? Oh, that's the French in us, drawing us back to the home of our ancestors. Just an urge to go where we can hear the tongue of our grandparents spoken, and not understand a word of it.

Strange, but with all the wanderlust that is in our veins, we have never longed to cross the ocean. We have no dreams of days in Tokio, Singapore, Madrid, Jerusalem, Paris, London or Dublin. Stockholm does not call us, and we have no desire to be in Berlin at any time. Rome, perhaps—but only because of religious associations. But never, *never* offer us a trip on an old tramp freighter, going down to Rio—because we'll surely grab toothbrush and powder puff and be on our way.



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### NOTES AND REMARKS

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Plea for Religious Tolerance . . . . .  
Let Us Not Repeat . . . . .  
Logic That Limps . . . . .  
P. W. A. Disclosures . . . . .

### MEXICO GIRDS FOR TROUBLE

The coming Presidential elections in Mexico, to decide between the official party's nominee, Camacho, and Amazan of the oppositionist forces, may be settled by ballots, or, as is not unlikely, by bullets.

By WALTER M. LANGFORD

### DETROIT MISSIONARY SCHOOLWOMAN

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

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## NEXT WEEK

Harry Elmore Hurd, 168 Dartmouth St., Boston, Mass., gives us a sympathetic study of the late Edwin Markham, poet of the common people, in *Edwin Markham: Poet-Prophet*.

*Our Lady at Pontmain* recalls the miraculous favor of the Blessed Virgin in the Franco-Prussian war in the reign of the French emperor Napoleon III, which saved Europe from added waste and bloodshed. Written by Miss Florence Gilmore, 796 Oak St., Columbus, Ohio.

*The Business of Religion* is the second of Briefer Essays by the Rev. T. S. Brennan, St. Joseph's Church, Berkeley, Calif.

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## OBITUARY

Sister M. Illuminata, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Mother M. Veneranda, Sister M. Veronica, Sisters of St. Francis; Sister Mary Huberta, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Columba, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mrs. Anna E. Leahy, Mrs. Denise Wilson, James O'Connor, Mrs. Genevieve Ryan, Mrs. Mary Lynch, William Wulfekhuhl, Mrs. Hannah Walsh, Mrs. James Crampton, William Patterson, T. J. Solon, John J. Mooney, Mary Price, Ada Ray, Edw. A. Dacey, Mary Forrest.

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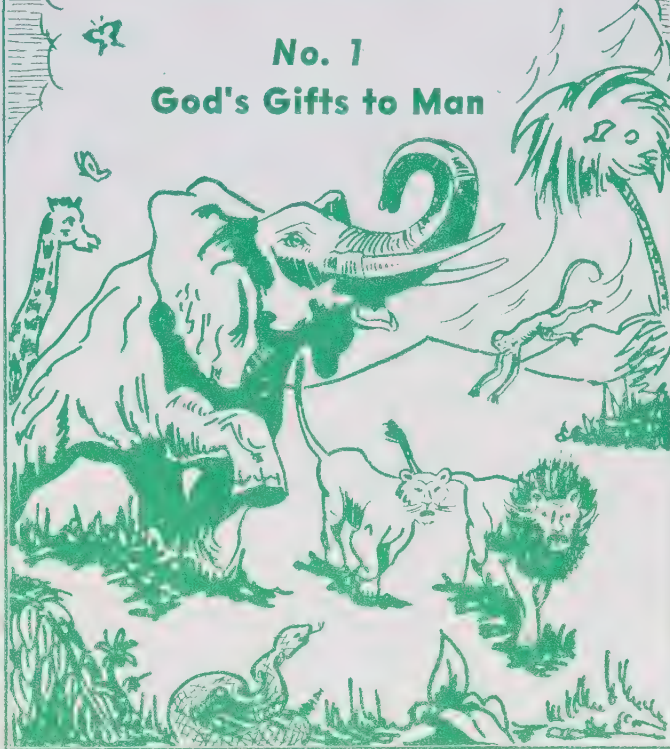
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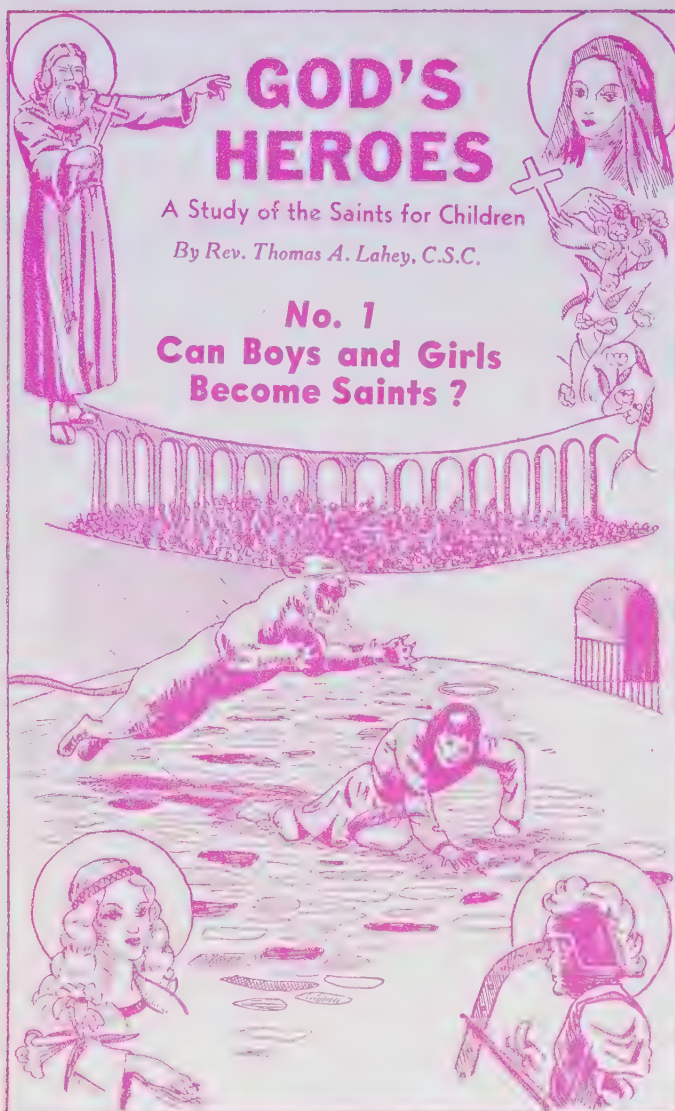


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# THE AVE MARIA

## CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

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JUNE 1, 1940

### *World News in Brief*

**THE CHURCH** In Vatican City, under the direction of Cardinal Hlond, Polish relief efforts reached into Roumania, Hungary and Lithuania. The Papal Nuncio was refused permission by Nazis to labor in Poland. . . . ¶ In Ottawa, the Communist Party was declared an illegal organization in Canada. . . . ¶ In Brooklyn, more than two thousand Catholic men attended special services directed by the Crusaders of Christ the Worker, spiritual organization for Catholic workingmen. . . . ¶ In New York, *Men at Work at Worship* was selected for May by the Catholic Book Club. . . . ¶ In Rome, many American seminarians prepared to return to the United States. . . . ¶ In Milwaukee, the Episcopal publication, *The Living Church* deplored Protestant criticism of the Taylor appointment to the Vatican. . . . ¶ In Paris, local shrines were crowded with the faithful who prayed to their patron, Saint Genevieve, for victory.

**AT HOME** In Washington, Colonel Charles Lindbergh declared that "the co-operation of Western Hemisphere nations would make simple the air defense of America." . . . President Roosevelt argued for a "liberal" economic war. . . . Congress pushed the huge defense program, as the Senate passed the measure unanimously. Other House and Senate bills demanded a bigger naval air force. . . . Dies investigations revealed a huge spy ring in America, as agitation against

a "fifth column" spread throughout the country. . . . ¶ In Topeka, after former Governor Landon fought a plan to merge party lines because of the war, his invitation to the White House conference was canceled, and then reissued. . . . ¶ In Chicago, officials sought aircraft plants for the city. . . . Sportsmen from seven states rallied to form a defense reserve. . . . ¶ In industry, Stocks again declined as Exchange officials refused all price-control plans.

**ABROAD** On the war front, Hitler annexed two Belgian districts as part of Germany. German troops advanced beyond the St. Quentin area to Laon and Péronne, and also to the English Channel, as British troops continued to withdraw. An attack on England appeared imminent. . . . General Weygand replaced General Gamelin as Allied commander-in-chief, as French generals were censured for the failure of their strategy. A million Allied soldiers were reported trapped at Valenciennes. . . . ¶ In Louvain, the famous University library was reported in ruins. . . . ¶ In Paris, a plan to enlist French women auxiliaries was drafted. Meantime, fleeing Parisians jammed all trains and roads. . . . ¶ In London, Churchill was given dictatorial powers equal to those of Hitler. . . . Officials prepared to put two million women on war jobs. . . . Efforts were made to curb critics of the war policy. . . . An army of two million Britains prepared to fight an invasion.

## Notes and Remarks

We are taking a final opportunity to thank our many subscribers and readers for very thoughtful and generous good wishes

### Acknowledgment

sent to us for the seventy-fifth anniversary of THE AVE MARIA. As we cannot thank all who have written and will yet write individually, we here and now express remembrance for those who have done so and will yet do so with the fullest gratitude we can summon. THE AVE MARIA is very proud of a splendid family of readers whose loyalties run through a long line of reading ancestors. May they all be blessed in what is best for them. And may THE AVE MARIA be always worthy of their fine loyalty. And may the ageless Woman who is THE AVE MARIA's inspiration continue to guide and keep us all!

Dr. John Holmes, speaking recently in the Community Church at Town Hall, Manhattan, told his congregation that intolerance

### Plea for Religious Tolerance

against the Roman Catholics in this country is far more terrible than any persecution ever directed against the Jews. "There have been times in America," he said, "when mobs formed to drive out Roman Catholics, burning churches, monasteries and schools and driving nuns from their convents; and there was at one time a political party formed to wipe out the Roman Catholics, but I have no memory of pogroms against the Jews in America. The dreadful thing about prejudice is its unfairness. Not all members of any group are guilty of the charges raised against them. If there is evil in any group it exists only in some. It isn't the

group or the church that is concerned with prejudice, it is the individual. . . . It is always impossible to draw an indictment against a whole group of people." Dr. Holmes' sermon, a plea for tolerance in religion seems timely now when the governing bodies of certain sects seem to prefer to see this country plunged into war rather than tolerate an envoy to the Vatican in the interest of peace.

Americans of all creeds and racial strains will need their full strength of mental and spiritual resolution to stay clear of the murderous war now waged in Europe. People living here whose antecedents

### Let Us Not Repeat

in Europe are suffering from the invasions of Hitler's mechanized man-power will urge us overseas to restore what the Germans have taken; the Allies have agents here, not missing any appeal of pictures, radio, spoken and written word to stir us out of our neutrality. And there are some surfacy, unthinking, vacillating, emotional American men and women on whom teary speech and grandiose appeals have the softening effect of alcohol. Mrs. Roosevelt seems to think we will be worse off, staying out of this war than going into it. Bishop Manning of the Episcopal Church thinks it is our duty to plunge in. So thought the late President Wilson, Mr. Lansing, Colonel House and Ambassador Page in 1917 and 1918. We know differently now. We gained nothing for ourselves or for others by going in. We lost treasure, outlook and sanity. We lost young lives we never can recall. Mrs. Roosevelt and Bishop Manning should know that American fathers and mothers have other and diviner uses for their sons than to send



them to Europe to be shot in a conflict of mass killing. Colonel Lindbergh has said some very sane things in his radio address about those panicky Americans who urge us overseas to save the United States from a Hitler invasion. Our chiefest concerns at the moment are to build up a home defence, to administer the government of the country in a sane, money-saving fashion, and, as Colonel Lindbergh admonishes, to mind our own business. The fatuity of 1918 must not be repeated.

Some days ago, the *Chicago Daily News*, in a front-page editorial entitled "Time to Face the Truth," declared that

### Logic That Limps

"the repeal of the embargo and the sale of airplanes and other war supplies to Britain and France was frankly designed to help them, and this is approved by an ever-increasing majority of Americans. Why? Because our own national interests demand it. . . . *It is against our vital interests to have Germany emerge from this war with complete domination of both land and sea in the Eastern Hemisphere.* . . . We see the greatest military power in Europe on the verge of securing command of the sea in European waters. We unerringly sense what this means for us. It ought to make us realize that the more we aid the Allies by supplies, credit and acquiescence in blockade measures, that we ourselves would apply to neutrals if we were belligerent, *the less likely are we to become belligerent.*" In other words, let us help the Allies all that we can in order to remain *neutral*. The remarkable logic of this editorial is surpassed only by the author's elastic definition of the word *neutrality*. The fact that Germany has a right to a logical interpretation of our actions, as well as an ability to define the word *belligerent* does not seem to have any part in his thesis which reads: the only way to re-

main neutral is to help the Allies to win the war. Some months ago a wag coined the expression: "Whom are we neutral against?" Now, the editor of the *Chicago Daily News* wants us to take the phrase seriously. This is not even intelligent propaganda.

The House Committee investigating the WPA has written a one thousand page report disclosing numerous instances of graft and corruption. As the report was given to Congress, a bill for the relief

### W. P. A. Disclosures

needs of the next eight months was also received by the House, in which \$975,600,000 was set aside for the WPA. Let us quote from the report a few items for which this money has been used in the past: The building of golf courses in Florida and Louisiana in regions where they could be available for only private citizens of wealth; a rat-extermination program costing \$2.97 per rat; a household demonstration program which provides tea parties and buffet lunches for government officials and local politicians; allowances for government officials to attend the Kentucky Derby and the World Series baseball games; the placing of eighteen members of the University of Florida football team on the payroll under fictitious names; more than half a million dollars for the construction of a race track in California; nearly a million and a half for a highway into the hunting section of Pennsylvania, so remote from civilization that the workers must wear red suits so as not to be mistaken for deer; eight hundred thousand paid to the railroad for hauling people between Philadelphia and their jobs. These people spent six hours going and coming to work and worked only two hours. These are just a few of the distributions in which funds were practically thrown away while deserving indigent people could get no relief.

With a national debt of forty-five billions and eleven million men out of work, it is heart-breaking to read of this scandalous waste of money. And for calling attention to this, some political beneficiary will write in to complain that THE AVE MARIA is mixing in politics.



It is easy to point out evils in society, but not so simple to suggest the adequate remedy. Yet a remarkable truth

### **Law and Order**

was enunciated recently by Father Howard Smith, Professor of Canon Law in the Cleveland Seminary, when he suggested that "this tottering, humorless, seriously cruel world of today needs the refreshing spirit of Catholicism to make it live once more, pulsating with joy and laughter." Father Smith pointed out that the concept that all men are created equal is a Catholic one; that "no man by his nature possesses authority to rule over others;" that "Catholic philosophy teaches that the ordinary condition on which Heaven conveys lawful authority to a ruler is through the consent of the governed." This, we believe, is timely because it is so near the fundamentals necessary for a happy national life in our day. Only laws that are just and good can ever hope to survive. But Father Smith reasons, God must have a part in everything that is just and good; therefore God must come into our laws and into our national life as the Author of national authority. The greed of nations in this present hour makes all the more obvious the logic of these assertions. If you would have practical examples of the need for such Catholic principles, you need but recall the violated independence of eight nations in the last five years by one man, and the stinging terms of the Versailles Treaty at the close of the last World War.

Attacks on the Dies Committee and the Federal Bureau of Investigation should not be taken seriously. That is especially true of

### **Suppressing Public Enemies**

certain so-called liberal elements whose enthusiasm for the Constitution is not heard of until the legality of their own activities is put under the microscope. Senator Lee of Oklahoma offered a rather accurate estimate of the Americanism of these problem-children in a recent Congressional address. . . . "I have been amazed at the brazen attitude of the Communists in this country. They make no effort to conceal their attitude towards us, their disrespect towards patriotic Americans. They look on us as 'fall guys,' and say as much. They consider us stupid because our laws guarantee civil liberties and protect the individual citizen, and, hiding behind those same laws, they are able to further their program. When they are cornered like rats, the first thing they do is squeal for their rights, rights . . . they would destroy immediately if they had the opportunity. The first thing they shout is 'Constitution.'" Americans are not happy that the Dies Committee and the Federal Bureau of Investigation have become necessary, but dangerous secret enemies of the nation call for harsh means of suppression.



Congressman Fred Bradley of Michigan declared the other day in the House of Representatives that the

American Merchant Marine is controlled by the Communist party

### **Our Red Merchant Marine**

through the connivance of government officers and leaders of the National Maritime Union which is affiliated with the C. I. O. He pointed out the possibility of a fifth column taking over the Merchant Marine in the event that this country became involved in war,



as happened so recently in some of the European countries. The Congressman predicted that a general strike is to be called soon among the seamen on the ore boats in the Great Lakes, because the Communist party has learned that the stock of ore now on the docks at the Great Lake steel centers is very low, and a prosperous shipping season is looked forward to. Great Lakes seamen are being organized, he said, by M. Hedley Stone whose real name is Murray Stein. Stone frequents Communist headquarters in Cleveland and is assisted by one Hayes-Jones, a known Communist. We have certainly had enough warning from other countries about traitors in home fronts to stir us to a home housecleaning. England has learned to her sorrow that it was a mistake to let men talk against the government. Leaving at large men like Harry Bridges whom the whole country knows to be an enemy Communist, it seems fantastic for us to aim at saving Europe.

Will Italy join Germany in the present European conflict? That question interests Germany; also it interests England and

**Italy Out—Our Guess** France. We venture to assert that Italy will stay neutral officially, even though Mussolini's decision to plunge Italy in may expose the folly of our guess before this is published. Nevertheless it will be published, to indicate how futile is the prophecy of today in the news columns of tomorrow. We surmise Mussolini will not push Italy in because of the Holy Father's peace plea, because he will experience some opposition from others in high place within speaking distance of him; and because should he join Hitler, he will seem a very small figure beside the Fuehrer should Germany win. In a program of watchful waiting, Il Duce has the solicitous attention of both groups

of belligerents. Once he joins, he may well ask if the aid he can give Germany will be sufficient to merit Hitler's gratitude or to spread dismay among the Allied powers. Italy is safer and saner following a policy of peace.

An item that has been going the rounds of the secular and Catholic press for nearly a year is entitled *The Parable of the Isms*. As some of our readers may have missed the "Parable," we are reprinting it, since it contains more truth than humor.

**Socialism:** If you have two cows, you give one to your neighbor.

**Communism:** If you have two cows you give them to the government, and the government gives you some milk.

**Fascism:** If you have two cows, you keep the cows and give the milk to the government; then the government sells you some milk.

**New Dealism:** If you have two cows, you shoot one and milk the other; then you pour the milk down the drain.

**Naziism:** If you have two cows the government shoots you and keeps the cows.

**Capitalism:** If you have two cows, you sell one cow and buy a bull.

June is the month of the Sacred Heart. Readers will not have to spend much time searching for an intention to give direction to their prayers to the merciful Heart of Christ during these thirty days. Let us ask only for peace. If we ask for peace with victory for the belligerents that have captured our sympathies we are praying for a peace of our choice not for a peace of the King of Peace. He knows what peace will endure—the best peace for a world, blinded by pride and maddened by passion. Let the peace we ask for be the peace which the Sacred Heart of Christ wills to give us: as He wills, when He wills, unto His glory for the benefit of mankind.

### Let Us Pray

# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

## Visiting the Sick

**IT IS A CORPORAL** work of mercy to visit the sick. Equally it is a mercy not to make your visit too long. It is next door to a special grace to feel when the time has arrived for you to excuse yourself and put a period after your call. The word *feel* rather than *know* is purposely used. For we sense rather than apprehend when socially, or even charitably, the time limit of our visit is up. There are lapses in the business of exchange; depressions in the road of speech which no new topic helps to bridge over; lulls like wind pauses, as you become conscious of silence. Then, if not earlier, decide quickly and depart without noticeable hurry. If we are keen, we will not wait that long.

To the sick, a brief, rather than an extended visit is to be commended as a work of mercy. If it be true that the sick are more or less dependent, more or less submerged below normal temper, more or less subject to the whims of disease, it is equally true that they can be shattered mentally by the persistent grapeshot of a mercy-bringer's conversation. It is often a task for sick people to speak, often a weariness to listen. They will whisper they are glad to see you, but you must not expect the glad feeling to persist as a lamp, when in truth it is only a flash.

All of us like to talk about what interests us most at the moment. Success in anything from a game of football to a race for a seat in the United States Senate will fuel us for conversation through long hours. So will failure. We talk triumphantly about our conquests in church, state, or playing field. In defeat we are talkative too—about

what could be, were it not for the hateful influence of our enemies, the lack of zeal on the part of our friends.

Strange as it may seem, what interests the sick is their sickness. So normally they talk about that. They will go into the history of how they came to be stricken, what they have suffered; and since hope is rarely relinquished, their looked for slow rise to health again. You listen, nod, make comment, and say cheerios of comfort. So you feel you must stay a long watch, listening, assenting, balancing your side of the beam of talk. Whereas you most emphatically must not. After a while, the sick person will get weary of his own recital, will grow physically weak from the effort. You notice all this and decide it is time for you to go. But you still hesitate, lest your going leave a distressing vacancy behind you. You are wrong; it will not.

**IT IS A** good rule in visits to the sick to leave while the patient is still anxious for you to stay. In fact that is a good rule for any kind of visit. You can easily remain too long. Remaining not long enough will create an agreeable anticipation of your next visit. Keep in mind it belongs to you to decide when to go. Do not increase your staying period until it becomes necessary for the floor nurse to enter and tell you—but in other words—that her patient has had enough of you and needs must rest.

Visit the sick, but not to satiety. Your visit will seldom be too brief; it may easily be too long. Do not brag about your own good health during your visit, nor enlarge on how you enjoy your food. Do not talk too loud. Don't laugh like a gale of wind.



# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## Mexico Girds for Trouble

By Walter M. Langford

ON JULY SEVENTH of this year Mexico is scheduled to go to the polls looking for a new president. It will not be any surprise if she goes to arms instead, either before or shortly following that date. Though this business of substituting bullets for ballots is distinctly nothing new for Mexico, there are angles to the present situation which set it somewhat apart from others of the past and which give it considerably more than ordinary significance.

This is not just the customary squabble for the choicest governmental bone. Nor is it the sham political campaign staged so often in years gone by, with an "opposition" candidate named by the government who was properly rewarded for putting up a belligerent front. This time the opposition is most genuine and is demonstrating a determined potency which has the official party beside itself with anxiety. The resultant struggle now being unfolded might be described as a supreme effort on the part of the Right-Center to get out from under the thumb of the Leftist minority which has ruled by force for so long.

The two principals in this presidential struggle are General Manuel Avila Camacho, nominee of the official party (the PRM), and General Juan Andreu Almazán, behind whom are united practically all of the oppositionist forces. Almazán is moderately conservative and is a seasoned general from the old revolutionary days of 1910-20, with the reputation of being one of the most

capable military men in Mexico. His strength is found largely in the upper and middle classes, the small landowners, and the army, about half of which is behind him. Avila Camacho, though formerly Minister of National Defense, is from the military standpoint just another soldier. While he is the nominee of the left wing, nevertheless he is becoming more moderate every day in his utterances. His supporters come mostly from the ranks of government workers and office-holders throughout the country, from organized Labor and agrarian groups, and from the other half of the army. It is to be expected, of course, that the government employees and office-holders should be behind him; and Labor, which in its leadership is the most radical element of importance in the country, is backing him because it hopes to dominate his government as it has (to a considerable degree, at least) the Cárdenas administration.

WHEN THE campaigning shifted to high gear recently, neither Almazán nor Avila Camacho was a vigorous candidate. The former procrastinated and seemed unable to make a clean break which would place him openly in the opposition camp. Camacho was also unemphatic and indecisive. Though never so radical as his most rabid supporters, he was nominated under the banner of a new Six-Year Plan which reeks more heavily than ever of communist inspiration. When he spoke in public he appeared nervous, uncertain, lacking in the qualities of leadership.

Gradually Almazán's speeches took on more vigor, and before long he assumed the offensive and began to spit fire. His appearances provoked public demonstrations of popular support perhaps seldom exceeded in Mexican history. The tremendous and sincere enthusiasm of his huge audiences have caused practically all observers on the scene to admit that there is no mistaking the fact that the bulk of the Mexican people want Almazán for their next president.

**A**LMAZAN IS promising many things in his speeches. He has, for example, offered to reform many of the policies and practices of the Cárdenas government. He has assured foreign capital that it will be welcomed, respected, and protected in any future investments it may care to make in Mexico. He guarantees freedom of thought, freedom of education, and (crowning promise of all!) freedom of worship. This last is something which has been rather regularly denied the pious people of that land for upwards of a century, and is the one thing which nearly all Mexicans have most desired.

The promise of freedom of education assumes larger importance in face of the fact that the Congress recently passed a law amplifying and rendering even more obnoxious Article Three of the Constitution, which deals with education. This amendment to the Article in question was designed to force a socialistic and un-Christian type of education upon *every* school of the nation with the exception of the few institutions of higher learning. This matter of socialistic education has already been the source of much trouble since the first attempt to enforce it in 1933; and the latest effort to extend it exposes either the stupidity of the Congress in thus antagonizing the public in an election year, or else the disdain in which the Congress holds public opinion. At

any rate, Almazán has taken full advantage of the situation by forcefully attacking the new law and promising to reform it if he reaches the presidency.

In the meantime, though, Avila Camacho has not been left at the post. Indeed, he has taken himself in hand, and in the opinion of all has grown considerably in political stature. He has displayed an increasing coolness toward the extreme left-wing demagogue, Lombardo Toledano, who rules (or better, misrules) Labor. Gaining confidence, he made a bid for some of the strong support that has gone to Almazán by expressing an intention of preserving the worth-while gains of the Cárdenas administration without pushing any further some of the Cárdenas reforms. Seeing that this was not enough, he tried to match Almazán by promising to soften the new educational law and to allow freedom of thought and likewise of worship.

**E**VEN IF Camacho had been forced by Almazán's attitude to shift his ground and move precipitately toward the right, it is nonetheless clear that, regardless of which one becomes the next president, the new administration will be considerably more moderate than the one now ending. Many think that the era of extreme radicalism will thus definitely come to a close. And that will be a good thing for Mexico, providing that there is not too much bloodshed before the new president is seated.

Already there has been no little violence and street fighting between the two factions, with a number of casualties; and two definite attempts on the life of Almazán have so far been made. Neither faction admits the slightest possibility of defeat, and each side is clearly not willing to accept an unfavorable verdict after the balloting. In case Avila Camacho is declared the vic-



tor, the Almazán followers will, it appears, claim fraud and demand that the reins of government be turned over to them. And, since the official party has control of most of the ballot boxes, Camacho is pretty certain to be declared elected, no matter how the votes are cast. This impassé seems to lead to but two possible conclusions, which are that the campaign now in progress will never be settled in the voting booths but rather on the field of battle; or, more unlikely, that some compromise will have to be reached whereby some other person would ease into the presidency.

**A**ND THERE are indications that Almazán realizing he can never win at the polls even though the people may favor him, is prepared to go to arms to gain the verdict. His attitude has become constantly more aggressive, and he has labored to win the backing of the several pseudo-candidates of oppositionist leanings. It is known that he has conferred often in recent weeks with other generals whom we might classify as being "restless." It is also admitted that there has been rather widespread smuggling of arms and ammunition along the Texas border of late. And the government is spending in the United States eight million dollars for armaments with which it expects to "prepare itself for any eventuality which may grow out of the presidential campaign."

There is yet another point which seems to prove more logically that Almazán is determined to see this fight to the finish, no matter where it may lead. He is a rich man, as wealth goes in Mexico. As Military Commandant of the northern state of Nuevo León (which includes the highly important industrial city of Monterey), he has held a post of high rank. He owns a building and construction business which has yielded good profits over many years. He did not, then, have

much to gain personally by running for the presidency. Moreover, he knew long before entering the race that, as the opposition candidate, he stood practically no chance whatever of being named president through the so-called election. Thus, it is only reasonable to conclude that a man as shrewd and experienced as Almazán would not decide to risk his position, his wealth, and even his life unless he had definite cause to believe not only that the people wanted him but also that he could achieve his end by force if legal means were denied him by those in power.

In case an uprising under Almazán does occur, the final decision will depend to a great extent upon the reaction of the army to his revolt. As stated above, the sympathies of the army leaders seem to be about equally divided up to this time. But, once again, Almazán probably has good reason to believe that if he revolts the majority of the military men will follow his lead. There is one thing, however, which may cause him to postpone any proposed rebellion until after December first, when the new president is to assume office. The reason for this is that an uprising prior to that date would in effect be against the Cárdenas administration. And Cárdenas is not only a much more able military man than Avila Camacho but is also such a strong character that he might be able to keep in the government ranks many important men of the army who would otherwise join Almazán if Camacho were leading them.

**P**RESIDENT Cárdenas meanwhile is breaking precedents of Mexican political history and is comporting himself generally in a dignified and commendable manner as far as his successor is concerned. Instead of attempting to dictate who shall take his place, as practically all previous "strong men" have done in Mexico, he has from the

very beginning adopted and strictly followed a hands-off policy in this matter. He maintains that it is up to the people to choose the man they want as president, and he insists that there must be complete freedom of the ballot on election day. Despite his probable sincerity in this, it is not to be expected that his wish will be respected, since the hundreds of election officials are far removed from his supervision and will as usual report the returns as they want to report them, knowing that their political future depends directly upon keeping their political clique in power.

PERHAPS THE most surprising thing Cárdenas has done, however, is to let it be known that he intends to depart from the country for Argentina the very day after he steps down from office, so as not to be accused of influencing in any way the government of his successor. Such a spirit is in a sense laudable, yet there is another way of viewing this proposed move. Should Almazán become president, Cárdenas certainly would not have to exile himself to avoid the accusation of influencing the new régime. Thus, it becomes evident that Cárdenas fully expects Avila Camacho to occupy the presidency after December 1st. In other words, he is admitting that the "official" candidate will go into office, regardless of how the people may vote. This admission is contradictory to the attitude he purports to hold when he pleads for complete freedom of the ballot.

Many things may happen in Mexico between the time these lines are written in early April and the date of the election in July or of the accession in December. But thus far the events of the presidential campaign indicate most strongly that this is to be a showdown over the question of whether the ruling minority can continue its domination or whether the reins of government can be taken over by the majority.

## Each Year

By Mary Driscoll

*I think that I shall never grow too old  
To wait for spring,  
Too tired to feel with every sense the earth's  
Awakening;  
My heart must keep attuned to morning songs  
The birds will sing,  
And I will see green leaves unfold, with pulses  
Quickening.  
When this could cease, then I would be  
Past all remembering.*

## The Lady Mary

By Sister M. Joan of Arc, B. V. M.

### II

MARY, BUSY ON a fair spring morning with her daily round of household tasks, heard men's angry voices on the gravelled pathway. She paused to hear one say:

"Three days ago I bade this land be cleared. No stone has yet been turned. This spot is purchased at a goodly price, and Fortuna waits her temple. I will have the work begun today, and you shall pay for the delay that we have suffered."

"A lady dwells here, sir, whose life is holy. I shall make no move to get her out of her home until the master, who dwells with her, shall have found a new abode. I have sought these three days with greatest diligence for one I thought might do, and as yet I find none."

"A Roman goddess to await the leisure of a stranger!"

Mary stepped into the vine-hung doorway. The stranger looked up startled. The sunlight dappled the mantle, blue as Ionian skies, and touched with gold the soft wave of hair like ripe wheat on her forehead. Quiet eyes looked out from the oval face, and a graciousness shone forth such as Olympus never knew. Was this Fortuna already come



to claim her home? Ah, no, his goddess knew no radiance, no tender, gentle grace like this. He stood a moment quite enraptured with the vision, then the Lady spoke:

"At the sixth hour the master will return. Will you have word with him?"

"A thousand pardons. I shall be here but shortly after." And the two departed.

THE MEAL was ready—cakes and honey, olives, fruit and wine—when John came in. He had slipped off his sandals and bathed his dusty feet at the doorway, and Mary poured out the water for his hands. Then into the quiet room they loved so well, he went to speak a word of greeting to his expectant Master. They ate in silence that John might find repose from the morning's wearying discourse. As they cleared the things away together, John spoke:

"Mother Mary, would you leave our cottage here for a fairer home? It has become too small for all who share the Mysteries, and although many times I have been pressed to Break Bread in the larger homes of our new-found brethren, He is your Son, and I shall not take Him from you. This morning Theophanes came to me, laying at my feet the title to his villa, for such it was before the city grew around it, pleading that it serve as home for us, and as meeting place for all the faithful."

"It is well, John. Our home here has been sold and we shall go tomorrow."

Yet no temple to Fortuna ever rose there, for that pagan soul had seen a fairer fortune smile on Ephesus than he had ever dreamed of.

The new home was fair and spacious. The atrium was large enough for many times the little band who had been admitted to the sacred truths. A raised dais at the eastern end was quite

suited, so John thought, for the altar table, and his Master abiding there, His Mother need never be far from Him. Her room, its door not three paces from the dais, opened on the garden. She chose to have it furnished simply: a couch, low and plain, beneath the casement, a chest, a table, and a bench were all that she should need.

Thecla's home was not far distant, and often she would stroll across the friendly lawns that lay between to visit with the Lady. Sometimes she met there other maidens whom John had brought to learn from Mary the story of her Son. So it was that Quintillus' daughter came to know her. Long quiet hours they would sit about her, and while their fingers learned to fashion linen altar pieces or rich vestments, their hearts were drinking in the simple story of the Love Divine. Soon Thecla and the others begged that they might share the Christian dignity, and John promised it should be as they wished.

Each year the faithful kept with tenderest reverence the day the Lord last ate with those He loved, and gave to them His best and dearest Gift. On the morning of this day they should be clothed in snowy garments, and John would pour the saving waters on each needed head. In the evening, at Mary's side, they would partake with her of the Sacred Banquet.

THE DAY WAS a busy one, and Thecla remained with Mary till late afternoon. It was thus that she was absent when the Lady Claudia came to call. It was not the first time that Claudia had been thus disappointed, and she fell into an ugly humor. At the garden gate she met the happy girl, and spoke cutting words to her.

"But, Claudia, if you but knew the Lady Mary, and all the joy that she has brought to me, you too should love her."

"Love a Jew, blasphemer! Jews are

the slaves of Romans. I hate the chanting dogs!" And she fled off to nurse her rage in secret.

All next day she brooded, and when in the evening Afra came into her chamber to dress her for the evening banquet she was irritable beyond the telling. A trifling mishap, and she flew into a passion; and when with savage petulance the patrician lady struck and screamed at Afra, the smoldering fires in the slave girl's heart flamed up. Seizing both her mistress' arms, she would have slain her with her own jewelled dagger had not the sound of footsteps staid her. Then she turned and fled into the night. She knew not where her path would take her, and in her savage mood was drawn by the sound of strange sad chanting in the house of Theophanes. The gateway of the garden was ajar, and she went in. The moon was at its full; the air was moist and sweet with spring; but Afra did not heed the charms of night. She drew close to the open doorway and threw herself upon the flags, letting the sounds of chanting beat upon her fevered brain.

"**A**TTEND AND SEE if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow.

"They have parted my garments amongst them and on my vesture have cast lots.

"I am become a worm and no man, an outcast of the people.

"They have dug my hands and my feet; they have numbered all my bones."

She did not know how long she lay there. A chill came over her; the lights were gone from the atrium beyond the little room, and the chant was still. Just within the room there knelt a woman whose ears were quick to catch the sound of the girl's movement as she tried to rise.

"My child, what brings you out into the night?"

"Why should you call a slave your

child? I am but a beast of burden, fit only to be stabbed, to be beaten, to be screamed at—yet, my father was a royal chieftain, in the land along the Niger." Her tone was bitter.

Then the Mother who had seen her royal Son prized at the price of a slave, and scourged and put to death as one, was Mother to another slave, and Afra's heart was healed.

**C**LAUDIA WAKENED with the dawn from troubled sleep to find the head of Afra against the coverlet at her feet. A sudden pang of shame and pity filled her heart, and she lay in quiet thought lest she should disturb the girl. At an early hour Thecla came, and Claudia was happy to see she had quite forgotten their last meeting. When the girl renewed her invitation to call upon the Lady Mary, she was glad, though she did not know just why she should be, and they went together.

Days passed, and each day the clouds that hung about the soul of the fair pagan lifted. Light came, and with it, peace and joy. The home of Claudia became a home of love, and Afra's mistress was as a sister to her. On the day when John baptized the mistress he baptized the dark-skinned maid who cared for her.

Another year had scarcely gone around during which the homes of the Greek and Roman maidens had become the refuge and delight of poor and blind and ailing, where other maidens of high birth learned and loved to exercise the offices of Christian charity.

The day came when Thecla's dearest wish was granted, and a veil like Mary's was placed upon her head, after she had pledged eternal love to Christ. Many were to follow in her footsteps—but on that summer afternoon Claudia came radiant, to tell the Lady blushing—ly another story.

Tibertius, who had been her childhood playmate and who had been in



Roman camps these five long years in training as a soldier, was returned, the prefect of a cohort. He asked her hand in marriage, yet he told her it must be according to the manner of a rite she did not know.

A CERTAIN TEACHER, Paul, had preached in Corinth where the youth had served his term as legate, a doctrine which he had sworn to cherish as his own. Claudia laughed with joy, and twitted him, and bade him wait her answer. Then she ran off to tell the only mother that she knew, and ask a mother's blessing. So it was done. John heard their vows, and Mary made a little feast for them, before they should return to share their secret with their pagan friends.

And so, as year followed year, the golden seeds were scattered. Priests were ordained, and each new priest knelt at the Lady's feet and heard her words of tender courage and felt the kiss upon his forehead that marked him as her new-made son. Virgins and deaconesses were added to the faithful band who served the sick and sorrowing, who wove the sacred vestments, and taught the little ones the truths of Faith.

But shall we omit to tell the story here of Halah? It happened thus: John and Mary sat together in the garden. The moon hung low, lighting up the smooth lawn and touching with color the scented borders of the pathway. The Virgin was recalling her Son's last happy evening with her before He left the little home in Nazareth, the last visit paid together to the grave of Joseph, the long hours that they sat and talked that night.

A child's crying broke upon the stillness. Two dark slaves dashed past the open gateway, bearing between them a kind of stretcher covered over, from which it seemed the cries were coming. John rose to follow, and Mary with

him. The streets were narrow and the moon had little chance to brighten their pathway. But its light fell full upon the strange sight that passed out through the city gates. The followers hung back until the two had deposited their burden and dashed lightly back, disappearing in the shadows. A terrified little figure fought its way out from its coverings, screaming and crying. Mary went forward first, and laying her hand on the burning forehead knew the story in an instant. A fever such as might precede any of the dread plagues so familiar in the East had taken hold of the little Hindu slave-child, and she had been brought out here to die. Mary laid the child on the cool grass and smoothed back the matted hair; and the night dew stole away the fever. Then, quieted and comforted, she crept into John's arms, and laughed a little as she laid her head against his shoulder. And so they bore her home with them.

NEXT MORNING the brown-skinned maiden asked Mary if she might run home to tell her mother she was well again. It was not long before the gateway was crowded with dark, frightened faces, coaxed and led along by the child, but holding back as if each moment they might face bewitchment. Mary met them and smiled away their fears, and they came shyly in to solve the mystery as best they could. She sat upon the step, and with a gesture bade them all be seated. Halah came close, and as the Lady talked, slipped an arm about her shoulders and laid a dusky cheek against her head. A chubby infant crept from its mother's arms, and sat playing with the buckle on the Lady's sandal. Mary's eyes rested, as she spoke, on one face, then on another. There were features there from strange corners of Rome's broad empire, yet each one seemed to hear her mother's voice again. Was there a memory of king-ly

faces from far eastern lands renewed in Mary's heart by these their humble kinsfolk?

Halah was a willing little hand-maiden, and the Lady Mary was sometimes tired now. So a pallet was laid for the child in Mary's room. And that is how we come to know what shall be told you next.

**A** DAY IN LATE spring was kept by the faithful as that on which their Lord ascended to the Kingdom of His Father. There were many preparations on the night before—men came to tell their sins, instructions to be given, the Lord's farewell and parting admonitions to be retold as John remembered them, then last of all, the Agape. It was near dawn when Bread was Broken and the day was sanctified.

It was a lonely day for Mary. The child had never seen her so before. She seemed so lost in thought, and when she spoke her eyes would fill with tears. She tried to tell the child the splendor of it all; but her heart was heavy.

Now, oftentimes at night when Halah wakened and found the Lady's couch still undisturbed, she would slip into the shadow of the doorway and kneel awhile, watching the flicker of the little light upon the altar table. This night the Lady keeping vigil seemed so lonely, her head bowed and her shoulders drooping, that the child crept back to get a coverlet to curl up in and share the vigil. The stars that always peeped in at her through the broad compluvium seemed tonight to hide their faces, but as she watched for them a great light flashed in instead. Straight it went to Mary, and Halah knew it was an Angel. Then there came in quick succession after it a radiant band—at its head it seemed a Man, though majestic and of such wondrous beauty. Another, older, then a stately pair, and then a troop of flaming angels; and all about the edge there hovered sweet-faced cheru-

bim. In soft, low tone there came the one word, "Mother." And then a smiling cherub darted down quite close to Halah and sat beside her. It beguiled her thoughts with stories of the angels, and she watched its radiant face until the light about her faded, and she turned to see the last fair angel disappearing whence they came. The altar light revealed a face so filled with peace that the child slipped off to dream of bright kings and smiling cherub faces.

Spring blossomed into summer. The fields were white with the early harvest. The Lady Mary knew her toil was ended, and like the tired working woman, she turned to John and asked that he should take her home, for it was in Israel that she should die. When he told his precious flock that she who was the Mother of their Lord was now about to leave their midst, great was their sorrow; and the holy house was filled with weeping. All through the days of preparation for the journey they came, bringing now a long-prized jewel, now an offering of fruit, mute tokens of the love and sorrow of their hearts.

**A**ND THEY found they had not known this valiant woman who had dwelt amongst them as their own. Her eyes now were kindled with the thought of Juda's hills, of snow-capped Carmel, of smiling Esdraelon, dear dreamy little Nazareth where Joseph slept amid the scenes and memories of a blessed day, of Jerusalem's solemnities, and Calvary's Hill with its assuaged bitterness. John had told them of these scenes, and yet they had not understood the woman's heart in which they lived so vividly. Now that she was turning from the children of adoption to that which was her very own by every right, that desolation she had borne without a sign these weary years of exile came in upon their own poor hearts and almost seemed to crush



them. But she spoke kindly words of love and comfort, and when the caravan set off with their Mother in its midst, they were glad for her dear sake that she was going home.

The sailing vessel which they boarded in the busy harbor of Miletus brought them to the coast of Sidon, and there a caravan was formed of pilgrims to the Holy City. Who can know the swelling heart, the mingled thoughts of pain, of peace, of triumph that were Mary's when that city came in view—the Temple, the Cenacle, and Calvary in the distance!

**H**ERE JOSEPH'S son (that Joseph who had begged of Pilate the Body of the Lord) kept the Cenacle. And indeed it seemed that Peter, James, and all the twelve, save only Thomas, were there as if expecting them. Paul came soon after, and with him Dionysius, his new-made convert, and Timothy and Silas. They had made a hurried journey, stopping only at Ephesus. Finding John and Mary gone from there they had made all haste.

Sweet was the welcome of these tried and faithful sons for the Mother of their Master. She was at home now, the daughter of David, in the land of her fathers. And she who was the glory of Jerusalem, the joy of Israel, the honor of her people—poor, beautiful and humble.

She lay upon the low divan and heard them tell of hopes, and pains and triumphs, and she smiled encouragement to each. But the light was slowly fading from her eyes, now deep sunk with weary waiting. The pale face was paler, and the features Peter loved so tenderly in Jesus' face so racked his heart with anguish that he fell upon his knees beside her, burying his face against the couch. She smoothed the rough, fast-greying head, and comforted him as only she could do. John hid his face within his mantle folds and

wept. The others knelt or stood about in helpless sorrow. Then the Mother, knowing their hearts' desolation in the breaking of this last earthly tie that bound them to their Lord, sat up and spoke with them. Great thoughts were those she spoke, to confirm their hearts in hope, to fire them to noble deeds. There was a moment of glad radiance and then—the end!

Peace filled the chamber. The lamp of death was lighted, and the coverlet was drawn over her slender frame. The Princes of the Church knelt round about, letting the silent features they had loved so well become a cherished memory in the center of their hearts.

Next day they laid her in her chosen sepulchre, wrapping round the spicy linens a garment richly wrought; and women brought their jewels. And then they closed the tomb and left her.

**E**ACH PREPARED to leave again the Holy City to fulfil his distant mission. Thomas came, and in deep sorrow begged to hear the story of her death, and to see her as she lay in the silent sepulchre. All went together for the final pilgrimage, and Peter bade them lift the cover. A sweetness filled the air, not as that of ointments or of spices, but the breath of full-blown lilies; and there where they had laid her, only blossoms breathed and swayed.

That was all. John told it when his people welcomed home their shepherd. Sorrow filled their hearts, yet the breath of Sharon's Rose, still lingering, cheered them. Slowly, here and there, a murmur rose of soft chanting, and the chorus swelled to glorious paeans: "Arise and come, beloved, for thou shalt be crowned; make haste, thou beautiful one, for the winter is past and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land. How sweet is thy spirit above honey, and like the best myrrh. Come, come and be crowned."

(The End.)

## Detroit Missionary Schoolwoman

By Margaret Mary Kerwin

**H**ISTORIANS HAVE written often and well of the missionaries who traversed the old Northwest in the early period of exploration. There is, however, a second period in Northwestern history—the time after these first crusaders of Christ—that is somewhat neglected. It is especially a woman missionary of this period on whom we would focus some attention. Last year marked the hundredth anniversary of the death of Angelique Campau, who assisted Father Stephen Badin in old St. Joseph's, and Father Gabriel Richard in Detroit.

It was Father Gabriel Richard, the Sulpician missionary, who first attempted to begin something of a Catholic School system in Detroit, the chief section of territory under his jurisdiction. Inspired by his enthusiasm, four young women, Angelique Campau, Monique Labadie, Elizabeth Williams, and Elizabeth Lyons, representatives of the leading families of their town, devoted their lives to Christian education. Their unselfish effort deserves our deepest gratitude, since we in the last analysis, are the beneficiaries of their pioneer labors. They gave freely and generously of their energy, time and money, knowing well that their work would receive little world renown. Like the missionaries around them, they counted it sufficient reward if God's cause were extended through the field of education.

In 1804, Father Richard sought the assistance of Angelique Campau. From that time until her death, some thirty-four years later, she devoted her time to the work that she loved—the education of youth. Father Richard was the type of man who did nothing by halves; so when he began to prepare his teachers for their profession, he did it thoroughly. In his library we find a

large number of books devoted to educational methods and projects.

The school was scarcely under way, when fire swept the entire city of Detroit. It consumed the struggling efforts that had been projected for the furtherance of education as well as homes and business houses that once existed in the town. Hampered as a result by the lack of buildings for schools, Father Richard's teachers continued their work. Angelique Campau and Elizabeth Williams petitioned the legislature of the Territory of Michigan for the donation of "a lot on which to erect an academy for young ladies." That this petition remained in committee is certain from the fact that in 1820, Father Richard was still trying to obtain the grant of land.

**O**NE OF THE earliest attempts to educate the Indians of the old Northwest was undertaken by Father Richard at Spring Hill, which was situated in the present limits of the city of Detroit.

Thomas Jefferson wrote from his home, Monticello, to President Madison in December, 1809—

... On this farm we proposed to assemble the following establishments: First. Father Richard's school. He teaches the children of the inhabitants of Detroit . . . but the part of the school within our view was that of the young Indian girls instructed by two French females, natives of the place, who devote their whole time and their own property, which is not inconsiderable to the care and instruction of the Indian girls in carding, spinning, weaving, sewing and the other household arts.

He was talking about Spring Hill Indian school. One of the "two French females" referred to was Angelique Campau. The property on which the school was built belonged to the United States Government. President Jefferson, while still in office, had proposed that the War Department in charge of this land should give without cost the land and buildings upon it for the use of the



Spring Hill school for girls. In addition, four hundred dollars were to be added so that the Indian boys could be educated.

**S**PRING HILL school opened with an enrollment of thirty girls who were taught under Angelique Campau and her companion the domestic arts of the day. Because this Indian school was attempting something very definite, its curriculum is worthy of consideration in more detail. In their respective schools at Spring Hill, the girls and boys received instruction in reading, writing, orthography, arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, natural philosophy, composition and other subjects. Those who showed special aptitude went into higher mathematics and foreign languages. The girls learned needlework, sewing, knitting, and spinning. Music and art were considered necessary for useful leisure and received a prominent place in the curriculum. Boys learned the art of husbandry. They learned to plough, to hoe, to plant, and even to build a house. As an incentive for the Indian youths to work, Father Richard gave implements to the students for their own use after they had given proof of their ability to use them. The equipment of the school was expensive and hard to get. But assured by the promise of the government's help, Father Richard did not hesitate to make his school as complete as possible. Both the Indian and white children were taught together. They slept under the same roof, ate the same meals, enjoyed the same games, thus learning that all men regardless of the shade of their skin can live together in peace and harmony.

In spite of the progress that was made in the education of the whites and Indians, Spring Hill with all its possibilities was closed and its expensive equipment sold to pay the United States

Government the rent of the farm on which it was located! There is not a sadder commentary on this whole affair, than an excerpt from the letter that Father Richard wrote to President Madison in regard to the closing of Spring Hill:

It is then in vain that I have worked so hard, travelled so far and struggled against so many obstacles!

Indeed, had the Spring Hill experiment been allowed to live, the war of 1812 might never have had to record such dark passages as the massacre of the Raisin.

Angelique Campau found plenty of work in and around the Detroit area. Out of her own funds she bought seven hundred and twenty dollars' worth of goods; of this amount three hundred and sixty-four dollars were used for books. Were these books distributed among her many pupils and used time and time again after her death? Or did she obtain them for the missionaries in their work? Who shall say?

**W**E FIND Angelique Campau in 1830 going by stagecoach to St. Joseph where she worked among the Potawatomis under Father Stephen Badin. In the letters of Father Richard, we note reference to her working there, and Father Badin himself makes mention of the fact that she "was doing admirably with the Indians." Two years later she returned to Detroit, where she died in 1838.

Of her personal appearance we know nothing. She lived quietly and accomplished much. If her personality is lost in the work she did, it is perhaps as she herself would wish it. She little dreamed that a hundred years after her death there would be those who would attempt to investigate her lifework, appreciate what she tried to do, and pay her a belated word of thanks.

## Another Day

By Anne Southerne Tardy

*She saw Death coming toward her near the end  
Of life's steep path, hedged in on every side.  
She knew him well, and well could apprehend  
His business there. Once pale and terrified,  
Helpless, she watched him take away her best,  
Most dearly loved. Now fearlessly she planned  
To set her house in order, then to rest  
Waiting beside the road, a beckoning hand.*

*Her burdens weighed heavy as twilight fell,  
She cast them from her slowly, one by one.  
Death drawing closer, whispered, "It is well,  
With all that you have done, or left undone."  
And so she went with him . . . away . . . away,  
To sun-bright portals of Another Day.*

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## Rewards

By Myles D. Blanchard

**N**O ONE WAS more surprised to learn that old Martha Williamson had left her entire estate to Susan Walker than was Susan Walker herself. As she sat in Lawyer Hilton's office waiting for the will to be read her mind went back over fifteen years—long years, too. She saw herself at the age of twenty-one, walking with a light, springy tread up the gravel path that led to The Maples, answering an "ad" that stated a companion nurse was needed. She recalled that Martha Williamson, propped up in an uncomfortable bed, had eyed her as she stood hesitatingly while the examination was being made. Then her future employer had been brutally frank.

"I won't need you more than three months at the most, so you had better take that into consideration and if you have a better offer accept it," she said in a reedy voice.

"Perhaps we can get you better in even less time than that," Susan Walker had said in an encouraging voice.

"Better!" It had come to her patient

as an evident shock. "Better! Young woman, I'm going to die within that time!"

But she didn't. Under Susan Walker's expert care she had put her feet on the floor again and had stayed out of an invalid's bed for thirteen years. Then she was kept alive in one for two more years, and in those fifteen years her nurse had read to her, eaten with her, dressed her and slept in the same room with her; and in the last twenty-four months she had even contributed of her own strength to the wasting old lady until she had been so weakened that one more day seemed like an impossible era of time.

Then the end had come. When Martha Williamson had breathed her last Susan Walker crossed the room to the window to let in a little fresh air. As she passed the mirror she gasped at what she saw. Was it Martha Williamson who had just died or was this Susan's ghost that was stalking about at three in the morning? She stared a second time, and it came to her with startling horror that she was underweight and pale.

She realized that she was thirty-six years old, but she had not sensed those hollow cheeks and glazed eyes.

**S**HE SAT IN the out-of-date office that belonged to Lawyer Hilton, another member of the old school to which Martha Williamson had belonged, and heard her name read as the sole heir to The Maples and seventy-five thousand dollars in cash, stocks and bonds. She gripped the arms of her chair to prevent falling out of it. It seemed that her heart must beat right out of her breast and that her tongue would burn to a crisp, so parched and dry was it. She gasped for air to fill her startled lungs; and finally, because there was nothing else to do, she relaxed.

When she reached the sidewalk and



the cold November air hit her squarely in the face, the whole episode seemed like a dream, and not until that night as she lay in her small bed, back in the same room where Martha Williamson had closed her account, did it come to her with full force that she was about to begin a new life. Then it was that she realized that in the last two years she had seen but two movies, that outside of attending the funeral she hadn't been inside an automobile, and that the last novel she had read had been *Gone with the Wind*.

**S**HE STARED up into the stuffy blackness above her; she wondered what it would be like to ride on a train, sleep on a soft mattress in a hotel and eat in a restaurant. In her mind's eye she could see soft, warm beaches with an ocean breaking gently over them; she saw herself stretched out on the white sand, her thirsty body absorbing the healing rays of the sun. But she was drawn back to reality by the sighing of the night wind, cold and piercing, as it fled up and down the valleys of the old roof only to suck itself into her room and make her shiver. Suddenly she sat bolt upright, ignoring the cold. She didn't have to stay around here and fight the flu all winter. She was free! She didn't have to think about the sun; she could go where it was. She had saved up two thousand dollars of her own money. That would be more than enough until the estate was settled. In the morning she would call Boston and get the schedules. Then she crawled back under the covers and lay awake two hours, thinking about the whole thing.

The great airliner nosed down the runway and gaining speed lifted itself into the keen morning air. Below lay the Newark Airport, to the rear, over her left shoulder, was New York, and ahead, somewhere, beckoning to all comers, was Miami Beach. Susan

Walker shut her eyes, not because she was afraid but because she wanted to open them just once more and really know that it wasn't all a dream. Slowly she let the light filter in. She smiled. It was not a dream. She was flying into space. Everything was true.

The day sped as quickly as did the landscape beneath her, and when the orange sun was reaching the end of its westward swing, she looked below and saw that everything was green. The plane did a great circle as it changed its course and she saw in the distance the gleaming white buildings reflecting the brilliant sunshine. The pilot cut his motors and the great transport plane began its final settling to the ground, and in a few seconds more it had come to a feathery stop at Miami's 36th Street Airport.

David J. Smith, bookkeeper from Chicago, left his hotel room on the eighth floor of the Surf Hotel and descended to the dining room leading from the lobby. He hesitated when there appeared to be no room, and he was about to make his way to the grille when the headwaiter beckoned him with a lean finger and led him quickly and carefully to a table at which sat one lone guest, a woman. He was not used to dining with women, to say nothing of one woman, and it was obvious that he was perplexed.

**I'M AFRAID . . .** that I'm intruding," he said in a low tone. "Perhaps you were waiting for a friend. . .?"

The woman smiled up at him. "No. I'm alone."

The headwaiter was gone and he had to do something. "In that case, if I'm not in the way. . . ." and he sat down. Soft music floated down from the mezzanine floor, not swing music but the rhythmic strains of a Strauss waltz.

David J. Smith picked up the menu card but he was having trouble with it. Inside he was wondering if he was sup-

posed to make conversation with this woman who was seated opposite him. He had never had any occasion to refer to Emily Post, and now he was unaware as to what her solution might be for the present exigency. And even if his was the duty of speaking he knew of nothing to say.

A WAITER stood at his elbow—waiting. Mr. Smith grew nervous. The menu was blurred. He couldn't read it, and the waiter was still—waiting. At last a feminine voice came to the rescue, as if out of heaven.

"I'm trying lobster à la king."

He started and looked up at the woman who shared his table. "I've never eaten any lobster," he said in a wary tone.

"I believe you will like it," she suggested.

The music continued to waft towards them. He nodded to the waiter. "Lobster à la king." He was certain that he must say something to the woman opposite him, but being neither a naïve soul nor a hypocrite he knew of but one thing to talk about—facts. "This is my first trip to Miami," he declared. "In fact, this is my first trip anywhere. I never saw the ocean until this morning."

She smiled. "This is my first real trip, too."

"It is . . . really?" There was an eagerness about his voice, as though at last he had found somebody who shared something with him, even if it was but mutual ignorance.

"I'm from Chicago," he said slowly. "Illinois." Then he laughed.

"And I'm from Boston . . . Massachusetts."

After an embarrassing silence he spoke once more. "Perhaps I should introduce myself. I'm David J. Smith. I'm a bookkeeper, but I guess maybe you can see that for yourself from the slight hump in the middle of my back.

That's the trademark of a bookkeeper. You get that after about twenty years."

"I hadn't noticed any lump," she said. "I'm Susan Walker."

He nodded, as though he was not surprised. "I had saved up enough money to get down here once before, but Esther died and that changed everything.

"Esther was your wife?"

He started. "No . . . my sister. I never married. I never felt that I made enough money to warrant asking anybody to marry me." He caught himself and blushed. "I'm sorry that I got started this way. You see, I haven't had anybody to talk to for a long time. You can't talk a great deal when you're adding columns of figures all day long."

Susan Walker stared at the man and then something within her stirred. Soon her story began to pour out with all the eagerness of a Niagara Falls. She told him all about Martha Williamson and the starved fifteen years, all about the deprivations, self-imposed, and the hunger—now finally to live. She told him everything except about The Maples and the seventy-five thousand dollars. "So you see," she finished, "we have a great deal in common."

DAVID SMITH looked at the woman opposite him and a light came into his dull eyes. "Yes . . . yes, that's right. I rather imagine that there are any number of people who can share disappointments. It makes one feel better, doesn't it?"

For ten days Susan Walker and David Smith were together. They rode on glass-bottom boats, took the long transport bus for the sight-seeing trip, went fishing, sat in Bayfront Park, went to the movies; and they even danced in their shy manner. Susan was surprised that she could remember how to waltz.

And then on the tenth night he said,



"I must go back to Chicago tomorrow, Susan."

Her heart stopped beating. She suddenly knew something that frightened her. She knew that love had rapped on her heart and now the man she had met after the passing of years was about to leave her.

"Yes . . . I know. . . ."

"**YOU DO?"** he smiled. "I wonder if you know what these ten days have meant to me. Away from a sloping desk, from figures, from routine. I didn't have to get up at six-thirty and be in an office at eight-thirty. I didn't have to feel that I was in jail all day. I didn't have to elbow and push my way to a boarding house at five o'clock. I haven't had beef stew, corned-beef hash and two fried eggs with a strip of bacon. I've been free . . . and I've . . . had someone who could enjoy it with me."

She spoke slowly. "Has it been that bad in Chicago?"

He nodded. "It's been worse." He shrugged his shoulders. "But why go on about it? It's not your problem, certainly." He stopped short. "Do you suppose you'll ever get to Chicago?"

She hesitated. "Perhaps I may. And perhaps some day you may visit Boston."

She stayed on for a week after he left. She got a note saying that he was home. She smiled—home to him was a room. Then, because there was nothing left to do, she went back, too; this time by train. Each mile to the north grew colder. Gone was the green grass and in its place were dead lawns, bald trees and a discouraging landscape. Winter was ahead, cold and harsh.

The Maples was a big house and she would be in it alone. But a few hours later when she went through the big front door there was an uncanny welcome about the place and she was glad to be back. She had spent fifteen years

cloistered within these walls and now she knew how some men were hesitant about getting out of prison. They were lost in the whirl of the outside world. Here was peace and calm. She could rest and relax, read and sew and listen to good music. And she could have her memories.

For a month, while the onset of winter was striking into New England, she heard from him—short notes. He was back before the sloping desk. Business was bad. Younger men were replacing old-timers. Some were being let go because of no business. Relief—that was the resort of others. He wondered sometimes if he was wise to spend the money in the South . . . Perhaps he should have continued to save and add to the little bit . . . he was too young for a pension . . . too old for any other kind of work. Her heart ached for him.

**T**HEN IN March—with its dangerous winds and treacherous weather she heard no more from him. What had happened? She wrote letters inquiring, but there were no answers. And then one day a telegram did come . . . from a woman named Collins, and she recognized her as his landlady. It was a simple and direct statement of conditions. David Smith was down with pneumonia. He kept calling for somebody named Susan. She had heard him talk about her before. She had taken the liberty of opening a letter and getting her address. . . She must be the Susan . . . . Could she come at once?

Susan flew to the phone. A plane left Boston that night that would put her into Chicago in the morning. And the dawn of the next day found her alighting from that plane. She found his place—a plain brick rooming house. Hurriedly she mounted the steps and rang the bell. A woman came and took one glance at her.

"You are Susan Walker . . . ?"

"Yes," she breathed. "Is he . . .?"

"He is fighting. The crisis will be today."

Susan Walker found a nurse with him. She examined the chart. All of her training came to the fore. She phoned the doctor. He came. She explained things as well as she could. With his consent she gave the nurse a month's pay and dismissed her. She donned her own white uniform and waited.

At last he spoke. "Susan . . ."

Her heart was pounding as she leaned close over him. "Yes . . . David."

He opened his eyes, saw her and smiled. Then he shut them. A look of horror crossed his face. He opened his eyes once more. "It wasn't a dream?" he asked weakly.

"No, David," she said softly. "It's real. . . . I'm here."

He smiled again. "I knew . . . you'd come . . . Susan."

She straightened. She knew the crisis was passed. David Smith would live. Sometime in the future there would be a wedding. And she'd tell him about The Maples and the seventy-five thousand dollars. He mustn't think that it was to be hers: it must be his, too. A reward to both of them for faithful service—paid for by old Martha Williamson. Life was not too cruel, after all.



## Consummata: Hearth and Home Holiness

By A. N. Raybould

IN 1929 THE Spiritual Notes of Marie Antoinette de Géuser were published by the Rev. R. Plus, S. J., under the title *Consummata*. In 1931 the work appeared in an English translation. Writing of *Consummata* the Abbot of the Benedictine abbey of En Calcot says: "It would be impossible to find greater spiritual depth and soundness

of doctrine, united to a mysticism as simple as it is exalted." Marie Antoinette de Géuser was one of those souls, of whom there are perhaps more in the Church today than we suspect, who in the midst of the world and of a life that appears ordinary, attain to the heights of divine union. The same religious says that *Consummata* should be regarded with the simplicity which characterized her. This simplicity does not strike the ordinary reader except perhaps in the events of her outward life. In the spiritual order her keen intelligence, her capacity for self-expression, the daring with which she wrote of her union with God, the force of the intellectual which played into every phase, even of her spiritual life—all this is hardly what we usually understand by the term simple, unless it be that divine simplicity in which all the faculties are gathered up into God.

"Simple" . . . "sublime" . . . "a saint" . . . "a great mystic," all these terms have been used to describe Marie Antoinette; and yet none of them quite describe her—this young girl with the strong will and the very soft face; with the naturally "faroûche" temperament and internal mildness; this militant young Christian trained in the school of St. Ignatius, and yet losing herself in the most abstract mysticism; this tender delicate girl, who, from the first sought pain rather than pleasure, and who ended by regarding herself only as an instrument to suffer for the souls of others.

Born in 1899, Marie Antoinette was the eldest of a large family, seven boys and two girls. As a child she shared her brothers' games and pursuits. Later she taught them, shared their interests, gave them advice and helped them in their difficulties, wrote them delightful letters, even instructed them in spiritual matters; but this with a tact born of intelligence, and always with a saving sense of humor. To her



brother Louis, who was afterwards a Jesuit, she writes once: "You are the most contemptible of men to have thus pretended in public that I treat you as booby (*huitre*). My remark was not made ill-naturedly, and I proclaim my innocence."

**T**O HER BROTHER Hubert starting for service in 1916 she writes: "This hour is above all others in which to show your fidelity. What will your life be, long or short? What does it matter if only it be full of Christ. Oh, fill it with Him in order to be faithful!" Another time she writes to the same brother: "If you have to fire on the Germans, remember that their souls are sisters of your own. Buy their souls of God by a short prayer, before you send them into eternity."

Passionately patriotic and regarding the cause of France almost as the cause of God, Marie Antoinette was naturally too generously minded, also too holy to share in universal hatred. She saw in the enemy fellow human beings, souls redeemed by Jesus Christ. As such she loved even the enemies of her country. This feeling was not changed after she had lost two brothers, and saw another crippled by the war. Writing to a nun of one of these losses she says: "I write to recommend my dear little George to your prayers. He has fallen, but gloriously, after bringing down one of the enemy's planes. I have always thought that George was called to sanctity. I still believe that He, to whom a thousand years are as a day, was able to fulfil in him in a short time what might have been done in a long career. He was well prepared—this dear little brother; his soul had grown visibly in grace."

There was no stiffness or rigor in the piety of *Consummata*. She could pass lightly from a petty duty to prayer,

from a harmless joke to a sublime idea. She lived an ordinary family life, taught her younger brothers and little sister, did a great deal of housekeeping, taking over the management of the entire château during her mother's illness. She sewed and mended, darned the socks of seven brothers, *ce troupe infernale* as Father Plus calls them in their capacity for wearing out socks. Marie Antoinette was at the beck and call of all, always devoted, and never thinking that the life of a girl ought to be otherwise; she even liked such humble duties. Writing once to Louis, when he as a Jesuit novice was employed in the kitchen: "I have thought and do think a great deal about your office in the kitchen. Myself—I like such occupations, which do not make such great demands on our intelligence, and leave us free to unite ourselves to God."

**S**HE DESIRED and had arranged to become a Carmelite. The solitude, the poverty, the penance of Carmel, represented for her that garden enclosed in which she could find peace and joy with her Beloved. God willed otherwise. Her own bad health, and her mother's illness made it impossible for her to enter Carmel. Some of her most charming letters are to the prioress of the Carmelite convent in Havre where she had hoped to be received. Being obliged to stay in the world, Marie Antoinette made of her home life the background for the highest spirituality. Of her work she made a constant prayer, training her thoughts to perpetual recollection, her will to perpetual mortification, and making up at night for those special hours of prayer which she sometimes missed in the day. To the end of the spiritual life she trained her mind to study, and her whole being to a militant stoicism, that set self completely aside. *Consummata's* life was one of those lives so often to be found among the French aristocracy; lives

full of spiritual intensity, of keen intellectual activity, but also of great family devotion. To these factors Marie Antoinette de Géuser added holiness of an exceptional order. This holiness did not prevent her studying philosophy, and learning Latin in order to help her brothers, and to enable her to read the Scriptures and the liturgy in Latin. Her letters show a thoroughly cultivated mind, and from the fineness of their style and sublimity of thought, might, had she been less holy, be attributed to intellectual vanity. In her spare time, when she was not lost in prayer and contemplation, she wrote admirable spiritual notes for her own guidance.

**C**ONSUMMATA was called upon to suffer and to suffer much. Suffering was the basis of her holiness, as she herself says: "Under the rind of complete sacrifice we find that admirable fruit which is God."

What a picture is given when, towards the end of her life, we see her ill, practically bedridden in one room, and her mother quite bedridden in a room adjoining, with a little oratory between, where they could sometimes have Mass—she crawling to her mother's side to bring comfort, and praying that she might not die *en route*. Here was the absence of all human comfort, and often also of all divine comfort; and yet in the midst of all this suffering she led a life of perfect union with God. As she herself describes it: "A sea of suffering under the clear sky of contemplation." She knew that the sacrifice had to be consummated. "Suffering is the money by which we buy power." And in one of her spiritual notes we read, "Drink of the chalice, without looking at the contents, giving thanks always and for all."

With her spiritual notes, her letters to her director form the chief part of *Consummata*. The book opens in

1909, when she was nineteen years of age, with the following resolutions:

"Never permit myself to follow the impression of the moment. Regulate everything in advance—no hurry or being carried away. Employ to the last minute the time given to each occupation. Do in each moment what seems best (most perfect) for God, and with all my courage and love."

"In suffering, silence. Never say, 'It is enough'; but rather 'Fiat,' being always ready to suffer more." The last resolution in the same volume is: "To live always in that unique act in which God desires Himself and desires His work."

For all that went between, and to see how grace worked in this soul, leading it even to the heights of union, we must read her own account, given with strange insight and clearness till that final consummation, when she says: "All research to translate what passes in my soul in this state of union is impossible. I should have to come down from that life in Heaven in order to speak of these things; and if I came down I should no longer see them."

**I**N THE FOLLOWING words Marie Antoinette defined her Christian program: "To live the life of Christ, the life of the love of the Father and zeal for His glory, this life hidden in the bosom of the Trinity, and directed towards the building up of that great work founded by the Person and the blood of Christ, and which He accomplishes through the grace of His Spirit." In her life we can see how she carried out this program.

Marie Antoinette de Géuser was a child of our times—she died in 1928. She had lived through all the cares, sorrows, and losses of the World War. But out of these sorrows and cares she wove a garment in which to meet the Bridegroom.



# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

Tongue twister: Bob bought a black back bath brush.



Better be upright with poverty than depraved with abundance.

—*Chinese Proverb.*



If a star be placed just before the number on a piece of your paper-money, it means that the bill has replaced an imperfect one.



New York State was the first to license motor vehicles, beginning in 1901. In that year it collected \$895; in 1937, it took in \$52,901,000.



The nuns of Denver, Houston, San Francisco and New Orleans do not have to pay street-car fares because of services done for those cities during periods of public need.



The man who has nothing to boast about but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato. The only good belonging to him is underground.

—*Sir Thomas Overbury.*



Our prairie-dog colony in Texas is said to have covered an area one hundred miles wide and two hundred and fifty miles long, with an estimated population of well over a hundred million.



The wingbeat of a bird has little to do with its maximum speed. The swifts are considered to be just about the fast-

est of all birds, often attaining observed speeds of two hundred miles an hour according to Greer Williams; yet their wingbeats are much slower than those of the hummingbird.



The United States is the cheapest place in the world in which to get a patent. It cost about \$60 in fees to obtain and hold an American patent; in some European countries, costs may run as high as \$2,000.



In one sense poison ivy is a greater menace during winter than in any other season, since it is more difficult to identify the leafless plant at that time. Fewer cases are reported in winter however, because fewer people take to the outdoors.



Gunnison, Colorado, is one of the sunshine spots of the world. For many years a hotel proprietor there had a standing offer to serve free dinners to his patrons when the sun did not shine in that locality. During twenty-three years he had to fulfil his promise only seventeen times.



The S. P. E. B. S. Q. S. A., Inc., or Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America which was started in Tulsa, Oklahoma, now has members from New York to Hollywood. Bing Crosby, Owen D. Young, and James Farley all belong.



According to the American Institute of Baking, our wheat surplus would vanish if every citizen could be induced to eat an extra slice of bread a day. It is estimated that, under this arrangement, the nation's 28,000 bakers would bake nearly two and a quarter billion loaves of bread a year.

## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**Share the Profits**—The Story of Richard W. Wolfe and His Conclusions, by William H. Stuart. M. A. Donahue and Company, Chicago. Price, \$2.

The author ushers in Mr. Wolfe by a review of Irish history during English rule. The present day Mr. Wolfe took an active and a conspicuous part in Chicago affairs for many years. Over three decades ago he was in the front line in a vigorous battle to relieve congestion in Chicago's famous Loop. The "Congestion" was not limited to traffic. It also included things like "intangible personal property concealed in Loop strong-boxes, to be brought to light and taxed like other real estate."

One chapter deals arrestingly with an old subject: newspapers and the influence of advertisers on their editorial policy. The author hints at some moving discoveries that await a searcher tracing this advertiser influence back to sources. He stresses the legal right of any bank to own or control a newspaper, but he also stresses the right of the people to know it. He claims further that the people have a right to know how much a newspaper owes to a bank, to a company that furnishes print-paper, or to a utility. This would serve to "bring into the open the powerful anonymous persons who hand out advertising contracts and programs of policy for the press, all in the same package."

Mr. Wolfe warns chiefly against a certain foreign influence which could cause reasonable alarm even to those who are not Gaels. The influence as pictured has power and range enough to touch American pocket-books. Mr. Wolfe further claims (with abundant corroboration) that this influence put over a hundred thousand American soldiers in their graves, in a "war to end war."

A large group, including impressive names, will acclaim this book for its main thesis. The amount of disapproval that will greet it can be gauged by the tone of editorial comment and columnist pronouncements appearing frequently nowadays, not to mention a recent drive to hobble or silence certain radio-speakers.

Richard J. Collentine.

**The Prospects of Philosophy**, by John J. Rolbiecki. Benziger Bros. New York. Price, \$2.50.

Each chapter of this closely-written book comprises a brief but neat summary of the attitudes of thinkers, ancient and modern, toward the perennial problems of philosophy. In addition the author indicates the direction which students of philosophy may take in broadening and deepening the field of speculation in the light of the findings of science. In this we have a genuine service to philosophy. We cannot insist too much that philosophy in general, and Thomism in particular, is not a closed system; it is open upon the reality which is being revealed to it in ever new and varying forms. Dr. Rolbiecki appears to be well acquainted with the general conclusions of scientific thought and alert to the new problems of philosophy which are occasioned by them.

To my mind the author, while stressing the aid which philosophy can receive from science, does not indicate clearly enough the distinction between philosophical fact and scientific fact. Scientific fact does not constitute for philosophy a material more privileged than philosophical fact. Scientific facts indeed should not be ignored because they can help the philosopher to reformulate problems, and because they can be the occasion of a more exact and



more profound solution of these problems; however, they are not more certain nor more refined so far as philosophy is concerned, merely because they are scientific. *Qua* scientific they have no interest for philosophy *qua* philosophy unless they be submitted to the instruments of philosophical science. Finally, the distinction between the physical and metaphysical constitution of matter should be kept in mind while reading the chapter on the physical cosmos. If the ultimate physical composition of matter is an enigma, the metaphysical composition need not necessarily be enigmatic.

Christopher J. O'Toole.

**The Human Christ**, by the Rev. F. J. Mueller. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. Price, \$2.

Defense of Christ against anti-Christians portrays the true, not always the living Christ. Profitable as this method may be, Christ did not use it. His proof to men was the living, attractive, devoted God-man—a person to love and to imitate. So He began to *do* and to teach; He took up His cross and then beckoned "Follow Me." Since Christ stressed His life and actions Himself, His biographers must do the same.

Such is the intention of the present book. In a previous work the author stressed the divinity of the God-Man; in this he emphasizes the humanity. Christ lived in a family, worked and prayed; was tired and hungry; asked favors; became angry at stubbornness, but was kind to good-will; enjoyed friendship, felt the sting of desertion, knew what it meant to be alone; met circumstances requiring physical endurance and moral strength; unfaltered in His duty and died for it.

Necessarily the facts mentioned by the author are already known. Yet the grouping under special virtues, the clear

explanation of the apparent theological difficulties, the practical development of the living Christ and His personality offer an attractive newness to a topic which can never grow old, "The Supreme attractions of the Divine Personality."

Richard H. Sullivan.

**The Great Tradition**, by Frances Parkinson Keyes. Julian Messner, New York. \$2.50.

Mrs. Keyes can tell a good story. Here she has thrown a romantic plot against the background of the fast-moving Europe of the past fifteen years. Her German-American hero, in fact, is dogged almost too closely by the headlines. There are the struggles in Germany, where the hero is fired by the growing Nazi movement; he is in Spain when the monarchy is overthrown and when Franco marches. In spite of the weight of current events, however, the intricate story moves rapidly and holds the interest of the reader.

Chris Marlowe tries to follow "the great tradition" of his aristocratic German father. When he sees that this tradition looks backward, and when the new movements in Europe lead only to decadence and cruelty, he returns to his other tradition—the American. Throughout this struggle there runs the story of his two loves: one of which he loses by death in the Spanish revolution, the other holds the promise of help as he turns, broken and disillusioned, to face the future.

This is not a historical novel or an interpretation of significant current history. If it were it would be a complete failure. As history it is too indecisive and superficial. As background for a good story the history, although too profusely documented, serves its purpose well.

T. J. Mehling.

## YOUNGER READERS

### Company for Tea

By Grace Sayre

*Outside the rain is falling,  
But what is that to me?  
I do not mind at all; tonight  
We've company for tea!*

*There are so many pleasures  
A rainy night may bring . . .  
A kitten purring by the fire,  
A teakettle to sing—*

*A warm wet path of shining dark  
Beyond the window pane—  
Firelight-shadows on the walls,  
And outside—silver rain.*

*And here is Mommy coming  
With cakes for you and me,  
And orange marmalade and gems—  
And company for tea!*

### Treasures of Milton Abbas

By Ivy Bolton

#### II

**T**HERE IS SOMEONE watching us, Roger." Winifred's cold hand stole into mine as we paused at the gate a few days later. "He is a little ferret-faced man and he has been following us all the way. He is hiding by the barn now."

I glanced over at the barn and saw that she was right. There was no need to worry about the treasure for that was well hidden in a new hiding hole under the thatch of the roof.

"Keep out of the way as much as you can, Winnie," I told her. "Leave that spy to me."

I passed him deliberately and made my way to the hayfield and I saw him slip after me. I turned abruptly and, seeing he was discovered, he came to-

wards me with as much boldness as was in him.

"I wanted speech with your worship." He rubbed moist hands together.

"I have no interest in you and I am busy," I returned.

He bent forward to whisper in my ear. "I am after you know what."

**Y**OU ARE PLEASED to talk nonsense," I said.

He drew something from his pocket. It was the ring I had seen last in the Abbot's chamber. "You know the seal?" he murmured.

I stared at it. The messenger was to bring that seal, but I decided to play for time.

"What does it mean?" I asked. "If you really have business here, you should seek my father."

"It is you who knows of jewels and documents," he declared cunningly. "It was Roger Thorne the Lord Abbot bade me seek."

"Where is the Lord Abbot?" I asked.

"Safe and sound at Bournemouth waiting for the treasure," he insisted.

Worried enough, I stuck to my point. "You had better speak to my father," I insisted.

"You put the onus on him?" he questioned slyly. "It is wise to get those jewels in safety."

"If the King's Grace wants anything here, he can send and search," I said impatiently.

"What shall I tell the Father Abbot?"

"You can tell him anything you like," I said and walked back to the house.

"The spy has the seal. He declares he comes from the Father Abbot," I told Winifred. "I do not know what to do."

"He is no true man," Winifred declared positively.



"How do you know?"

"Why was he following us if he were an accredited messenger?" she asked. "Anyhow I feel it."

"What a woman's reason, Winnie!" I laughed. Still in my heart of hearts I agreed with her.

**I** WAS NOT to be left in peace. Father sent me over to the pasture to mend a fence and, as I was completing my work, a shadow fell upon me. I looked up to see Master Wharton the forester of Sherborne beside me. He is a tall, stern man, and I have never liked him overmuch.

"You do good work, Roger Thorne," he said approvingly. "I could use a lad like you in the forestry."

"I should not care to leave my father, sir," I answered.

"I can promise you advancement. I have had lads who went to Windsor before now. There is good red gold for those who serve the King's Grace." He pulled a heavy bag from his pocket. "There is a reward like this for anyone who can tell of hidden jewels and documents."

"Jewels and documents?" I repeated.

"You know well enough what I mean. The old days have passed and we are no longer at the mercy of a lot of shaveling monks, growing fat on the land and oppressing the poor."

"That is false and you know it," I said hotly. "Milton Abbas has been the blessing of the countryside and no one is looking after the poor and the hungry and the sick now."

He shrugged his shoulders. "We shall be better off if a few of the lazy louts do die," he declared callously. "You crow too loud, my young cockerel. There are the stocks and the pillory for such as speak recklessly of the King's commands, and who hide documents like these may be accused of treason."

"I stand by my friends, Master Wharton," I said as quietly as I could.

"No one has proved that I have stolen anything."

"We know that Milton Abbas had that gift of jewels for a foreign shrine," he retorted angrily. "Also it is an all but proven fact that the traitor Abbot of Glastonbury sent certain treasonable documents to Milton Abbas for safe keeping. You were the only outsider in the Abbey that night, Roger Thorne. Look well to yourself. The Abbot is not going to help you. He will hang if he lives that long. They say he is dying of prison fever in Newgate."

I bit my lip. "The Father Abbot is in London?" I questioned.

"Truly a close prisoner and condemned. Now think well. You cannot aid him by obstinacy. Best look to yourself. I can lay an information and be well paid for it too."

"Lay your information." I turned on my heel, hoping that he would not notice the shake in my voice. He was dangerous and I knew it. I sat down to think. At any rate Master Foxface had lied. He had told me the Abbot was near at hand and safe.

**I** HEARD A rustle behind me and there he was trying to conceal himself in some bushes. That flaming head of his was not easy to conceal. A surge of anger went over me. I would lead him a dance for once. I sprang up and started at a good pace. A mile later I lost him but I ran on till a hand caught me and I looked up into young Lord Wilfred's laughing eyes.

"What are you about now, Roger?"

"There is a redheaded spy trying to follow me about," I laughed. "I thought he might as well work for once."

"I wish you would not have all your adventures without me," Lord Wilfred complained. "I suppose it is all about those jewels and documents that are making such a pother. Anyway, Winifred is looking for you. She has a peddler at the farm and needs you."

"Is that another spy?" I asked.

"I think not, though Winifred was as closemouthed as you are. Now do you want my help or do you not?"

I thought quickly. "I want it," I said. "Your guess is right. And I only hope the peddler is the right person."

"I will come back with you," he promised and we started on our homeward way.

THE SPY was waiting for us at the barns. I saw him dodge behind the stable. I would have gone around, but Lord Wilfred made me pass him.

"Do not let him think that we have anything to hide," he whispered. He waved to Winifred who was standing at the doorway. "We are hungry, Winifred," he called to her.

"We have a guest," she told me. "I have hidden him, with father's leave, in the attic chamber. As soon as you finish eating, go there."

We slipped upstairs. In the center chamber stacked with all the old household goods, we found our guest. My heart sank when I saw him, a frail old man with a peddler's pack beside him.

"You are Roger Thorne?" he asked. "And this?" He looked at Lord Wilfred. I nodded.

"Wilfred Damory at your service, sir," my lord answered.

He pulled an iron cross from his breast. "'Iron for strength,'" he said quietly, "'and gold for Christ the King.'" The Father Abbot told me that the seal was stolen when Milton Abbas was sacked."

"And the Father Abbot?" I asked eagerly.

"Is at rest," he spoke solemnly. "With the Father Prior he has shared the fate of holy Richard Whiting of Glastonbury and many others. Nay, weep not, my maid," he laid his hand on Winifred's. "Shall we grudge him his martyr's crown? God grant that we be true and steadfast as he."

"And you, sir? Are you not in dire peril?" I asked sadly.

"If they find me surely," he said smiling. "I am the Lord Abbot of Beauvais and when I heard through the old monks sent to us of the danger of Milton Abbas, I started hither in disguise to the aid of my old friend and fellow novice of Douay. I was too late. I went to him with some small danger in London and he told me what he had done with the treasure. How can we save his trust?"

"I have a plan—" Winifred began.

"Hush!" I said. "Someone is downstairs. I heard a footstep." I dashed down the steps as fast as I could; my young lord followed me. On the kitchen table lay the well known packet! How could Winnie have been so careless! Just as I reached the table, Master Fox-face climbed in the window.

"I claim that," he called.

I snatched it up. I shoved him aside and he fell. My young lord sprang for him.

"Go on, Roger," he shouted. "You know where. Our old signal."

I did not pause. At top speed I started through the barnyard and out to the open Down. I heard feet padding after me. The spy had gained his freedom.

I LED THE spy a chase. I was sure I had shaken him off. I dropped down breathless behind some rocks. Over to the left was the tree with our old hiding hole. I rose, looked around and, seeing no one, I gave three owl hoots. From the wood a long low whistle and a cuckoo's note answered me. My young lord came towards me. He had an eye which was swiftly blackening but seemed otherwise unhurt.

"You have it safe, Roger?" he whispered.

I gave him the packet and he placed it in the hiding hole and drew the vines



back in place. A heavy hand fell on my shoulder.

"I arrest you both in the King's Name," Master Foxface cried shrilly.

"On what charge forsooth?" demanded Lord Wilfred.

"On a charge of treason," he snapped. "You are hiding jewels and documents confiscated by the Royal Commission."

"You have no warrant," Lord Wilfred declared. "Still we will go with you to my father and settle this matter. He is a magistrate. It will go ill with you if you have made a mistake."

**"I HAVE MADE** no mistake." To our dismay the man went straight to the hiding place and drew out the precious packet.

We insisted upon going to Lord Damory. We found him in converse with my father and both turned at once to listen to the story.

"We will go to headquarters to settle this," Lord Damory declared. "The Chancellor is still at Sherborne though the rest of the Commission is in London. We will seek him at once."

We were brought before the Chancellor at once on our arrival.

"It will be the stocks and the whipping post for this young rascal," he declared looking at me. "Wharton, the forester, has laid a complaint."

"Of what?" demanded Lord Damory.

"That he is concealing jewels and documents. We will make him speak."

"I have them here, good my lord," whined the spy. "I followed him after I saw him snatch the packet from the table." He broke into a rambling tale, but the Chancellor listened eagerly.

"This is a hanging matter," he declared.

"May I suggest that you open the packet?" asked Lord Damory.

We looked at him in dismay. Was he turning against us too? The Chancellor broke the seals with eager fingers.

I stared as I heard Lord Wilfred gasp. The packet disclosed Winifred's carding box and from it fell a number of small grey stones and blank papers. The Chancellor turned on us furiously.

"What folly is this?" he demanded.

"Perhaps we were tired of being followed," I complained. "Our hiding hole will be of no more use now."

"And William, your young brother, will be triumphant that we were found out," Lord Wilfred declared.

"Is there any real charge against these boys?" demanded Lord Damory. "Faith, but England has come to a pretty pass, if a farmer lad may not go about his business without being hectored and bullied and spied upon. Have an end."

"There is naught that I can prove against them," the Chancellor retorted. "I trust neither them nor you, my lord."

Once outside Lord Damory looked at us both. "The thing is at an end," he said. "The maid is the one with the quickest wit. She devised this plan to draw the spy away. When the chase was in full cry, she sent her father to me. Take your lad home, Farmer Thorne. He looks exhausted. I will care for mine, though that eye is beyond my mending for a bit, Wilfred."

Winnie was waiting for us at the gate. Her tired face lit up as she saw me.

**"OUR GUEST IS** away and should be in Bournemouth by now," she said. "He has promised to send us a token of his safety."

It came a few days later by a sure hand. It was an iron cross for me and a gold set rosary for Winifred. "Iron for strength and gold for Christ the King," was written on a slip of parchment. "Brave hearts need never fear. Christ is beside His own. His promise standeth sure; the gates of hell shall not prevail against us."

(The End.)

## ✿ The Weekly Postscript ✿

By M. M. Wirries

**E**ITHER WE OR the weather man established some kind of precedent. We slept outside last night, and it did not rain. Invariably, even though there hasn't been a drop of rain in the valley all Spring, it rains on our first night out. No sand came whipping down from the desert, no tree branches fell on us, and we had to make no wild dash for shelter. Probably it is because this is only the fifteenth of May, and other years we have stayed in until June. We are confirmed outdoor sleepers now.

Our lawn is an ideal place for parties too. The Holy Name seniors came to dinner last night. Already we are feeling a bit weepy at the thought of next week's or next month's parting. Some will leave as soon as Commencement is over; some will linger a little while longer. Will Holy Name meetings ever be the same again, we wonder, if Maggie is not there to read the minutes? If Alvin is not there to patrol the balcony above us and entertain without actually being on the program? If Houston and Avelino are not making sweet music for us? If Isaiah is not there to make speeches? If our very silly Tony is not presiding? If the sweet smile of Lottie, our godchild, is not there to warm our hearts? If our lean and lanky Sioux Mike is not sprawled somewhere in the foreground, and Alice is not in the background? If we cannot lean on Archie and Zhuni and Connie just a bit when something needs doing? But they grow up and they go on home to the reservation, or out in the workaday world. Holy Name goes on, with those who were just youngsters last year, grown up to take their places. Because that is life—God's plan for children. As for us who have striven

in some measure to guide and advise them, we go on, too, without them. But we follow them all the days of our life with our love and prayers, just as now we pray nightly for Augustine, King, Henry, John, "Sonny Boy," and the "Mad Russian," and a dozen others who were never Holy Name boys, but yet dear to us—an integral part of our lives, last year and other years. Forget us they will, being young. But we hope they will not forget the one thing we tried to teach them—the importance of clean living, right thinking, and God.

No bit of seriousness intruded on our dinner party though. Today it is all a happy memory. We can even laugh at what seemed a tragedy last night at six-thirty, with dinner being served at seven and all the stores closed and no favors for the girls!

**H**APPY MEMORY! Candles burning on the table; hungry ones filling their plates; laughter over the Bingo game, where some win twice, and some not at all; Father C. making funny quips; the matron running around her chair a half dozen times for "luck" and Houston flopping over on his couch for the same thing—and neither of them getting it; Isaiah getting drunk with merriment over the matron's doing; Vergil being teased about his uniform; Connie's chair collapsing. Everybody autographing place cards. In short, all the things that make a party a party.

And then—the after part. The girls reluctantly going home at the early hour their matron has specified. "It's so much fun. If we could just stay a little longer!" Conversation and laughter among the boys who linger. Carrying in of chairs. And a kitchenful of boys, doing the dishes!



■ 54 Short and Arresting Vignettes selected from the author's "Weekly Postscript" in *The Ave Maria*



## WAYSIDE IDYLS

By *Mary Mabel Wirries*

Most of us are so busy with the details of one thing or another that we seldom take the time to really taste the happiness which God intended us to get out of everyday duties of life. When we do get the leisure, the memories of those activities are often too vague and distant for us to recapture.

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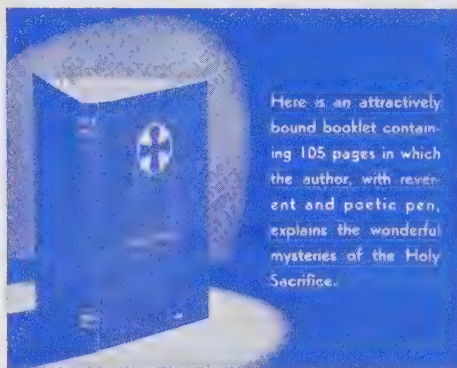
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# THE MAYE MARIA

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ONE

## CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY



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### *75th Anniversary*

1865 — 1940

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, U. S. A.

#### NOTES AND REMARKS

From a Wistful Mother . . .  
Fifth Column Members . . .  
Schools For Deaf-Mutes . . .  
Banking and Neutrality . . .  
Mrs. Roosevelt Helps Youths' Congress

#### EDWIN MARKHAM: POET-PROPHET

An appreciative study of this poet of the people by a life-long student of the sturdy, pioneering singer.

By HARRY ELMORE HURD

#### OUR LADY AT PONTMAIN

The Holy Father's pleas for peace in war-swept Europe make this article on Our Lady's miraculous intervention in favor of peace in a previous European conflict especially timely.

By FLORENCE GILMORE

#### BRIEFER ESSAYS III: THE BUSINESS OF RELIGION

It is at least as important to approach religion in a business way as it is to conduct a farm, a store or an office.

By T. S. BRENNAN



# THE AVE MARIA

CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

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## NEXT WEEK

*Jurist on Vatican Peace Appeals* is a recall by Prof. William F. Roemer, South Bend, Indiana, of the late Judge Keane's (University of Notre Dame School of Law) timely reflections on the rejection by modern statesmen of the peace pleas of Benedict XV and Pius XII.

The Rev. Hugo H. Hoefer, O. Cist., Notre Dame, Indiana, in *The Lesson of Konnersreuth* considers evidences in the life of the Bavarian mystic, Theresa Neumann, with reference to their supernatural character.

*The Palma Cathedral*, by Louise Moulton, 74 Kensington High Street, London, W. 8, is a sympathetic study of one of Spain's most imposing cathedrals.

☞ Payments in advance. Make money orders payable to THE AVE MARIA, Notre Dame, Indiana; or, register letters containing money.

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## OBITUARY

Rev. Thomas F. McCarthy, Boston diocese. Sister M. Noretta, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Mary Vincent, Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister Mary of St. Imelda, Religious of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd.

Mrs. Marie Sullivan, Mrs. Jennett Walsh, Thomas H. Leonard, D. J. Croke, Miss Teresa L. McKenna, Miss Mary White, Carleton W. Cameron, John Shinn, Mrs. John R. Mears. May they rest in peace!

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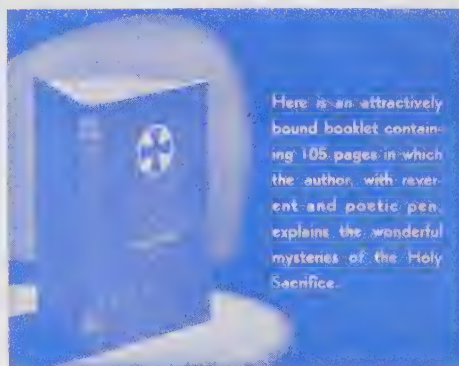
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# THE AVE MARIA

## CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

VOL. 51, (N. S.) NO. 23 [Copyright, 1940: The Ave Maria Press]

..JUNE 8, 1940

## World News in Brief

**THE CHURCH** In Detroit, the Catholic Press Convention: pledged support to Pope Pius in his efforts for peace; urged the editors to support a campaign for God in government; urged caution in dealing with war, politics and nationalism; scored attacks on democratic government; facilitated regional reorganization within the association, and elected Msgr. Wynhoven (Editor, *Catholic Action of the South*) as its first Priest-President. . . . ¶ In Washington, Rev. Arthur Sawkins, of Toledo, was appointed the new speaker on the *Catholic Hour* program. . . . ¶ The letter of Bishop Ryan of Omaha on United States-Vatican relations was reprinted in the *Congressional Record* on the motion of Senator Burke of Nebraska. . . . ¶ Most Rev. William A. Griffin, Auxiliary Bishop of Newark, was named to be Bishop of Trenton; Rev. Thomas A. Boland was named Auxiliary Bishop of Newark.

**AT HOME** In Washington, the President declared himself willing to spend any sum on defense. . . . The War Department listed 4489 planes as the air strength of the army and navy. . . . Republican leaders blamed the President for a lack of adequate national defense. . . . Britains purchased tiny American planes for artillery observation. . . . The President named seven industrialists and officials to his defense board. Meantime, tax reforms were advocated as a national defense move. . . . ¶ In Chicago, military

authorities attributed German *blitzkrieg* successes to "their weight of numbers." . . . ¶ In Dallas, Thomas E. Dewey offered the nation a five-point plan to speed defense. . . . ¶ In Detroit, Henry Ford offered to manufacture a thousand planes a day, if not hampered by government agencies. . . . ¶ In industry, steel production approached capacity percentage. . . . Grain exchanges acted speedily to guard prices. . . . Two hundred million dollars were allotted for tools in the defense program. . . . Domestic business hopes stimulated a rise in stock prices.

**ABROAD** On the war front—German troops captured Boulogne, and stormed Calais, as Allied troops retreated in the North. . . . ¶ Italy was expected to enter the war any day. . . . French and Nazis renewed artillery duels near the Swiss border. . . . Hopes of rescuing the pocketed Allied troops in Belgium began to dwindle. . . . Germans were reported massing in Norway for a raid on Britain. . . . Allied morale weakened as King Leopold surrendered Belgium to Hitler. Nazis then hinted that Paris was the next goal. Meantime, a new Dutch-Flemish state was anticipated, possibly under the rule of Leopold. . . . ¶ In London, officials called their war position "increasingly grave." A shake-up in the general staff resulted in appointment of Sir John Dill as war chief; General Ironside was made defense-chief at home. . . . There were still hopes for English accord with Italy.

## Notes and Remarks

Last week a mother, who for obvious reasons will not be identified for our readers, wrote the editor of THE AVE MARIA a letter from which he quotes the following sentences:

**From a Wistful Mother** DEAR FATHER: I am the mother of ten children, six boys and four girls. The girls are not my worry at the moment; the boys are—very much. Not, understand, for any bad conduct of theirs but for the uncertainty ahead. One of these boys is in college, one in high school, one in the grades, and three have good jobs. Four of these boys are of draft age if our government decides to send them to Europe in another war. Now the Church tells us married women to be mothers of as large families as God sends us. Do you think, dear Father, it is any encouragement to motherhood to see boys for whom the Church demands the right of life sent to Europe to fight for foreign nations in order to get a horrible death? I am distracted with trouble, but THE AVE MARIA has been putting up such a brave fight for America and for us American mothers, perhaps you could say something to give us cheer and hope.

This hope and this cheer we give you, good mother of ten: The American people—fathers, mothers, daughters, sons—are not to be bludgeoned into this war under the fatuous pretense of saving democracy or civilization. Winning this war will save neither, until those at war change their hates after the horrors are over. America is here to be guarded and preserved by Americans. Those who say Hitler will come here to capture this nation of the United States after he has conquered France and Great Britain—which he has not done yet by any means—are alien in thought, European in affection, or soulless profiteers. Hitler will not come; humanly speaking he cannot come; and should he come he will meet the might of a nation which by then will have freed itself from fifth column

Nazists and Communists. Your boys will stay home this time—Bishop Manning and some panicky university professors to the contrary withal. Keep your head and heart high and hopeful.

So unwieldy, so complex and so bureaucratic has become our democratic state of affairs that the United States has good reason to fear trouble from within the ranks of her own citizenry at

### Fifth Column Members

this crucial time in world affairs. But that is the penalty for harboring and nourishing the claims of those who interpret *freedom* and *liberty* to suit their own whims. If there be godlessness and dishonesty and irresponsibility in high places, they are hardly the rewards and the fruits of democracy. After all, this government has been set up as a “nation under God,” which implies that God and His laws are an integral part of our constitution. If our democracy is to survive, then God and His laws must be recognized by our people. Otherwise internal disintegration is inevitable. At this very moment, the expositions and revelations of graft and other dishonesties in high places show most blatantly how God has been ousted from our scheme of government. As Archbishop Spellman said recently, “We cannot allow *freedom* to teach destruction of government, destruction of morality, destruction of civilization; nor can we permit *academic freedom* to teach our youth doctrines which are at variance with man’s fundamental beliefs.” Such forces, he rightly termed the real enemies “gnawing at the vitals of Christianity and democracy in our beloved America.” At present we are all much perturbed over a “fifth column.” Let us make sure that we under-



stand just who comprises that enemy from within. For it is far more embracing than governmental officials would care to have us believe. We are a nation under God. And anyone who ignores God and His laws is most assuredly not fostering true democracy.



A little over a year ago our last sentence in an editorial entitled, "Our Neglected Deaf-Mutes," expressed concern as to whether

**Schools for Deaf-Mutes** there is any order of men or women whose chief work is caring

for the afflicted in speech and hearing. This morning's mail brings a letter, dated almost one year to the day since that concern was indicated. A Benedictine Father from Sao Paulo, Brazil, South America, is the writer, and here in part is what he writes:

I am glad to be able to tell you that there are two such institutions in the State of Sao Paulo, Brazil; one is in the Capital itself, the other in Campinas, a town of the interior with 90,000 inhabitants.

One of these institutions takes care of eighty pupils, mostly girls, and is conducted by the "Sisters of Calvary." This information comes to us as a result of that Note written over a year ago. Every question or doubt we send forth in these pages nearly always comes back to us in due course with the olive branch of an answer.



No matter how they may feel individually about the war, Americans generally want our government to be absolutely neutral. Yet

**Banking and Neutrality** many of them believe, with the editor of the Mt. Vernon (Ohio)

*News* that this neutrality is not observed. He writes: "The United States Treasury . . . is paying \$35 an ounce for gold, in contrast to the world price of around \$21. One of the main gold-producing countries of the world is British

South Africa. . . . But the South African producers do not reap the profit from our artificial price on gold. They must consign their gold to the bank of England, which, in turn, ships it to the United States, and the Federal Treasury sends its check to the Bank of England. The Bank of England pays the African producers in sterling, but when the Bank of England receives its payment from the American Treasury, it gets good American dollars. And the Bank of England pockets a tidy profit of some 25%. This profit goes into the British Treasury, and the money is used to finance Britain's part in the war against Germany." Such procedure, in effect at least, is decidedly un-neutral. We believe that the Editor of the *Mount Vernon News* has performed a patriotic duty in calling the attention of his readers to this situation. We have forfeited the friendship of so many countries in recent years that a halt ought to be called to this unnecessary stirring up of foreign hatreds. If the time ever come when our national safety is in danger, those forfeited friendships may tell against us.



Mr. Edward J. Flynn, political boss of the Bronx, recently sent the following letter to some well-known people in New York:

**Mrs. Roosevelt Helps Youths' Congress** "At the suggestion of Mrs. Frank-

lin D. Roosevelt, I am asking a small group of people to my home for a buffet supper, on Wednesday evening, May 8, at 7:30 o'clock. The purpose of the gathering is to introduce a few representatives of the American Youths' Congress who are anxious to present their problem to people who are in a position to help them financially. As you know, Mrs. Roosevelt is keenly interested in assisting these young people, and she will be with us on that evening to introduce their members. Will

you be good enough to let me know if it will be possible for you to join us?" The *Journal-American* explains that Mr. Flynn is a close friend of the President, and that Mr. Roosevelt earlier this year was booed by Youths' Congress delegates when he called the Soviet Union a dictatorship. This same Youths' Congress was also praised publicly in a May Day speech by Secretary-General Dimitroff, of the Communist International, for its support of Soviet aims in the United States. Thousands of dollars were pledged to the organization, according to the news account, while many American organizations that are really patriotic can get very little recognition from the higher-ups. We believe any comment on Mr. Flynn's get-together meeting to collect money for the communistic Youths' Congress, of which Mrs. Roosevelt is recognized sponsor, will not be thought necessary.

Some correspondents have written to say we are preaching selfishness to our readers in urging that the United States take no fighting part in the present European war. If the small efforts we are projecting to keep American boys out of a war which is now digging new graves in much of Europe be preaching selfishness we are satisfied to be called selfish. The United States has no commission in international law or sound traditional usage to take sides in conflicts that make up much of the history of Europe. Until the late President Wilson received his special revelation, we never interfered in Europe and Europe never asked us to interfere. Washington's advice about keeping out of foreign wars and entanglements we found very serviceable up to 1918. Since then some of our emotional leaders seem to think we are strong enough and wise enough to settle every con-

flict that disturbs the earth. We are not. If we can keep our own country a safe place for law-abiding men and women we are doing the work God wants us to do in His world.

It will be remembered that Mayor La Guardia made a speech last year at the opening of the Soviet Building in which he commended the Russian government for the noble work it had been doing. Last year's Fair was a financial failure. A large part of the American people refused to attend an exhibition where the red flag floated from the highest flagstaff on the fair grounds. The Russian building was removed this year not because the mental attitude of the fair officials has changed, but because they foresee a loss of patronage. "Their poverty but not their will consented." It must have been rather embarrassing for the Mayor, therefore, as he sat on the speaker's platform in the Temple of Religion to hear Monsignor Sheen say in his address: "It is a genuine pleasure to accept the invitation of the World's Fair officials to address this gathering on the subject *Freedom Under God*, though I must in all honesty say that if I had been asked to do so last year I should have been obliged in conscience to decline the invitation for a reason made clear at the time. It seemed inconsistent and unbecoming for the World's Fair to allow the red flag of a tyranny which bombed its way to proletarian imperialism by snuffing out ten million lives to fly above the flag of our country. It took over six weeks to remove the Soviet exhibit; if the contracting job had been let to a couple of Finns they could have done it in a few hours. In any case, now that the forces of anti-God and slavery have been removed from our midst, I feel free to attend a World's Fair that is *fair*, and

### Dr. Sheen Speaks at Fair



to talk to you on the subject *Freedom Under God*." We congratulate Dr. Sheen on his courage in calling to the attention of the Mayor and the Fair officials the reason why the Fair was boycotted last year.

Vacation days are days when city people seek the country, office and store people seek rivers, lakes and spaces near the ocean. Need we remind our readers that during rest days, as during work days, there is an obligation to observe the Sunday religiously as well as recreationally? Hence those Catholics who go to resorts where bathing and golf are good, but opportunities for hearing Sunday Mass are zero or negligible, are not vacationing in keeping with the thought that the obligation to assist at Mass and receive the Sacraments is as compelling during the months of July, August and September as during the months of January, February and March.

The Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League recently sent out a letter in which it took credit for the arrest of seventeen members of the Christian Front Organization (a misstatement) and asked for funds to continue its good work. Congressman Thorkelson of Montana spoke as follows regarding this organization in the House of Representatives: "What right has any organization to maintain and operate an intelligence department to investigate American people? What right has a purely Jewish organization to maintain an anti-defamation league, a bureau of investigation, and a secret service force to spy upon the American people and report their findings to the FBI? This is an insult to the American people. We have a Justice Department and a Federal Bureau of Investigation,

and we pay both of these departments to protect us against crimes and criminals. Is it not a bit strange that both departments take orders from these Jews and protect the Communists instead of the American people who pay the expenses of the departments? Is it not a bit strange that excessive bail is set on a patriotic American when he is turned over to the Department of Justice by the Jewish Intelligence, and that the guilty Jewish Communist is left entirely free as he waves the Bill of Rights and shouts, 'Help, I am persecuted'? Is it not strange that the Administration appoints judges to our courts who protect the Communists and those who are engaged in sabotage and destruction of our Government, instead of those who are a protection?" It may be well to point out that already two of the seventeen have been adjudged entirely innocent. The others are still in jail under \$50,000 bail.

Bishop Noll of Fort Wayne sends us his Jubilee greetings and explains why he has been tardy. We are almost glad he is behind time the better to feel the renewing cheer of his message. Moreover, it gives us a superior sense to be able to bestow absolution on our own bishop.

### Thank You, Bishop Noll

DEAR FATHER CARROLL: I have been going about so continuously since Easter that THE AVE MARIA'S Diamond Jubilee was not brought to my notice until today.

While the magazine itself cannot be congratulated, it can be praised and felicitated. Hence I beg leave to join the thousands who are now sounding its praises and wishing it a life extending far beyond its centenary, a life remaining youthful and vigorous despite growth and age, because nourished by her whose beautiful name it bears and because so cherished by those who "call her blessed."

You will pardon this belated greeting to yourself as Editor, and to Fathers Burke, Lahey, Carey et al. who assist you.

Sincerely in Corde Mariae,

JOHN FRANCIS NOLL,  
Bishop of Fort Wayne.

# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

## Person and Place

**“WHY DON’T** they treat all alike?” That question meets you every day along your pathway. If a lady, whose unseen tongue is a sword within its scabbard, witnesses what she considers the harsh treatment of the underprivileged within her Church as against the gloved handling of the aristocrats, she wants to know why the disparity. Are not all equally the children of God? Or this priest: capable, conservative, pious and a church-builder—why is he not made a bishop? Whereas that very good, but very mediocre man gets the Bulls? And why in, say, religious communities are some subjects predestined from the salad days of the novitiate to be superiors, whereas others are never asked to step up higher.

Why in homes, does one son or one daughter get all the choice cookies while other members of the family get the leftovers? Why in temples of learning, do professors give special attention to one, two, or three of their protégés, regarding their quiz papers as almost documents of Church or State, whereas unattached minions are permitted to pass by as the idle wind? Why do heads of departments regard this young instructor as a Springtime promise, while that middle-aged servant of learning is an Autumn fadeout? Why, in the bank, is this young clerk told to go up higher, while that one who serves at this window next him is left where he is? Why, in the factory, is this worker called to be a foreman, and five or six hundred others are called to nothing at all?

Why, everywhere you look, in every state, enterprise and activity, do some men and women reach somewhere,

whereas ever so many reach nowhere? They wait for the call to come higher—the call that never comes. This is true all across the years from the baby carriage to the hearse. It is true when a nun selects the cast for her commencement drama, and when a president of the United States selects his cabinet. Some are called; many are left in the waiting room hoping for the nod of invitation that is never given.

Why? Well, obviously you cannot pack five hundred men or five hundred women into a position originally meant to hold one. A diocese has only one bishop, and perhaps two hundred priests. When comes the time for selecting another bishop, only one of these priests can be chosen. It may even happen that no one of them will be chosen. And so on, for superiors of religious communities, presidents of colleges, senators, mayors, and game wardens. The position is filled through a process of elimination. The higher the job the less chance you have to get it, because of the millions more in the waiting line. You run a much better chance of winning the head side of one tossed coin than the lucky number in an Irish sweepstakes.

**TEACHERS FANCY** some charges are better than others. So does nearly everybody in the business of government. This may and does cause friction, snorting and off-stage criticism. We are not automats, hence cannot help liking some people better than other people: liking them much better in fact. But if we be just and wise, as we should be, our likings will not determine us to give ice cream to our likes, apple sauce to all others. This will spring from the fact that justice is not determined by likes.



# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## Edwin Markham: Poet-Prophet

By Harry Elmore Hurd

HE WHO FELT "faint touches of the Final Truth" now knows the fuller "meaning of life and time and death." He who looked forward without alarm during the last years of infirmities and failing memory to exploring "the mysteries of the dead" is now the best critic of his book *New Light On the Old Riddle*, for Edwin Markham has made the great adventure at the ripe age of eighty-seven years.

... he went down

As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,  
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,  
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

Aside from considerations of his poetic genius, we may apply to the Poet of the People the conclusion of his *Lincoln—the Man of the People*—a poem proclaimed by Dr. Henry Van Dyke as "the greatest ever written on the immortal martyr." It is understandable that the Poet-Prophet should have written, and read, the prize-winning tribute to the Great Commoner (among two hundred and fifty poems) at the dedication of the Lincoln Memorial, in Washington, for he was the son of pioneers who traveled from the little settlement of White Pigeon, Michigan, by ox team, to Council Bluffs, and onward over the mountains with an organized train of pioneers, to Oregon City. Edwin Markham was born on an Oregon cattle ranch, April 23, 1852.

The color of the ground was in him, red earth,

The smack and tang of elemental things.

The young Markham became learned in the ways of Indians, who came to trade at his mother's store, and in the

outdoor knowledge of cowboys, but at the age of fifteen, he had gone to school only fifteen months. He wanted to go to college, but his mother opposed his dream as being impractical, so Edwin waited until his mother was away, forked a horse, and rode toward his star. During the three hundred miles of travel under sun and stars, he was arrested, and stopped by bandits, but he eventually became a learner at the San José Teachers' College and was graduated when he was twenty years old. After that, he taught school and wrote poetry. His mission became to preach that justice must be rooted in Christian living.

AS EVERYBODY knows, Markham's *The Man with the Hoe* was inspired by Jean François Millet's painting of the same title. It was written a line a day, in 1886, and put away for thirteen years. When Markham sent his poem to the San Francisco *Examiner*, the editor read the poem twice and thrust it into a pigeonhole in his desk, where it remained until it was discovered that "a filler" was needed before the daily "form" could be locked for printing. Recalling Markham's poem, the editor discovered, to his relief, that it exactly filled the required space. Little did he dream that *The Man with the Hoe* would sell over a million copies and be translated into forty languages. Rising to quick fame, Edwin Markham abandoned school teaching and became the poet-prophet of the people. To him, the humblest man belongs to God: he can find true joy and

fulness of life as he steps in unison with Christ, who was not only the Carpenter but also the Son of God. Markham never made the mistake of believing that men could be lifted from their brute-like lives without the direct impact of the radiance of God upon the soul of man.

**E**DWIN MARKHAM was first of all a prophet of the brotherhood of man. His theme-song was:

The crest and crowning of all good,  
Life's final star, is Brotherhood.

What Millet had been to the peasant, Markham became to the humble toilers of his generation. He, who had held the horns of the plow when he was twelve years old, was not theorizing about labor. He had harrowed and sowed the soil: reaped crops and rounded-up cattle. He who wrote *The Gift of Work* would have been the last man to argue for a workless life, but he hurled the strength of his genius against agricultural and industrial conditions which reduce human beings to the helplessness and despair depicted upon the face of Millet's *The Man with the Hoe*. He proclaimed that "bread, beauty and brotherhood" are the indispensable elements of happiness. He flamed with righteous anger against social systems which make man "a brother to the ox" and a slave upon "the wheel of labor." He knew that the seeds of rebellion would ripen in hearts like these. He wondered how the *Little Brothers of the Ground*, the ants, regarded the higher social system in which "labor is a kind of crime" and concluded:

How appears to tiny eyes  
All this wisdom of the wise?

He who saw, in *The Man Under the Stone*, men swinging forward like "some fierce silent animal," in unending struggle, penetrated life "too deep for laughter."

If the sociologist is seeking an indictment of autocratic countries where toilers are

Scourged on in the furrow as cattle,  
Or flung as meat to the cannons that  
hunger in battle

let him memorize *The Toilers*, a picture of oppression where

... blind feet drift in darkness, and no one  
is leading.

See for yourself in poems like *The Rock-Breaker* and *The Goblin Laugh* further proof of the poet's passion for justice.

The tragedy of bludgeoning social wrong and blasting war, lies, for Markham, in the blunting of man's capacity for beauty and brotherhood. To mar the image of God in man is, for the Prophet-Poet, the great social sin.

"Make way for Man!" he cries. He who rode horseback over the majestic Sierras, calls all men to the altitudes of life. He who found "a nameless Presence everywhere" (even in Death Valley) wants all men to discover evidences of God's goodness,

When the white, still dawn  
Lifted the skies and pushed the hills apart.

**H**E KNEW men whose minds were crumbled, whose faith was dead—men who had played life's game fairly and yet had come to the conclusion that "the dice of God were loaded." The poet's heart went out to men and women who were searching for a place where they could "lose the feel of life." He challenged the discouraged to follow him along "the whirlwind road of song."

The poet's fondest hope, during his declining years, was that a five or six-stanza poem would be written that would expose the mockery, the futility and the sterility of war in such a way as to warn every man who loves the world and humanity to watch vigilantly against war. He hated war because



it destroys divine beauty in the State—a beauty “wilder than the night.” He heard the cry of mothers, “less than the whisper of a river reed,” rising to the mother-heart of God, against war. Feeling “the rush of fire” upon his songs he tried to arouse in those who are dead to “the social passion” of the “Holy One” a desire for “the old brightness” on the ways of men—which is the light of love. He invited:

Come build the Holy City of White Stone,  
And let the whole world's gladness be  
complete.

He who once laid his hand upon the head of a woman convicted of anarchy, had little patience with social panaceas, but rather invited men to sit at the “sacred feet” of the King, who was also an Artisan. He urged men to obey the divine call:

Come, let us live the poetry we sing.

In *The Desire of Nations* the poet proclaims that an acceptance of Christ's evaluation of life will make “the long injustice” right and wipe out the “insults to the soul.” The “power of peace” and “the sense of home” will deliver men and make them glad.

**WHAT SHALL WE SAY** of the Prophet's poetry? Edwin Markham's name is omitted from many of the great collections of contemporary poetry. His poetic average does not rise to the level of great poetry, either in construction or concept, but he may well have laughed at the literati who ignore him for many millions of intelligent average readers of poetry have taken him to their hearts. *The Saturday Evening Post* proclaimed that Edwin Markham is “the most talked of literary man in America.” Few quatrains—unless we consider *The Sufistic Quatrains of Omar Khayyam*—are as frequently quoted as *Outwitted*:

Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout,  
He drew a circle that shut me out—

But Love and I had the wit to win:  
We drew a circle that took him in!

And likewise Markham inscribed a circle of love which includes even the critics who have ignored him. Among his books are: *The Man with the Hoe, Lincoln, and Other Poems, California, the Wonderful, Children in Bondage, and The Children of Happiness*. Of his poetic aims, Edwin Markham affirmed that he wanted to make his brothers strong . . . “to blow battles into men” . . . and

To touch these men of earth  
With a feeling of life's oneness and its  
worth,  
A feeling of its mystery and awe.

**NO POET** has preached more powerfully the godlikeness of man. He signed “Your friend to the end” and inscribed upon the title page of my first edition of *The Man with the Hoe*: “Let me write my name here with my comrade blessing,” he said to me. “The poet has the power of soul to see reality and look deeply into life. He does not see just the earthy side of life, but the spiritual. The poet takes the hopes, aspirations, loves and nobilities of life and molds them so that people can feel the beauty of life.” His vibrant rich voice is silenced . . . his penetrating brown eyes see beyond far horizons . . . his singularly expressive arms now embrace eternity. If *The Man with the Hoe* and *Lincoln, the Man of the People* are not great poems, great in concept, rhythmized like the Psalms, then poetry has degenerated to a theory. For me, such lines as these are poetry:

With starless darkness and the rush of  
rains . . .  
. . . rumor of winds and sound of sudden  
showers . . .  
There is no new road for the dead to  
take . . .  
Come, let us live the poetry we sing!  
And sees too deep for laughter . . .  
Their feet had no more sound than blowing  
straw . . .

After lines like these, one may for-

give the Lover of Nature when he causes birds to "shout." He asked no man to praise his songs, but it was his hope that words might be windows through which light might shine into darkened minds and hearts. Like Saint Francis of Assisi, his affection reached down to ant and cricket and upward to his Comrade, God. He shall be remembered long and late for the qualities which he ascribes to his hero, Abraham Lincoln:

One fire was on his spirit, one resolve,  
To send the keen axe to the root of wrong,  
Clearing a free way for the feet of God.

### Our Lady at Pontmain\*

By Florence Gilmore

**I**T IS TO OUR Blessed Mother that the Holy Father has besought the whole Catholic world to pray that peace may come to distracted Europe. That it is to Our Lady we are urged to turn for succor is a vivid reminder of her marvelous apparition and motherly intervention during the Franco-Prussian war. The story is less widely known than those of Lourdes and Guadalupe and the Miraculous Medal; but none of these is more beautiful, more tender or more inspiring.

The apparition took place at Pontmain, an obscure village of northern France, in January, 1871. France and Prussia were at war. Bloody battles had been fought in swift succession; and again and again the French had suffered defeat. Ill equipped and unprepared for war, the army had been almost annihilated by magnificently trained German troops; the emperor, Napoleon III, and many thousands of French soldiers had been taken prisoners; Metz had surrendered; Paris was enduring a siege which day by day

tightened its grip, while the once-gay Parisians fought hopelessly, living in cellars and faced with starvation unless they capitulated. In a word, all seemed to be lost. Proud France was crushed, was humbled, as she had never been before. It was at this moment that our Blessed Mother came to the aid of her children.

Plainly puzzled, but ignorant of Pontmain's story, a writer in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* gives the history of France's defeats, and continues, "Before the end of October (1870) the capitulation of Metz had released a whole German army which protected the operations of the hosts besieging Paris. At last, on January 28, 1871, an armistice was arranged which brought the despairing resistance of Paris to an end." Why, when the city was about to fall into their hands, the Germans agreed to an armistice the writer did not attempt to explain.

**B**UT A CATHOLIC, writing for a Catholic paper, tells that historical documents in possession of the French prove that during the night of the Apparition, January 17, 1871, the German High Command unexpectedly and apparently without reason ordered the German Colonel Schmidt to cease his advance—an advance which would have trampled upon Pontmain and many another hamlet. The explanation is that our Blessed Mother had come to the rescue of her children. She always does.

The story runs as follows: At Pontmain, early in the clear, cold evening of January 17, three little boys were playing near the house of Augustin Guidecoq. Eugene Barbedette, twelve years of age and the eldest of the trio, chanced to glance upward to the sky above the house, and there, to his amazement, he saw a wondrous thing.

"Look!" he called to one of the other boys: "Do you see anything up there?"

The other child did look, but he saw

\* A timely reminder in these distressing war days.



nothing. "There's nothing except stars," he said.

But Eugene continued to look upward, crying excitedly, "Look! Oh, look!"

His brother, two years younger than he, came running to find out what had happened to make Eugene so happy and so greatly excited.

**L**OOK! Look up!" Eugene told him; and the moment that the other little Barbedette did look he began to shout and to gesticulate as eagerly as his brother.

The commotion attracted the attention of the nuns in a convent near by; the village priest heard it and quickly appeared upon the scene. All the children who lived in neighboring houses were on hand within a very few minutes; and after them, only a shade more slowly, came their parents and grandparents.

"See! Oh, how beautiful!" Eugene cried repeatedly, his face fairly radiant with happiness. His brother and two little girls who had come from a house across the field, were as deeply moved as he; and a one-year-old in his mother's arms clapped his little hands as he looked up at the sky.

Priest, sisters, parents and the greater number of the children saw only a cloudless sky bright with stars; but those among the elders who were accustomed to scan the heavens did observe three large stars above the trees which formed a triangle. They had never seen those stars before; they were never to see them again.

Within that triangle the favored children saw a Lady so beautiful that they danced with glee at the sight of her.

"She's more lovely than anyone," they explained; and, closely questioned by their elders, told that she wore a robe of an exquisite shade of blue, with wide, flowing sleeves; that a veil cov-

ered her head and fell in graceful folds down her back; that a crown of gold, with a circlet of red, rested upon her head. On her feet, they said, were blue slippers fastened with golden buckles.

It was not easy for the priest, sisters and parents to gather these details from the children. In their joyous excitement they wished only to gaze upward, uninterruptedly, clapping their hands and crying, "How beautiful she is! Oh, how beautiful!"

The group about the children grew until it included the whole of Pontmain's small population.

Soon, so the children told, an oval-shaped frame encircled the Beautiful Lady; and on its base four burning candles rested, two of them reaching to her knees; two, to her shoulders.

"She's looking right at us, and smiling," the children said; and they smiled at her. But when the villagers began noisily and in rather quarrelsome fashion to dispute among themselves regarding the marvel, Eugene told them,

"She's not smiling now. She looks sad."

**I**NSTANTLY silenced, the people readily agreed when the priest suggested the recitation of the Rosary. All knelt on the ground; and as they began their prayer the Beautiful Lady grew in stature, until, as the children said, "She is twice as big as Sister Vitaline." Plainly, Sister Vitaline was the tallest woman whom they knew.

The frame had expanded in proportion to the Lady's increased height; and now a band of pure white appeared below her feet. On it, one by one, letters appeared.

"B-u-t—" came first; forming a word which begins many a verse in Holy Scripture. For ten minutes there was no more. The children waited quietly never taking their eyes from the Beau-

tiful Lady; but some of the grown people, curious and expectant, began to murmur,

"But—but what?"

Then the remainder of the message appeared, letter by letter: "But pray, my children."

THE PRIEST believed more would follow; and he was right. He had begun to lead the people in the Litany of Loretto when another line slowly appeared. Completed, it read: "God will hear you after a little while."

As the children spelled this consoling message the heavy hearted, anxious people began to sob. Probably there was not one adult in the group who was not either fearful that another day would bring heart-breaking news regarding a dear one, or was already mourning the death of son or lover or husband.

The Apparition now changed again. The Beautiful Lady smiled once more, and more words appeared on the scroll.

"My Son—" the message began; and spontaneously the people intoned the *Salve Regina*, and sang it with such fervor and such joy as they had never known before. By the time they reached the concluding words another sentence had been spelled for them by the four children: "My Son is moved to compassion."

Weeping for happiness, as best they could the people sang a hymn which at the moment was particularly dear to France. Its title is "Mother of Hope;" and as they sang Our Lady raised her hands, which until this instant had been in the position represented on the Miraculous Medal, and beat time to the cadence of the song. How close to earth and to us that detail brings her!

The end was now near at hand. After a few moments the writing on the scroll was obliterated, one letter at a time, while the people continued to sing. Their next hymn was one which

expresses sorrow for sin; and as the words rang out in the frosty air the children saw a Cross in our Blessed Mother's arms; and upon it there hung the Body of Jesus covered with blood. Above the Crucifix were two words: *Jesus Christ*.

When the children described this, their friends, more and more deeply moved, followed their plea for pardon by an *Ave Maria*. The Crucifix disappeared; and once again Our Lady smiled at the children.

Next, the priest led his people in night prayers; and as these were recited, very, very slowly, the Beautiful Lady faded from the sky. After she was gone the blue-tinted frame and the four candles vanished. All was over. The Apparition had lasted for three hours.

The fate of the four favored children is of interest. One of the boys became a secular priest, the other an Oblate of the Missionary Society of Mary Immaculate. Both little girls became nuns.

Pope Pius XI, ever fearful of the outbreak of war in Europe, in a discourse to a band of French pilgrims, asked that special devotion be paid to Our Lady of Pontmain; and it is to Our Lady that the present Holy Father is praying and urging the world to pray now for the peace which mankind needs even more sorely than beleaguered France needed it in 1871.

## Briefer Essays

By T. S. Brennan

### III—The Business of Religion

I believe in Christianity simply because I am a man of the world. I believe in organized Christianity because I am a man of business.

—From *Letters to a Ministerial Son*.

IN OUR BOOKS of Theology the various doctrines of the Catholic Church are laid down in, for the most part, simple language; and then, as a rule, three classes of proof are given: from



Scripture, from reason, and from the early teachers and writers of the Church—the Fathers. But I do not remember that the Man of Business was ever called in to corroborate the three just mentioned. And I have introduced the quotation placed above as an excuse for developing the idea that organization is as natural and as necessary in religion as it is in business; or in other words to prove that Jesus not only gave us Christianity, but also gave us a Church to be its custodian and administrator.

**IT HAS BEEN** said the world is ruled by ideas. It would be more true to say that it is ruled by *organized* ideas. And a great many ideas have persisted during the ages with very little ruling power, either because they were incapable of being assembled or their authors did not shine as organizers. Ideas are like electric power. Just as electric power needs transformers and wires and motors in order to light our streets or heat our homes or turn our machinery, so ideas need to be put in action and directed to a definite purpose by the transforming and distributing power of human organizations. Otherwise they lose their directness and their impact, radiating indeed in every direction, but resulting only in admiration or applause like that given to a beautiful sunset.

The Greeks were rich in ideas but poor in organization. It was only when Alexander the Great came with his efficient military machine that he was able to harness both Macedonia and Greece to the war chariot that rolled across Asia, crushing empires and kings in its course. The Romans were poorer in ideas than the Greeks, but they built up strong political and military organizations at Rome; and in the course of time they absorbed Europe, Asia and Africa into that immense monopoly known as the Roman Empire. Mo-

hammed would never have survived by the power of his ideas; but he knew the value of organization; and, because of this, his name and his religion are yet in the world today after the passing of twelve centuries. Without organization the conquest of Alexander would have been a dream, the Roman Empire a theory, and Mohammedanism, a revival.

Indeed if there is any idea that obsesses the modern mind it is that of organization and centralization. That idea was back of the League of Nations, and the recent talk about the United States of Europe, and the Union of Churches. It is at the back of the mergers, trusts, monopolies and international syndicates that are so much in evidence in this twentieth century. It is the compliment paid by the most advanced races to the idea that, however good in itself a theory or a product may be, it needs an organization to get it on the market and to keep it there. The man of business will tell you that; and the man of business can give useful pointers to the children of Light.

**NOW IS** Religion different? Is it sufficient for religion to be thrown out on the earth? And will it then and there fructify, preserving its purity and extending activities to human lives and human issues? Will it of its own power go into all parts of the world and preach itself to every people? Supposing a "man of business" were appealed to by a founder of a religion for some practical points, what would he suggest? He would suggest that a real religion should, to begin with, have certain doctrines about God and the soul; that it should have certain rites and ceremonies (such as they have in all the lodges) to appeal to the imagination and to convey spiritual truths; but most of all he would emphasize the importance of an organization to be the custodian and dispenser of the new ideas. If he were further pressed to

give a more detailed plan for the proposed organization, his suggestions would be quite business-like and somewhat of this kind:

There must be one supreme head to whom all shall look as final. There must be subordinate officials, each with a certain territory committed to him, but bound to teach and act in conformity with the general plan. There must be legislative assemblies to make new laws and regulations as circumstances suggest; a judicial body to extend and carry out the ideas and regulations of their superior officers. Without these things your new religion is bound to be a failure.

**I**N OTHER WORDS if an up-to-date business man were asked to give his idea of a concrete, living religion he would find himself giving the lines of the constitution of the Catholic Church. This might lead him to inquire where the Catholic Church got these ideas, which are so wonderfully embodied in her system; and the Catholic Church would say to him: "About nineteen hundred years ago there appeared in Judea a great Prophet who undertook this very thing of founding a new religion. To His contemporaries, indeed, He appeared the very opposite of business-like; but He had the business ability to realize this: that to found an unorganized religion would not be good business at all; and while He was preaching His ideas and developing His ritual, He was at the same time building up an organization according to the most approved business methods.

"His enemies put Him to death as a fool and a criminal; but His religion survived because it was religion organized. Jesus Christ was the name of the Prophet, Christianity the name of His religion; and I, the Catholic Church, am Christianity organized; the organization, as well as the rest, having come from Jesus Christ."

## Blackbird Rituals

By Ruth E. Willis

*I awoke one dawn  
And heard the redwing blackbirds . . .  
They were holding a convention  
All over my lawn.*

*With much rejoicing  
They were greeting one another . . .  
Then the meeting came to order  
And the chattering*

*Was hushed while each head  
Was bowed in a prayer of thankfulness  
To his Creator for protection  
And for daily bread . . .*

*Their voices blended  
Then in a great triumphant hymn  
That somehow stilled my own heart's woe  
Before it ended.*

## Profits

By Margaret Condon

"**N**OW LISTEN to me, Ted," Alan Mascon said tersely as he flung the inventory sheet down on the desk. "This firm isn't making a cent of money. And there's absolutely no reason why we can't make money. Plenty of other firms are showing a profit—a good profit, too. And so could we if you would only have a little more business sense."

Ted Lytrine raised his eyes from the inventory sheet to his partner's dark face.

"We can't do things any differently, Alan," he replied, with a shake of his head. "Of course, if we could get the Lendoza business. . . . I've heard they are very dissatisfied with the way Jergenson is handling their work."

"And haven't we tried, any number of times, to get the Lendoza business?" Alan asked curtly. "You know as well as I do, Ted, why we can't get that business . . . it's because we can't bid as low as the other firms."



"Well, we could give much better service," Ted defended stoutly. "All of our customers get their money's worth."

Alan gave a quick grunt.

"And how can you tell Lendoza that? Listen, Ted," and his voice hardened. "Business is business, and if we could bid as low as other firms, we could get the Lendoza business just as well as not."

Ted gave his head another shake.

"We couldn't bid any lower, Alan. It would be . . . just . . . well . . . the firm would fold up if we bid any lower."

"**I**," ALAN told him slowly, effectively, "you let one or two of the men go—retire Tom Pastric or let out Leon Hurtz . . . then we could bid low enough to get that business."

Ted gasped, astonished.

"I couldn't do that, Alan! Tom Pastric has been here for over forty years. He feels as if he belongs here. Why, he was even here before I was born."

"Sure." Alan's voice was heavy with sarcasm. "Even calls you 'Teddy.' Calls his boss 'Teddy.'"

"And we're paying Leon Hurtz hardly anything," Ted went on, ignoring the thrust. "And kids need jobs nowadays. That's why there's so much juvenile crime—it's because youngsters haven't enough to take up their time."

"You can't have a heart in business," Alan put in swiftly. "Not if you want to make money."

"After all," Ted retorted, "I have the controlling interest in this firm."

"Sure you have . . . sure you have." Alan's voice was sharp. "But don't worry, if I had the controlling interest, this firm would make money." He snatched the morning paper out of his pocket, placed it open on the desk, patted it briskly. "Lendoza is coming here for a visit; his wife is to take some treatments at St. Joseph's hospital. They'll arrive tomorrow morning. If you'll let

either Tom or Leon out so we can bid low enough, I'll go to Lendoza while he's here, talk to him, and get him to give us his business. Otherwise," he snapped his fingers, "we'll never get it." And with that he stalked out of the office and shut the door.

With a low sigh, Ted picked up the paper and read the item. Manuel Lendoza, wealthy South American exporter, had arrived in New York that morning. The following day he would take the train to Boston where he was to stay for a month or two while his wife was taking treatments at St. Joseph's hospital.

Well, having him coming to the city was certainly a golden opportunity. And if only they could get his business, it would mean so much to them all. They could handle Lendoza's goods far more competently than any other warehouse; but how could they get his contract? Several times they had written to Lendoza in an effort to get his work, but they had never been able to bid so low as other competing firms.

**T**ED PICKED up a pencil, made curlicues on his blotter. If one of the men did go, it would mean they could bid low enough. Alan had been right there. If old Tom would retire on a pension, then they could get in a figure more on the level of their competitors. Old Tom had reached the pension age sometime ago, but he was able-bodied, spry; and he had such an interest in the firm that Ted had felt it best to let him work as long as he wished.

Left to himself, Ted knew he would never let old Tom out. But with Alan pressing down, insisting on more profits, it seemed the only thing to do. And perhaps old Tom would be glad to be retired. Yes, perhaps he would welcome a little freedom from labor. Two weeks previous, he had gone, with his wife, to visit a married daughter and her three children in New York. Well,

on Monday, when he came back to work, Ted promised himself he would tell him he was being retired; tell him in a nice, pleasant way that the firm had decided he had worked for them long and faithfully, and was now entitled to a rest.

**B**UT MONDAY morning Ted waited until almost noontime before going down to see old Tom. And, as he entered the long room piled high with crates and boxes, he saw old Tom at the further end, his bushy white hair attracting Ted's immediate attention.

As soon as Ted began to work his way between the rows, Tom came forward, his hand outstretched.

"Hello, Teddy," he greeted with a broad grin.

"Hello, Tom." Ted shook the large, work-worn hand cordially. "Have a good time?"

"You bet. A great time." Tom's grin spread. "The children are grand. Growing every minute."

"Did Mrs. Pastric enjoy the trip?" Ted asked next.

"Indeed she did," Tom replied genially. "She met everyone, talked with every person she saw. Even on the train coming home we met some foreigners. Nice people, too. The woman was sick, but Molly knew just what to do. She's a great one; that Molly."

"I'll say she is." What was he to say? Ted wondered uncomfortably. How was he to tell this man that from now on he was to be retired? He had to begin—had to say something! But here Tom looked around the large, long room and then said, feelingly,

"Golly, Teddy, it's good to be back. The vacation was nice, but I've been here for so long that it seems like home." Then he laughed and clapped Ted on the back. "Do you know what that daughter of mine thinks?"

"No," he said slowly. "No, I don't."

"Well, she thinks I'm too old to be working. She thinks I should retire . . . get a pension." Tom laughed again, heartily. "Can you imagine such a thing, Teddy? Why, I'm plenty able to work; and if I left this place, I don't know what I'd do!"

Tom swallowed . . . swallowed long and hard.

"And I don't know what we'd do without you, Tom," he managed somehow to stammer, and he let his hand rest for a moment on the older man's shoulder. "This place wouldn't be the same without you. I only hope . . . I only hope . . ." he swallowed again, "that you will be able to stay with us for a good long time."

And then Ted turned and almost ran out of the warehouse. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead; yet he felt cold, chilled. Well, that was that. Yes, that was that! He couldn't let old Tom out. No, he couldn't make the man feel small and unwanted. That would be cruel. Well, there was only Leon now. It seemed tough to let the youngster go, but after all, he was young.

**Y**ET HE LET the week pass without doing anything further, and, on Saturday morning, Alan came in.

"What's the decision, Ted?" he asked, and his lips were firm, inflexible. Oh, there was no way of stalling Alan this time!

"Well . . ." Ted said hesitantly. "I . . . I guess it will be Leon."

"Okay." Alan nodded, satisfied. "I don't care who it is as long as we can bid low enough to get the Lendoza business. I called him this morning, made an appointment for Wednesday morning. He seemed pretty cordial. I don't believe we'll have much trouble getting the business. You're letting Leon go today?"

"Yes. Yes, of course."



But he waited until a quarter of twelve, and then, knowing the disagreeable task could be put off no longer, he lifted his hand for the buzzer. He'd have Miss Rathbone, his secretary—and also Alan's—phone down for Leon to come to the office. He'd give him two weeks' pay and a written recommendation, and tell the boy that, because of business conditions, he was letting him go. After all, that was the truth. But at just that moment Miss Rathbone opened the door.

**M**R. HURTZ is out here, Mr. Lytrine," she said. "He would like to speak with you."

Ted looked at her, surprised. How did Leon know he wanted to speak with him?

"Have him come in, Miss Rathbone," he said. And in another moment Leon did so. He was nervous, flustered, ill at ease. Ted felt his heart turn over. The interview was certainly going to be tough!

"Sit down, Leon," Ted invited kindly, and he pulled over a chair.

Leon sat down, but he sat on its very edge.

"Mr. Lytrine," he began, and he cleared his throat. "I . . . I suppose you think I . . . I've got a nerve, but . . . but . . . I . . . I'd like a raise."

"A . . . a raise!" Ted stared at him, open-mouthed. When he was thinking of firing the youngster, he wanted a raise!

"Oh, I . . . I know I haven't been here very long," the boy went on. "But you see . . . you see . . . there's a girl, Josephine Carne. We've been going together for some time, and we've planned on getting married. But we thought . . . we thought . . . she'd keep on with her job, and I'd keep on with mine. But . . . well . . . a couple of weeks ago she was sent to St. Joseph's hospital with a ruptured ap-

pendix. She won't be able to work for a long, long time."

"Th . . . that's too bad," Ted stutted—but only because he felt some comment necessary.

"She has no place to go when she leaves the hospital," Leon went on, forgetting some of his nervousness. "So . . . so . . . even if you could only give me a couple of dollars more, Mr. Lytrine, we could get married; I'd hire a small apartment, and we'd get along."

Ted couldn't look at the boy. No, hard enough to listen to the pleading in his voice. How much was he getting, anyway? Only twenty dollars a week. It would be a poor firm, indeed, that couldn't spare that much.

"I'll give you twenty-five a week, Leon," he found himself saying. "I'd give you more, only you know how business is. We're having a pretty hard time getting by."

"Oh, Mr. Lytrine!" the boy's voice rang joyously. "You don't know how much this means to me. I'll work hard. I'll be worthy of it; I know I will."

**T**ED STUFFED his hands in his pockets. He wished the fellow would get out. His gratitude was more than he could stand. And then, his hands in his pockets, he felt the money—the two weeks' pay for Leon. Almost fiercely he pulled out a ten dollar bill, thrust it at Leon.

"Here, Leon, take this as a wedding present. And . . . and . . . I wish you . . . every luck!"

"Oh, Mr. Lytrine, you're so . . . so swell!" And then the door closed on his happy face. Ted looked at his watch. Quarter after twelve. Alan always went at exactly twelve. Never any overtime for Alan. Well, thank goodness there would be no chance of seeing him until Monday.

It was about eleven o'clock Monday morning when Alan came in, his step

buoyant, his face bright. Things were going Alan's way; he could afford to be pleasant.

"Hello, Ted," he greeted, drawing up a chair and sitting down. "Now," he added as he pulled over a pad of paper and a pencil, "we can figure out the sum for which we can handle the Lendoza business; then, when I go to see him, I'll know where we stand. Of course we have Leon's salary. . . ."

**B**UT, ALAN," Ted's throat felt tight, "we haven't. Leon's staying. I did not tell him to go."

"Are you crazy?" Alan jumped up, his face darkening. "I thought you had definitely decided to let him go."

Ted gulped slowly.

"Well, he's going to be married. I couldn't let him out then."

Alan flung the pad of paper and the pencil back on the desk. Deep lines of angry purple stood out on his forehead.

"All right, then, you're so smart. Suppose you go to see Lendoza—and if you don't come back with his contract, there's going to be something doing. I'm sick and tired of all the foolishness you've been doing around here!"

Wednesday morning came all too soon. And, as Ted slowly drove his coupé to the Aspine Hotel to keep the appointment, he tried to form some sales-plan; some argument with which he could sway Lendoza to his favor, but the muscles of his brain seemed paralyzed, unable to function. All he could do was repeat a fragment of prayer over and over again, "Please, God, have the interview a success!"

The hotel clerk was very polite. Mr. Lytrine of Lytrine and Mascon? Mr. Lendoza had left word to go right up.

When Ted rang the bell of suite ten, it was Manuel Lendoza himself who opened the door.

"I'm Mr. Lytrine," Ted introduced himself. "Of Lytrine and Mascon."

The man held out his hand.

"Come right in, Mr. Lytrine. I've been expecting either you or Mr. Mascon."

"Mr. Mascon was unable to come," Ted told him. "So I, I was delegated."

"Won't you be seated?" And the dark-skinned man with the pleasant dark eyes motioned Ted to a chair.

Ted sat down—on its very edge.

"Of course you know why I've come," he began. "I'd like to get your business for our warehouse."

Manuel Lendoza nodded.

"Yes. Of course. I knew that."

"We can't give you as low a price as some of the other firms," Ted went on. "But we can give you much better service." And then he caught himself. Why had he said that? So abrupt, so to the point? It was no way to begin. Alan would have been more subtle, led up to it gradually. Confound it, he was as nervous as Leon.

**O**UR FIRM is old and well-established, Mr. Lendoza," he began, valiantly. "Our customers are customers which we have had for several years. Never are there any goods broken or damaged in our warehouses. Our men are all capable, good workers. Our customers are firms who feel it better to pay a little more and get good service, than to pay less and have goods damaged and broken."

"I'm sure of it," Mr. Lendoza said quietly. "I'm sure your firm would be a good firm with which to have business connections."

Ted blinked quickly and tried to think of something else to say; something which would further Mr. Lendoza's kindness to the firm, but before his bewildered brain could form a reply, Mr. Lendoza continued evenly,

"I have been having a great deal of trouble, Mr. Lytrine, in finding a reliable firm. I don't mind paying a little



more, if I know my goods are going to be properly handled."

"And they will be with us," Ted said, sincerely. "I can guarantee you that, Mr. Lendoza. I know you'll be satisfied with our work."

"**V**ERY WELL," Mr. Lendoza gave his head a nod, "in that case I will have to give you my business."

Ted gripped the handles of the chair—hard. At the first opportunity he must go to see Doc Grant; have his ears tested.

"Excuse me," he said. "But I . . . I didn't quite get you."

A sudden smile creased the man's bronze face.

"I told you I had been hearing very creditable reports about your firm, and for that reason, I had decided to give you our business."

Then nothing was wrong with his ears, after all.

"But how . . . how . . ." he questioned incredulously, "did you hear about us?"

The smile widened. And Mr. Lendoza gave a low chuckle.

"As you know, Mr. Lytrine, I came to the United States because my wife needed treatments at St. Joseph's hospital."

Ted nodded. "Yes, I knew that."

"On the train here from New York, my wife was taken sick. There was a woman passenger who was very kind—her husband was employed by you; had been in the firm's employ for over forty years."

"Tom Pastric!" Ted ejaculated. And these were the foreigners whom Tom had mentioned. "Mr. Pastric is a trusted and reliable employee, Mr. Lendoza."

"I could see that, very easily," Mr. Lendoza said with a nod. "But it hasn't been only from Mr. Pastric that fine reports have reached my ears. My wife isn't confined to her bed at the hos-

pital, and to help pass away the time, she has been visiting other patients. In these visits she has become acquainted with a young lady who is to marry one of your young men."

Ted's eyes widened. "That would be Josephine Carne!"

Again Mr. Lendoza nodded.

"Yes. And I have decided, Mr. Lytrine, that it would be a fine thing to have business contacts with a firm as kind to their employees as you have been to yours."

And then, for the next fifteen minutes, the two men talked finances. But when Ted left, he had the contract, signed, in his pocket.

Alan was sitting in Ted's office, waiting, when Ted went in. His face was dark, threatening. All the angry, bitter things he would say were, Ted knew, there on his tongue, waiting to be said.

"**W**ELL," he demanded sharply, as soon as Ted had stepped over the threshold. "What's the verdict?"

"I've got it," Ted said. "I've the contract, all signed."

Alan almost fell off the chair.

"You . . . you got it?"

"Yes. I got it. Or rather Tom Pastric and Leon Hurtz got it for me."

Quickly Alan recovered his dominance.

"Come on, Ted. Quit your kidding. What did Lendoza say to you?"

Ted took out the contract, opened it, placed it flat on the desk in front of Alan.

"Read that, Alan. Just read that!"

Then, taking his hat, Ted aimed it at the hook, flung it, watched it land and swing precariously a moment before it fell into place. Then, turning back, he took a satisfied look at Alan's astonished face. There, just let Alan try again to tell him how to run his business!

## Adventure with a Missal

By Dorothea L. Churney

**I**N EACH OF US burns an adventurous spark, kindled by imagination, and in most cases, fulfilled only by dreaming and reading of daring deeds. However, I put myself in the path of adventure when I purchased a Missal. I had wanted one since childhood when undoubtedly the pretty colored ribbons and size of the book attracted me. Fortunately, with advancing years and slightly increasing good sense, I realized that I heard more and more from priests and nuns, "The best way to hear Mass is to read it with the priest and this can be done only by using a Missal." I feel a great shame now when I think of the many times I could have purchased this book and neglected to do so. I feel still more ashamed when I think of the many Masses I have practically thrown away because I have not heard them with the proper attention and devotion. Being human, no matter how good are our intentions, we cannot concentrate on the Mass by simply watching the priest or by slipping a rosary through our fingers. Our eyes will certainly stray to our neighbor's distracting movements, or our minds will begin to think of the bills we ought to pay, or what a grand person Johnny is, and where we will go next Saturday. Obviously we are well-advised when told to use a Missal.

The great adventure which has come to me in the form of my Missal will be understood when I say that for a little more than six months I have traveled through a realm of wondrous sanctity. I have met saints of whose identity I was ignorant. I have discovered feasts about which I knew nothing. I have explored the meanings of Masses, and now I know when to expect the priest to wear black vestments or red or white, as the case may be. Until now,

I was always puzzled about the inconsistency of the Church in her selection of colors. I have read the first pages of my Missal and learned the difference between "doubles" and "simples." I know something about "privileged octaves" and "ferials." I learned recently after much skirmishing why the priest was saying a Mass other than that I had expected. It was because there are special Masses proper to the United States and the feast of some American martyrs was being commemorated that day. I know now that there are Masses to be said in time of war, in pestilence, for pilgrims and travelers, for the sick, for our friends and enemies. In fact, it looks as though Holy Mother Church has neglected none of our needs. I am astounded by the fact that all of this, which sounds so complicated, becomes very simple when it is studied.

**T**HE UNITY of the Catholic Church impresses me. I realize no matter where I travel, if I have my Missal, I am as it were in close contact with an old friend. I shall always be able to anticipate the Mass for the day and I shall know that, with the exception of Masses proper to a country or diocese, I am praying in union with priests in every part of the world. I have found in the back of my Missal a paragraph about the saint or feast being commemorated. During the brief moments before the Communion prayer, while the priest is arranging the chalice and its appurtenances, I read this paragraph and so learn of the saints' particular virtues and of their lives and deaths. It has often happened that at evening devotions the priest will give a sermon on the feast of the day. No worldly adventurer's thrill of discovery can equal my thrill of recognition when I realize that I know something of what he is talking about and that I have shared this knowledge since early morning.



By this time it may seem that I know all about daily Mass and have learned all the secrets of my Missal. That is not so, of course. I have still about five months of virgin territory to explore. I have still the delight of preparing my Missal for the next day and of anticipating what Mass will be said! I have many friendships to form with the saints and many glorious feast days of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother to celebrate. I know, too, that when I observe the first birthday of my Missal, I will enjoy equally the year preceding its second birthday. If the day ever comes when it simply draws a long, last breath because of constant handling, I shall bury it reverently with my choicest treasures and hurry to buy a new one. I am grateful for many things, but, as a Catholic, I must be especially grateful to those who have given lay-people a not-too-expensive, simple and concise Missal. I am particularly thankful to God for having enriched my faith and devotion through a black-bound book with its significant, many-colored ribbons.

### Compensation

By Sister M. Adelaide, R. S. M.

*With stolid unconcern you turned away  
And left me very poor; your apathy,  
More hard to bear than anger, took from me  
The love that seemed eternal yesterday.*

*No oil was poured to soothe this burning  
smart.*

*I knew myself impoverished indeed,  
If food for life, or other failing need  
Must be the dole of any human heart.*

*No longer mine, your love has meant to me  
Far more than once it did; for I possess  
The riches of such strength that no caress  
Could ever fortify: my soul is free!*

### Judy's Convert

By Catherine Jones Frier

#### I

AT THE TIME of which I write, there were four of us, all graduates of the same class at the convent, living in the same section of our middle-western city. We were just typical young Catholic wives still in the first delightful, and somewhat experimental stage of our new vocations as housekeepers and mothers. At least Claire already had two little ones, Ruth had one, and my own little Frances came into the picture that June. Judy had none; but she had only recently joined our married list; was the youngest and, she said, the "giddiest of us all."

Hardly a week went by that the four of us didn't meet at our neighborhood market on Thursday morning, Thursday being the best bargain day at the vegetable and fruit stalls. Many were the jokes we had together, the individual and sometimes mutual difficulties that we poured into each other's ears and solved by "putting our heads together." We exchanged household advice, marital suggestions and cooking notes. We also had a "foursome" which met for luncheon and bridge on Tuesday afternoon. The hostess of the day had merely to set the card table for lunch and make the coffee. We called it the "Bring-Your-Share" system and it worked out deliciously. I recall it sometimes now over an elaborate luncheon at the Country Club, where nothing tastes half so good as those little Tuesday feasts of fifteen years ago!

Apartment house life was new to all of us as we had come from parental homes which housed only our separate families, so we were rather interested in the novelty of having close-up neighbors. We got to know, by hearsay and frequent references, each other's janitors, neighbors and landlords. Our days

of single-blessedness were over and our social consciousness temporarily narrowed down to our own little homes and their surroundings. Judy especially became devoted to her next door neighbors whose kitchen opened directly across from her own and where, on warmer days when the doors were open, she and a lovely old lady named Mrs. Larner were in direct speaking distance as they went about their cooking and dish-washing. Mrs. Larner evidently grew quickly attached to the pretty little bride who moved in so close by. Indeed it was easy to love Judy. She called herself "giddy," but she was really just gay. Her husband's calm stability was the right balance for her super-effervescence, and we soon saw that underneath a certain light and naïve girlishness, she carried a sense of responsibility and a capacity for efficiency that were anything but fragile. She had a lovely voice and sang while she cooked and scrubbed, but her work did not suffer because of the song. In fact, her kitchen was made brighter by it. So, apparently was Mrs. Larner's adjoining one, for hers was a more austere household.

"**M**RS. LARNER sent me these cup cakes for lunch," Judy told us the first time we came, the three babies and all, to see her new apartment. "She is just a dear! Every time she bakes she hands in something for Tom and me. It's a wonder she likes me so well; Tom says he knows I shock them to death."

"Why should you shock them?" Claire asked.

"Oh, they're so sort of old and dignified, and I'm no noisy and 'yippy.' F'instance the other morning while I was getting Tom's breakfast, I forgot the doors were opened and I was singing, 'Old MacDonald Had a Farm'; I burnt my finger and it hurt so I sang

louder so I wouldn't feel it, until finally when I got up to where the sheep in the barnyard go 'baa-aa,' Tom came out and closed the kitchen door. He said if I didn't stop hee-hawing like the horse, and crowing like the rooster and mooing like the cow, the Larners would complain and we'd have to move. I don't think they minded though because she brought me some chicken soup for lunch that day."

"Oh, Judy," I sighed, "you'll never grow up!"

"**Y**ES, I AM doing better, Frances," she said. "I've found out why they are so quiet and sedate. Mr. Larner is a preacher. He's a nice old fellow, too. Now I'm careful just to sing hymns."

"What kind of a preacher?" Ruth wanted to know.

"Baptist or Methodist or something. What's the difference? They are fine, good people anyway."

"Maybe they'd rather hear about Old MacDonald's farm than listen to Catholic hymns!" Ruth suggested.

"Why?" Judy asked innocently. "Is not a hymn a hymn? Besides I've been invited to sing in the choir and I've got to practice."

That shifted the topic to some of our parish affairs and we dropped the subject of Judy's neighbors.

Well, my little Frances was born that June, and one of our first callers was Judy. Judy was an only child herself and never having had any little sisters and brothers or nieces and nephews, she didn't know much about small babies; but she loved them and was nearly as happy and excited over mine as I was.

"Let me see it, quick! I want to know right this minute just how a little baby looks! I've never seen such a . . . a new one!"

"Judy," I laughed, after she had



been talking the most charming "baby talk" and going into raptures over my infant daughter for nearly an hour, "you certainly do love children, don't you? I think you'd better make a novena to St. Ann to send you a little girl of your own real soon. You've been looking at my child as if you'd like to kidnap her!"

"That's an idea!" exclaimed Judy.

"What, kidnapping?"

"**N**O, SILLY! the novena to St. Ann. And if I have a girl I'll name her 'Ann' and dress her in blue and white until she's ten years old, and if it's a boy I'll name him 'Anthony,' because that's the nearest I know for the masculine of 'Ann.' And I'll dress him in blue and white too! You know, all the cute little dark blue coats and berets the little boys wear now! It wouldn't be like he'd have to look queer or anything and . . ."

"You sweet idiot!" I said. "Do you know I am going to give you the honor of being little Frances' God-mother?"

"And you shall be little Ann's!"

"Or little Tony's!"

"You're going to make a wonderful mother someday," I said to her a few months later. "I believe my child loves you as much as she does her daddy and me!"

"She knows I'm her godmother. I guess I've got a little claim on her, so you'd better not ever 'neglect to do so or die' or whatever the catechism says. Honestly, Frances, she has the most beautiful eyes in the world."

"So far!" I smiled. "You won't be thinking that when you have a little Ann or Tony of your own."

Judy looked at me in the strangest way. It was as if all the light suddenly went out of her face.

"Frances, I have the strangest feeling sometimes. I feel that I shall never

be blessed with any children of my very own, that perhaps that is the one great joy that will be withheld from me. There is some sort of cross in every Christian's life, some say, just as there was in Our Lord's; and we should accept our 'pain of sacrifice' as He accepted His. It has occurred to me ever so many times that my particular cross may be never to have any Anns or Tonys. Of course, I pray that I will have at least one, but I always feel that I must quickly add: 'Thy will, not mine be done.'"

"Why, Judy," I said, dismayed by her seriousness, "that's an awfully strange thought for you to hold!"

"That's what Mrs. Larner tells me," smiled Judy, shaking off her sudden depression. "She says when I get such far-fetched thoughts in my foolish head to sing a hymn quickly and they'll go away. She suggested 'Mother Dearest, Mother Fairest' . . . you know the one . . . 'Help of all who call on Thee'?"

"Does she like our convent hymns?" I asked.

"**I** GUESS SO. Every now and then as I am singing in the kitchen she calls over, 'Sing that one again, honey.' And do you know, Frances, every time she does that I've noticed that it's a hymn to Our Lady or to the Sacred Heart that she wants me to repeat?"

"Really? Now don't tell me you're going to convert a preacher's wife, my dear!"

"Of course not!" Then added, with how much theological soundness, I don't know, "She doesn't need converting. She's perfectly happy and sincere in her own religion. They are the sweetest people, Frances! Honestly she has been like a mother to me, and I . . . I still miss my own mother so terribly, I guess I always will."

Judy's mother had died many years before.

"I know, dear!" I said sympathetically. "I'm sorry."

**B**UT MRS. LARNER says I can play like I'm the daughter she always wanted. They haven't any children at all, and she says when my children come they are to call her 'Grandma Lerner.' I'd be proud to have them do it, too, she's such a sweet, fine person. I still don't know what church it is the Larners belong to; I've asked a dozen times and always forget, but I do know they have very human hearts and are real Christians."

The following year and a half was a very happy placid period for all of us, and that's one reason why it was such a shock when Mrs. Lerner telephoned me late one December night to tell me the awful news. I wish I didn't have to write it, but it's the saddest and biggest part of my story, so I must. I had a difficult time making out who it was at first, she was crying so, but I found out quickly enough. Judy's first child, a baby boy, had been born that day and had only lived an hour; just long enough to decide, maybe, that the world was not so beautiful as he'd like it to be, so he waited just long enough for Baptism and then slipped right off with the angels. Judy had been right in at least part of her "premonition." She never was to hear her little Tony call her "Mother."

That was shortly before Christmas and it was nearly New Year's when Tom Keene finally told us that Judy felt able to have company.

"You needn't dread it, Frances," he said to me, his own voice breaking. "She's taken it like a brick."

I learned the full significance of that fine spiritual direction when Claire, Ruth, and I called to see Judy that New Year's Day. At the door of her apart-

ment we met the Rev. and Mrs. Lerner, also making their first allowed call.

"Isn't it awful, girls?" Mrs. Lerner almost moaned. "I . . . I can hardly bear to see the child. I know she is broken completely."

The kind old minister took her hands in his.

"Now control yourself, dear," he said. "I don't think our little Judy is made of the stuff that breaks."

"Well, I'd break if I were in her place!" she flared back. "You're a man, you don't know what it means. No woman ever longed more for a child than Judy did, and then to have him only for an hour! I know what it *meant* to her."

"It was sweet of you all to come as soon as you could. I knew you would, each one of you," Judy greeted us simply.

"Of course we would, honey," Mrs. Lerner said. "You know we love you."

"And we've been praying hard for you," Ruth said. "We three have been going to Holy Communion for you every morning."

**T**HANK YOU." I remember now that, sad and pale as she was, Judy never had looked so beautiful. "I know how sorry you all are so let's don't talk about it. Little Tony just . . . preferred heaven to earth, that's all; and God was good to him. To me, too, in a way. You see I'll always know just where he is and he'll be waiting there for Tom and me. It's so much better than never to have had him at all. I guess St. Ann understood that. It was sweet of her to send him even for . . . such a very little hour! It should be ever so much easier for us to be good now, shouldn't it, Dr. Lerner?"

"Yes, indeed, my dear," the minister replied. And I saw a look of wonderment come into his face.

(Conclusion next week.)



# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

Tongue twister: Old oily Ollie oils old oily autos.

As a rule, the smaller birds build the most perfect nests.

Modern airplanes weigh about one pound per horsepower.

Australia is the only country in which no species of the cat family is found.

More than six thousand high school orchestras and bands flourish in this country.

Out of every 1,000,000 persons, no more than thirty will live to be one hundred years old.

The whippoorwill, towhee, phoebe, peewee, bobolink and chickadee are all named after the calls of these particular birds.

The oldest government building now standing in the United States is supposed to be the Palace of the Governors at Santa Fé, New Mexico.

According to a representative of the U. S. Department of Commerce, an acre of meadow land contains on an average of fifteen million insects.

I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to

any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.—*Anon.*

As much as twelve million dollars in gold has gone into the making of tooth-fillings in one year in the United States.

The largest bird in North America is the California condor. It varies in length from 44 to 55 inches and has a wing-spread from 8 to 12 feet.

Only 222,000 cases of tomato juice were produced in 1930. In recent years, by contrast, production has been somewhere in the neighborhood of 16,000,000 cases.

It is the male black bass which cares for the young. He builds the nest, fans it almost constantly to keep it clean and to circulate fresh water over the eggs. He also protects the fry till they leave the nest.

We impart to the smallest acts the highest virtue when we perform them with a sincere desire to please God. The merit of our actions does not depend on their importance.

—*St. Francis de Sales.*

According to one authority the French army which aided us in the Revolution was composed largely of Irishmen. The same authority tells us that over 175,000 Irishmen fought in the Northern Army during the Civil War.

As a rule, more women than men are over sensitive. From available records it seems that about twenty-five per cent more women worry about what other people think about them, and almost twice as many women are bothered by irritability.

## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**The Four First Things**, by Rev. R. H. J. Stuart, S. J. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Price, \$1.35.

Father Steuart's latest study is not of some detached element of religion, but of the very fundamentals upon which rest the true relation between God and man, Creator and creature. The thesis is profoundly simple: no matter how great or how unpretentious our religious edifice is to be, there are four columns necessary to support it—knowledge of God, knowledge of Christ, faith, and prayer. These, the four first things, are the essential requisites for that practical application of life to the divine plan which we call religion.

*The Four First Things* is not light reading. It is a compact little volume of eighty-six pages in which are developed carefully, progressively, and convincingly the four chief elements of true religion. The reasoning is precise; the terminology theological and exact. Because the intention of the author is obviously to clarify rather than to popularize certain fundamental concepts, his style is straightforward and succinct. The chapters on Knowledge of Christ and Prayer are particularly estimable. *The Four First Things* is recommended as enlightening, thought-provoking spiritual reading.

Charles F. Hamel.

**A War-Time Prayer Book**, Arranged and Compiled by Robert Hugh Benson. Longmans, Green and Co., New York and London. Price, \$1, or 2s 6d.

*Vexilla Regis* was the title of this book of liturgical psalms and prayers when it was first published in 1914. According to the publishers, "it was in constant demand throughout the Great War." Strictly, it is for all Catholics under England's rule, and with but few

changes in the wording it is for all Catholics in war-time. The prayers are beautiful and practical. They cover important ideas in a truly spiritual manner for the days of the week: (Sunday) for a happy and just victory; (Monday) for the dead; (Tuesday) for the dying and wounded, and those who tend them; (Wednesday) for prisoners, the timid and anxious; (Thursday) for widows, orphans, hungry, and homeless; (Friday) for sinners, and for enemies; (Saturday) for Our Lady's patronage on behalf of the king and the realm. In addition, because special intentions must arise in war-time, there are particular prayers for: friends, allies, young and old, those dying without the aid of a priest, statesmen and rulers and leaders, etc.; and also some particular devotions; for example, a short Way of the Cross.

Thomas Langley.

**Heroines of Christ**. Edited by Joseph Husslein, S. J., Ph. D., St. Louis University. The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$2.

The fifteen heroines whose lives are retold in this book are young women whose courage and high spirits add glory and inspiration to our Church history. They are representative of every age and every period from the beginning of Christ's Church up to the present time.

These girls show that down through the ages the aims of the Catholic Church have been the same. The authors reveal the similarity in the life of Agnes, who lived in Rome in the latter part of the third century, and the life of Maria De La Luz Camacho, Mexico City's actress-martyr of 1934—lives which ended abruptly with the shedding of their blood for Christ. The



same strong faith and love for Christ which caused Agnes to brave the wrath of the Roman Prefect was that which made Maria De La Luz—Mary of Light—defiantly face the Red soldiers at the door of her parish church and cry, "Long Live Christ the King!" as the ruffians were in the act of cutting her down in a volley of pistol fire.

God and His Blessed Mother chose Flora, the Moslem beauty of 845, Catherine of Siena who lived in the fourteenth century, Kateri Tekakwitha the Indian flower of the seventeenth century and Gemma Galgani of Lucca who was proclaimed saint in 1940 to make their wishes known to the world. These girls are shown to have the same human inclinations the modern girl knows and to have found their greatest happiness in the love of God, the same if not equal love that should govern the decisions of today's young women.

These brisk, lively sketches of fifteen heroines of Christ are an inspiration to modern youth at a time when inspiration of a divine nature is sadly needed.

Teresa V. Theis.

**The Organic State**, by Ross J. S. Hoffman. Sheed and Ward, New York. (150 pp.) Price, \$1.50.

Professor Hoffman develops the thesis that the complex society of the present day requires a new kind of state, which he terms "organic." To the individualistic and inefficient type of democracy, which he finds current today, he opposes an authoritative and closely-knit régime, able to marshal its subjects for successful promotion of the common good.

Hoffman makes no attempt to conceal his admiration for Italian Fascism. Here, he believes, is a fairly good concrete embodiment of his organic state. Fascism, he admits, is not perfect, and is subject to certain real dangers, but nevertheless it is a régime which has

responded with no little success to the exigencies of present-day society. He attacks those American critics of Italian Fascism who would see in it only a manifestation of Totalitarianism, differing in degree, and not in kind, from Naziism and Bolshevism. Fascism, he believes, has not totally subjected the citizen to the state or to party (as have the other two). It has, according to him, respected the dignity of the human person, and recognized the rights of religion, while achieving desirable unity of action from its citizenry.

We ask the reader to contrast this judgment of Fascism with that of Pius XI, who said in 1931: "We find Ourselves confronted by a mass of authentic affirmations and no less authentic facts which reveal beyond the slightest possibility of doubt the resolve . . . to monopolize completely the young, from their tenderest years up to manhood and womanhood, for the exclusive advantage of a party and of a régime based on an ideology which clearly resolves itself into a true, real pagan worship of the State."

A lover of democracy cannot wax enthusiastic over this book. Democracy today, we admit, is far enough from the ideal, and one must feel grateful to the author for his analysis of some of its weaknesses. True democrats will waste no time in remedying these defects. But it is something else to follow Dr. Hoffman in his admiration for a form of totalitarianism which is repugnant to everyone with sound democratic instincts.

Francis E. McMahon.

#### PAMPHLETS

The Radio League of the Little Flower, Royal Oak, Mich.: *An Answer to Father Coughlin's Critics*, by Friends of Father Coughlin.

Mount Benedict Council Knights of Columbus, Somerville, Mass.: *Catalogue of Recommended Books Available in the Somerville Public Library*.

## YOUNGER READERS

### Planting Song

By Florence Holt Davison

*When the frost is gone and the sky is blue  
And the young grass gleams in the morning  
dew,*

*With my bag of grain then I shall stride  
Over my acres, dark and wide.*

*As I join the lark in her matin song  
The seed will flow through my fingers strong,*

*And a vagabond wind will filch a share  
For the hungry crows—but I shall not care!*

*And all day long I shall sing and sow  
Till the western sky is a dusky glow,*

*Then wearily I shall hang my tune  
On the silver tip of an April moon.*

### Benj Rings the Firemen

By Russell Wilmot

**B**ENJY SAT ON the curbstone resting. He had been playing with several of the boys and girls about his own age on the vacant lot down at the corner. They had a fine game of ball.

When he came home, his mother wanted him to go on an errand for her, and it had been quite a walk. As he sat there, a car drove past, the young man at the wheel smoking a cigarette. Even as Benjy watched him, he threw the cigarette away, tossing it still burning into a strip of grass by the roadside.

The boy had been taught that fire is a dangerous thing, and that a big fire may be started by a tiny, smouldering spark. What if that cigarette should not die out at once? It might be a good idea to go and look for it.

So Benjy got up from his curbstone resting place, went across the road, and

looked for the cigarette stub. He could not discover where it had fallen. Anyway, the grass was rather damp and perhaps the tossed-away cigarette would go out before any harm was done.

Just at this point in the search, the lad's attention was held by a pair of mourning doves that were strutting about evidently looking for something to eat or to take to where they were building their nest. The boy knew where several of the colony of doves had established themselves. It was under the eaves of his father's barn.

**T**HE BARN had been built before the town became so large, and was still used for the storage of a number of automobiles on the ground floor, and for furniture in its upper part.

Benjy scarcely breathed as he saw one of the mourning doves poke its head down in the grass and then pull it out with that cigarette in its beak.

"You'd better drop it!" he shouted, "that isn't any good either to eat or to build a nest with!"

But the pigeon didn't propose to have anyone interfere with his business, so he lifted up his wings and flew toward the barn.

Benjy was almost certain as the bird went past in the air, that he saw a little glow on the end of the cigarette stub—or did he imagine it? Anyway he reasoned, that as he couldn't fly himself, there was no chance of his overtaking the pigeon, and probably the cigarette would be out for sure in a minute or two.

He remembered having read in a paper about a sparrow picking up a cigarette with a lighted tip and drop-



ping it on an awning. The awning caught fire, but fortunately the firemen got there in time to put out the blaze before much damage was done.

Well, there were no awnings about the barn. Just the same the young watcher knew he wouldn't be comfortable in his own mind unless he did the very best he could to be sure that everything was really all right.

**H**E WENT over to the barn and in the front door, to see if everything was as it should be. But downstairs it was dark and not so easy to find his way among the stored automobiles which were closely placed so as to take up the least space.

He would go upstairs and that would bring him nearer to where the doves had their nests. It was almost dark up there. Some of the furniture was stacked up and wrapped or covered with paper. Benjy sniffed, but there did not seem to be a smell of smoke or of anything burning. Finally he found his way down and out into the open. The doves were nowhere to be seen. He would walk down to the corner as far as the lot where he had been playing ball after school. It was nearly supper time, and as he returned along the street toward his home, he looked up at the peak of the barn. Could it be possible? Yes, it was not only possible but it was true—there was a smudge of smoke curling up into the crispy air.

Where there was smoke, there must be fire. Where there was a little fire, there might soon be a big blaze if it were not put out before it gained headway. He remembered how one fireman of a fire-fighting company had been injured by a falling wall a year or so before and was never likely to be well again. The thought spurred him on. Whatever was to be done, must be done quickly.

Benjy broke into a sprint. He was the swiftest runner among the boys of his age. There was no telephone in his own home, so he would have to go some distance away where he knew there was one he could use.

He was glad he knew enough to call through the mouthpiece, "I want to report a fire! The big barn at 192 Maple Avenue is starting to burn."

He gave a sigh of relief when a voice at the other end of the line asked, "Whose place is it?"

"It's the Benjamin Hadley place," he answered. "Please hurry up."

The firemen were soon there, and by this time they could see for themselves where the flames were beginning to shoot up with long, licking tongues eager to devour everything within reach.

The Fire Chief was on the job and directed activities. Soon the streams of water played freely upon the barn, quenching the fire and wetting down the sides and roof so that it would not spread. A crowd had collected, but Benjy's father was not among them for he was away from home that day."

"Who turned in this fire alarm?" the Fire Chief asked, looking around.

**I** DID," Benjy said, hoping the Fire Chief wouldn't be cross about it.

"Well," boomed the Chief in a big, hearty voice, "you did a mighty good job, my lad. If that fire had got a little more start, it would have been just too bad. The wind is coming up and if the fire hadn't been brought under control, it would likely have taken a number of buildings along this street.

"In fact, when a fire gets started, you never know where it will stop, and if the blaze had broken out at night, lives might have been sacrificed and families plunged into grief. Have you any idea, young man, how this fire started away up there under the peak of the roof of the barn?"

"Yes, sir," and Benjy told the story of the pigeon which had flown away with the cigarette stub which was not entirely out.

"Well, well!" the Chief exclaimed. "You can't blame the dove, for it didn't *know* any better, but anyone who smokes ought to have sense enough not to throw a burning cigarette where it can start a fire. A burning match or a cigarette stub tossed almost anywhere, can make a lot of trouble."

Benjy certainly was glad that the fire was out. He didn't like to think of his father returning to find the big barn gone.

Later that evening, a reporter from the town's daily paper came to get the story first-hand at the Hadley home, and a picture of the wide-awake boy who had given the alarm. Even the teacher at school commended him the next morning, saying among other things, "It is just fine to have *presence of mind enough* to do what needs to be done and to do it without an instant's delay. It seems that Benjy is that kind of a boy—and we're glad of it!"

You couldn't blame the blushing young chap sitting in his seat for feeling a warm, pleasant glow in his heart.

## The Cat

By Gladys Knight

**B**OO-BOO, THE CAT, prowled about the garden. Then he stretched out in the sun to take a nap.

He had closed one eye and was purring himself to sleep, when a loud barking arose, and a dog swept down upon him.

Boo-boo leaped upon the fence and from there into a tree. He was just in time, because the dog's teeth were just touching his long, gray fur as he scrambled up.

Boo-boo sat upon a limb and looked

down at the dog and spat at him. Boo-boo did not like dogs. They made his life miserable. "Oh, if I were just a dog instead of a cat," he wailed. "Then I'd be safe. I wouldn't have to keep jumping around all the time."

"You'd like to be a dog, would you, Boo-boo?" asked a voice close to him.

Boo-boo opened his narrow yellow eyes and looked around him. But he couldn't see anybody.

"Who's talking to me?" he meowed.

**I'M THE ANGEL** who has charge of the animals," the voice said. "If you really think you'd be better off as a dog, I'll change you into one."

"Whoopee!" cried Boo-boo. "That will be fine."

The next moment Boo-boo found his long gray fur changing into still longer, curly black hair. He grew bigger and bigger, and when he opened his mouth to say, "Thank you!" he did not make a mew but a bark. It startled Boo-boo. But he was very happy. He decided he would soon get used to the change.

He jumped down from the tree, and began to strut about the yard. "I'm not afraid of any dog any more!" he barked defiantly.

He found a bone and gnawed at it. It tasted delicious.

The garden gate was open, so he strolled out into the street.

A group of children playing on the sidewalk saw him, and whistled to him.

Boo-boo came running. He thought it would be fun to play with them.

At first it was. Then the children became rough. They pulled his long hair, and one of them tried to get on his back and ride him. Finally they fastened him to a little cart and tried to make him pull them. Boo-boo got tired of this. He snapped at one of the children, and the child began to cry.

A man came running out. "What—that dog tried to bite you? He's



vicious!" The man took up some rocks and threw them at Boo-boo. Boo-boo ran away, but a rock hit him. It hurt terribly. Boo-boo began to yelp with all his might.

"What's the matter—don't you like being a dog?" a voice asked him.

Boo-boo recognized the voice of the angel who had charge of animals. "The children played too roughly with me," Boo-boo yelped. "Being a dog is as bad as being a cat."

"Well, what would you really like to be?" asked the angel.

"A horse," said Boo-boo. "That's too big for people to tease and bully. And a horse can run fast. He can run away from trouble."

AT ONCE Boo-boo felt his legs growing, and he seemed to be high up in the air. He threw back his head and neighed. He shook his long mane and broke into a trot. He could run like the wind! This was glorious!

"Look at the horse!" a boy cried. "He must have gotten away from somebody."

People began to chase Boo-boo. He ran in earnest now. The chase was taken up by automobiles. There was shouting. Horns honked. Boo-boo dodged through traffic. A car grazed his flank. Panting, exhausted, Boo-boo galloped on. "Oh, angel!" he whinnied, "this is awful! This is worse than being a dog! Save me!"

"This way," cried the angel. Boo-boo followed the voice, and found himself in a green field.

"This is nice," said Boo-boo; and began to eat grass. He was tired and hungry. By and by night came, and he went to sleep.

Bright and early a man came into the field. "Here's a new horse; the boss must have bought him yesterday." He put a harness on Boo-boo and hitched him to a plow.

All day in the broiling sun Boo-boo

was driven up and down the field. He got tired and thirsty.

When they turned him into the pasture for the night he was ready to drop. "Oh, my, my!" he moaned. "This is the worst thing that has happened to me yet!"

"Well, Boo-boo," said the angel's voice beside him, "what do you want now?"

"I want to be a cat again," said Boo-boo.

"Very well, Boo-boo, I will make you a cat again. And let this be a lesson to you. No matter what your troubles, others have troubles also. You can never get away from them. You have to face them bravely."

Boo-boo licked his paws. They were again soft and velvety, and covered with gray fur. He smoothed his long whiskers. He waved his plummy tail. He opened his mouth and mewed gently.

He was delighted that he was a cat again.

The big dog ran into the garden. But Boo-boo did not run away. He faced the dog. He arched his back. His tail swelled. He stuck his face close and spat in the dog's face.

The dog, astonished, backed away. Boo-boo advanced, snarling.

Boo-boo meowed heartily. He thought it was funny.

"There isn't any trouble," he told himself, as he curled up to go to sleep, "that you can't get the better of, if you face it."

---

## Nest Egg

By Jean Rasey

*If knowledge gives the tongue its speed,  
Should I tell all I know,  
Or leave a fact or two as seed  
From which a thought may grow?*

## My First Communion Dress

By Mary Lanigan Healy

FOR AWHILE it seemed as though I wouldn't even have a new dress for my First Communion Day. Mother thought that the one my elder sister had worn would have to do for me.

But, O dear Jesus, I was soon to receive, I did want a new dress, one of my very own, for that day. I didn't mind always wearing my sisters' out-grown clothes to school, nor did I care very much that the sleeves of my coat only came to the top of my wrists and I had learned to walk so that the hole in my shoe did not touch the pavement. Those things were to be expected. I was not complaining even in my own heart about those everyday second bests—but First Communion Day! My one and only First Communion Day. Dear Jesus, a new dress then! Oh! please.

Did the Master of the tabernacle relay my message to Mother—or was it she who caught it in my eyes and sent it on to Him? At any rate it was answered.

I don't know where Mother went that day or what she did. She just put on her street coat and hat as soon as the breakfast dishes were done, and told my sister what to give us for lunch. Then she kissed us each one, and said to be very good children while she was away and to play nicely together in the yard.

Because it was Saturday and all the other boys and girls were shouting for us to come along as they went past our fence on skates or bikes, it was hard to stay home as Mother had said we should. But something kept us there; something in the tight, dear way she looked at us when she asked us to be good. Anyway I was trying harder than ever to do all the things I should because my First Confession was just one week from that very day.

It was beginning to be dark before Mother came home—we didn't want to go into the house before she came. It wasn't that we were afraid; it was just that the house always seemed so bare and empty when she was away. So we leaned against the fence and counted the lights that were going on in the windows along the street and played guessing games, to pass the time until she'd come.

It was wonderful to see her at last. She hardly ever was away from home without us, and it seemed a long time we'd been alone. I knew she was tired when I saw her coming along the sidewalk, because she wasn't swinging in the particular way she usually did. But when we all went inside I knew that all the tiredness was sinking within her body so that it would not interfere with the nice happiness that climbed out of her arms when she took us in them for a hug.

She gave me an extra squeeze and said, "Honey, I've got the cloth for your First Communion dress."

I looked down at her hand where it came around me and it had that white, wrinkled look that her hands have the day she does our washing; and I remember I wondered if she'd had her hands in water a long time while she was gone from home. But I never knew if she did or not, because she never said where she had been. In fact all she ever said about that day was, "Honey, I've got the cloth for your First Communion dress."

---

## Peace

By Lalia Mitchell Thornton

*Let me remember brooklets still are singing  
And woods are green and valleys cool and fair.  
I can go back, my fancied sorrow bringing,  
And find the peace I doubted waiting there*



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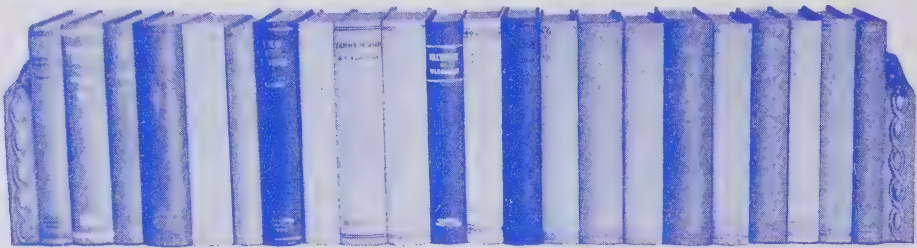
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To Critics . . .  
Suggestion From a Protestant . . .  
A Political Mystery . . .  
Galway's Lesson to Criminologists . . .

#### JURIST ON VATICAN PEACE APPEALS

Judge Alden Keane, jurist, law professor and student of world events, discourses on the folly of statesmen in not heeding the peace pleas of Popes Benedict XV and Pius XII. Recalled for us

By WILLIAM F. ROEMER

#### THE LESSON OF KONNERSREUTH

Some reflections on the Bavarian Mystic, Theresa Neumann, following a personal visit.

By HUGO H. HOEVER, O.Cist.

#### BLIND EYES THAT SAW

This week's short story.

By GRACE KEON



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CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

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## NEXT WEEK

Prof. William E. Farrell, Notre Dame, Ind., in the article *America and the Present European War*, presents a student's rather than a partisan's review of the racial, economic, and governmental ambitions that are in the background of the present war in Europe.

Paul J. Kiley, 9 Falkland Terrace, Brighton, Mass., considers the pros and cons of whether Catholics do or do not read, and gives his *why* of the Catholic book problem.

A fiction—or is it fiction?—by the Rev. Edward G. Rosenberger, 566 Elm St., Stamford, Conn., titled *The Wedding Garment*.

☞ Payments in advance. Make money orders payable to THE AVE MARIA, Notre Dame, Indiana; or, register letters containing money.

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## OBITUARY

Mrs. W. J. McCluskey, Mary E. O'Kain, Mrs. Helena Broker, Mrs. Ellen McNally Kane, Mrs. Anna Stamm, Mrs. Agnes Corcoran, William Filben, Edward Scanlon, Mrs. P. Cronin, Ellen M. Halligan, Mrs. U. L. Boudreaux, Jennie Kilmer, Mrs. Mary Finney, Joseph E. Flaherty, Andrew Wegener, Mrs. Elizabeth Granse, Stephen Andert, Robert Wintering, William Wintering, Mrs. Philomena Wintering, John B. Jordan.

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# THE AVE MARIA

## CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

VOL. 51, (N. S.) NO. 24 [Copyright, 1940: The Ave Maria Press]

JUNE 15, 1940

### *World News in Brief*

**THE CHURCH** In Vatican City, the appointment of three new bishops for the Philippines, Panama and Brazil was announced. . . . ¶ In Paris, four thousand priests were reported banished to Siberia from that part of Poland seized by Soviet Russia, while godless propaganda centers have been established even in the smallest villages. . . . ¶ In Baltimore, the 150th anniversary of the hierarchy was noted in the first United States diocese. . . . ¶ In London, the *Tablet* celebrated its centenary of continuous publication. . . . ¶ In Lima, Peru, quake refugees, huddled in parks, spent hours reciting the Rosary collectively. . . . ¶ In Portsmouth, R. I., the Catholic Art Association announced its meeting for June 22-23. . . . ¶ In San Diego, the B'nai B'rith and Protestant youth groups aided the CYO fight "Filth in Print."

**AT HOME** In Washington, military experts told of vast obstacles to any invasion of America; nevertheless, huge defense projects were recommended. . . . Senator Pepper (D., Fla.) hinted that President Roosevelt had threatened Mussolini with the American entry into the war. . . . The Senate passed a bill authorizing an eleven per-cent increase in the navy. . . . A move to tax smaller incomes gained favor. . . . The House voted to increase the debt limit to forty-nine billions. . . . ¶ In New York, the Dubinsky union interests joined with the AFL. . . . ¶ In Kearny, N. J., strik-

ing shipbuilders returned to work on six new warships. . . . ¶ In New York, the Department of Justice entered the milk trade probe. . . . ¶ In industry, aviation experts favored mass production. . . . Foreign nations increased their purchases of war commodities. . . . World markets awaited the Italian war move.

**ABROAD** On the war front, Nazis captured Dunkirk. . . . Four-fifths of the British army was saved from the fatal trap. . . . German bombers attempted to cripple railroads in southern France, and later dropped fifty tons of bombs on Paris. Four districts in England were later raided, as heavy explosives were aimed at airfields. Allied aviators then retaliated with attacks on Munich, Ruhr and Frankfurt. . . . French troops were driven back on the Lorraine front, and gave some ground on the Somme, though the German advance was later halted in a battle involving two million men. . . . ¶ In Paris, Daladier was ousted in a new cabinet shake-up. . . . ¶ In London, drafted labor to increase farm production was decreed. . . . Britain outlawed all strikes in a sweeping revision of labor laws. . . . Churchill again appealed to America for aid. . . . ¶ In Berlin, the city remained quiet despite victory claims, and anticipated a long war as Hitler vowed to annihilate his enemies. . . . ¶ In Rome, Italy continued to mobilize in a quiet manner, as Mussolini asked concessions in Africa and on the French Riviera.

## Notes and Remarks

In this issue we present a reproduction of the illuminated Papal Blessing received from our Holy Father Pius XII, and signed by him personally in favor of THE AVE MARIA. The blessing is given to our subscribers; to the editors, contributors, office, road and press force, and to all who, in any way help in the propagation of devotion to the Blessed Virgin through the growth of this magazine.

Those who profess to see in the opposition of THE AVE MARIA to sending American youths on another overseas expedition as approval of Hitler and what his armies are doing in and to Europe at this moment, are speaking out of their prejudices not out of reasoned thinking. And those who rebuke us for not adhering to the high and holy cause of God's Mother, to whose service this magazine is dedicated, because we do not urge another conscription of American man-power for another military effort in the present European conflict, view the Blessed Virgin as a war goddess, not as the Queen of Peace. And there are those who castigate us for not following the calm aloofness of our wise predecessor, Father Hudson, who gave light to his readers for fifty years.

There has been nothing written in this weekly at any time that may be construed as an approval of either Hitler's aggressions or of Hitler's methods of warfare. That statement is so obvious it needs no expansion. Nor can we discover any evidence of disloyalty to God's Mother in our efforts to convince our readers that the cause of the United States and of the people of the United States and of civilization will

not be enhanced if we leave our peaceful occupations, and mass our young men to enter the wholesale ruthless killing now going on in Europe. Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini have grown out of European soil. They were allowed to grow by those to whom they are now become a menace. Must the people of the United States set out overseas every time Europe grows a new menace? If so, we had best give up the idea that we are a nation under God established to solve our own problems and to live our own lives. As said again and again in these pages, we achieved nothing in our last European Odyssey except the wisdom of minding our own business.

And finally, we but follow the tradition of Father Hudson when we advocate a stay-at-home policy for America. That gentle editor advocated just that in 1917 and 1918. He was so tenacious about our staying at home, that he was none too enthusiastic after we decided to set out. Indeed, some do-your-bit patriot was so zealous he reported the gentle priest to one of the stay-at-home desk lieutenants in Washington who sent him a *caveat*. We have not gone that far yet. We trust it will not be necessary.

A non-Catholic, writing to the Brooklyn *Tablet*, asks if some arrangement could not be made whereby Protestant

children, whose parents wish them to remain Christian, might be accepted in the parochial schools where they would not be subjected to the non-Christian and often anti-Christian influence of the public schools. "Our public school system," he says, "is in the grip of a clique of pedagogical dictators who have deprived our



children of the opportunity to absorb the precepts and history of our Christian religion and culture. Our Christian children must get their religion surreptitiously and must be always alert not to offend teacher with a chance reference to God, remembering that reference to Christ is the Open Sesame to social ostracism. Although the school is the logical place to learn religion and the home the place to live it, we do try to give our children a knowledge of the Christian faith, but they soon realize that what we revere at home is tabu in their school. It is my belief, therefore, that some arrangement could some day be made whereby Protestant children could be admitted to your elementary schools upon the payment of a fee equivalent to the average Catholic contribution. This would be a work of charity, a gesture of real Americanism, a help to many Protestants who wish to have their children in a Christian atmosphere during the formative years of their life. The more I investigate your schools (by comparison of my children's attitudes and beliefs with those of their Catholic playmates) and the more conversation I have on this topic with my fellow Protestants, the more convinced I am that your school system is actually, certainly in its curriculum, the school system designed by our American forefathers."

One of the mysteries which many Americans cannot understand is the concern which our Government shows for the unfortunates of far-away countries and the almost utter lack of regard for the persecu-

### A Political Mystery

tion of our own citizens in communistic Mexico. Time after time Americans with holdings in Mexico have been robbed of their property with little more than a most feeble protest on our part. In fact so black is the record that a few weeks ago Secretary of State,

Cordell Hull, felt constrained to protest that it is becoming "a matter of grave concern to this Government," that "during the last twenty-five years one American interest in Mexico after another had suffered at the hands of the Mexican Government" and that this treatment of American citizens is "wholly unjustifiable under any principle of equity or international law." That this condition is becoming more and more obnoxious to our law-makers is evident from a call for a Congressional investigation made in the House recently by Representative Hennings of Missouri. Mr. Hennings says: "Mexico is the first to succumb to the menace that now confronts the peace and security of this hemisphere." We have our doubts whether Mr. Hennings' appeal ever will be acted upon, but it would be interesting to know just what is back of our concern for the persecuted people of other countries while we are so apathetic concerning the oppressive measures enacted by the atheistic and communistic government of Mexico, not only against the Catholics of that country but against American residents.

It should be a real lesson to the people of this country, whose crime bill is higher than that of any other country in the world,

**Galway's Lesson to Criminologists** to know that in Galway, Ireland, the authorities

recently handed over the city jail to the Bishop of the diocese that he might use the site for a Cathedral. The fact is that they do not need the jail any more, since the country has had self-government. The Bishop, Dr. Browne, said in his letter to the council: "Forty years ago my predecessors could not have dreamed that this site would become available for a Cathedral. Today under a native government a jail is not required in County Galway. What finer

tribute could there be to our people, or better justification of the long struggle? Now that the site has become available, I submit that there could be no more noble or more fitting use than to erect on it a Cathedral in thanksgiving to God, Who sustained our people in those days of trial. A Cathedral replacing a jail is the most perfect symbol of the triumph of a people who were proscribed for being Irish and Catholic." If our people could come to realize that the lack of religion is the main source of all crime, if our social workers who spend their time ranting about poverty, slums, aliens and what not, while they do nothing to foster religious education among the people, would get down to fundamentals, this country would not have the staggering crime bill it is carrying today, and would not be held up as "the horrible example" to other nations of the world. Any talk of our saving the civilization of the world by joining in the war of the Allies, while our own civilization is at such a low ebb is absurd. Let us stay home and endeavor to elevate our own civilization before we think of doing anything for other nations.

Contrary to recent newspaper reports of a sharp clash in Spain between Church and State officials, there is a remarkable harmony prevailing. "You may go ahead, assured that you rely upon the confidence and the support of the new State," said General Franco in addressing the National Executive Board of Catholic Action, recently appointed by the Cardinal of Toledo, who is the Primate of Spain. Furthermore, General Franco commended the work of Spanish Catholic Action in the past, asserting that there was no basis for just criticism because the group had to go beyond its purely apostolic field in defense of spiritual values in the face of an

atheistic State. "Now, fortunately," he added, "the situation in Spain is quite different, since the same solicitude for Catholicism that motivates Catholic Action, animates the State in all its tasks." And there is daily proof that General Franco's statements are not empty words. Only recently he created the Council of the Missions with a Minister of State as its head. There are those among us who even yet attempt to discredit the man and his motives. In fact, the American press has never taken kindly to his achievements. But that blundering is to our loss, and to the discredit of "ace" reporting on the part of American foreign press service. Franco, the Faith and the Spanish people are still a happy and united triumvirate.

We frequently hear people say after reading about some serious government scandals: "This country would be better off if we had a good dictator. Democracy may have been good enough

### **A Government That Works**

when the rank and file of our people were religious men and women with a keen sense of morality, but today when the majority of our people have no religion, and when expediency has been substituted for right and wrong, democracy doesn't work out. The finances of the nation are being squandered by politicians who believe anything is permissible to procure votes." Today we frequently hear Portugal referred to by statesmen as a country with an ideal government. Let us quote from the Premier of that country: "When most of my hearers were just beginning to learn to speak," he said, "Europe was in the most desperate collapse of modern times. The thinkers of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries had succeeded in stealing away from men's souls the basic truths and the eternal certitudes which are the very



basis of life. And when the day of reckoning came to European civilization, there was nothing in view to fill up the void left by the modern spirit of negation. Among the things denied were the existence of God, Truth, Justice and the Moral Law. And one of the great errors of the nineteenth century was the belief that the English type of parliamentarism was a system that could be adapted to all people. The result was that among certain nations, including Portugal, the effort to establish democracy resulted in chaos. The liberal democracies have not been able to safeguard the liberties of their people. We today in Portugal are anti-Liberal because we want to save those liberties which the so-called liberal régime deprived us of. Our present government, like the Church, has an element that is purely dogmatic."

There is considerable flamboyant talk about the cleansing and healing power of democracy to save a sick world in this testing time.

**Sermon for Now** Keep in mind, however, that not even a divinely established religion is able to save men and women who refuse to come within religious government or to accept religious ministrations. Democracy is a system of rule which may keep or kill people as they use or misuse it. Here in the United States, where we have the gospel of democracy preached to us every time a man runs for sheriff, the system is still in its probationary stage, and smeared with the mire of many sins. Too many escape through the unlocked doors of our democratic system with the loot which seems always available under our extravagant, easy-going outlook. We have so many elections, so many officers for ward, township, town, county, district, state and nation that their numerical complexity is almost synony-

mous with confusion. The now-established word *graft* expresses our cynical outlook on politics, and politicians are associated in our minds with raiders of communal treasuries. Our democracy is a long, long way from the stability which means perpetuity. Its perpetuity is endangered not only by Hitler or Mussolini, however. It is threatened by visionary Americans, willing to gamble with it in a hands-across-the-sea exchange, and by venal office-holders who pilfer from government chests that which is contributed to make democracy a paying concern.

—♦—  
 "What has THE AVE MARIA to do with our entrance into the present war in Europe?" queries a lady from New York. Quite as much, Lady, as the President of Yale

**Queries a Lady** University, or Bishop Manning of your city, or Dorothy Thompson, or yourself. And THE AVE MARIA has the Versailles Treaty out of which blossomed the unspeakable Hitler, and the scrapped Fourteen Points of the late President Wilson, and several thousand sons of American mothers buried in France for the greatest futility of contemporary history to give pathetic support to its opposition. Against that, the only affirmation you and they can counter with is, "Save civilization!" As if sending American youth to Europe to take part in a program of mass killing, many of them to be themselves shattered beyond recognition, can save anything except empty cities and filled cemeteries. If European leadership can find no other way in which to decide territorial balances than by this staggering exchange of woundings and killings then, Lady, it remains for you and for every reader of THE AVE MARIA to invoke a re-establishment of reason in Europe by praying to the Seat of Wisdom and the Queen of Peace, to work a miracle of restoration.

# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

## Prose Theme Suggestions

THE MOST FREQUENT question from contributors is also the oldest—"What shall I write about?" That stirs at least three other questions: (1) Can you write? Do not take this as an insult. For there are many, many thousands of people who cannot write, just as there are many, many thousands who cannot ride a bicycle. And there is no disgrace attached to either shortage. To be sure, there are those who think they can ride just as there are those who think they can write. The way to correct this error is to develop a doubt and then to ask some honest friend who knows how to ride or to write. He or she will give you the facts if you are really interested in finding out.

Let us assume you can write, and so proceed to (2) What subjects do you know best? If you know very little about a theme, or not enough to feel certain, best leave it for fuller acquaintance. If someone ask your appraisal of a certain man or woman whom you do not know very well, you prudently answer, "I really am not well enough acquainted to say." (3) What subjects do you like best? That which holds interest for us, we normally discuss entertainingly whether in written or oral speech. Therefore, when you have gained government of speech, write about what you know and like. And that should give you a fairly wide field.

In addition there is this: readers of THE AVE MARIA have likes, just as the readers of any other magazine have. The editors of this Weekly try to discover these likes and to meet them. They cannot meet all of them at one time and in one way. Some like bits of

history, bits of biography, thoughts on what is happening here and now. Some like devotional articles, some prefer fiction, and a lesser following like poetry. A reading of THE AVE MARIA should indicate to you somewhat the kind of material which, when well written, will bring you an acceptance slip. A few observations may perhaps be helpfully added to this general outline.

Local human interest bits are often accepted. For instance, Frances Quinlivan's *Fishing in Maine* (Feb. 3, '40), and *I Remember Old Kentucky* (Feb. 17, '40), by Mabel Osborne. An article timed to a feast, like Father Collentine's article for the Immaculate Conception, *Mary: The Great Exception* (Dec. 9, '39); or about a country where stirring things are happening like *The Church in Finland* (Feb. 3, '40), by Dom Maternus; or calling attention to some problem, like Father Hogan's appealing *A Letter From Dream Children* (Dec. 30, '39); or the record of a hobby, religious or otherwise, like Blanche Jennings Thompson's *Santitos* (December 9, 1939)—these are arresting.

THE AVE MARIA is not solely interested in religious themes. Any theme in fiction or fact which discusses life wholesomely, honorably, artistically, which people can read is, other things equal, in line for acceptance.

It is important that you know how. If you have mastered writing, you will write, just as a bird that has mastered flying will fly. If you have learned the art of stamping the seal of interest on what you compose you will make the least likely material a subject of valid entertainment.



## FACT • FICTION • POETRY

### Jurist on Vatican Peace Appeals

By William F. Roemer

**I**N THE DAYS before the New Deal, Judge Alden Keane often startled his fellow jurists on the Circuit Court by his after dinner dicta anent the unholy alliance between Big Business and Government. You may recall how surprised then his friends were when he broke with the Administration that had raised his hopes for reform but refused at times to use Constitutional means to gain its ends. Having resigned his post on the bench, the Judge stepped over to a professor's chair of Law in a well-known Midwestern University.

Asked by the League of Women Voters to comment on the recent utterances of the Pope of Peace, Pius XII, in his Easter message to the world, the Judge again astonished his listeners by the vigor of his warning against unconstitutional use of Administrative power to make treaties without Senatorial ratification in each case. The President does not have legal power to make any treaty without the advice and consent of two-thirds of the Senate. To quote the Judge:

"If the people wish to give the President or his unelected Secretary of State the power to make any treaty he feels himself called upon to write into the Constitution under pressure of interested groups, what is to prevent him from cementing alliances with foreign governments whose financial interests seem at the time to coincide with that of a handful of our own big barons of finance? Had President Wilson dared to act so without the consent of two-thirds of the Senate, he would have

made this nation a party to the League of Nations which was a legitimate offspring of his sincerest ideals. No President may contravene the Constitution. Until the Constitution is amended by the joint action of three-fourths of the states of the American Union, the letter and spirit of that part of our Constitution which clearly limits the Executive branch of the Federal Government in its treaty making power must be observed. To surrender the prerogative of the elected Senators to advise and co-operate in the matter of preferential trade treaties and political world-alliances is to scrap our democratic form of government and to adopt a totalitarian dictatorship which Americans so reasonably abhor. The doubtful advantages of a temporary stimulus for industrial markets abroad is a smelly mess of pottage to give in exchange for our civil and political rights.

**"SURELY THE STUDIED** judgment of the majority of our people is at present in favor of neutrality now that total war is about to wreak its famine and wholesale destruction in Europe. Tell me, what man or which group of harassed politicians in Washington can dare to tell us voters that the judgment of the masses is always wrong? Will you concede that even a President is gifted with such divine foresight as to prophesy that when America has sacrificed the flower of its youth and its treasures to the god of pagan war, the net result will be a prosperous peace?

"The Pope in his most recent plea to the world has shown his well considered belief that the belligerents in Europe are bent on destroying each other. These belligerents will accomplish part of their objective of hate; and both will lose. The neutral states alone can gain. Very likely, it will be not the governments in the war today but the neutral powers that will dictate the peace. Let us hope that it may be one of justice, and that international law may find its place in the world.

**I**N HIS EASTER message to you and to me, the Pope reiterates what he taught us at Christmas. . . . At that time, his lesson consisted in stressing five points. First, the right to life and to the relative independence of all nations should be acknowledged in so far as those rights can be reconciled with each other within the framework of world society. Secondly, disarmament should be seriously undertaken by all the powers so that liberation from the rule of force will proportionally ensue. Thirdly, the fulfillment of fundamental needs such as food and clothing and other just demands of all peoples must be sought without dissimulation. Fourthly, statesmen and people must return to the observance of principles of both justice and charity rather than to ideals of nationalistic pride. Fifthly, in pursuing a sounder and more stable scheme of international organization, past errors in treaties should be eliminated and better methods for carrying out constructive treaties should be devised.

"The sceptical 'realist' will be tempted to criticize these comprehensive instructions of the Pope as too difficult for human nature in the social ferment now gripping statesmen and propagandized citizens in every part of the globe. Anticipating such an objection, our Holy Father admits, 'We do not fail to recognize the grave difficulties

which interpose themselves against the accomplishment of the aims which We have traced in broad outlines in a desire to lay foundations for, to put into effect and to preserve, a just international peace. But if ever there were an aim worthy of the concourse of noble, generous spirits; if ever there arose a spiritual crusade which with new truth sounded the cry, *God wills it*, it is truly that high aim and this crusade—to lead peoples back from the muddy gulf of material and selfish interest to the living fountain of Divine Law, which alone is powerful and gives that morality, nobility and stability of which a lack has been felt far too long.'

"The great teacher in the Vatican apparently has every ground to be pessimistic about the reception which his repetition of principle is to receive in the Supreme War Councils of Europe. His gaze seems to be focused mainly on the termination of an exhausted Europe's total war when there will come only too late a period of armistice and reflection. That day will need principles too, if men are not to be given merely a breathing spell before resuming their madness and crime.

**I** REMEMBER WELL, as do some of you, that Armistice Day in 1918 when the young folk, and the old too, danced in the streets because they felt sure that peace and reason had again a chance to make the world safe for constitutional government and democracy. The feeling then was that the very ghosts of those millions of gallant soldiers dead could hear our claims as we shouted the songs of liberty. Or did the souls of the boys whose bodies were shot and stabbed with bayonets gouging into tender nerve and flesh,—did they have any knowledge that so soon victory would turn to defeat for winner and vanquished alike?

"At that time, Alfred Noyes vividly



described with keen insight *A Victory Dance*.\*

The cymbals crash, and the dancers walk  
With long silk stockings, and arms of chalk,  
Butterfly skirts, and white breasts bare,  
And shadows of dead men watching 'em there.

Shadows of dead men stand by the wall,  
Watching the fun of the Victory Ball.  
They do not reproach because they know,  
If they're forgotten it's better so.

Under those dancing feet are the graves  
Dazzle and motley in long bright waves.  
God, how that dead boy gapes and grins  
As the tomtoms bang and the shimmy begins!

"What did you think We should find," said a  
Shade,

"When the last shot echoed, and peace was  
made?"

"Christ," laughed the fleshless jaws of his  
friend,

"I thought they'd be praying for worlds to  
mend."

"Pish," said a statesman standing near,  
"I'm glad they can busy their thoughts else-  
where!"

We mustn't reproach 'em, they're young, you  
see."

"Ah," said the dead men, "so were we!"

Victory! Victory! On with the dance!  
Back to the jungle the new beasts prance!  
God, how the dead men grin by the wall,  
Watching the fun of the Victory Ball!

"Victory! What does it mean? When  
you have imposed your will upon the  
people of another continent and they  
lie bruised, bleeding and starved beside  
their dead? Have you really brought  
peace and law with your revenge? Or  
would peace and law without victory  
for any government be infinitely better?

"Common sense is all you need if you  
wish to understand that the military  
and economic force theory as a basis  
of International Law is as wrong  
morally and materially as is any form  
of totalitarianism.

"A hundred slogans, built into com-  
monplaces, by the propaganda of cyn-  
ical, interested politicians stand ready  
to refute the Pope. You have heard for

instance that wars are won by the  
righteous side with the heavier artil-  
lery. They tell you that there is no such  
thing as reason in the making of Inter-  
national Law, that the political game  
of statesmen requires lying diplomacy  
and dictatorial power in the hand of  
the Chief Executive. To the victor be-  
long the spoils and world domination.  
Don't dream of Justice or of standards  
made out of the whole cloth of abstract  
morality. Navies and armies with the  
latest airplane gadgets must decide the  
fate of the world.

"IT WAS to a world as puzzled and  
distracted as ours that Pope Bene-  
dict addressed his lesson of peace at  
the time of the First World War.  
Would that President Wilson had stood  
by his guns, when, after modeling his  
Fourteen Points along lines practically  
identical with those of the Pope, he re-  
paired to Versailles for the Peace Con-  
ference. There in that brilliant Hall of  
Mirrors he met smartly attired repre-  
sentatives from the nations that had  
been at war, and who found victory  
sweet. How confused were they and he!

"They knew and we knew over here  
that theirs was an opportunity to make  
a real peace, to replace war with law.  
Their problem was the same as that of  
the founders of our American Democ-  
racy and of our Federal Constitution.  
The business at hand in 1918 and 1919  
was to accept the plan of a federalized  
Europe which would allow each nation  
a chance to feed itself and live in peace.  
Take one look at these assembled offi-  
cials and agents bustling about the  
great table in the centre of that vast  
Hall whose high glass walls glisten with  
the reflection of silverware and gold  
that decorate the room and the gleam-  
ing decorations that spangle the attire  
of important men. Are these men of  
good will? Are they steeped in the  
principles that were taught by the Pope  
and could easily have been learned?

\* Reprinted by special permission of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

"There is Lloyd-George whispering into the ear of Clemenceau; and there is Orlando listening to our President. What is the fervent scheme which will be accepted by these men in place of the peace plan that is laid on the table by the man who has accepted the responsibility to deliver the message of the people who made victory possible by their sacrifices and loans drawn from many a meagre saving of years? History has given us the sad story of defeat for Wilson's Fourteen Points. Mr. Clemenceau and Mr. Lloyd-George rejected every plan except that which would enlarge their nations' empires at the expense of the defeated powers. They swept your hopes and mine to the floor, they dashed the American Points into the polished trays that carried the ashes of burned cigars and cigarettes. Yes, with those ashes went the ideals of warring America. That brusque movement of the Lion's paw and the final roar of his negative words silenced Wilson at last. Instead of a League which would actually keep the peace they gave him back only the deceptive name of a League hiding the frame of a plan without justice or law. It was the Senate of the United States that saved your sons and mine from serving in the total war of today.

**Y**OU MOTHERS and wives have it in your power to save peace and democracy which is the legacy of our generation from those of the past. Through your devotion to principles which have been taught you by Pius XII you can strengthen the voice of your elected representatives by reminding them of America's interest in her own duties to the children of America. Lest we forget that it is right in self-defense for Americans to steer a middle course between the rocks of aggressive war and extreme pacifism. That course we call neutrality."

## Blind Eyes That Saw

By Grace Keon

**Y**OU'RE BACK, Grant? For how long? Oh, don't apologize! It doesn't matter. Come and take potluck with us tonight, Jim and Flore will be over. Glad to have you. Glad to see you—"

Emily Preston turned from the telephone, her face aglow.

"Grant Ware himself, Bob!" she said to her husband. "Wonder of wonders, good old Grant is with us again! At Greenlea!"

"Greenlea? He means to open Greenlea?"

"He called from there. Wouldn't it be fine, though? What fun Jim and I and he had when we were little! With Carrie, his sister! With Aunt Jo, the darling, best sport of all! What a surprise! What a surprise! Wait until Jim hears! The old town will be itself again!"

"So that's what we've been missing!" teased her husband. "The Paragon returns and all is well. Am I to consider myself in the way this evening?"

"Bob, you're ridiculous; of course not! I'd be terribly vexed if you were not around. And don't make fun of me either. Just reserve judgment."

"On guard, Emily! It's five years since—"

"No, Bob. Not Grant. He couldn't change," declared his wife, so positively that her husband grinned and went back to his newspaper. His amusement was not lessened when Emily's brother Jim arrived.

"Good old Grant!" chuckled Jim. "I have often talked about Grant, Flore."

"Indeed, indeed, you've often talked about Grant!" smiled Flore. She was a little, blonde, lovely woman. "Good old Grant! Bob, what in the world are we to do if we don't *like* this very superior person?"



"Hide the hateful secret in our hearts forever!" cautioned Bob.

But he was prepared to be critical—even, in the back of his mind (so odd is human nature) inclined to dislike this unknown cousin of whom Emily and Jim were so fond. They were not complete strangers, of course. They had met twice—once at his wedding with Emily, and again when Jim married Flore. The first half-hour in that engaging presence, however, dissipated every prejudice. Frank was so wholesome and friendly that both Bob and Flore surrendered.

**M**OTHER COULDN'T COME; Carrie won't. There you have the real reason. Too far for Paul, Carrie's husband; and then—the children. But Paul might commute—just as I intend to. Carrie should bring those three children here."

"You mean you're going to the city every morning? It's a full hour each way."

"I can do a lot of planning during those hours, unless it interferes with my job. But Paul, now—an architect with his prospects can arrange most of his work at home. So he has no real excuse."

"What firm are you with, Grant?"

"With Amalgamated Securities. Stan Wright and I are top men. We are making good."

"You bet you are!" exclaimed Jim enthusiastically.

"I thought if I made the plunge and opened Greenlea, mother would finally decide. She's always talking about it. She's tired of the city, too. While we're waiting, Mrs. Evans can take care of me. I need only a few of the rooms and I'll sponge on the Careys and the Prestons for an occasional home-cooked meal."

"Grant, you'll be welcome—"

"I'm joking, Em." He began to de-

scribe his work, outline his ideas, and Emily listened entranced.

"You've gone ahead. You said you would. Long ago, when the three of us were at school, you told Father Clancy—"

"Father Clancy?" Flore turned her head quickly. She was sensitive to impressions and it seemed to her that Grant Ware's voice held a strange note—a discordant note. "Oh, yes . . . Father Clancy. . . . By the way, how is he?"

"Very well. Splendid," answered Emily. "He has an assistant for the more active work."

"Active work? Why?"

"You know he's blind, Grant."

"Not Father Clancy? It doesn't seem possible." He paused a moment, hesitating, and his tones were a little strained when he put the next question, "How long?"

"Two years."

"Two—oh! Two years! I've been away five—well, that's news. That's certainly news—"

"You hadn't heard?"

"How could I?"

"Aunt Jo—or Carrie—"

**P**ERHAPS THEY told me, and I didn't pay attention, or I'd forgotten. That's it. I'd forgotten." Emily looked at him in surprise, wondering at his confusion. "I'm awfully sorry. There wasn't any hint. Natural, of course? No accident?" He gave her a quick glance.

"Natural? His blindness? I suppose so. You can find out for yourself. You'll call on him."

"Surely." Bob Preston was looking at Flore. Sharp little thing, Flore. Had she, too, caught that undercurrent of question, fear, relief? Grant Ware's voice was most expressive.

That evening marked the beginning of many pleasant ones. They seemed to pick up threads broken by the years,

and join them without effort, while Bob and Flore were included in all their interesting and amusing reminiscences.

"Why doesn't *Carrie* make up her mind to come?" said Emily, a fortnight later. "That would force the others. I am dying to see that place occupied. Aunt Jo—Carrie—Paul—their three children, my three, Jim's two boys; eight children playing at Greenlea again! It sounds gorgeous."

"To tell the truth, I think Paul is the real stumbling block," declared Grant. "After all, it is *my* house. Grandfather left it to me. And Paul doesn't want to live under another man's roof." He shrugged his shoulders.

"You've called on Father Clancy?"

"Not yet—now don't scold! I intend to. To give your inquisitive minds a little peace," continued Grant, "I'm seeing our old friend before the week is out. Let me think. When am I due here for dinner? Thursday? All right. I'll let Father Clancy tackle me Wednesday. And if he finds anything wrong we'll discuss it over our baked beans!"

THE SMILE vanished from his lips. Why had he returned to Greenlea? There had been so many unpleasant scenes. His mother's tears! Her pleadings! Greenlea! He loved it. He had been born in the staunch old house, with its massive, dignified exterior, and the unexpected comfort within. Rich furnishings, fireplaces, lovely pictures, playroom, game room—a house that should belong to a healthy, sturdy family.

Back in his memory he could hear words his grandfather had uttered: *A Catholic family! I pray to God that Greenlea may never pass into hands that will not be raised in prayer to the Creator.* Yet Greenlea was now. . . . He had a real regard for these fine cousins of his, but they had nothing in common any more; and as yet he was the only

one aware of it. They spoke with different tongues. In the world that had enticed him they would be considered narrow, bigoted, prejudiced. Thus his thoughts—angry, disturbed thoughts. . . . And Father Clancy. He didn't have to go. What if he had specified a day, a time, it wasn't necessary to keep to it! Business would serve as an excuse for Wednesday—any day, until they discovered the truth. What would they do, he wondered. How long before—

NOT LONG! He sensed it on his next visit. Though Emily's welcome was as warm, Bob's as hearty, Flore's smile as gentle, Jim's handclasp as friendly, the change was there.

"Heard from mother?" he asked. "Or from Carrie?"

"No," answered Emily.

"Once," began Jim irrelevantly, "you wanted a new football. You couldn't have it. You broke open your savings bank and spent four dollars of your funds without permission. Aunt Jo was angry and so were you—angry and defiant. That's how you look now, Grant."

"Am I to be ostracized?"

"Not unless you choose ostracism," answered Emily. "Besides—"

"Besides?"

"You haven't seen Father Clancy."

He was amused.

"That's the woman of it."

"What is she talking about?" demanded Jim.

"About a most wicked, abandoned creature. She has the courage of her convictions."

"Have *you*?" asked Emily quietly.

"There he comes again!"

"Naturally. You're afraid of him."

"No, Emily—not afraid."

"Given up everything?"

"Most everything."

Bob whistled.



"If you'd like this to be my last visit—"

"Think we'd throw a sick man overboard?"

"Don't be virtuous about it. I've had enough from mother and Carrie. I guess if they couldn't make any impression on me, you folks needn't try."

"GRANT," SAID EMILY, her voice husky, "it does make us feel queer. We were so terribly proud of you—and we're so terribly sorry—"

"And now you'll pray for me."

"Now we'll pray for you."

He hesitated. "Em, I don't like to ask a favor. And I'm not at all apologetic. This is my business." He brought out the short sentences in jerks. "I'd rather Father Clancy doesn't know."

"He knows—of course he does. He probably kept expecting you at Mass on Sunday—the way we did."

"Then I'll leave at once."

"That will surely hurt him."

"I never thought of him, I tell you!" he exclaimed, his face reddening with anger. "Why do you continually harp on him? What have I to do with him? Mother and Carrie knew he was blind. Why didn't they mention the fact to me—why?"

"Oh, you knew he was, Grant. In the back of your mind—you knew!"

"Then let's forget that too. I'm leaving Greenlea on the ten o'clock train tonight."

"And what has happened to the courage of *your* convictions?" remarked Jim.

"How can I argue with you folks. You're brother and sister to me, always have been; or with a priest like Father Clancy? I was one of his boys."

"He'll never speak of you in the past tense, Grant."

"Well, I'm going back. And I may as well tell you this: I'm to be married soon."

"So that's what's the matter with Aunt Jo," murmured Emily.

"I thought you said she hadn't written?"

"She hasn't. What's more—three letters of mine have been unanswered. I know my Aunt Jo. You're marrying out of the Faith—and she'll have atheists for grandchildren. No wonder she doesn't write."

Grant Ware stood up, restraining himself with difficulty.

"I foresaw this. I knew you couldn't accept it. I might as well make a clean break."

"You might as well," repeated Emily. "If we've hurt you—you've hurt us. Good-bye, Grant."

He did not speak to any of the others, and they watched him go. The tears were streaming down Emily Preston's face.

HE RANG the bell of the rectory and waited. There was a sound of slow footsteps. A white-haired man with very brilliant blue eyes opened the door. Grant stared.

"They told me you were blind!" he exclaimed abruptly, blunderingly.

"Oh!" said the priest. "So—it's you, Grant?"

"Yes." Grant hesitated. "Yes, it's I."

"Come in. I'm alone. Mrs. Wilson has gone across town to see her daughter, and Father Haven is on a sick call. Come in."

"I'm leaving. I didn't want to go without—"

"I should say not. I'm very glad you came—very glad."

"I can't stay, Father. It's just—"

"You'll give me ten minutes? You have ten minutes to spare surely?"

The younger man was silent. Father Clancy sat down.

"Might as well be comfortable," he remarked cheerfully. "And no prelim-

inaries. I realize all you don't want to tell me. How long, Grant?"

"Does it matter?"

"Much! Much to me."

"Why?"

"Because you are one of my boys. And because you owe your life to me."

"That's true. You did save my life. It was a close call."

"Emily tells me you are very successful."

"I am."

"WHAT ARE YOU going to do with your success? What are your plans?"

"Tentative as yet. But I'm giving up Greenlea—to Carrie's oldest boy. And I'm getting married."

"And then?"

"It depends on my wife. She is a musician—a genius. I won't interfere with her."

"She's like you, Grant?"

"Yes—a free soul."

The priest stood up.

"This book you see here is in Braille," he said softly. "I can read it well, now—" He extended his hand across the table. "Good-bye, my boy. I wish you could be happy. Have a try at it. And when you can't find the way out, come back. I'll be waiting."

"I won't come back—ever."

"You will."

Grant rose stiffly and took that extended hand. The clasp was warm, friendly. He felt stunned. No protestations, no arguments, no discussions. Just a memory. One that would be with him the rest of his life: *A blind man and a book in Braille.*

"Will you tell me the truth?"

"I'll tell you the truth. I'll tell you why you came."

Grant Ware drew a deep breath. "Why?" he whispered.

"You heard of my affliction. And you were afraid. No one could speak with certainty because no one is sure.

Ten years ago, you and I were standing in front of a house in Pearl Street when it collapsed. One of the beams crashed down upon us. I pushed you forward and as you fell, I covered you with my body. The beam struck my head. For days I was unconscious. Then I recovered, apparently as well as ever. After that, my sight began to fail, and continued to do so. Two years ago, in spite of the best skill in the world, I became totally blind. That blow caused it."

Grant Ware turned and stumbled unseeingly toward the door. The priest listened until he heard that quick, loud slam. He sat down and covered his face.

"We don't know what has happened to Grant," wrote Aunt Jo, "but his marriage has been broken off. I believe he wants us all to come back to Greenlea to live. And when we do, Emily, maybe you can tell me something."

Emily looked up, smiling through her tears.

"What will there be to tell?" she asked, "except—that he went to see Father Clancy."



## Boy with Harmonica

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

*Down through the hollow, over the curving hill*

*He went, with music trailing him like shade:  
On either side the lane was green and still,  
Listening to the faint, wild tune he made.  
Music danced in his eyes and in his feet,  
Blowing about him like the dust that rose  
In eddies as he walked: mysterious, sweet,  
It gave a lilting rhythm to his toes  
Scuffling the rutted country road. Then suddenly*

*This was not quite enough for all his joy:  
He leaped the stone fence with a shout, to see  
What might be there to captivate a boy.  
Whistling, he ran across the field, to find  
Something that blossomed in his enraptured mind.*



## The Lesson of Konnersreuth

By Hugo H. Hoefer, O. Cist.

**PUBLIC ATTENTION** was turned again on the small Bavarian village of Konnersreuth, when the rumor was spread by the newspapers that Theresa Neumann, the "Passion Flower of Konnersreuth," had died. The rumor was never corroborated, but private and official reports have since informed us that Theresa is still alive.

Because I had heard that Theresa Neumann does not eat or drink, and that she is marked with the stigmata of Our Lord, I was in a state of high expectation when I met her for the first time in the humble attic room of her home at Konnersreuth. In my first conversation with her I got the impression that she was a simple, normal person. There was no mystery surrounding her. She was dressed like the other people of the village. Her head was covered with an ordinary black kerchief. Only the half-gloves which she wore to conceal her wounds attracted my attention. However, my experience the next day was very different. It was the first Friday of Lent, when she underwent her painful bloody ecstasy.

Before describing this event further, let us go back to Theresa's earlier years. Until 1918 her life was uneventful. She was strong and healthy, the eldest of ten children. One day while she was helping to extinguish a fire in the neighborhood by passing heavy buckets of water, she suddenly collapsed. An examination showed that two vertebrae of her spine were dislocated. She was then twenty years old. Complete paralysis and blindness followed this accident, and it was difficult for her to swallow solid food. In 1923 she suddenly regained the power of sight. In May, 1925, a Voice told her that she would be able to sit up and walk. She did so the same day, with the

assistance of her relatives. A few months later the same Voice which Theresa says is the voice of the Little Flower—told her, "You can walk now without assistance." Since that time she has been able to walk alone and to go to church. And she likes to travel by motorcar. During Lent of 1926 Theresa experienced for the first time the vision of the Passion of Our Lord, and in consequence the so-called stigmata, i. e., the wounds on her hands, feet, and side as Christ received them in His Passion. These wounds are painful and ordinarily they are covered with transparent membrane. Since 1928 more stigmata have appeared on her body. Her knees are bruised, and her back shows marks that remind us of the scourging of Christ.

**WHEN I ENTERED** Theresa's room that Friday morning, she had been in ecstasy several hours, since midnight. She was lying in bed, dressed in a white nightgown, her head covered with a white kerchief. She stretched out her hands on which the stigmata were conspicuous. At intervals her arms moved back and forth. All her wounds were open. Blood flowed copiously, staining the bedding. At midnight blood had begun to flow drop by drop from her eyes; by morning it had increased to two broad streams flowing down her cheeks and converging under her chin. Blood stained her head-covering, and a red spot was seen over her heart.

During her Friday ecstasy Theresa witnesses the Passion from the Agony in the Garden to the Crucifixion on Calvary. She takes such a vital part in the events that she suffers as though she were the victim. At the end of the ecstasy, at one o'clock in the afternoon, she was completely exhausted and lay as if dead.

The ecstasy was not continuous but

proceeded at intervals, between which she rested on her pillows. She is then in a "state of exalted rest," and is able to repeat what she had seen and heard. She repeats even the words spoken by the Pharisees and by Our Lord in their original language. Special graces seem to be granted to her during this exalted rest; for instance, the gift to distinguish between true and false relics, and to read the secrets of the heart.

**I**N CONSEQUENCE of the violence of the ecstasy and the loss of blood, Theresa stays in bed the following day, and shows a decrease in weight. But within a few days she regains her ordinary weight of 110 pounds without taking any nourishment. Her abstinence from food is so complete that since September, 1927, she has ceased even to swallow the few drops of water which she used to take after receiving Holy Communion.

After leaving Konnersreuth I asked myself and others what might be the explanation of the extraordinary phenomena I had witnessed. We Catholics should follow the prudent reserve of the Ecclesiastical Authority, which waits a long time before passing judgment on such marvelous events. A person is not yet a saint because amazing phenomena appear in life. Sanctity concerns the inner life, and consists in perfect harmony between God's will and the human will. The Church, therefore, is above all interested in whether a person practised in life the Christian virtues in an heroic measure. After this examination, the extraordinary phenomena will be taken into consideration. But such an examination will not be made so long as a person is still alive. Consequently, the final decision of the natural or supernatural character of the phenomena which we admire in the life of Theresa Neumann belongs to the Ecclesiastical Authorities.

Privately, we may study the explanations of the events at Konnersreuth as they are presented by different observers. All those who do not believe in a personal God try to give a merely natural solution of the problem. They believe, for instance, that wounds like the stigmata could be explained as "autographism" or "dermographism." But all experiments which have been made so far lead to such meager results that they in no way can be compared with the wounds of a true stigmatist. Wounds which do not heal and do not fester, and open only on certain days, and for a certain number of hours, have never been artificially produced.

To those who thought that by her meditating intensely upon the Passion of Our Lord, she finally had produced the wounds on her own body, Theresa gave the answer: "Well, then, if I meditated on the devil I would gradually grow horns." And it is no explanation at all to say that stigmata is a "Catholic disease," because medicine recognizes no difference between Catholic and non-Catholic diseases.

**S**IMILARLY, it seems impossible to explain the phenomenon of total abstinence from any nourishment by assuming a "stellar-emanation," or a kind of "vampirism," as if Theresa could absorb her sustenance from the bodies of the persons in her room.

Even hysteria, to which reference is made many times to explain away facts which seem to require a preternatural or a supernatural power, is of no help in this case. Theresa Neumann reaches such a high moral standard—so humble and obedient, so sound in her judgment and stable in her emotions—that all signs of hysteria are missing. Therefore, an unprejudiced mind is justified in drawing from such unsatisfactory



explanations, the conclusion that recourse to a higher power is necessary.

**D**URING MY VISIT at Konnersreuth I observed the effects of Theresa's sufferings on the visitors, who learn again to pray well, and to take life more seriously. The priests of Konnersreuth and the neighboring towns assured me that many visitors returned from Konnersreuth better men and better women. In short, the events at Konnersreuth serve the glory of God and the salvation of souls. The marvelous phenomena in the life of Theresa Neumann cannot be caused by an evil spirit, and, without encroaching on the authority of the Church, we feel compelled to say that here is the "Finger of God."

Assuming that Almighty God stands behind the phenomena at Konnersreuth, we more easily understand their implication and the lesson they teach.

We are living in a materialistic age, when a revival of belief in a supreme being and supernatural power is sorely needed. In Konnersreuth we are confronted with facts which baffle any natural explanation. But an explanation is necessary. The Christian religion does not depend on such events for its justification, but a satisfactory presentation of facts may enlighten and strengthen Christians in their faith.

What arouses the feelings of visitors at Konnersreuth most is the patient suffering of Theresa Neumann. "My vocation is to suffer," she said. And she was told that "More souls are saved by suffering than by the most brilliant sermons." She is in her suffering a clear illustration of the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ. Our Redeemer is Christ Crucified. In order to be redeemed individually we must co-operate with His grace. Christ's merits must be applied to each one of us. For this purpose, sufferings are again necessary.

Theresa seems to be one of the chosen souls who suffer willingly and gladly for others, for individuals reluctant to suffer pain, for the dancing and jubilant world, and for the Poor Souls. No one likes to suffer, but we all should see the importance and honor which lie hidden in sufferings freely accepted by children of God. "Whatever is Thy will, O God, is my will. Whatever the dear Saviour wishes is agreeable to me." This is Theresa's favorite prayer. In this complete conformity to God's will we may find the reason for her stigmata.

When Theresa follows Our Lord in her Friday ecstasy, she suffers intensely by reason of her participation in His Passion. Who then will be able to measure Christ's own sufferings? But Christ suffered to atone for our sins. Therefore, sin must be more in the eyes of God than a merely natural urge or craving. Konnersreuth reminds us vividly of the "mystery of iniquity."

**W**HAT CHRIST DID for us is easily forgotten; it happened 2000 years ago. Viewing Theresa Neumann in her Friday ecstasy, we see a living picture of Our Redeemer carrying the cross, suffering and dying for us. No wonder that so many visitors return from Konnersreuth with a greater appreciation of Holy Mass, which is in fact a representation of the life of Christ and of His sacrifice upon the cross.

One day when the present Bishop of Ratisbon visited Konnersreuth, the now best-known parish of his diocese, he congratulated the people of the village for having Theresa Neumann in their midst. Her personality is so sincere and simple, and therefore so convincing that it is difficult to believe she is deceiving or is herself deceived. To be mindful of the lessons of Konnersreuth will harm nobody and benefit many.

## To a Nurse

By Grace Noll Crowell

*Surely before you chose this work you prayed  
Long at some starlit window, kneeling there,  
For something of that starry shine has stayed  
Within your eyes, it trembles in your hair.  
Yours is silver service, tipped with flame;  
Yours is a trust too sacred to betray;  
You never will be faithless to a name  
You call your own. O angel of night and day,  
You have pledged your word to pass the busy  
years  
In abstinence and purity; to keep  
Sacred the secrets bared through pain and  
tears.  
You have kept that pledge. Your hands bring  
blessed sleep;  
Your faith, your high devotion never fail;  
You walk these halls, a modern Nightingale.*

## Judy's Convert

By Catherine Jones Frier

### II

THEN JUDY asked each one of us about our children; and the first thing we knew we were discussing their affairs while Judy listened with interest as real as it was wistful. Mr. and Mrs. Larner did not speak again, except to say good-bye to Judy, until we separated in the lobby outside. It was then that Mrs. Larner invited us all to come to see them, and added irrelevantly in a peculiar tone,

"You Catholics *have* something."

The minister looked a trifle embarrassed and we felt the same way, so we quickly made our exits and left them.

For a while after that we three young mothers and Mrs. Larner banded together to keep Judy from being very much alone and to help her in every little way we could. We saw her spirit in pain many times, but it never broke. I knew that Judy regarded her grief as part of her "particular cross" and that

she embraced it bravely because of the faith that was hers.

One of the girls asked Mrs. Larner if she still heard Judy sing as she went about her work.

"More than ever," she said.

"She would!" I exclaimed, remembering how she'd told us about singing louder so she wouldn't feel her burnt finger!

After a few months she was back in her old routines and even in choir work again. She occasionally sang the *Offertory* at Mass and there was a greater volume and sweetness in her voice than there had ever been before.

"IT IS AS if she really sings to heaven," Claire said.

As time went on we other three women got to know and to love Mrs. Larner almost as much as Judy did. She joined our Thursday morning "marketing-party" and sometimes she'd come along with Judy to our Tuesday foursome and sew and "mind the babies" while we played our cards. She was one of those perpetually young old ladies who wore her years gallantly and easily. They had merely mellowed and sweetened her and instead of them being a barrier, as they sometimes are between the young and the old, they made her more lovable to us. When topics concerning our parish church or our religion came up, we discussed them as easily and frankly as if she had been one of us. Occasionally she asked questions. Once when one of us referred to having just finished the "Nine Fridays," she wanted to know the precise meaning of that devotion. Ruth was the theologian of our group, having been the best student in her school days, but I think we all added a small bit of eloquence to her explanation as our devotion to the Sacred Heart was pretty much the "backbone," spiritually speaking, of our religious practice. The nuns



who had trained us were of an Order especially dedicated to the Heart of Jesus. The devotion seemed to interest and appeal to Mrs. Larner and she grasped its full significance at once.

"From such a devotion," she said, "would flow real human charity, too. It would make us love our neighbor because of the image of God that lies within him."

"Yes," said Ruth, "it would mean brotherly love based on the love of God. It would mean no more war or greed or dishonesty. In the final analysis of course, it would mean no more sin. Man loving the Sacred Heart would respect the image of Christ in his own heart and in the heart of his fellow-men."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Larner. Then she added loyally, "Of course, we all preach charity in our churches. It's the basis of Christian life, but I don't think I have ever heard it so beautifully expressed and glorified as you Catholics have done in your devotion to the Sacred Heart."

"Would you like one of our badges?" said Judy naively.

"**B**ADGES?" said Mrs. Larner, but without even waiting for an answer, "yes, I'd love one."

So, believe it or not, we pinned a Sacred Heart badge on the minister's wife! We never noticed it again, but I firmly believe she wore it faithfully thereafter.

Not so very long afterwards a pale-faced Judy appeared late and decidedly distraught at the market one Thursday.

"I was up all night helping Mrs. Larner!" she stated. "The old fellow has pneumonia. The doctor says it's hopeless but Mrs. Larner won't believe that he is going to die. She says they have lived together for forty years and that God is not going to take him away and leave her alone in the world."

"It's terribly sad," said our practi-

cal Claire, "but she mustn't be childish in her grief. Even people who love and live together for forty years can't expect to die the very same minute."

"Claire!" Ruth exclaimed.

"Well, it's true. I know how devoted they are and she has no one else in the world, but after all, he's an old, old man. She's got to be reconciled."

"**P**RAY FOR HER," said Judy hurriedly. "I have to rush back. I'll let you all know what happens."

It did happen that night. Judy called us and said that the minister died peacefully and beautifully with his favorite psalm, "The Lord is My Shepherd," almost on his lips. But she said that Mrs. Larner was irreconcilable.

The four of us went together the next day to pay our respects to Judy's departed neighbor. He was lying in state in his own church and, although none of us had realized it, he must have been well-known and certainly highly revered in his own ecclesiastic and Masonic circles. I guess there was something just a little incongruous about us four Catholic girls walking up the aisle of that Protestant church and kneeling by the side of the old preacher's casket, making our Sign of the Cross and saying our Catholic prayers for his soul! There are some who might think we showed poor taste "haunting our Catholicity" in such surroundings, but we did not mean it that way. It was just instinctive for us to kneel and say our prayers for him as we would for one of our own faith. We hoped afterwards that we did not offend any of the various "Masonic guards" that were placed around the bier, for there were lots of them in their full regalia, the kind that wear plumes and swords and the kind that wear little white aprons! They eyed us curiously as we knelt there praying, and crying a little, and they probably

wondered who we were and where we came from. But Mrs. Larner, a broken, grief-stricken old woman in deep black, left the mourner's bench and came toward us. She kissed each of us and said,

"Thank you, my dears! It was beautiful to see you kneeling there."

That still isn't quite all of the story, of course, for after the confusion of the funeral was over we got together one afternoon to call on our old friend.

"I'm glad to see you. I want you girls to help me," she greeted us.

"**H**ELP YOU? Why, of course we will, Mrs. Larner!" I spoke for all.

"I want to come into your church," she said simply and directly. I guessed we all looked a little dumbfounded as none of us said a word.

"You see," she went on, "my own religion has been tested now and it has failed me. It did not fail *him* and I have known others who did not find it wanting, but it is not enough for me. I saw Judy find the strength and courage that I am seeking now and do not find. I've been with you all a great deal. I have seen that your faith is something vital and real, something that gets into your very hearts and souls and gives you peace and understanding, even in sorrow and pain. Whatever it is you find in your faith is what I want to find in my own and can't. I want something that will help me face the loneliness and fill the emptiness of my last years. I can't go on as I am but . . . but you Catholics *have* something. I want it!"

We remembered that day when we had all called on Judy after little Tony had died and how even then her neighbor had begun to glimpse the light when she made that same remark.

"You Catholics *have* something."

We lost no time in taking her "under our wings" and introducing her to the

kind priest who used to come to our school to lecture on philosophy. He immediately shared our enthusiasm over Mrs. Larner's conversion and took her for instructions, which did not, by the way, take long because she had the will to believe and the heart to love. She moved to the East afterwards, where she had some distant relatives; but until her own death a year ago, we always heard from her on Christmas, on Easter, and on the anniversary of her First Holy Communion. We insisted upon calling her "Judy's Convert"; but Judy said that was absurd, that we all had a share in it and that none of us should feel important about it anyway, as the Sacred Heart merely used us.

What has become of our old foursome now? Well, Ruth and I still live here, although Ruth has a huge family and they have moved out far, almost in the country, and we can't get together as often as we'd like. Claire and her husband have gone to California; she writes that they love it out there and she wishes we had had some of their beautiful markets to shop in back in our market-basket days!

**A**S FOR JUDY she is in Paris where Tom Keene is in some sort of diplomatic service and where she studies "voice" and is really making something of her gift of song. I wish you could see the beautiful blue dress she sent my little Frances for Christmas this year! Frances is fourteen now, the "superlative age," so of course, she says the dress is "simply devastating." She thinks Aunt Judy is the "most adorable godmother in the world" to send her a lovely dress from Paris every Christmas. She wonders why it is always blue. I shall tell her some of these days and I shall also tell her why the card inside is invariably dated "December 12," which was little Tony's birthday!

(The End.)



## The Palma Cathedral

By Louise Moulton

THE *Seo*, to use the Spanish word, at Palma de Mallorca, easily ranks among the great cathedrals of the world. It was my good fortune to make a leisurely acquaintance with it the year preceding the civil strife which has for so long interfered with travel for pleasure and culture throughout the whole of Spain. I had heard much in its praise as first seen from the sea. Accordingly I was out early on the deck of the white ship in which I had crossed by night from Barcelona. At my side a young Spanish woman was pointing out the great hotels of which I had seen pictures in the folders. Then came Belver Castle crowning a hill richly cloaked in pine-trees. But it was the Cathedral that was announced with the greatest pride, and viewed by me with the greatest eagerness. Yet, in that shivery, silvery dawn, it gave me no welcome. How cold it seemed, how reticent, how aloof! Low, grey, it rose out of the cliff at the top of the masts of ships grouped in the harbor—something of oriental inscrutability in its aspect. I was prepared to find vestiges of eastern influence in these Balearic Islands, ancient stepping-stones between Africa and Europe, well worn by Phoenician and Arab.

While I was thinking of this through the dimness of the dawn, emerged the bright smile of the friend who had come to meet me. Suddenly I remembered that hers, too, was an oriental face, for she was a native of Cairo. Through her, perhaps, I should learn to appreciate the value of these islands as connecting links between the East and the West.

After a breakfast of hot milk, coffee and *enseimadas* (a snail-shaped roll browned in olive-oil and powdered with sugar, a speciality of Mallorca), we

went to Cas Catalla to walk beside the sea. Now the island welcomed me. How sweet it smelled! The fragrance was reassuring, not quite familiar, and yet it made me feel at home. The source of the aroma was growing all around us, along the paths, in the crevices of the rocks: wild rosemary, wild lavender, tufts of sweet alyssum, rock-roses, and pine-trees all in yellow, powdery bloom. The asphodels were not yet in blossom; but we saw their stiff, lance-like foliage, and not many days later their grayish-mauve flowers would make their contribution to the general incense.

As we turned to walk back along the curve of the bay, we faced the Cathedral. It dominated quietly, seeming a natural part now of the rocky island—as natural as the trees themselves. The masts of the ships grouped in the harbor underneath appeared to exist for the express purpose of leading the eye into the parallel lines of its buttresses; and without it the background of the blue mountains encrusted with patterns of snow would have made an incomplete picture. It rose with easy authority out of the city of biscuit-colored and pastel-tinted houses and walls, claiming by simple right of position and mass the homage of all the spires of Palma.

IT WAS some time before I came to love the Cathedral. I remember that while walking with my friend one day on her spacious terrace, from which we had an open view of the bay and town, I remarked, "It is wonderful, but I seem to miss something of aspiration. It does not make my thoughts take wing, like Chartres, for example."

However, little by little, it does make its revelations. As I gazed day after day at its lateral southern aspect, while it seemed itself to gaze with far-seeing eye across the sea, I found myself real-

izing something of the quality of the conflict out of which it had emerged—the clash between Moor and Spaniard, Moslem and Christian. The graceful door, called the *Mirador*, in the middle of that southern façade, is supposed to take the very position of the *Mihrab* of the Mohammedan mosque, where the faithful were wont to bend towards Mecca. It seems natural then to liken it to a spiritual eye gazing with oriental concentration, perpetuating some remembrance of the people who worshipped here in the days before the eventful year 1229, when Jaime I, successful in his Crusade, came back to fulfil his vow to replace the mosque with a temple to the Blessed Virgin.

THAT SIDE that faces the sea, with its monotony of perpendicular lines, broken only by the lovely *Mirador*, gives an impression of uniformity and suggests an organism of slow growth. While its plan can be attributed to no one architect, yet throughout its growing period of seven hundred years, it never deviated in essentials from type. It is a great example of Catalan Gothic, though the Cathedral at Gerona, which I have not seen, is considered more outstanding. The multiplication of vertical lines produced by the smaller buttresses on both sides of the windows of the chapels built in between the great buttresses creates an impression so compact and methodical that it is almost mathematical. And that which is mathematical may lead on to music. In time I grew to think of these parallel lines as the strings of a musical instrument upon which the light plays with exhaustless variety—an unending repertoire.

Almost imperceptibly this sturdy though delicate edifice became our absorbing interest. We would leave anything else, forget everything else to go out on the terrace and watch. I used

to try to record in my diary various effects of light and shade, storm and sunshine; and the scene would change faster than I could write. I think we both found it most impressive at that time in the afternoon when the sun's rays struck directly in between the buttresses, driving out the shadows and filling the great caverns. We were always wanting to compare it with some flower. But what flower? One evening, walking back from the end of the pier, when there was much movement in the sky and sea, and I saw it all diffused in the soft tints of sunset, something in its sturdy vitality and the delicacy of its upspringing parallel lines made me think suddenly of the hyacinth with its closely packed ranks of bloom rising straight out of the ground and terminating without spray or tendril.

A favorite approach to the *Seo* is by the Alhambra stairway, mounting from the Rambla, with its double rows of plane-trees, to the wide terrace, across which the Almudaina Palace faces the great west portal of the Cathedral. I liked to mount slowly in order to take in step by step the perfect adjustment of the stairway to the cliff-side up which it climbs.

HAVING CROSSED the terrace, one stands with one's back to the palace to study the west façade—the most recent part of the Cathedral, late Renaissance in style being a restoration by the architect, Bautista Peyronnet, of the façade destroyed by an earthquake in 1851. It is grand and impressive of its sort. But when one enters the Cathedral one realizes that the architect was more concerned with producing a fine exterior effect than with conforming to the reality of the existing edifice. He placed the towers where they cut off the light from two beautiful rose-windows—a serious defect. Though this



work is extraneous to the true fabric of the Cathedral, still one stops to study and admire the sculptural details of the deep recession of the arch. There on the left-hand side, statues of Saint Peter and Saint Paul face statues of Mallorca's own saints, the Blessed Ramon Lull and Santa Catalina Thomas. The father of Ramon Lull was among those who fought with Jaime I in his conquest of the Saracens in 1229. Ramon, born a few years later, came in time to consecrate himself to the spiritual conquest of the Mohammedans by their conversion to Christianity.

**THE GREAT DOOR** being thrown open on special occasions, the usual entrance—and exit too—is by the north door called l'Almoína, or Alms Door, beside the noble square tower, which was finished in 1327, less than a century after the great work was begun. Beside the door sits a cripple, who opens for one with a smile, hoping for a copper.

My most frequent approach was not by the Alhambra stairway, which I have described, but by a long flight of broad steps, interrupted by a tiny terraced garden, going up from the promenade by the sea. This leads to the south terrace facing the Mirador, which has such a natural grace that it reminded me of the unfurling of a frond of fern. It is a perfect church door, for so authentic are its lines and the relationship of its dimensions that it strengthens one's confidence in Reality and so prepares the mind for worship. Both this door and the Almoína belong to the latter part of the fourteenth century, when the architect, Pedro Morey, was in charge of the work.

Some days went by before I entered the Cathedral. My first visit was a brief one—just a general impression of its stillness and vastness. The dimness did not impress me then, or ever, as gloom.

Here and there it is pierced by diagonal shafts of light coming through the rose-windows that are filled with comparatively recent stained glass of brilliant primary colors typically Spanish. Fourteen massive octagonal columns support the lofty vaulting. They are thirty metres, or one hundred feet high, and the vaulting of the central nave rises to almost one hundred and fifty feet. The total length of the Cathedral is more than four hundred and nine feet; and the total width is fifty-five metres, or almost one hundred and ninety feet. There are few cathedrals in all Christendom so lofty or so wide. And the handling of the space is so masterful that it made me think of the way in which the ancient Chinese artists dealt with space in their paintings, leading the mind on and on beyond space into the infinite. It is not for sumptuous details and rich ornaments that one visits the Cathedral again and again, but just for the sense of peace in its mellow vastness and of right proportion in its spaciousness.

**THE FIRST TIME** I went to High Mass there was the second Sunday in Lent. It was not yet ten o'clock when I entered by the Almoína. Groups of people kneeling here and there before the side chapels, where Masses were being said, emphasized the effect of spaciousness; and rays of the sun coming through the stained glass and making intermittent spots of color on the pavement contributed to the same end. Moving in the direction of the choir, I found that the benches in perhaps half the nave were already filled. I started to take a place on the left, but noticing that there were only men on that side, I turned to the right among the sombre ranks of dark shining heads draped in mantillas or covered with the shadowy hoods of nuns. An Office began in the almost hidden Chapel Royal, the most ancient part of

the Cathedral, where Masses have been said for more than seven hundred years. The congregation sat very still, their lips moving silently in the familiar responses. At half-past ten the acolytes lighted the candles on the high altar. The choir-stalls filled rapidly with their appointed occupants in splendid and varied vestments. The Cathedral was now full of people. Suddenly the Mirador opened letting in a flood of light through which the Bishop and accompanying clergy entered, resplendent in a momentary path of brilliance. In their wake came worshippers carrying in their own folding stools. The aisles and the numerous side-chapels were now full, and people were standing against the great octagonal columns and massed on the steps of the Almoina. A multitude of voices chanted the *Kyrie Eleison*. The sermon was long and of that impassioned style of oratory typical from earliest times of Spanish utterance.

**H**OLY WEEK was of course a great time at the Cathedral. Beggars at the door must have reaped an abundant harvest. In the numerous small streets that enmesh this vicinity, one meets the great signoras and the great signorinas coming from the palaces into whose courtyards one has glimpses, showing graceful stairways, always a central well, sometimes statuary and other adornments. The great signors, too, are often to be seen during Holy Week, attending the Offices in groups, and wearing the long black robes of the lay-order to which they belong.

Approached from the rear one sees the Cathedral through a maze of flying buttresses. Coming from this direction and turning to the right of the apse, one may wander into a neglected cloister, Baroque in style, small but well proportioned, framed in round arches supported by columns. I wondered at

the indifference shown in the care and upkeep of this charming spot. Surely the clergy would still find it a quiet place in which to walk and meditate, or at least visitors would. I somehow feel that the world has need of all its cloisters. Centuries ago there was another one on the other side, between the Mirador and the Bishop's palace.

**I**T WAS NEAR the end of my sojourn that I went to see the treasures. We were taken into the Sanctuary and the Royal Chapel beyond and the Trinity Chapel beyond and above that, at the base of which is the Bishop's throne, erected in 1364. There we saw the beautiful statue of the Virgin by Camprodon, and in two small side chapels the tombs of Jaime II and Jaime III. We were shown many rare and beautiful things — embroidered vestments, monstrances, chalices, reliquaries of different sorts; but I was most of all impressed by a diptych said to have belonged to Jaime I of Aragon. Each half is made up of twenty-four tiny squares framed in silver set with semiprecious stones and containing relics of various saints wrapped in bits of faded silk of different colors. Perhaps it belonged to the Conquistador; perhaps it did not. Anyway it appealed to me as quaint, a bit pathetic, and something that had possessed great personal value for someone long ago.

If in a chilly February dawn the Cathedral held out no welcome to me, when I took my departure in the direction of Marseilles on a sunny May morning, the path of our ship, focusing directly on the steps of the Mirador as long as the eye could follow it, seemed an invitation to return as soon as possible. The assurance from those in high authority, now at the end of 1938, that the Cathedral has suffered no injury is good news, and gives me to hope that sometime I may see it again.



# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

An aviator is considered to be an *ace* when he has shot down five enemy planes.



The following states have fewer Representatives than Senators: Arizona, Delaware, Nevada, New Mexico, Vermont and Wyoming.



In the United States there are approximately 120,000 licensed pharmacists, 54,000 drugstores, and 71 registered colleges of pharmacy.



The American Meteorological Society has announced a weather instrument so delicate that it can measure the temperature of drops of water a mile above the earth.



Although pepper is the largest selling spice in the world, practically all of it is bought and sold in a little four-square which constitutes the New York Pepper Exchange.



The average age of criminals of the United States is twenty-three years. The largest age-group in our prisons hovers around nineteen. The next largest around eighteen.



Once while visiting the refineries of the Standard Oil Company, John Rockefeller stopped to examine an intricate machine soldering tops on oil cans. He found that thirty-nine drops were being used for each can when only thirty-

eight were necessary. The saving of that one drop on each can eventually netted the Standard Oil Company about fifty thousand dollars a year.



George Brent owns many expensive cameras and Fred MacMurray goes in for speedboats; but both refuse to buy new safety razor blades, usually sending blades away to be sharpened.



Nearly two thousand tons of confetti were thrown at Corrigan in New York upon his arrival from Europe in comparison with 1900 tons which were thrown at Lindbergh after his historic trip.



When railroading was in its infancy, station agents were not informed as to just when trains would pull into a station. Their usual method of finding out was to climb a tower and spot approaching trains with a telescope.



The United States, with 3,150,000 miles of highways and byways, boasts the greatest network of roads in the world. In spite of that fact, more than sixty per cent, or 1,950,000 miles of this imposing total, are unimproved roads.



On the walls of the castle in Warsaw, which a short time ago housed the President of Poland, there used to be a painting of a Polish knight on a horse with shoes made of gold. Many believe it was through that picture that "luck" began to be associated with horseshoes.



Morgan Blake of the *Atlanta Journal* tells of an Englishman rather skeptically asking a guide if it was true that Washington threw a dollar across the Potomac. The guide replied it wasn't a dollar at all but a sovereign; and he didn't throw it across the Potomac, but the Atlantic.

## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**Sanctity in America**, by the Most Rev. Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, Archbishop of Laodicea in Phrygia, Apostolic Delegate to the United States. St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. \$1.

The learned and pious delegate of the Holy Father to the United States has given us, in seventeen chapters with an introduction and seventeen illustrations, a collection of concise accounts of twenty-four American servants of God. Of these heroes and heroines of holiness: nine are martyrs (eight Jesuits and one Franciscan); the others include four Bishops (one of them a Vincentian, another a Redemptorist), five religious men, five religious women—all foundresses of institutes, and the Indian maiden Catherine Tekakwitha.

The purpose of the author, says His Excellency in an admirable introduction which alone would more than justify the publication of this book, is to show that in the United States "neither roses nor lilies are wanting among its flowers." The Apostolic Delegate has done much more than that; he has thrown down a definite challenge to the Catholics of this country, particularly perhaps to its Bishops, priests and religious, not only that these American causes, in which Pope Pius XII now gloriously reigning has shown paternal and heartfelt interest, may be completed in Rome, but also that American Catholics may be renewed in the spirit of their mind and put on the new man who according to God is created in justice and holiness of truth. For "sanctity is one of the characteristic marks of the Church," observes His Excellency, "nor can it be otherwise in the United States of America."

In another connection Our Holy

Father himself has challenged the efforts of the citizens of the United States: "What a proud vaunt it will be for the American people, by nature inclined to grandiose undertakings and to liberality, if they untie the knotty and difficult social question by following the sure paths illuminated by the light of the Gospel and thus lay the basis of a happier age!" (*Sertum Laetitiae*).

In somewhat the same spirit Archbishop Cicognani would seem to give us this welcome book. Nor is the matter of personal holiness unrelated to that of social justice and many another problem of social morality. For in many things we do not achieve sanity until we approach sanctity.

Thomas J. Tobin.

**The Seven Last Words**, by T. Gavin Duffy. The City House Alumnae, Convent of the Sacred Heart, 334 N. Taylor Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$1.

*The Seven Last Words* titles a book that presents a challenge to every Christian and above all to every Catholic. Life has so many demands; self is so much with one, that "the comfortable Catholic runs away from the whole mission idea, because it means charity and sacrifice; and he is a taker and not a giver."

The purpose of T. Gavin Duffy of Ireland, France, and for over twenty-five years now of India, is to help those preaching the mission cause, and to supply a few thoughts for all persons on how to spread Christ's kingdom. To that end he presents: *The Mission Message in the Sunday Gospels*—forceful, concise thoughts for the fifty-two Sundays of the year, thoughts that will stimulate mission zeal and enthusiasm; *Stop, Look, Listen*—a logical résumé of the Catholic Faith, simply but fully



told; and the title section, *The Seven Last Words*, appealing to every Catholic to build upon a foundation that Christ emptied Himself to lay.

All priests, particularly pastors, should read this book. Never before have I felt so sincere in saying to all—cleric and lay—become a stronger and more sincere Catholic. How? Read this handy volume—in size and format—*The Seven Last Words*.

Thomas Fitzpatrick.

**Along a Little Way**, by Frances Parkinson Keyes. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price, \$1.25.

Frances Parkinson Keyes, whose recent novel *The Great Tradition* evoked such favorable comment, has given us an intimate glimpse of herself in *Along a Little Way*. It is the story of her great adventure which was crowned in August, 1939, at Lisieux, when she was received into the Catholic Church.

Catholicism to Mrs. Keyes is as simple and as indispensable as air, and quite as joyous as sunshine. And this slim volume is intended to answer the attitude of the interested thousands, "So Frances Parkinson Keyes has become a Catholic! But why?"

Her conversion at the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré is singularly devoid of the dramatic. "It was not a time of pilgrimage. There was not a soul in the church besides the friend who was with me, and myself. . . . I raised my eyes to the lighted altar, and in one blinding flash, my whole life was transformed."

Those who had the pleasure of reading her article on the Little Flower in the *Good Housekeeping* two years ago will feel that they already know Mrs. Keyes. *Along a Little Way* is written with the same sureness of technique and in the same distinctive style that has won for her the acclaim of literary critics both here and abroad.

It proves, too, that Frances Parkinson Keyes is just as successful working with cameos as she is working on a broader canvas.

Sister M. Philip, C. S. C.

**The Little Virtues**, by David P. McAstocker, S. J. The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. Price, \$1.75.

The awareness of the circumstances of daily life; the ability to take example from the common things to illustrate the uncommon; the cheerfulness and willingness to appeal to a man's better nature—these are some of the qualities which readers have enjoyed in Father McAstocker's previous works, and which are richly evidenced in his latest book. Herein, he treats of ten little virtues: courtesy, cheerfulness, loyalty, order, right use of time, punctuality, tact, sincerity, caution in speech, and unbiased judgments. Father McAstocker has the gift of presenting familiar truths with a refreshing simplicity that enables them to take on new meaning and importance. There is nothing abstruse in his presentation; rather, his treatment is simple and clear, so much so that it becomes an easy "chat" of a type that is all too rare in our era when sophistication, the sputtering of bizarre expressions, and the striking of a pose are considered necessary to catch the reader's fancy. This may be true of the fluttery, shallow mind, bent on being diverted rather than informed. Father McAstocker's treatment is solid and straightforward, but very pleasant. And you will like it.

Charles M. Carey.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

*The Liturgical Year*, by the Rev. P. Henry, S. M.; *Theresa Neumann of Konnersreuth*, by Charles E. Roy and William A. Joyce; *History of the Popes* (volumes XXX, XXXI, XXXII), by Dr. L. Von Pastor, translated by Dom Ernest Graf, O. S. B.

## YOUNGER READERS

### Courage

By Lalia Mitchell Thornton

*I opened the gate, I crossed the road,  
I crept through the pasture bars,  
I am almost eight, I am not afraid  
And I watched both ways for cars.  
I wanted to find a bluebell there,  
I shooed a gander aside,  
And I did not mind the guinea fowls  
However loudly they cried.*

*I came to a stick so like a snake  
I thought I could see it crawl,  
But I passed it quick, and told myself:  
You're a brave girl after all.  
But there was a tree, and in its boughs  
A nest like a honeycomb;  
And as soon as a bee came chasing me,  
I turned and I ran straight home.*

### Grace's Birthday Gifts

By Harriette Wilburr

GRACE ROCKWOOD walked home from the streetcar her mind delightfully occupied.

"Payday tomorrow! Another week and I'll have money enough for my new spring coat! In time for my birthday!"

She found her mother basting a cushion into its freshly laundered jacket. The new curtains that Grace had bought for the final finish to the spring house-cleaning gave the neat cosy sitting room a special charm.

"Mother, how spick-span everything is!" Grace caught her little mother in her arms and kissed her joyously.

"Thanks, dear," the mother smiled as she fluffed the cushion to put it in a chair. "I'll have hot water for you in no time."

"Bless you, Mother, I need it after a

day at the hardware counter. Even new hardware is smudging."

Mrs. Rockwood darted away to begin working on the kitchen fire. Grace hung her coat and hat in the closet, then sniffed as she turned around.

"Stove smoking again," she thought and sighed. "If only Mother need not use that old stove another day! Firepot burned out and bolstered up with bricks! Oven cracked! Top warped! Lids cracked! Draft balking whenever the wind is in the north! And smoking if the wind is in the east!"

Then a thought struck her with a blow. Her coat money! It would help buy a new stove!

Her heart went numb! "No, no, I could not wear my old coat another spring!"

For relief she pictured herself in a new coat. And to make the new coat seem more certain, she called to her mother, "Every girl in the five-and-ten has a new coat and hat."

"And you will have yours next week!" Her mother's voice sounded far happier than it did whenever new things were being planned for herself. "You deserve it, dear. You're such a help and comfort to me."

"I WANT to be, Mother." Grace glanced toward the closet where her old spring coat hung. "Oh, Clarice Fenton's mother got off the streetcar as I got on. She looked so tired, and shabby! And forlorn! She shouldn't scrub office buildings all night."

Her mother stopped working over the stove. "She makes me feel that I should do something to earn money, instead of staying home all the time and—"

"Mother, don't!" Grace whirled about



and shook a chiding finger at her mother beyond the doorway. "The family needs you right here. It wouldn't be home for us without you here keeping everything cosy and neat and cheery. Mrs. Fenton spends nothing, while Clarice spends all she earns on herself," she added, a bit contemptuously.

"But you shall have your new coat, Grace, for your birthday. That I am determined."

MRS. ROCKWOOD came in smiling, but wiping her eyes on her apron.

Grace sighed. "That old stove! You need a new stove far more than I need a new coat!"

"No, I don't." Mrs. Rockwood shook her head and set her lips firmly. "In the fall, perhaps, if things go well and your father gets plenty of painting."

"But that is so long to wait." Resolutely Grace took her old spring coat from its hanger.

"The stove is worse than usual today," her mother quickly explained. "I want the oven for hot biscuits."

"Hot biscuits! And honey?"

Her mother laughed. "Yes, honey, Honey. Do things really look nice?"

"Very, Mother." But Grace's praises seemed like sounding brass and tinkling cymbals in her own ears, with images of the new coat and the old stove clashing in her mind.

"You are so appreciative. And that's a wonderful help."

Mrs. Rockwood returned to poke at the fire. Grace smiled fondly.

"Mother never thinks of herself." Then she sighed, self-pityingly. "No, no, I couldn't wear this old coat all spring, when the other girls have new—"

She stopped to sniff again. The odor of wood smoke was growing stronger. The wind was certainly in the east.

Grace began examining the old coat. If the cuffs were changed, and the pockets and the lining were patched,

and the buttonholes worked over, and it was dry-cleaned—

"Many people look shabby nowadays," she told herself, and recalled Mrs. Fenton, so shabby and forlorn, and Clarice Fenton always in something new.

Through the doorway she saw her mother carefully regulating drafts. The damper must be kept so until the stove was drawing well, then closed for a moment to keep the blaze from whirling up the chimney; then when the stove began to belch smoke the draft must be opened again. And so on until the coals were glowing and the oven hot.

"She shall have a new stove!" Grace turned her attention to the old blue coat in her hands.

"The water will soon be hot enough for you, daughter," said Mrs. Rockwood cheerily, and Grace caught her stealthily wiping her eyes of smoke-tears before coming through the doorway.

Grace held up the coat by the shoulders. "Mother, can't we refurbish this coat, so I won't need to spend my money for a new one?"

**B**UT YOU WANT a new one. And I want you to have it." Mrs. Rockwood's loving smile only increased Grace's determination.

"I want other things still more, Mother. I don't want to be a five-and-ten clerk all my life. And I just won't be another Clarice Fenton."

"You will never be that!" exclaimed Mrs. Rockwood. And then she added gently, "I fear you go to the other extreme, and are too unselfish for your own good—and ours."

"No," Grace replied thoughtfully, "I am not unselfish. It is often a fight to keep from being another Clarice Fenton. So," Grace hesitated and then confessed, as much to herself as to her mother, "so I stand off and criticize

and snub her,—make myself dislike her, so I won't be like her."

"I understand, dear," said her mother gently. "So I think you need the new coat to keep from being—snobbishly unselfish."

WHEN GRACE understood her mother's meaning, she nodded and laughed lightly. "The correct word, at the correct time, Mother. I must guard against feeling smug over any little self-denial I may practise. Thank you, Mother, for the warning."

Grace put her arms about her mother, coat and all, and smiled at her understandingly.

"I want you to remain a sweet, unembittered girl, dear, one who makes and keeps friends,—girl friends. And too much self-denial may tend to make you—"

When her mother faltered, Grace supplied the word. "Priggish, hypercritical of others, decry those who are not as I am. But I won't need the new coat to keep me from becoming smug, Mother. . . . Besides, I want to save money to go to business school. I don't want to be just a five-and-ten clerk all my life."

Her mother patted Grace's cheeks and kissed her fondly. "A splendid idea, dear. Let me see the old coat. Perhaps it can be turned—and remodeled."

The next day, at her lunch-hour, Grace started for a hardware store. Clarice Fenton, in an up-to-the-minute spring suit and hat, was also leaving The Racket Store at the same time.

Grace had made a point of avoiding Clarice for reasons she had not admitted to herself until she had practically confessed them to her mother,—envy, a smug "holier than thou" self-laudation, a shrinking from sartorial comparisons, even a fear of being influenced by Clarice's spendthrift selfishness.

But, thanks to her mother's wise

warning, Grace now saw these things in their true light. She smiled at Clarice and fell into step with her.

What matter if Clarice's new spring finery did make her own old winter coat look shabbier? Clothes should not affect one's outlook on life.

"I'm going to buy myself a birthday gift," she said blithely. "Will you come with me?"

"A birthday gift!" Clarice's great eyes shone, and Grace smiled to herself over the visions that the other must be indulging,—gloves, neckwear, purses, blouses, everything dear to the feminine heart and, in Clarice's eyes, necessary to the feminine happiness.

How astounded Clarice looked when Grace said, "We'll go in here," and entered a hardware store! And how she watched and listened while Grace explained her plan to the proprietor.

"MY BIRTHDAY comes next week, and I want to start buying my gift—a nice kitchen range."

Clarice stood by while Grace inspected Mr. Holloway's stock, and finally made her selection.

"May I pay this fifteen dollars down, and the remainder at two dollars a week?" Grace asked him. And so the bargain was made.

Clarice had remained silent throughout the transaction. But after the girls left the store, she suddenly asked, "Is this the reason you don't have a new coat, like the rest of the girls?"

"Mother needs a new stove much more than I need a new coat. Anyway, I shall have a new coat when Mother is through remodeling my old one." Grace said it simply and honestly, without any suggestion in voice or manner that other girls should do likewise.

Clarice said nothing; and when Grace glanced at her she understood, for tears filmed Clarice's eyes.

"My mother needs so many things.



Hereafter I shall think of her needs more and of my own whims less."

"You'll find that it makes you very happy," said Grace softly.

"I've no money now, but I shall save, and—you'll see."

**F**OR A WEEK Grace thought constantly of the new range, visioned her mother's face when the gift arrived. What a long time to wait!

One evening during that week, when the remodeled coat was finished and Grace was rejoicing over her "lovely new spring coat," Mrs. Rockwood said, "Mrs. Fenton came in today, overrunning with wonder and happiness. Clarice brought home material for new sitting-room curtains last evening."

Grace laughed in sheer delight. But all she said was, "Clarice must have so many things to wear out, and to make over. And she would look lovely in anything, even her last year's clothes."

Thoughts of the new stove laughed all about her heart, and clamored to be told. Yet Grace kept silent, by sheer force of will. As she was making a payment on the stove she told Mr. Holloway, "I'll be so glad when Mother gets this stove. The old one is so annoying, with the prevailing wind in the east."

"Then we'll make another arrangement," said Mr. Holloway. "I need an extra salesgirl in my utensils department. If you can start Monday, I'll pay you two dollars more a week than you are getting now."

Grace was still absorbing this good fortune when Mr. Holloway added, "Suppose I deliver the stove this afternoon?"

"Yes, yes, if you'll trust me—" Tears of delight choked her. "Tomorrow's my birthday, but the stove is Mother's."

"Such a good daughter will be a good salesgirl, I'm certain. You'll also have your heart in your work."

Clarice boarded the streetcar with

Grace that evening. Soon she shyly drew a bankbook from her purse, and pointed to the first and only deposit recorded therein—\$5.

"No spending for fripperies any more. I'm saving to get a new bed and mattress for Mother's room, and—oh, lots of other things!" She turned shining eyes to Grace. "Isn't it glorious—fun—to surprise them!"

Grace nodded. "There's no other pleasure like it." And silently she added, "What a splendid birthday gift for me, to have Clarice this way, and to like her as a friend!"

She fairly ran from the streetcar line. Was the range already delivered? How would Mother look? What would she say?

Rounding the last street corner, Grace saw the truck in front of her home. The new range in it gleamed like a diamond in her sight. Her mother stood in the doorway, insisting that the driver had made a mistake.

**I**T'S ALL RIGHT, Mother! I'll sign for it!" Grace called exultantly. "Happy birthday!"

Mrs. Rockwood gasped, but waited until the driver pocketed his book and started toward the truck.

"You should not have—"

"Wait until I tell you everything, Mother!" Grace drew her mother inside, then caught her about the waist and jogged her up and down ecstatically. "Happy birthday, Mother! Bake my birthday cake with the stove tomorrow. It's my gift to you, with my thanks for being born."

Tears filled Mrs. Rockwood's eyes. Tears not caused by that smoking old stove, thought Grace, with an added, "Thank goodness!"

"My dear, dear child! Many, many thanks. Not only for the range, but for your beautiful thought,—a gift to me on your birthday because I am your mother."

## ✿ The Weekly Postscript ✿

By M. M. Wirries

**IT IS JUNE**—June, the month of the Sacred Heart. You gather your roses before the sun burns them, remembering the Sacred Heart altar in the old convent chapel—dear chapel of your girlhood. Roses were there, too, hundreds of them, filling the chapel with heavenly sweetness. You wish that yours might be there now, whispering petitions for you.

June again. School is out for Twelve, and she is an eighth grader. "Just think! Next year I'll be in the highest class in school." Another step up the ladder of painless education. These are such happy days for her. She keeps thinking of things she wants—a horse, a camera, a trip, a new dress; in short, the world with a fence around it. Sometimes you mourn a little because you can't give it to her. But mostly she wants to be grown up. It seems that one must be forty before she knows how lovely it is to be twelve. Fifteen is a step farther too. Her school will be out this week, and she hopes to be a Senior. Three months of school, missed because of eye trouble, must be made up this summer. Not much fun, with the thermometer climbing, as it does climb here on the desert. But she can't bear to let her class go on without her. "I've worked so long to be a Senior!" *So long!* Ah, Fifteen! A decade of years isn't long. 'Tis but a shadow passing. They are growing up, O Sacred Heart! Help them grow beautifully. Keep them as lovely as these roses!

"I think of you as a dear mother. There is no one else who cares." Souvenirs and memories. Life here eventually resolves itself into these two things.

June again. Midway of the year—and it isn't all sweetness. The weather is

getting too hot. You have twinges of arthritis, and days when your heart gives you pause. You worry over your children's health, grandmother's feebleness, and your lack of time for doing the thousand and one tasks that confront you. The bill collectors come in before the pay checks do. The weeds in your garden are six jumps ahead of you, the letters on your desk are at least fifty. The irrigation water comes in at the wrong time. Tug o' War tracks mud on your newly mopped floor. Trivialities, but they wear you out. You are about fagged with work and worry. But here, gathering roses, and talking with the Sacred Heart, you feel a sudden peace of spirit. It is always thus in June—and no great matter if it is. For nothing is a great matter when you talk it over with the Sacred Heart. Your child wants a new dress, but there are children who want bread and have it not. Here you have roses: over there they have bombs. You have worry, perhaps; you have known great and encompassing grief. But you do not know despair.

**SO—YOU WALK** over the weeds which have caused annoyance, no longer seeing them. You gather your roses. And you tell Him: "The white roses are sweet, aren't they, Lord? As pure and sweet as the little girl souls You gave me, and then plucked for Heaven. And the gold ones are beautiful, and the pink ones. But the red ones are the loveliest, because they are Your color—the color of strength, life, and love. A strong, vibrant, glowing color, as You are a strong, mighty, just and loving God. Would You mind, Lord, giving me some of the qualities of a red rose?"





# Most Noble Father

be Present Editors Employees Landskris  
removers and Subscribers of the Five  
Dana.. Dubbed at Notre Dame  
Indiana; with Ecclesiastical Approval.  
humbly prostrate at the feet of Yours  
Holiness, beg the Apostolic Blessing, on  
the occasion of the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the  
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Printed in the U.S.A.

Vol. 10, No. 1, 1902

200 1/2 1/2

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#### AMERICA AND THE PRESENT WAR

A resume of political and economic conditions that have led up to the present frightfulness in Europe.

By WILLIAM E. FARRELL

#### OUR CATHOLIC BOOK PROBLEM

Sheila Kaye-Smith says, "Catholics don't read"; Anne Habberley answered in *The Ave Maria*, "Catholics do read." Perhaps because Catholics do not "feel any *enthusiastic* necessity for reading Catholic books," the fault lies in the advertising.

By PAUL J. KILEY

#### AT A GIVEN SIGN

Short story for this week.

By AULEEN BORDEAUX EBERHARDT

# THE AVE MARIA

CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

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## NEXT WEEK

Motier Harris Fisher, Oberlin College, Oberlin, O., in *Over-protected Children* develops the thesis that the one-child family may easily be (figuratively, of course) killed by kindness.

The Rev. John S. Kennedy, Hartford, Conn., in his *Eulogy for Ellen* offers a characterization that should interest priests and priests' housekeepers.

The Rev. T. S. Brennan, Berkeley, offers the fourth of his Briefer Essays under the title *Disillusionment*.

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## OBITUARY

Rev. Father Bruno Suchsland, O. S. B.

Elizabeth Donovan, Mrs. Rosaria Capparelli, John J. Reilly, Frank Smith, Matthew Jones, Edward Doyle, Lena Reith, William Reith, Agnes Shaw, Herman Frerick, Mrs. Margaret Frerick, Bernard Horning, Mrs. Gertrude Plageman, Herman Plageman, Edward P. Cleary, Mrs. J. E. McNamara, Ed Shannon, Margaret Kelleher.

May they rest in peace!

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== THE AVE MARIA ==

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# THE AVE MARIA

CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

VOL. 51, (N. S.) NO. 25 [Copyright, 1940: The Ave Maria Press]

JUNE 22, 1940

## World News in Brief

### THE CHURCH

In Washington N C W C officials flayed the magazine *Life* for its recent article on Birth Control. . . . A list of sixty-two Catholic summer camps in fifteen states was issued by the NCWC department of education. . . . A Catholic public library was planned for the city. . . . ¶ Seventy-six thousand graduates set a new record for June graduates in American Catholic schools. . . . Seventeen thousand degrees were conferred by 187 Catholic colleges and universities. . . . ¶ In Fresno, the centenary of the California hierarchy was observed at Mission Carmel. . . . ¶ In Los Angeles, of the fifty-five religions in the county, the Catholic population numbered the largest (300,000). . . . ¶ In Chicago, Bishop Sheil pledged the support of his CYO to the Red Cross war relief campaign. . . . ¶ In Vatican City, it was announced that the Portuguese concordat had been ratified. . . . ¶ In Dublin, all Ireland participated in a Crusade of Prayer for Peace as outlined by Pope Pius XII.

### AT HOME

In Washington, Senator Vandenberg outlined his defense and anti-war programs. . . . The President was asked to oust un-Americans from federal jobs. . . . Senator La Follette prepared a war profit tax bill. . . . The President assailed Italy and promised material aid to the Allies. . . . Senator Barkley urged less talk and more speed on defense. . . . The House passed the billion-a-year tax for defense, as work was

started on twenty-two new warships. . . . ¶ In Indianapolis, the American Legion demanded an armed force adequate to defend the Western Hemisphere. . . . ¶ In New York, four labor racketeers were sent to prison. . . . ¶ In Detroit, the indicted sheriff was ousted by the governor. . . . ¶ In industry, sound finance was demanded for the defense program. . . . Henry Ford disclosed plans for a new airplane engine. . . . Stocks dropped to a two-year low as Italy joined the war, yet war developments spurred steel and other industrials.

### ABROAD

On the war front, German forces advancing beyond the Marne, indicated that this was the "death blow" phase of battle, as Paris began to talk of a separate peace, even though England rushed aid to France. . . . Maginot line guns blasted Nazis in the Black Forest area; another battle raged near Château-Thierry. . . . Paris was cut off from its port, Le Havre. . . . German artillery pounded French troops on the upper Rhine. Meantime, Italy laid mine fields to divide the Mediterranean. British fliers then attacked the Italian colonies in Africa. . . . ¶ In Stockholm, Norwegian officials ordered cessation of all hostilities. . . . ¶ In Berlin, Nazis looked to the United States as heir to the British Empire. Citizens rejoiced at Italy's war declaration. . . . ¶ In Rome, Mussolini kept secret the Italian plan of attack. . . . ¶ In London, and other British cities, mobs smashed Italian cafés.

## Notes and Remarks

Evidence is not wanting that the war mongers are at work again. This time, however, they are not so blatant as they were preceding the World War. They know the impossibility of such tactics now, and so they have refined their approach accordingly. Under such circumstances it is doubly important that none of us circulate even the most innocuous propaganda which may later on germinate into that full-blown war talk which so easily inflames a nation. We make a particular appeal to the women of the land since they, more than ever before, have a deciding voice in the future of this country. That gives them, if they wish to use it, a strong voice in the direction of American industry which, as we know, was unable to resist the appeal of possible war profits when the last great conflict threatened. "We women," said Miss Catherine Curtis of the Women Investors of America, "own nearly three quarters of the wealth of America and hold down one quarter of the jobs. There are thirty million homes in this country and at the door of every one stands a woman." That is one of the most comforting statements we can possibly think of during this period of rising war talk—"thirty million homes in this country and at every door stands a woman." Write your Senators, stating your opposition to sending another army of American youth to Europe.

The Chicago *Tribune* reports a meeting of the Adult Education Council at which Dr. Anton J. Carlson was to have delivered an address on adult education. Dr. **Dr. Carlson Walks Out** Carlson is a distinguished scientist and professor of physiology at the Univer-

sity of Chicago. He is also President of the American Association of Scientific Workers, and has been known as a real American, having served as a major during the World War in the Surgeon General's Department. Dr. Carlson was unable, however, to endure the opening speech of Mr. C. Reese, the Council's president, who declared: "War is preferable to slavery and the day of isolation is rapidly coming to an end. Obviously many good things have resulted from war, including the American Government, the Soviet Republic, and other like developments. We face the problem that will no doubt carry us beyond the bounds of official neutrality." Dr. Carlson arose to say that he was under the impression when he accepted the invitation to speak that the Council was interested in adult education, not in European propaganda. And without further ado he walked out of the room. One can judge the complexion of the Council from its president who included in the list of blessings the Soviet Union which has murdered ten million innocent people. Needless to say Mr. Reese has no intention of going to war himself. He will sit snugly at home while he urges that others be sent to the wholesale slaughter.

Sunday, April 21, was Children's Sunday in Catholic Germany. The English Catholic Newsletter, issued by the London *Tablet*, **Prelate on German Catholic Youth** quotes from the pastoral letter of Msgr. Groeber, Archbishop of Freiburg-im-Breisgau, some disturbing references to German Catholic youth behavior timed to the commemoration.

The moral depravation of our youth has reached alarming proportions, noticeable chiefly in the collapse of sexual morality. To



our profound regret we have been driven to the conclusion that the girls surpass the boys by their lack of dignity and their looseness of morals.

The Archbishop, while warning his readers against rash generalizations, indicates three causes of moral decadence in German Catholic youth: (1) The war. (2) The disorganization of education. (3) Ignorance. Then the prelate refers with obvious caution to Hitler's opposition to the Christian ideal of life as a factor in Catholic youth failure.

Are the regrettable abuses we note among the youth not to be attributed to the campaign led by a certain religious conception of the world against the Christian doctrine? Are they not right who affirm that alongside the public attacks against Christianity, there runs a secret conspiracy against the Church and Christianity among the youth? One cannot but note with indignation that these days unmarried girls too often become mothers, whilst their own mothers, like senseless children, close their eyes, ears and consciences.

The present war will but add to this moral breakdown among the young and the old. It cannot be otherwise. Whatever recovery the world has made from the World War will be nullified by the horrors of this conflict.

The order of dispensing charity, we learn from theology, is to contribute first of all to our immediate family and

### Need of Home Charity

then to those indigent who are nearest of kin. Likewise, we in America have

a greater obligation of taking care of our own needy than we have of providing for the poor in foreign countries. And yet every time we turn on a radio these days we hear someone soliciting funds for those living abroad while he is ignoring the misery and poverty at his own doorstep. You may judge to what extremes this has gone when you learn that Dr. Bessie Burchette was denied the use of the radio because she intended to say: "The sympathies of decent people are aroused, of

course, by the plight of refugee children. But we have plenty of needy American children. Any funds we have should be used for them first. It is absurd to argue that these children create employment. The presence of another child in the house will make more work but it does not add to the supply of bread. How can anyone possibly justify this, that, when the country is on the verge of bankruptcy, when the people are staggering under their burden of debt and taxes, when one business after another is being pushed to the wall, money should be sent to refugees abroad. Who can say our unemployed are not suffering as much as Europe's refugees? They are being driven from their homes; they are being deprived of their property; they are just as hopeless and just as despairing of the future as are any alien refugees." We are not, of course, against helping the destitute in Europe. But, in view of all we have done and are now doing, to save people in stricken lands, we cannot understand why the home radio should be withheld for a plea in favor of home sufferers.

Now that summer is here, it might be well to repeat some of the advice given recently by Dr. H. Marshall Taylor of Jacksonville, Florida, in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*. Dr.

### Summer Precautions

Taylor says that because man is essentially a terrestrial animal, he is not fitted by nature to resist the dangers which lurk even in relatively pure water. "In every species whose normal habitat is water," he explains, "some provision for excluding water from contact with the respiratory mucus membrane is found." Man's only substitute for that deficiency, it seems, is a proper method of breathing. "By exhaling through the nose while the head is submerged and inhaling through the

mouth while the head is above water," Dr. Taylor tells us, "the swimmer tends to maintain a positive air pressure in the nasal cavities and the pharynx. . . . Therefore the swimmer should take a deep inhalation through the mouth just before diving and exhale slowly through the nose while under the water." Another danger which summer bathing carries along with it is the lowered resistance which comes from the over-rapid cooling by water which takes away heat from the body, according to Taylor, just about twenty-seven times faster than does the air. We exhort all parents, therefore, to see that their children get instructions about proper breathing while swimming, and that the necessary warnings also be added against over-stretching the time periods, particularly when the water is cold. A few precautions now may save some very unpleasant sick periods later on.

The Anti-Saloon League promises to make a new drive against alcohol. The time seems opportune from the reform-

### Another Prohibition Drive

er's point of view. It was about the period of the last World War upheaval that the first drive was made which was successful in officially outlawing beverage alcohol. Times and temperaments are set for a new attempt to repeat the noble experiment. We do not blame the zealots altogether for this onslaught on personal habits. Considerable of the burden of responsibility must be saddled on the backs of men and women who use pocket money, not for alcoholic stimulation, but for alcoholic consumption beyond reason. Here in America we do not split measures, it seems. We drink in kind and quantity until we make babbling nuisances of ourselves. Then Prohibitionists rule out liquor as the eighth deadly sin, and government jobs are multiplied—if that can be imagined.

Follows a period of smuggling, secret drinking, staggers, blindness and alcoholic terrorism. The fires of zealotry burn themselves out finally and another new age of taverns and road-houses illustrate the slogan that "happy days are back again." The American people are prone to follow "the falsehood of extremes."

A Fifth Column appeal, subscribed to by some four hundred men and women, arrived in this morning's mail.

It urges "upon the President and the Congress the re-

**No—This Time** removal of all restrictions to furnishing assistance and materials to the Allied Democracies in their desperate efforts to defend civilization." In other words it favors an act of war. The document is supported by bishops of the Episcopal church, by college presidents and professors, by politicians, industrialists and women. Mostly they are old or aging, and will not be asked or expected to bear arms in the foreign war they are projecting upon our country. Bishops Manning, Page, Lucey, Ludlow will not be expected to enter upon the filthy business of killing men; nor will Mrs. Dwight Morrow, Miriam Hopkins or Fannie Hurst. Nor very likely will any of the other signers. Mothers of the flat states of the Middle West, of the hill regions of the South, East and Far West have sons who will. Their bodies may be gutted, maimed, and broken; they may return deaf, blind, paralyzed, or uttering the gibbering speech of crazed men. For what? To beat down Hitler, whom France and England for some mysterious reason, did not keep within limits when Hitler was struggling with his destiny. In 1918 we lost lives and money to save democracy, and have Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin for our pains. Now again the Allies beckon, and men and women whose thoughts



and whose loves are in Europe, want us a second time to chase the rainbow, want our youth to drink the blood of war, many of them to return to their people so broken in body, so disillusioned in mind, as never again to be the same. Let Europe save her own civilization this time, we answer with men of the American Legion who fought and know. And if you consider this treason make the most of it, ladies and gentlemen.

From a new pamphlet published by the Knights of Columbus we note the startling observation that "ninety-three per cent

**Texas and Catholic Education** of the Catholic college students in Texas attend non-Catholic institutions of higher learning. . . . On the other hand, at least two State universities have more Catholic students enrolled than the combined number of boarding students in all Texas Catholic colleges." The author asks the pointed question: "Where are our Catholic leaders to come from? Our boys and girls are being educated in institutions forbidden by law to teach any religion, and many of the professors who are moulding their characters are antagonistic to any religion." And why should we bring this up now? Just to give some parents a reason to pause before they rush into remote preparations for the June high-school graduate's next step to knowledge. Very often, the youngster's sense of values is distorted. Just as often, again, does he over-estimate his powers of retaining the Faith, regardless of the material standards about him. Some Catholic parents come dangerously close to the same mental shortsightedness, where his education is concerned—so utterly do they subordinate eternity to time values. For Catholics of Texas the fact that ninety-three per cent of the Catholic youths of the State are attending schools

wherein is no evidence of their religious beliefs is a disturbing condition. In Ireland of the Penal days Irish boys and girls stole into outlawed Hedge Schools in order to preserve their Faith. Texas youths are not so solicitous about eternity things. They seem not willing to lose the life to save it.

After the recent halting of shipbuilding activities in Kearny, New Jersey, by those engaged in rushing six new warships to completion, the truth of fifth column fears becomes more understandable.

### **A Measure of Safety**

Nor do we believe that the Communist plea to adopt a Soviet peace policy is altogether alien to that strike maneuvered by CIO officials. Hence, it is with some measure of prudence that both legislative houses, last week, adopted measures to prohibit employment to Nazis, Communists, and members of the German-American Bund by firms engaged in interstate industry or in the production of goods for interstate commerce; and to require that at least ninety per cent of all employees engaged in such industry be American citizens. That President Roosevelt should transfer the immigration and naturalization services from the department of labor to the department of justice was another precaution of equal merit. It is astonishing how much is known of the sinister activities going on about us; but it is equally astonishing to observe our indifference to these agents of our ruin. Now, at last, we are beginning to take stock of the enemies within our own gates. Their downright disloyal utterances have made a mockery of the phrase "Constitutional Rights," a phrase that has cloaked them with immunity and sent them through the land as popular heroes. While on the subject of disloyalty, we must not forget arrogant ladies and gentlemen who are trying to push us into the present war.

# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

## The Name John

AS AN EXAMPLE of abject submission to the servitude of custom, witness the substitution of "Jack" for John. Many a Catholic mother has had a best beloved son named John at the baptismal font whom she later rebaptized "Jack" to keep in the tradition of social grandeur.

Now Jack may have its own suggestion of meaning to this mother, but to most of us the name is associated with knickers, spats, golf sticks, horses, and yachting. Think of an innocent child being deprived of the fine stirrings of association that are fringed around the name John. Think also of the obvious implication of applying to the grown man the "Jack" or the "Jackie," which is applied to the boy or the child. John Ireland, one time Archbishop of St. Paul, John Hughes, one time Archbishop of New York, would suggest a different essence if called "Jack" or "Jackie." Imagine yourself writing a composition in which you bravely referred to the Most Reverend Jackie Ireland or to the Most Reverend Jack Hughes. It would be completely out of character, would it not? Or to come nearer to our own day, it would sound strange to your hearing were someone to ask you if you had ever known the late orator priest, Father Jack Cavanaugh.

There are a dozen or so Johns in the recalls of life, any one of whom would quicken fine emotions. Thus: the Eagle John who wrote that heaven high opening Gospel that reveals relations of the triune God; John of the golden tongue who has become the exemplar of emotional speech; that John who gave up his life rather than give up the secret that lay hidden behind the seal; John

the Baptist of sparse garments who announced the coming of the Messiah, and defied Herod's paramour.

Let us consider this last for the moment (we have not space for the others) to indicate how poor is the Catholic mother's substitution who changes the baptismal record from John to Jack in the family tree.

St. John the Baptist was the subject of the grandest eulogy bestowed by Our Lord upon any creature. St. Joseph who occupied the unique position of foster father to the Redeemer, was not singled out for any such honorable mention. St. Peter, head of the infant Church, was never glorified in the stirring language applied to the Baptist. The Blessed Virgin herself supremely honored in position, was not so supremely honored in speech.

You remember the cause and the occasion of that eulogy. John the announcer was receding, Christ the Messiah was advancing. John's disciples were confused, distressed, perhaps disappointed, seeing how the Messiah was displacing the Precursor. They went to Christ to get a statement of His objectives and position in comparison with John's. Christ made use of the meeting to state the character and services of John.

"WHAT WENT YOU out into the desert to see? A reed shaken by the wind?" That is to say, a vacillating person? Certainly not. "A man clothed in soft garments?" John lived the hard desert life, poorly clothed and fed.

This John the Baptist is the first of the many Johns in the calendar of the saints. Any boy should be proud to be named John; should feel triumphant to be named John the Baptist.



# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## America and the Present War

By William E. Farrell

**I**N TIME OF PANIC mankind exhibits the psychology of the crowd, rather than the considered judgment of a thinking, intelligent individual. Men who rush fearlessly into battle are often afterward thrown easily into fright by a vague chimera. An attack of nerves may stampede men quicker than an actual threat of danger. The stunning realization and fear of Germany's military might have roused again an urge for war in the eastern United States. From Washington northward along the Atlantic seaboard a psychosis, verging on hysteria, exhibits itself. Warnings that we perish or survive with England and France, and clarion calls to save democracy and civilization are heard again in that area. As before, partisans and professors from the security of their easy chairs urge us to send our youth at once to foreign fields to save our land. Fortunately, our best informed and most experienced authority on aeronautics—where chief concern is felt—has talked some sound sense and cleared considerably this blinding fog. From childhood, man's innate sense of fear is played on for amusement, or for some deliberate purpose.

Are Nazism and the present military fury of Germany the products of an ambitious tyrant suddenly gone mad, and of a clear thinking, intelligent people forced en masse to obey the discipline and the will of a world conqueror? History will hardly bear out this contention. Every statesman and historian conversant with the political documents, diplomacy, crises and corre-

spondence of the past fifty years in Europe, knows that the reason is far deeper than that. Ever since Germany began as a nation to compete in world affairs with England, the German people have been led to believe that England was bent on throttling their nation. All the pent up hatred of a half century has loosed itself fiercely in this present conflict, primarily against England, incidentally against France.

**A** BRIEF SUMMARY of some salient facts of modern history will make this matter clearer. Ever since the advent of commercialism, mercantilism, and capitalism, about 1500, as major factors in national life, colonies, world trade, and gold have played important rôles among great nations. Several empires have arisen and fallen during this time—Spanish, Dutch, and French. By the opening of the nineteenth century the British Empire alone survived as a great world power. Britain was, incidentally, in possession of most of the available colonies, islands, straits, and strategic areas about the seven seas. Russia was Britain's only serious competitor; but the former, not a colonial power, was well shut in by straits and narrows in Europe. During most of that century, England enjoyed her "splendid isolation." England's factories hummed—she was the workshop of the world with plenty of raw materials flowing freely from her colonies and islands.

But the year 1870 was an ominous one for peaceful, happy England. Both

Germany and Italy were at last united, and France ended her repeated political upheavals. National industrial and commercial development became general. Even the United States and Japan began at this time an intensive industrial life.

**I**N GERMANY and in Italy, this new economy grew rapidly and with it mounting populations. Neither of these nations became great powers soon enough to share profitably in the partition of Africa, 1870-1890. England and France were the chief beneficiaries of that. By the opening of the World War, 1914, there existed the unbalanced situation of England, France and Russia dominating or controlling nearly one half the earth's surface. Germany, no larger than the American state of Texas, and Italy about the size of Colorado, both highly industrialized and thickly populated, had still shared but slightly in colonies and in strategic lanes of trade. Yet Germany's foreign trade had greatly expanded. This discrepancy in territorial possessions was still further intensified by the treaty of Versailles.

Let us glance now at the increasing tension in European international relations during the twenty-five years preceding the outbreak of the War of 1914; a tension only aggravated by that war. The international history of Europe, 1815-1900, is chiefly concerned with the English policy of preventing Russia from acquiring an outlet through the Dardanelles, and with the efforts of Germany and Italy for unification and consolidation. Toward the end of the nineteenth century Germany's fast expanding world trade prompted her rulers to plan what they deemed an adequate navy to protect that trade. This naturally gave alarm to England. Germany's military strength and increasing population also drew France and Russia together into an alliance 1890-

1895. The alarms in England led to many efforts such as the Haldane mission, to limit German naval expansion and to checkmate Germany's concessions from Turkey to complete a Berlin-to-Bagdad railway to the Persian Gulf, beyond the reach of the English navy. The futility of this diplomacy induced England to approach nearer to France, and to change her policy of restraint on Russia in the Near East. So-called Ententes were formed with both France (1904), and with Russia (1907). This release of Russia from vigilance by England had ominous meaning. Russia began anew her perennial plan for domination in the Balkans and ultimately at the Dardanelles. The Balkan Pan-Slavic League soon emerged, and a series of crises followed with Austria, then ruling Bosnia. Finally, in that Austrian State, the powder magazine was ignited when Archduke Ferdinand and his wife were assassinated, June, 1914. In the Western Mediterranean, France confident now of the acquiescence of England, began penetration into Morocco where Germany had important political and commercial interests. Blocked here by France supported by England, Germany was forced to let France have her way and gradually add Morocco to her other Barbary States—Algiers and Tunisia. These international imbroglios added to the German feeling that England was bent on shackling Germany and sharpened the bitter animosity toward Britain.

**T**HAT THE statesmen at Versailles were shortsighted, and laid the foundation for still greater hate in Germany, results have amply shown. By appropriating to themselves all the German colonial and island possessions, England and France opened the door for the subsequent developments in Italy, and the present danger there. It is scarcely necessary to review the economic and financial measures applied to Germany



from 1919, until the advent of the Nazi régime in 1933. The disagreement between England and France themselves, in regard to these policies, explains largely why Nazism was able to overthrow completely the Versailles treaty. With the old imperial régime ousted, and a mild socialist-centrist coalition directing the German republic, little help or encouragement was extended by England and France to bring Germany out of the economic slough. Even the earnest and able Chancellor Bruening pleaded in vain at international "meetings." The increasing votes for Hitler at periodic elections had apparently no foreboding for statesmen in England and in France. It is hard to deny that the treaty of Versailles, and its aftermath, were responsible for both Hitler and Mussolini, as leaders of despondent and desperate peoples.

IT IS clear then to unbiased students of the national and commercial rivalries that have obsessed Europe for the past four centuries, that the present war is but another phase of nationalism and materialism, with all their philosophical justifications, that have steadily penetrated into the hearts of modern states. At present the battle for supremacy—a titanic struggle—is accidentally between England and Germany. France is merely haunted by the spectre of fear. The extension of the battleground to smaller nations is obviously for economic and strategic reasons. Most of these smaller states were set up by the great powers as "buffer states" for protection. They have consequently suffered the first bitter brunts of battle. Perhaps here is the explanation for the surprise that they have not resisted so strongly as expected. The most horrible feature of all wars is that small, peaceful countries are so often made the pawns in this international game.

Fundamental to all explanations of this war, however, is an imponderable factor that underlies nearly all present day evils. It is the philosophy that the theory of evolution has for seventy-five years slowly but firmly fastened upon humanity. Almost unconsciously it has influenced men's thoughts and motives. Because this theory is a credible one as applied to physical nature, it has been reticulated into the entire nature of man. Little regard has been paid to the indubitable fact that a physically weak man, or nation, may have a mind and soul far superior to a man or nation physically strong. Atheistic philosophers and racial minded statesmen have spread throughout the world slogans of evolution: "Survival of the fittest," "natural selection," "might makes right." Hence the cynical disregard of statesmen for the economically or militarily "backward" and "inferior" races, and the cheapness at which human rights and life are held. If man is not the image and likeness of God, why should he not be crushed when he stands in the way? A concomitant of this theory is the worship of mere "bigness"—big empires, big business, big armies and navies, as indicating man's evolutionary progress.

ARE AMERICAN interests bound up in this war with those of England and France? To some extent commercially and financially they are. With a German victory may come dynamic results. International trade, travel, feelings and relations may be perilous and unpredictable, especially while the flush of victory lasts and a dictatorship reigns. Are England and France really "struggling for civilization," "fighting the world's battle for freedom and democracy?" It would be difficult to believe that of any of the great European wars. Are the German people by nature military aggressors? We shall have to concede that Germany has been engaged





## At a Given Sign

By Auleen Bordeaux Eberhardt

**A** WAIL OF TERROR rang out from the nursery. Then followed a chorus of baby voices raised in a tumult of crying that brought Miss George, the head nurse, to the scene on the run. Close on her heels came her assistant, Miss Ward, from the infirmary, and up the stairs, at full speed, ran the dignified head of the Baby-fold—Mrs. Munger.

Miss George tore through the swinging doors leading into the nursery. She stopped abruptly on the threshold.

"That wretched Gypsy!" she ejaculated, angrily. Then she dashed across the room to a crib where a baby was hanging, head down, supported only by a sturdy foot that had caught in the side of the bed, over which he had attempted to climb.

His swarthy little face was pale from the pain he endured, but his lips were clamped tightly shut, as if he disdained to cry for help.

The other babies in the nursery, however, were screaming in fright. They continued their terrified wailing after Miss George had rescued the Gypsy and turned him over to Mrs. Munger.

"He'll drive us all insane!" said Miss George, wrathfully to Miss Ward, after the superintendent had gone, with the Gypsy, to the infirmary. She picked up young Tommy. "There, there, honey," she cooed, rocking the infant in her arms, "don't be frightened. No one will hurt our Tommy boy."

As Miss George fondled him, the child's screams lessened and presently stopped. She deposited him in his crib and went on to the next bed, where Larry, a lusty nine-months-old, had calmed down of his own accord. She continued her rounds, grumbling as she picked up one baby after another, and

soothed the terrified little mites.

"Mrs. Munger never should have taken in that Gypsy," she said, emphatically as she returned to her favorite, Tommy, who was standing up in his bed, trying to attract her attention. His chubby fingers gripped her hand as she stood beside him, and his blue eyes smiled confidently at her. She picked him up and caressed him. Then she stooped for a celluloid turtle that lay on the low play table, and gave it to the child. Clutching the turtle, he smiled at her, and began to play contentedly when she returned him to his bed.

"I certainly agree with you," answered Miss Ward, straightening the sheet on the Gypsy's bed. "He has been a continual source of trouble to us."

**A**ND A BAD influence on the children," finished Miss George, mounting her favorite hobby. Her grey eyes flashed and her somewhat pointed nose grew sharper as she took a velvet dog from the play table and held it up before her companion. "See how he ruined this pretty toy. First, he picked out the eyes, and now he has picked at its ears until they are loose. I wouldn't mind if he abused just his own toys, but the other children see him up to his tricks and they follow suit. Now every toy in the nursery looks as if it had been through the Spanish war."

"Fortunately, we will be rid of him when he's two years old," said Miss Ward, folding up the Gypsy's pink crib blanket and placing it across the bottom of the bed. "Then he'll go to the orphanage."

"Ten months more of that fellow will drive me mad," returned Miss George, testily. She pushed back a lock of mouse-colored hair behind her ear, and jabbed a hairpin into it. "Our only hope of peace is for someone to adopt him."

"No such luck for us," mourned Miss

Ward. "People want a good-natured, smiling baby, not a scowling wretch. Will you ever forget the way he acted when the Johnsons came to see him? He kicked and howled and created such a disturbance that they left in a panic. He certainly screamed himself out of a good home."

"**A**ND SCARED off the Johnsons to such extent they have given up the idea of adopting a baby," cried Miss George, her eyes fairly snapping with exasperation. She had longed for the Johnsons to adopt little Tommy, but their preference had been for a dark-haired, dark-eyed lad. Fourteen-months-old Steban had caught their fancy. They had stopped at his bed, exclaiming in delight at the appearance of the healthy, handsome baby. But when Mrs. Johnson had tried to caress him, he had flung himself away from her, screaming at the top of his lungs. He had resisted all attempts of the Johnsons to win his affection. Disappointed, they had left Mount Hope Babyfold without so much as a glance at the other children.

Every time Miss George looked at the Gypsy, she blamed him for cheating Tommy out of a good home. She firmly believed that if the Johnsons had not seen Steban, they most certainly would have been attracted to her angelic favorite. It was the prime fear of Miss George's existence that Tommy would not be adopted by the right kind of people—or worse still, that he would reach the age of two years without acquiring adopted parents, and thus be shunted off to the orphanage.

Miss George sighed as she looked over the now peaceful nursery. Pretty little Miss Ward had given several of the children their bottles of glucose water. Some of the babies had resumed their interrupted nap. Others were rocking back and forth on their hands

and knees, preparatory to dropping off to sleep.

"Eighteen little abandoned babies," she said, dolefully, "and adoptions practically at a standstill. No one wants children lately."

Miss Ward was more cheerful. "This same thing happened last year," she consoled her companion. "Two and three months go by without anyone coming for a baby. Then prospective parents flock here in droves. By summer, I'll warrant we won't have a child available for adoption—except, perhaps, the Gypsy."

Her reference to Steban was unfortunate. Miss George's anger at the rambunctious infant flared again.

"No one will take that wildcat," she stormed. "We are saddled with him. He'll spoil the chances of the other children for adoption. He creates a disturbance every time anyone comes into the nursery. If I were Mrs. Munger, I would isolate the wretch!"

While Miss George and Miss Ward were relieving their lacerated feelings by giving the Gypsy a thorough tongue-lashing, Mrs. Munger was pondering over the fate of the same dusky fourteen-months-old baby.

**S**TEBAN, TO HER, was not a nameless waif, but an important charge. He had not been brought to the Babyfold through ordinary channels. He was an impostor there—just as the girl-mother who had borne him had been an interloper in the sugar beet colony.

Mrs. Munger, in company with a group of club women, had been on a tour of the southwestern part of her state where sugar beets were grown. The workers in the fields were Mexicans.

She had been preparing to leave with her companions, when the superintendent, a personal friend, had asked her to step into the small building that



served as an infirmary and a hospital for the beet pickers.

"Mrs. Munger," he had said, quite simply, "you may be able to bring a poor little mother some comfort. If you will consent to see her, I will drive you back to your hotel later on."

**SURPRISED**, but accustomed to taking life as she found it, Mrs. Munger stepped into a tiny compartment, furnished with just the barest of sick-room necessities. A young woman had been lying on the bed.

"Gina," the superintendent had said, gently, "I have brought a friend to you. She is the kind lady I told you about—the lady who takes little babies into her home, and later on, when they are older, she finds parents for them."

The young mother had looked at Mrs. Munger. The beauty of the sufferer's face had caught at her heart, and the tears had come, unbidden, to her eyes. She had been trained as a nurse, and she had known the bitter meaning of the unnaturally bright eyes, and the deep flush upon the patient's wasted cheeks.

Then the young woman had smiled.

"You will—my baby take?" she had whispered. Her breath had come in gasps, and her dark eyes had pleaded for understanding and for help.

Mrs. Munger had not hesitated.

She had clasped the hand of the dying mother.

"I will take your baby, Gina, and care for him. I will find him a home," she had said, slowly and earnestly.

The young stranger had smiled again.

Her lips had moved and she had whispered something in a language Mrs. Munger had not understood. Her fingers had continued to stroke the matron's hand for a little while, and then their fluttery movements had ceased and she had slept.

Later, when Mrs. Munger had been

returning to her hotel with the superintendent, she had learned the pitifully meager details of Steban, a handsome young Hungarian, and Gina, his girl wife. Steban, though obviously not a laborer, had begged for work in the beet fields. He and Gina had lived in one of the cottages furnished by the sugar beet company for its workers. Her child had been expected within a few months. One tragic day, Steban had been fatally injured in an accident at an unfamiliar railroad crossing.

The young couple had been practically penniless. Father Agnew, from Leason City, who had attended to the spiritual needs of the Mexican beet workers, had been called. He had prayed beside the dying husband. Later, he had brought funds for Steban's burial. He, too, had baptized the little Steban when he had made his appearance in a tiny hospital room, in a strange land.

The mother had not rallied. Grief, and the shock of her husband's death, combined with the ravages of a destroying malady, had claimed the life of Gina when Steban had been five weeks old.

**MRS. MUNGER HAD** no business taking Steban to the Babyfold. He should have been sent to a state institution. However, she had made so earnest a plea to the board of directors that the child had been permitted to remain. And he had been a thorn in the side of the nurses in the Babyfold since the day of his arrival.

Steban gave his affection and obedience and loyalty to Mrs. Munger. However, she was permitted to derive only secret satisfaction from Steban's love for her, so continuous were the complaints about him from her co-workers.

She sighed as she looked through Steban's chart for the past week. Monday, he had placed his dish of cereal,

upside down upon his raven locks, and had howled in glee until the other babies, curious to see what had made Steban so happy, had followed his example.

Tuesday he had caused a riot over the new walker.

"It stood there for an hour without Steban's noticing it," Miss George had complained. "Then when we tried to put him into it, he screamed and carried on so dreadfully that he got the other babies upset and they decided to be afraid of it too."

WEDNESDAY was calm until four o'clock when Steban had pulled himself up by Larry's bed and had thrown blankets and sheets upon the floor. He had been working on the fastenings of the rubber sheet and mattress pad when his depredations had been discovered.

Thursday had been the worst day of all. Mrs. Munger put the chart back in her desk. It was still too painful to dwell upon the way Steban had stuck his fingers into his bowl of spinach and had thrown a handful of the messy green vegetable on the immaculate uniform of Miss George!

"Something will have to be done," she murmured to herself, as she leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes. Her face, in repose, showed the wear and tear of her fifty-four years. She deeply felt her responsibility toward her little charges. Though she had been unusually successful in placing her babies in good homes during the fifteen years she had been matron of the Babyfold, she worried over her inability to find parents for Steban. She had no fears for the seventeen other babies in the home. There would be a lull for a little while, and then, of a sudden, a veritable clamor for babies would arise, and the nursery would be emptied, almost overnight. Babies sel-

dom stayed with her as long as Steban had done. He was the senior baby in the nursery by over three months.

Mrs. Munger had a theory that babies, waiting to be adopted, selected their prospective parents. She had watched scores of babies react to people who came "to look them over," and, invariably, she stoutly maintained, the children gave a sign of some kind or other to the parents they wanted.

Some children would clutch the fingers of their mother-to-be and cling to them tightly. Others would hold out their arms. Perhaps a baby would stop crying at the sight of the parents he wanted. Another child would smile appealingly. In their own baby fashion, the infants signified their desire to be adopted.

Pondering over the ways of the babies, her tired features relaxed. When she opened her eyes, at the insistence of the telephone which rang twice before she actually heard it, she looked rested and younger than her years.

"Mrs. Munger speaking," she said, pleasantly, into the telephone.

"This is Doctor Fredericks," came the voice of a prominent physician. "A friend, from Fairchild, has asked me to inquire if you have any children, a year old or thereabouts, for adoption."

"YES, DOCTOR, we have several," replied Mrs. Munger.

"May we come up this afternoon? It is rather late in the day, but my friend would like to see the babies, so that he can complete arrangements tomorrow—if he finds a suitable child. He can, of course, furnish all necessary references. Attorney Hallet and I will personally vouch for him."

"You may come any time, doctor," said Mrs. Munger.

She placed the telephone on her desk, and, rejoicing, rang for Miss George, to whom she gave instructions to have



the babies in readiness for the visitors. Miss George scurried back to the nursery and told Miss Ward the news. She picked up Tommy and took him into the dressing room where she washed his face and hands, changed his clothes and brushed his fair hair upwards until the tiny golden head was a mass of ringlets. Then she returned him to his bed and went on to inspect the other children.

Steban, who had been brought back to the nursery, apparently none the worse for his latest mishap, scowled at her when she lifted him from the floor where he was playing with an empty powder can—his favorite toy. He scolded when she washed him, and continued his harangue after he had been put into his bed. To emphasize his displeasure, he stood up in his crib and shook the rods violently, then screamed when Miss George reprimanded him.

"You'll never be adopted, Steban," she cried in utter exasperation.

"And it would serve him right," agreed Miss Ward who shared the head nurse's dislike for the gypsy-like baby.

**M**EANWHILE, Dr. Fredericks and his friend arrived at the Babyfold. The physician introduced his companion as Lugar Hradecky, and Mrs. Munger exclaimed in pleasure. The noted pianist, who was the head of the Fair-child Conservatory of Music, was one of her favorite radio artists.

"Dr. Fredericks tells me that you have children suitable for adoption," he said, slowly, and with a slight foreign accent. He was a tall man, of swarthy complexion. His dark hair was but slightly gray at the temples. His great dark eyes were, Mrs. Munger decided, the most expressive she had ever seen. "It would give me great happiness if I could find a child here—to take back to my wife," he continued. "We long

for a boy—to take the place of our little son."

Mrs. Munger nodded. She recalled the sudden death of the small son of the musician. He had succumbed to pneumonia. She remembered, too, hearing of the heartbreak of the mother, and of the serious illness that had threatened to take her life.

"We have several splendid babies, Professor Hradecky," she said, gently. "Perhaps you will find a suitable child among them."

**I** MUST TELL YOU—we are Catholics. The child we take will naturally be brought up in our faith." His dark eyes sought hers and asked for understanding of his problem.

"Our children may be reared in the religion of their adopted parents," promptly returned Mrs. Munger. "We have only one baptized child at present—and he happens to be a Catholic. He naturally must go only to Catholics. And now let us go to the nursery."

She led the way up the stairs with a triumphant stride. The inspection of the children by prospective parents was a thrill and a joy to her. She pictured one of the Babyfold children in the Hradecky home, surrounded by the love that only child-hunger could bestow, and by the bodily comforts that people of wealth could give to an abandoned baby. She didn't care which baby was taken. All of her children needed homes.

Mrs. Munger noted, with justifiable pride, the pleased expression of Lugar Hradecky as he viewed the spotless nursery, with its white iron beds, its miniature furniture, and its collection of toys. She thrilled as she saw tears come to his eyes. Men, who were not ashamed of tears, made excellent fathers. Their hearts, softened by sorrow or child-longing possessed deep wells of affection for homeless babies.

Miss George and Miss Ward acknowledged introductions to the famous musician, then stepped aside as Mrs. Munger led her party past the smaller infants to the south end of the nursery where the older babies had their beds.

Lugar Hradecky paused before the crib of the child, Tommy, and smiled broadly at the handsome little fellow.

"He is very, very beautiful," he remarked to Dr. Fredericks. Then he stopped and turned abruptly at the sound of a baby voice.

In the next crib, Steban had risen to his feet. His sturdy hands clutched the rods of the bed. His dark eyes were shining. He was smiling.

"Da, da, da," cried Steban, happily.

As the musician turned, the gypsy-like baby laughed out loud. He held out his hands to the man.

With a cry of joy, Lugar Hradecky stooped over the bed and picked up the child.

"This baby—this baby we will take—if you will be so kind," he said, brokenly, while tears of happiness ran down his face. "He is so like our own little son."

Steban looked up at Hradecky as he spoke. Then one strong little arm stole around the musician's neck, while his other hand fastened on the man's tie and clutched it possessively. He laughed again.

"At a given sign," murmured Mrs. Munger happily, adverting to her theory.

### Baptism for a Baby

By Katharine Terry Dooley

*Faith perfect, never to doubt, never to grope,  
The goal, without the long slow rack, of Hope,  
A cradle in the house of Charity,  
Divinely uncontrite, He giveth thee!*

### The Wedding Garment

By E. G. Rosenberger

WHEN IT became evident that Sophie was really to make her First Communion with the rest of the boys and girls in her class, the Communion this year immediately took on a most interesting aspect. For Sophie Johnson was an eight-year-old Negro girl—radiantly black, lustrous as polished ebony.

Although I had been a priest for many years, it had never been my experience to instruct a Negro girl; and I wasn't sure that something special shouldn't be done about it. However, I merely took her through the routine with the other children, perhaps half-anticipating that she would not remain constant until the end.

If at the beginning of the season's instructions I had wondered about Sophie's constancy, such doubts soon vanished. She was unquestionably the most enthusiastic candidate in the whole class.

One day after instructions I caught her in the center of a considerable group in the rear of the basement. She was "truckin'." When the children saw me approaching, they became a little nervous, laughing and glancing at me in a feline way to see just how angry I was. They warned her of the approach of the enemy, just as she was concluding her dance. However, I saw enough of it to know that it was one of those hip-shaking, writhing black-and-tan affairs that can be seen in the Harlem night clubs. As it ended with the slap of a foot, Sophie saw me.

Was she worried? She simply said, "Do you want to see me truck, Father?"

I told her that the church was hardly the place for a dance; and that such a dance was by no means becoming a little girl, especially a little girl pre-



paring for her First Holy Communion.

"Awright, Father, no mo'," she said, shaking her pigtaails vigorously. She walked out, surrounded by a group of awed admirers.

**I**N FACT, Sophie was the heroine of the class, especially with the girls. The boys laughed at her, but at the same time they knew that there was something about her that was both preposterous and precious. Going and coming from instructions she was invariably the center of the crowd, with the girls in the inner circle nearest to her and the boys skirmishing about the flanks trying to get her to say something funny.

Children do not know what race prejudice is. There certainly was none towards Sophie—no such thing as condescension or a determination to be just and to exercise Christian charity no matter what it might cost. They took her for just what she was—an astonishing person and an outstanding member of their class who provided at times a lot of fun for them. I felt a little humble when I realized that I had to remind myself continually that she was another immortal soul entrusted to my care, and that I must not follow my natural inclination to treat her as a special case.

She was quick-witted and had no great trouble in learning the parts of the catechism that I required. She knew the prayers and the form for confession letter-perfect. It is true that she exaggerated somewhat at times. She replied one day that there were twelve persons in the Blessed Trinity; and on another day that the Pope could see all things, knew all things, and that nothing was hard or impossible for him. However, such misunderstandings are not altogether uncommon with children of eight years. When I held the formal examination a week before the

First Communion day, I passed her without a doubt, because she understood what Holy Communion was and she undoubtedly knew the catechism as well as the average child in the class.

I went back to Sophie frequently. Whenever I thought of instructions, she stood out in my mind. She was the center of my thoughts in the same way she was the center of the groups of children before and after classes. There was something joyous and ebullient about her that gave her a charm. An acrid tang of glowing and vital enthusiasm hovered about her like a halo.

Somehow or other, when I thought of Sophie, I felt that First Communion meant more to her than to any other child in the class. Even in the rehearsals, when the children were told that above all things they were to keep eyes forward as they marched, everyone, including myself, seemed to be stealing sly glances at Sophie. A simile came to my mind. It was inevitable. For weeks I continued to repeat it to myself at the oddest moments: "As conspicuous as a Negro girl in a First Communion class."

**B**UT IT WAS only when I saw them on the Great Morning in their white dresses and veils that I realized how truly effective a figure of speech that simile was. Perhaps Sophie had stood out in the group before; but when one beheld her glistening black face and arms in that flower-bed of fluttering white veils and flounces, one realized that she was truly outstanding.

I was pleasantly surprised to see her on that Sunday morning—in such a solemn mood, with the obvious signs of awe and prayerfulness and reverence upon her gleaming countenance. It was rather startling after my long familiarity with her bubbling joyousness, her whoops of laughter. But there she was, as long-faced as a Gothic saint, as in-

tense and purposeful as Joan of Arc. I felt rather proud of her; and rather happy, too, in the thought that she was well-instructed.

The class received at the eight o'clock Mass. When I started to give out Communion at the ten o'clock Mass, there was Sophie right in the middle of the rail, white dress, veil and all, ready to receive again. When I came to her I merely whispered that she was not to receive again, and I sent one of the altar boys out to tell her to come into the vestry to see me after Mass.

When she stood before me, looking up with those tremendously large eyes, I asked her why she came to Communion the second time. Didn't she know it was not proper to receive more than once on the same day?

She looked up at me a little alarmed and said, "Why, I thought that—that the more you went the better it was. You said to go as often as we could. I thought that maybe on Sunday it would be nice to go twice. I thought that God would like me more if I went more."

I explained to her again what I had explained to the class several times: no one was permitted to go more than once the same day.

She looked frightened. "But I didn't have my breakfast nor nothing to drink yet. Wouldn't that be all right?"

"**N**O, SOPHIE, you must never receive more than once a day. You must promise me not to try that again."

"I promise, Father." She started out, then turned quickly.

"Did I commit a mortal sin?"

"No, Sophie, because you didn't know it was wrong."

"Are you sure?" she asked, looking at me suspiciously.

"Yes, I'm sure."

"If I was to die this very minute—really die—would I go to Heaven and see God?"

"Yes, I am sure that you would, Sophie."

Evidently she was beginning to have her doubts about whether she had all this straight. "Could I go tomorrow morning?"

"Yes, and every morning as long as you keep your fast and go to confession every Saturday."

"What time tomorrow morning?" she asked.

"Seven o'clock every morning."

"I'll make my mother wake me up."

**T**HE NEXT MORNING she was waiting outside the church at a quarter to seven. She had on her white dress and veil. Much as I disliked doing it, I had to explain to her that she should not wear her veil; that that was only for her First Communion. Her jaw dropped and she looked up at me sadly. So I told her that she could wear her white dress and white stockings and shoes if she wanted to. She brightened up a bit at that. I told her to put the veil away and keep it carefully until she was confirmed by the bishop.

I expected, of course, that this would not last more than two or three days. I was wrong. No one could have been more faithful than Sophie. Even old Mrs. O'Connor, who arrived every morning soon after I unlocked the church, did not surpass her in zeal. Without being told by anyone apparently, Sophie made her thanksgiving after Mass. At first she remained only a couple of minutes. But each morning she remained longer and longer, until during the second week she was in the church ten or fifteen minutes after I had come into the house. While I was taking my coffee I used to watch out the window to see her: a black and white figure speeding down the hill, across an empty lot, and then with a flying leap, disappearing beyond a broken fence. It was my morning re-



minder of how inscrutable are the ways of God.

It happened a little more than two weeks after her First Communion. School had just let out at noon. Sophie came running out the side door. Swooping up in back of one of the boys that she had singled out for the favor, she gave him a vigorous shove that sent him sprawling on the ground. She then made a dash for the opposite side of the street. She had no sooner stepped out into the street than a passing truck struck her, and ran over her.

**SOPHIE WAS KILLED** immediately. When I arrived they had carried her to the grassy plot in front of the school. The children were standing about in a great circle, too frightened to talk. The truck had run over Sophie's frail little body; her chest had been crushed. It had all happened with merciful dispatch and completeness.

That evening Sophie's mother, a great bulk of a Negress, came in to see me. Tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"Can't we have her buried in that white dress?" she asked. "You know she ain't got no other good dress, and she sure nuff loved that dress. She had me washin' an' ironin' it all the time. Three or four times the same week. Dozens a times a day she come runnin' in to look at it. It sho would be a shame, Father, if she couldn't be buried in that dress. Ma pore little Sophie." And she broke into tears again.

"It seems the proper thing to do to have her buried in that dress," I assured her. "And be sure to use the veil, too—just as she made her First Communion. She wanted to wear her veil whenever she received our Divine Lord in Holy Communion, and I think that He will be pleased to receive her that way in Heaven."

We arranged to have the whole

Communion class attend the funeral in a body. The children all understood how pleased Sophie must have been with these arrangements. They instinctively sensed the fitness of burying her in her First Communion dress. Not one of them doubted that God had taken to Himself the most outstanding member of their class.

Somehow or other word had got about among the children that Sophie had asked me a week or two before if she would go to Heaven if she was to die, and I had said that she would. They seemed to think that it was lucky she had asked me, as though I personally had arranged all this with God. The children were unanimously grateful to me.

Never before in my life had I felt quite so humble as when I read over little Sophie's grave the words: ". . . we may bear in mind that we are most certainly to follow her. Give us grace to make ready for that last hour by a devout and holy life, and protect us against a sudden and unprovided death. Teach us how to watch and pray that when Thy summons comes, we may go forth to meet the Bridegroom and enter with him into life everlasting."

### Frugality

By Myrtle Vorst Sheppard

*Now, Crispin counts his pennies,  
And saves, and is quite wise,  
For pennies soon make dollars,  
And every dollar buys  
A few more pigs and chickens,  
A bit more land to till.  
With all his frugal planning,  
Someday, tall Crispin will  
Be master of the widest farm  
Upon the greenest hill;  
And then, Crispin will marry,  
For he's a loving lad.  
Young Crispin is a frugal one . . .  
And oh, my heart is glad!*

## Our Catholic Book Problem

(Recalling Anne Habberley's Reply to Sheila Kaye-Smith)

By Paul J. Kiley

**T**HERE IS SOME truth in the cry of publishers, booksellers and Sheila Kaye-Smith that "Catholics don't read." There is more truth in Anne Habberley's affirmation that Catholics do read. Even closer to the truth is the negation that Catholics are not forced to feel any *enthusiastic* necessity for reading Catholic books. It would appear, therefore, that the crux of the matter is in the advertising.

This is not so in the secular book trade. Who could help feeling an enthusiastic necessity (or unfounded curiosity, if you will) for any of the so-called best sellers. Taking into account that Catholic publishers ("Catholic readers have no money," they said) are short of funds, still they throw no portion of an advertising *blitzkrieg* at the Catholic public such as the general public has to endure for those best sellers. What have those books (save immorality) which Catholic masterpieces have not?

Not only is the extent of Catholic advertising insufficient, but its character is not conducive to arousing public interest. Books are not sold by any historical dissertation, nor by any minute details of the ethics and morality of its characters. They are sold, as we know, superficially. There are some well-placed (and some not so well-placed) stories and "gags" about the length, the weight of the book, the mere title itself. There is hardly a word about the substance of the book.

But can a Catholic publisher conscientiously use advertising of such superficial character? Is it true that once a book is written and judged acceptable according to Catholic standards any moral means may be used to

popularize it, if it is the type that needs popularizing? Could one of our better books be "gagged" into popularity by a title which, I am sure, would not confound the lofty intellects of book-title hunters? Is it legitimate to advertise a book by everything save its substance?

Admitting that this form of advertising is superficial, it yet cannot be said to be untrue advertising. That it sells books we know from the tremendous output of the secular trade. It breeds familiarity. And that familiarity would be extremely beneficial to the propagation of Catholic literature.

Such advertising, however, could be supplemented by some of a more substantial nature. From a Catholic publisher's angle (his main purpose as a publisher is to *sell* books and not, strictly speaking, to convert the world) both are necessary, but it seems that in Catholic advertising there is too much substance. It is not popular. It is an axiom of the advertising business that if a book or a movie can be painted as being suited to the popular taste, yet containing enough of so-called intellectual material to threaten the public's intelligence with a not invincible struggle, that campaign will produce results.

**I**T IS ONLY by such advertising that Catholics who don't read (according to Sheila Kaye-Smith) can be changed into Catholics who do read (according to Anne Habberley) and who will continue to read Catholic literature.

The field for the advertising of our literature is practically virgin territory. You could miss being bombed by *What the Nation Is Reading?* But how many of our people are targets for *What the Nation Should Read?* White, von le Fort, Mauriac, Monsignor Sheen (his books, that is, not the radio) and a host of other contemporaries reach but a woeful number of the eight million prospective Catholic customers



who, we are told, reside east of the Mississippi and north of the Mason-Dixon line, and constitute the main body of publishers' worries.

**P**RECISELY BECAUSE it is new territory this advertising must reach like a centipede into homes and clubs. It is one of the strangest facts of all the problems of Catholic books that even in the parochial book clubs themselves the amount of advertising that actually reaches these members is both insignificant and ineffective. Why? Certainly it is from such clubs that the greatest number of sales must come. Here, indeed, are people who are the answer to an advertiser's prayer, people crying out that they want to become enthusiastic over Catholic literature. But they have to fight to find out what's going on in the book world because the advertising is insignificant and ineffective. It is, from a business viewpoint, inexplicable.

There is a striking refutation to the statement that "Catholics have no money for books." It is not unusual to walk into the houses of Catholics and see in bookcases and on tables selections of well-publicized Book Clubs, all of them representing an expenditure that indicated, besides a tidy sum of money, a taste dictated more by the size and character of the ads in the local papers than by any process of personal selectivity. In more than one case the books outshone in value the furniture itself. The poor *will* buy books.

There is another method of selling Catholic books. But the publishers will not be interested in it; nor will 999 out of one thousand booksellers. It is so unique and mysterious that the mechanics of it cannot be described; only the general surface appearances can be given.

On a street just off the square, between a barn and a gasoline station

where the pumps stand up like totem poles, and in the vicinity of a noted university rather loud in its liberalism, is a Catholic bookshop. A secular writer would say it was solemn and quiet like a dim-lit chapel. Be that as it may, the place has the air of a convent about it (several of the original girl-clerks have become nuns). They scrub their own floors, wash the windows, dust the books, keep the records of what each customer is reading. They hold long and varied conversations in which there is everything mentioned—but no sales talk. It is difficult to go there without meeting one of "their" numerous converts; one day a student at the university, next day a society woman, or a housewife. It is a veritable threshold to conversion and increased sanctity. I would not be surprised if the girls who ran the place originally did so only with the idea of converting the entire university. I would not be surprised if they have accomplished it.

They have been there for some time now so they must sell enough books to pay the rent—landlords always insisting on being paid off in a less ethereal currency than conversion.

## A Job for Stephen

By Katharine Buck

**E**MILY GRANT listened in silence to her kindly-intentioned neighbor. "Make the Novena, my dear," Mrs. Madden advised. "I'm sure it will bring you peace of mind. Besides, a few extra prayers won't tire your young knees, Mrs. Grant."

"I've prayed and prayed, Mrs. Madden, and my prayers have not been—"

"That's all the more reason you should keep right on. The Blessed Mother never refuses to comfort worried souls who seek her aid."

Later one afternoon as Emily sat be-

fore the fire she unfolded the leaflet of the Novena to the Sacred Heart. *Here mention your request* it said in brackets. She had prayed for the wish dearest to her heart for over two long years now—and it had not been answered. Stephen was a good husband. He was willing enough to support Danny, the eight-year-old child of her first marriage. But with employment so scarce and Stephen out of a steady job for so long, he could scarcely provide for her and for little Stevie, their own child. It seemed almost futile to hope any longer that they could all be together. But she would make the Novena.

DANNY HAD BEEN with his grandmother, Emily's first husband's mother, since his father's death, seven years before. When she married Stephen Grant, Emily planned a happy future for Danny as well as for herself and Stephen. The room that was to have been Danny's own had long since been dismantled, its furnishings returned to the store.

The mercantile company that Stephen had been with for sixteen years had closed its doors that day. Its failure had closed the door to Emily's hopes and planning. Weeks had become months, then a year, two years. Despite his constant efforts Stephen Grant had no permanent work. They managed to get along by Stephen's occasional employment during special sales at the downtown stores; or during other clerks' illnesses or vacations.

They moved to a few shabby rooms in the city's outskirts, tried to stretch the pennies a little more each day. It was a losing struggle.

Emily folded the little leaflet into her prayer book and stirred the kitchen fire. Stephen would be in soon, cold and hungry. The postman's whistle sounded. A letter from Danny!

"Dear Mother," Danny wrote, "school is fine. I am in 2B. I wood lik to cum to yur house for sumer. Will it be nice there? Grandma is offel cross when she is sick. She is sick most always and says there isn't any Sandy Claws. Rite and let me know.

"Your loving boy,  
"DANNY,"

Emily's eyes were still red when Mrs. Madden came over, a few moments later, with a steaming bowl of soup. Mrs. Madden, it seemed, always made more than enough soup, or stew, or roast for her own family.

"If I could only have him just for summer," Emily wept as she showed Danny's letter to her neighbor.

"Stephen, will you give the baby his cereal," Emily asked next morning. "I am going to eight o'clock Mass. I've started another Novena."

"Our prayers," Stephen said with a sigh, "never seem to be heard, Emily."

"Perhaps if we pray long enough they will be, Stephen," she comforted.

"I planned on going out early. There was an ad in last night's *Times*."

"DO GO, STEPHEN," she encouraged. "I'll ask the neighbor across the street to look in on Stevie."

Stephen came in at six-thirty that evening.

"Well, any luck, dear?" Emily's face held its worry despite a cheerful effort. The rent was long overdue, and the grocer who had his own bills to meet, had been somewhat reluctant to extend more credit when she asked for flour and potatoes today.

"Yes, a little; I worked today at Bradfield's. They'll keep me on for a while."

She did not tell him what the grocer had said. There was no sense spoiling his appetite.

"Was business good? Did you sell much?" Emily asked.



"I was very busy," he answered, but avoided mentioning the department he was in.

**E**ACH DAY Emily braved the weather to attend eight o'clock Mass. Each day, too, she added, a little "special extra" prayer, as she termed it, to the Novena leaflet, earnestly beseeching Our Lady to find a way for Danny to be with his own.

"And a job for Stephen—dear Blessed Mother." She prayed that over and over, through the days of the novena as she went about her household tasks. "Just any kind of respectable job so we may have food and shelter. Stephen's strong and willing!"

Perhaps if she prayed hard enough Our Lady would see to it that she had Danny with her this summer. Emily felt, as she stifled the ache in her heart and busily stitched the lad a warm jacket from an old coat of Stephen's. Out of a dollar earned by making a tinsel costume for a neighbor, she bought a mouth organ and a top and slipped them into the roomy pockets.

Emily was awake early next morning. When she came in from Mass she swept and dusted the rooms, hung fresh curtains at the windows. The place looked cheerful and cosy she thought, as she began her baking. They would have a mince pie and cookies. Beef roast was selling cheaply today. They would have it for dinner, with mashed potatoes and gravy.

Shortly after noon Emily made her way through streets. Some had so much, others so very, very little, Emily thought, but she was neither bitter nor envious.

With the few cents remaining after sending Danny's jacket to him, Emily bought a toy for little Stevie. There were still a few pennies left for the box in the church corner to help the parish poor.

The afternoon ended. When the lamps were lighted Emily's rooms fairly shone in their homemade trimmings. After she put the baby to bed, Emily sat waiting for Stephen, listening to delivery trucks rushing past and last-minute shoppers hurrying home.

A sound of stamping feet, a loud knock at the front door roused her. Before Emily reached it, the door opened and a stranger, whose face was partly concealed, whose arms were laden with packages, walked inside.

"Oh, you've—you've come to the wrong house!" she gasped at this unexpected intrusion. There was a party next door, she remembered, and packages were scheduled to arrive during the evening.

The man did not answer. Instead he set his bag of packages on the floor. Emily's eyes bulged in astonishment. She looked at this strange person in a strange outfit dancing about the little room. She thought she must be dreaming. At last her glance reached the man's feet. Stephen! She would have known that patch on the side of his shoe anywhere.

**"STEPHEN,"** Emily's voice quavered. "What possessed you! You have spent the seven days' pay for—for this! Oh, Stephen, we need food and—"

"I spent part of it, Emily," Stephen answered, "because you and the kids deserve a celebration. You see, Emily, up at Bradfield's they let me wear this outfit without charge tonight. After I listened to all the kiddies' whispered stories I knew just what our two laddies would like."

Dear, good-hearted Stephen, Emily thought, despite her worry about stretching what was left of the money. Stephen had always been thoughtful of Danny. They would mail the gifts on to the little fellow.

"Is there anything left toward the

rent, Stephen?" Emily asked. "Myers said—"

Stephen turned around from where he had been standing.

"**T**HE BEST for the last, Emily," Stephen interrupted, tossing his wig and mask aside. "I've a job, Emily, a steady job with good pay. Think of it, Em, a real job after all these months of near starvation."

"A job! Oh, Stephen, where! Surely my Novena hasn't been answered that soon!"

"Emily," Stephen began contritely, "never again will I say that prayers are not heard. I made the Novena too. Went to noon-day Mass in a little church down in the wholesale district. There just wasn't any lunch-money so I put the time in going to church and forgot about eating."

Poor Stephen, Emily thought, it was like him to say he had enough left for lunches, and then do without to stretch it out!

"The—the job, Stephen?"

He laughed. "I'm a salesman in Men's Wear. Mr. Bradfield liked my knowledge of fabrics. This morning he told me I could report for work as usual the day after tomorrow and the job would be permanent because Benson is being promoted."

Emily bustled about the little kitchen getting Stephen's supper ready. She wanted to sing out her joy over the good news. Bradfield's was a prosperous store. Stephen would work hard and faithfully to keep the job and she would be careful of the dollars, putting some away for the future. Never, never could she forget or be grateful enough for the wonderful gift the Blessed Mother had given her on this day!

She turned the fish onto a platter, sliced the bread, her mind busily planning. They would send for Danny. If only he could be here tonight to share

her happiness and see his little brother!

Someone rapped on the back door, opened it, walked inside. Mrs. Madden, and beside her—well, of all things, here *was* Danny! Her own Danny with his eager young arms outstretched toward her! Surely Mary had known the ache in her heart. Surely the Blessed Mother had reminded Him of the days of His little boyhood and He had brought all this happiness about for the Grants tonight!

"Stephen's telephone call came just in time for me to call my Anna at Lansing," Mrs. Madden explained. "Sure the lad rides for half-fare and she brought him along with her. Everybody likes to be home for summer, and my Anna says Danny's ticket was a little gift from her, and for you folks to forget about it."

"**O**H, MRS. MADDEN!" Emily found her voice. "Stephen has a job! And we will repay Anna or put the amount in the poor box!"

"And I can stay for—for always, mother?" The lad's pleading eyes met his mother's as though not daring to hope too much without her assurance.

"For always, Danny boy!"

Hours later the little house was quiet again. It would be a happy home again, Emily thought as she knelt to say her night prayers. The happiest, merriest home in the whole city! Lifting her eyes she met those of another mother in the picture of Our Lady hanging on the wall in front of her. Somehow the tenderness and understanding love in Our Lady's pictured countenance as she held the Divine Infant seemed to express a bond of understanding with all the mothers throughout the world! A promise of helpful comfort in all troubles if the worried ones would but make their wants known to her and humbly ask her assistance in solving their problems.



# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

A good laugh is sunshine in a house.  
—Thackeray.

Contrary to the opinion of some, leprosy is not hereditary. The children of lepers are born clean.

For want of a better place, some of the Australian natives carry their pipes in their fuzzy hair.

African Catholics approximate three million, other Christians, 18,000,000; pagan blacks, 90,000,000.

Cucumbers with a standard length of eight inches and without any curves have been developed in England.

The young of the water snake, garter snake, rattlesnake, cottonmouth, and copperheads are born alive. Most other snakes lay eggs.

New Jerseyites may dispute this, but the fiercest mosquitoes known to man are found in the Arctic regions during the summer season.

Sticking out of the sand dunes south of Skagen in Denmark is the tower of an old church buried by a sandstorm in the eighteenth century.

Moslems observe Friday as their Sabbath because, according to Mahomet, that was the day Adam was created,

the day he entered into and was expelled from Paradise, the day he repented, the day of his death, and the day on which he will arise.

According to cattlemen in Australia, cattle can graze ten miles from water, but sheep must have a source of supply well within five miles.

Once, when Chauncey Depew was asked what kind of exercise he took, he replied: "I get practically all my exercise acting as pallbearer to my friends who exercise."

While administering the sacrament of Extreme Unction, the priest makes the sign of the cross seventeen times. During Baptism, fourteen crosses are made.

Foresters say that poplars and elms are struck by lightning most often among trees, whereas lindens and beeches are among those least likely to be hit.

In the year 1806, two days' work was necessary to purchase a bushel of salt; today a man can buy more salt for a day's work than he can consume in a lifetime.

According to one astronomical estimate, the star most distant from us is located two quintillion miles away. Two quintillion is equivalent to the number two, followed by eighteen ciphers.

If the van carrying your neighbor's goods happens to start in a northerly direction, that fact may mean nothing at all. Margery Rae, who made a special study of the moving problem some time ago, tells us that many women instruct drivers to start off in the wrong direction in order to confuse inquisitive neighbors.

## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**Through Hundred Gates.** Translated by the Editors and Compilers, the Reverend Stephen L. Lamping, O. F. M. and the Reverend Severin Lamping, O. F. M. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. Price, \$2.50.

The most beautiful story that can be told or written is the personal account of a single conversion, because it is the unfathomable grace of God in action. In *Through Hundred Gates* this traditional truth becomes a soul-stirring reality. For here is a compilation of forty-one straightforward and impressive accounts of conversion to the Church. These joyful sketches, written by notables from all walks of life, are representative of twenty-two different lands. Included in its pages are accounts of or by Sigrid Undset, Paul Claudel, Knute Rockne, Gilbert Keith Chesterton, Sheila Kaye-Smith and John Moody.

As the title of the book suggests, there is no one definite road to conversion. The multiple forces that bring souls to their final enlightenment are as varied as the inadequate sects that they left behind them. Exemplary Catholicism, cold logic, historical evidence and general dissatisfaction with former religious affiliations are just a few of the gates that have led to home. But, in each account, the convert-author insists upon something more than accidental material cause. All acknowledge the impelling force of divine grace that urged them on to truth—even against their own stubbornness and fear.

*Through Hundred Gates* is a welcome contribution to a spiritually starved world. The non-Catholic reader will be directed to Truth; the Catholic reader will be strengthened in Truth. The necessity and purpose of this work is aptly expressed within its pages by the converted MacFarlane-Barrow when he points out that "a

conversion is not a private matter, neither is it right to make it so. It is an instance of the generosity of Almighty God, and, for that reason, if for no other, deserves to be published to the end that His alone may be the glory, and the furthering of His Kingdom on earth the sole object of the publication."

Edmund R. Butler.

**The Last Quarter,** by Ralph Henry Barbour. D. Appleton-Century Co., New York. Price, \$2.

*The Last Quarter*, another wholesome novel for boys from the prolific pen of Ralph Henry Barbour, follows a high-school football season as it unpredictably unfolds from week to week. From the viewpoint of a scrub, Jimmy Amber, the story centers around quiet and efficient Coach Davidson as he solves the problems arising—some of them extraordinary. The momentous, final, traditional game comes. Jimmy's chance to show his courage and ability, despite his diminutive size, provides thrills in the final quarter.

The story is light, popular, third rate. It tries to be real, but the situations at times are absurd and artificial. It is another book, one which should provide an interesting, if not exciting, afternoon for younger high-school readers.

J. E. Jones.

**Our American Money—A Coin Collector's Story,** by Joseph Coffin. Coward-McCann, Inc., New York. Price, \$1.75.

An earlier book by this author was *Coin Collecting*. According to the publishers, ". . . it was enthusiastically recommended by the literary as well as the hobby magazines." *Our American Money*, fittingly described by its subtitle—*A Collector's Story*, contains a chronological survey of American



money from the time of the first settlers, the Indians, to the present day. This historical account is neither profound nor exhaustive, and it is not meant to be, for it is not really thinking of money as money but money as a hobby. Scattered material on the subject has been gathered and set down in an orderly fashion, so that the various items provide instruction for the average person, handy information for the historian, and without doubt some pleasant hours of study and recreation for anyone whose hobby is coin collecting.

John Dowling.

**Mystical Phenomena in the Life of Theresa Neumann**, by the Most Rev. Josef Teodorowicz, translated by Rev. Rudolph Kraus. Published by B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price, \$4.

The world looks at Konnersreuth with eyes of varying belief; the Church traditionally awaits further events, cautious in giving an authoritative statement about the phenomena surrounding the life of peasant Theresa Neumann. The Catholic is consequently caught in the tangle of conflicting views on the subject. And yet the whole affair is too captivating and too real to be passed over without at least an attempt to pierce the shroud of the mystery. The Archbishop of Lemberg gives us in this book a scientific and sane rationale which is different in its mission of understanding the uniquely beautiful drama.

The book is not a biography of Theresa Neumann. Nor is it altogether a defense of the credibility of the seemingly miraculous experiences the world witnesses and wonders about. It is more precisely an exact and penetrating analysis of Theresa's personality and the various phenomena taking place in and about that personality. Such a venture would be a tremendous

task for any scholar, and here it is met with an excellence and a technique admirable in themselves.

Filled with reliable data and accepted psychological truth, the book lays every phase of the story before the reader, clearly, intelligently and with a rare sense of objectivity. The author espouses the cause of a saint in the making. Serious and selective use of authorities, comparisons with other stigmatists and saints, and reliance on accepted theological views—all converge to buttress conclusions.

The project is a compliment to Catholic scholarship. From the viewpoint of literary interest as well as religious and mystical inquiry, certainly the book should be a *must* on the lists of discriminating readers.

J. Jeremiah Green.

#### PAMPHLETS

The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo.: *Practical Helps for the Religion Teacher: Part I, Practical Methods for Practical Catechists* (25c) and Part II, *How to Teach the First Communicant* (25c), by the Rev. Aloysius J. Heeg, S. J. The two parts in cloth volume, \$1. *Modern Catholic Literature* (10c)—A Discussion Club Outline—by Herbert O'H. Walker, S. J.

Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind.: *I Believe* (15c)—A Series of Articles on Faith for Discussion Clubs, by Sister Mary Agnes, S. N. D. *Nano Nagle* (10c)—Foundress of the Sisters of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, by a Member of the Community, Staten Island, N. Y. *Shall I Marry a Non-Catholic?* (10c), by the Rev. James A. Magner. *Memoirs* (1930-1940) (25c)—Addresses Tenth Anniversary Catholic Hour Broadcast. *Peace, the Fruit of Justice* (10c), *The Seven Last Words and the Seven Virtues* (15c), both by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Fulton Sheen.

## YOUNGER READERS

### Between Songs

By Lucretia Penny

*Said one canary to another,  
"I know my song's not pleasing, Brother.  
I know that this is true because  
The goldfish offer no applause."  
Her brother bowed his yellow head  
And thought and thought before he said:  
"I simply can't imagine, Maude,  
How goldfish ever could applaud."*

### Houseboat Girl

By Rose Milen

THE HOUSEBOAT lay at anchor on the shore of the picturesque river. The trees that lined the bank were responding to the touch of autumn. Gold and rust and brown added to the natural beauty of the curving waterfront. The sky line on the opposite shore, etched against the blue-and-white sky, was mirrored in the clear, sparkling river depths.

Hilda saw none of this beauty as she ran across the gangplank that led to the houseboat home. She opened the door and burst into the small, cozy kitchen. Mrs. Burdock was dismayed at the sight of her tearful daughter.

"Hilda, darling, what's wrong?"

"Mother, my dreams are all gone."

Mrs. Burdock smiled. "It isn't as bad as all that, Hilda, is it?" she asked hopefully.

"Yes, Mother. You know how much I've longed to become friendly with the girls in my class. I should have known it could never be. They dress so lovely, and have such fine homes and give such grand parties. I hear them talking about it all, and I am such an outsider. My mended dresses, my little home, my

long, lonely walks along the river. But I never minded that, Mother. I thought that some day things would be different. And if my music proved a success, that would pave the way to friends and a good home, and all those things I've always wanted. But it's all over."

"Something has happened to hurt you," her mother said understandingly.

"Yes. I'm going to drop out of the play."

Mrs. Burdock was dejected. The lead in the Thanksgiving play!

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, dear," Hilda told her, "but I just can't be in it. It all happened after rehearsal this afternoon. Sister complimented me on my work; but then I happened to overhear the girls discussing me. Peggy said the play was cut out for me—a waterfront story. She also said it wasn't a matter of good acting; that I was just natural. But instead of a squatter's hut, I was on a stage. It was so humiliating, Mother! We aren't squatters, are we? Just because Dad works on the river and we live in a houseboat?"

Mrs. Burdock was silent.

"You don't want me to drop out," Hilda suggested.

"I DON'T WANT you to do anything that will hurt you," her mother said gently. "If you feel as though you do want to drop out, I most certainly want you to. I am a little disappointed; but I don't blame you. You needn't be in it."

"I would if I could. I just can't. I can't. Everyone who sees it will feel the same way about it as the girls. I'm not going to have anything to do with them again."

"Of course, Hilda. You must not hold



a grudge against them. That would not be the Christian way."

"Oh, I forgive them, but it's hard to forget that hurt, Mother."

"Yes," her mother answered sympathetically, "it is pretty bad. But does it occur to you Hilda, that by stepping out you are hurting yourself more than by staying in?"

"Why, Mother!" Hilda cried in amazement.

"I think you can be brave, Hilda," her mother said.

**N**OT SO BRAVE, Mother," said Hilda. "If I were brave I'd go back and face the girls. I'd go through with the play; but I can't." She winked back the tear or two that sprang to her eyes and smiled to her mother. "I'm going out and pick you a bouquet of flowers for the table. I know where there are some pretty wild flowers farther up the river."

Mrs. Burdock felt the tears coming to her own eyes. "Here, dear," she said. "This apple will taste good along the way."

Hilda kissed her mother and hurried out.

The girl walked farther than she had intended to. Somehow the walk had done her good. The unpleasantness of the afternoon seemed to fade into the background and she found herself really enjoying the colorful October scenery.

What was that in her pocket? She had been fingering them all the way. The tickets for the play. Hilda's lips tightened. Then a generous thought crossed her mind. After all, she would be hurting no one but Sister Agnes and the poor who would be benefited by the proceeds of the play. No, she wouldn't be in the play but she could, at least, sell tickets. After that, she stopped at the first house she came to.

The lady there treated her courteously enough; but she also recognized

Hilda. And just as the latter had feared, wondered aloud at the coincidence of the title of the play and the girl herself.

The color rose in the girl's face and she bit her lip. The lady checked her words. "Here you are," she said quickly, "I'll take two tickets."

Hilda's flaming cheeks had cooled somewhat by the time she reached the next house. Despite her decision to pass by she automatically turned in at the gate and walked up to the front door.

A cheerful sort of person answered her knock. "Of course, of course," she said enthusiastically, after Hilda had related her mission.

"Aren't you the houseboat girl from down the river?" she asked on her return.

"Yes, ma'am," Hilda replied in a small voice.

"I thought I recognized you," the woman went on volubly. "Now, isn't that strange. The name of the play, I mean, and you."

A wave of humiliation swept over the girl.

"You're in it, I suppose," the woman went on.

"Yes, ma'am."

**T**HE FORMER beamed. "Isn't that nice. I know that you will be the best one in the play. Why, it won't be like a play to you. It will be like real life."

Real life. The words burned into Hilda's mind as she stumbled along the road. Real life. This was life she was experiencing right now. Life, with its hurts, its disappointments, its discouragements. It was well she had decided to give up the rôle. The result would have been something she would never forget.

The girl breathed a prayer for help. "Dear Mother of God," she pleaded. "You suffered poverty, hurts, humiliations. Please help me to bear them."

Some unknown force seemed to guide her into the well-fenced gardens of the big white house that set back off the road. She knocked and waited. The girl wondered idly how this particular person would react to her appeal. Surely she did not know her. Or did she? Suddenly Hilda remembered where she was. This was the wealthy woman whom the town held in such aloof and sort of feared awe.

The door was flung open and Hilda found herself facing a tall, stern-looking personage who looked at the girl through narrowed eyelids.

The smile on Hilda's face vanished, then quickly returned.

"Stop making those faces," the woman commanded, "and don't waste any more of my time. What do you want?"

**W**HAT HILDA wanted was to flee. However, that was out of the question now. She opened her mouth. The girl wondered if she had really lost her voice.

"Don't stand there gaping at me like that," the woman ordered.

"I'm selling tickets," Hilda said in a voice she did not recognize. Without a word, the lady turned, went inside and shut the door. Hilda fled down the walk.

Outside the gate, the girl's steps slackened. She leaned against a fence-post and stared ahead with sad, brown eyes. Tears gathered and trickled down her cheeks. It seemed like such a peaceful world away out here. In the distance, the hills dipped and curved with rugged gracefulness. A hazy, blue mist hung over their crest.

Hilda sighed, dried her eyes and began to pick a bouquet of the flowers. She had her arms almost filled with them when the door of the big white house opened and the lady called to her, and motioned for her to come.

Hilda wondered what she had done

now. She walked toward the waiting lady nervously. "I'm sorry," she began. "I didn't think they belonged to any one. I picked them out there on the road."

"I do not mean that," the lady snapped. "Land sakes, I hope I'm not that mean; though goodness knows I nearly scared you out of the power of speech. Come in. I want to talk to you."

Hilda placed the flowers on the porch. Sarah Larrimore watched her silently. She ushered the girl into the room and motioned her to a chair. "Now, tell me what this is all about," she said authoritatively. "What are you selling?"

"Tickets for a school play," Hilda explained.

"A school play! Are you in it?"

"No, ma'am. I mean, yes, ma'am. I mean—I was in it until this afternoon."

"And why this afternoon?"

"I dropped out," Hilda replied evasively. She flushed deeply.

"I see," Sarah rejoined, although she frankly did not. "Then it was not my curt reception of you that made you cry out there on the road."

Hilda was embarrassed. "Oh, no, ma'am," she replied.

"I'm glad."

**H**ILDA THOUGHT the lady's voice sounded a little wistful. Then she realized fully what the woman had said.

"Oh, please," she said, looking at Sarah Larrimore with serious eyes. "You didn't treat me curtly. It was just that—" she stopped.

"You don't have to tell me if you don't want to," Miss Larrimore said sharply enough, though Hilda could see the kind light in her eyes, "but if there is anything you think you'd like to tell me, I'm quite certain I would understand; although I wouldn't blame you for doubting it."

Hilda felt a bond of understanding spring up between her and the lonely, avoided, unloved lady. She felt sorry



for her. She told her the story from beginning to end. "But I have it all planned now," she finished. "I'm not going to have anything to do with them any more. I'm sure they'll like that and I'll save myself a lot of hurt."

She looked so little, and humble, and hurt that the now thoroughly sympathetic Sarah longed to help her. "I think," she said, "that you will hurt yourself more that way."

"That is what Mother said," Hilda told her in surprise.

"I'M GOING TO tell you a story," the woman went on. "Something no one else knows. When I was a little girl, your age, I was anything but beautiful. An ugly duckling. And I was poor; and no one would invite me to any of their affairs. I promised myself when I grew up I wouldn't have anything to do with anybody. I know now that I hurt myself more than they ever hurt me. Don't you make the same mistake. You are a pretty little thing. Go back. Be in the play. If you have enough courage, you'll throw this thing over. You'll lead your class yet!"

"You're so encouraging," Hilda said.

They talked further and over a dainty little lunch, their acquaintance blossomed into friendship. At the girl's request, Miss Larrimore played the piano. "Although I haven't touched it in years," she confessed.

Hilda sat motionless as Sarah's fingers fell across the keys, first slowly and uncertainly, then gradually with confidence and feeling.

The latter turned and caught the expression on the girl's face.

"You look," she said, "as if you were more than enjoying it."

"I was," Hilda cried heartily. "It was wonderful. I wish—"

"What is it, child?"

"You may think it sounds foolish," she began apologetically, "But I—I have great ambitions."

"I would really love to know," Sarah said, at the girl's hesitancy.

Hilda confided her dreams. Plans were discussed and before the girl left, she promised faithfully to be in the play.

The remaining weeks before the play passed by quickly, and almost before Hilda could realize it, the night before Thanksgiving had arrived.

The play was over, and not only had it been a financial success, but it proved a dramatic success as well. The little leading lady received a wonderful ovation, both for the sincere portrayal of her rôle and for the overture which appeared on the program with her name beneath it as composer.

After the curtain had gone down for the last time, the happy girl was well received by her classmates in the dressing room. They circled around her flatteringly. All but Peggy.

HILDA PURPOSELY sought her out. "Peggy," she coaxed, "can't we be friends? It will make my evening complete."

Peggy looked at her searchingly. She was in earnest. "You mean you still want to be friends with me?"

"Then we will be friends?" Hilda said, half-questioningly.

For answer Peggy squeezed her hand.

It was a radiantly happy girl that crossed the tiny gangplank to the houseboat home that night.

And a lonely lady in the country found a new interest in life, friends and sociability. For she it was who helped the girl sell her music.

Hilda, in turn, saw her dream-house in the country become a reality. The future stretched before her like a bright star. And all because she was humble enough to be brave enough to endure hurts to help others. It opened the road to her land-of-dreams.

## ✦ The Weekly Postscript ✦

By M. M. Wirries

FIFTEEN IS going to boarding school, going "back east" to the convent school of your girlhood. She is athrill and you are athrill, all the times when you forget to remember how lonely you will probably be, with two thousand miles between you.

Fifteen asks questions, questions, questions. All the questions evoke composite memories; memories of little joys, youthful triumphs, childish troubles, innocent escapades. You find yourself remembering the queerest things—how Hazel twisted her pencil, how Catherine stood on one foot; the deviled eggs you ate at the Junior picnic; the oilcloth under Florence's plate; Sister I—— telling you, gravely: "You have a most peculiar walk. Is there something wrong with your feet?" And you, smoldering inwardly, helpless to explain that you were trying to walk like your favorite stock ingénue down there at Keith's Theater. "Sister, I had never suspected that."

"When did you get up?" Five-thirty, you remember, to the accompaniment of youthful groans; but six after the Bishop came, taking away the Wednesday and Saturday "sleep mornings," and giving you an extra half hour every day in their place. You remember how noble you used to feel, on those mornings when you, privileged to sleep until seven, got up at five-thirty and went to Mass. You do not feel so noble now, acknowledging to your small daughters that your real reason for the early rising was not the Mass you were privileged to hear, but the tennis you managed to play before the other girls got up.

"Did you play basketball?" Ah, *did you not?* In voluminous bloomers and circular skirts, and without kneepads

you are sure, because your knees were always a mass of bruises during the basketball season. You played center under a system all your own, which featured falling, stomach down on the basketball, and just camping there until the referee admitted that the ball belonged to you. And when the doctor in your Junior year decreed, "No more basketball!" you felt that your life was practically ended.

"WHAT DID you do on Sunday?" *There's a question!* Sunday was peace, beauty, glamour. Sunday was—well, Sunday. But why? Dividing it justly into its component parts, you are perhaps constrained to agree with outspoken Twelve, that it "doesn't sound as though there was much to it, after all." White veils, instead of black mantillas for Chapel; black dresses, instead of blue. High Mass. A more leisurely breakfast with sweet rolls as a special treat. The Sunday walk-an-hour instead of the week-day fifteen minutes: so many places you could see on Sunday that you never wished to turn back. Letter writing—is there anything glamorous about letter writing? Yet, somehow, there was then. Your letter home was first, and sometimes Sister voted it a "disgrace" and made you write it over. And then the other letters, and poetry, and your diary. Finally the dinner bell and Benediction and perhaps visitors "in the parlor." Study hour, and supper, and another walk by starlight. Oh, the walks by starlight—and you looking shamelessly into pretty, brightly-lighted rooms, where there were always tall "piano lamps" with enormous silk shades. Perhaps it's because of Sunday that Fifteen is going back to boarding school!



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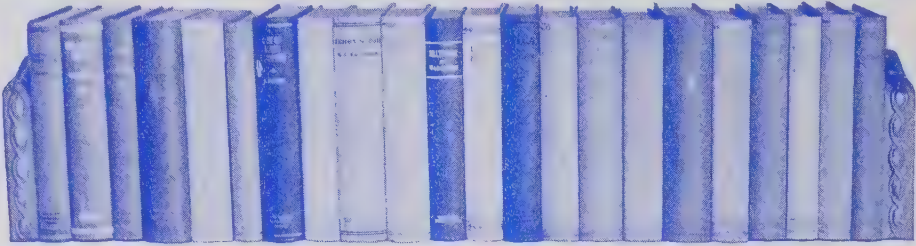
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9. THE SAINTS AND GOOD EXAMPLE
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15. SAINTS WHO WERE MARTYRS TO DUTY
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## NEXT WEEK

Miss Marie O'Dea, 230 South Monastery Avenue, Baltimore, Md., in *Planned Catholicity* gives us the Catholic Action planning of a group of Catholics and specifies what good came of the plans.

Sheil Desmond, Hyde Park, Drumcondra, Dublin, Ireland, begins a serial, the background of which is early twentieth century Ireland, which is titled *Inistraig*.

*Visit Values* is a conference, after the manner of St. Francis De Sales, on social, semi-social and business calls, that concludes with a spiritual note on calls to the Divine Host within the tabernacle. Timed somewhat to the Feast of the Visitation. Done by S. M. Paula, St. Vincent-on-Hudson, Newport, N. Y.

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## OBITUARY

Sister M. Killiana, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister Mary Columba, Sisters of Providence; Sister Mary of St. John of the Cross, Religious of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd; Sister Ellen, Sisters of Charity.

Elizabeth Calnen, Mrs. J. E. McNamara, Prof. John McDill Fox, John J. Sheehan, Joseph J. Mawhinney, Mrs. Jane H. Parker, Mrs. Catherine E. Murphy, Mrs. Marcella Page, Bernard McInerney, Anna M. Kappler. May they rest in peace!



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# THE AVE MARIA

CATHOLIC HOME WEEKLY

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JUNE 29, 1940

## World News in Brief

**THE CHURCH** In Rome a French Cardinal and French and English officials of the Roman Rota and the diplomats of the Allied countries moved into Vatican City following Italy's declaration of war. . . . ¶ In London, twenty persons, all over seventy and all converts, were confirmed by Cardinal Hinsley. . . . ¶ In Argentine, the majority of the National Deputies made public expression of their belief in God. . . . ¶ At Domremy, birthplace of Joan of Arc, an altar was donated to the village church which was paid for by gifts of Americans both Catholic and Protestant. . . . ¶ At Vatican City, Ignatius of Laconi, a lay Capuchin was beatified. . . . ¶ In Canada, a movement to make religious education compulsory in the public schools was recommended by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

**AT HOME** In Washington, Navy officials revealed plans for building an Atlantic fleet for a two-ocean navy. . . . Collapse of French resistance was said to have upset the Roosevelt intervention policy and his third-term aspirations. . . . The Treasury Department impounded all French assets in this country. . . . The Senate Naval Affairs Committee revealed that Roosevelt was about to send secretly to England twenty of the Navy's fastest torpedo boats. . . . ¶ In Philadelphia, the policy makers of the Republican party drafted a strong *No War* plank. . . . ¶ In Los Angeles, Don Ameche, film ac-

tor, lost several thousand dollars because of his refusal to appear in a salacious picture. . . . ¶ In New York, the arrival of the *Manhattan* brought from Rome more than 100 priests, about 300 seminarians and forty-seven nuns. . . . ¶ In Milwaukee, *The Living Church*, a publication of the Episcopalians, praised the peace efforts of Pope Pius XII. . . . ¶ In New York, the editor of the *Daily Worker*, a Communist newspaper, was convicted of criminal libel. . . . ¶ In St. Louis, the representatives of nine hundred Catholic hospitals are in convention. . . . ¶ In Litchfield, Ill., a group of "Jehovah's Witnesses" who refused to salute the flag, had to be locked up in jail to keep them from the mob.

**ABROAD** On the war front Marshal Petain was selected new French Premier and asked the Germans to submit their peace terms. . . . It is said that Hitler is insisting on the surrender of the French navy and that Britain is urging France to continue the war. . . . Today the Strait of Dover has become England's battle-front for the first time since Napoleon's day. . . . ¶ In Moscow, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania were said to have capitulated to Russian troops. . . . ¶ In Cairo, the bombing of ports by Italian airmen brought Egypt to the verge of war. . . . ¶ In Ottawa, Prime Minister Mackenzie King urged compulsory conscription to aid Britain. . . . ¶ In London, English-speaking priests who are not Englishmen, may be given commissions as chaplains in the army.

## Notes and Remarks

It is unfortunate at this time that our President seems more emotional than calculating, more a provocative partisan than a watchful guardian of a country pressed down by

**In This Momentous Year**

grave home front problems. Mr. Roosevelt is a good man who, in common with other good men, seems to think the magic of the powerful United States will revamp Europe into a Garden of Eden. The President is given to daring promises. He will send all this Western Hemisphere against any comer, not indicating how effective will be the contribution of the rest of this continent to the execution of that contract. He promised Canada to save her status under the British Empire without any, so far as we know, invitation from the Canadian commonwealth. He made peace proposals to the European governments, lecturing Hitler and Mussolini as he did so. The results were nil. His government brings refugees from Europe to American safety, while Americans are left in European ports, as we infer from newspaper accounts. To the Allied governments are made commitments which practically line up this nation as their associate in arms. All which is confusing and dangerous.

The President promises the Allied powers help without stint or limit, which is hardly a step short of a declaration of war. Many of our leaders in legislative and executive positions are thinking of France and England. They do not seem, with nearer more immediate vision, to see the United States at all. Is 1918 to be repeated? We never thought it would—after that tragic first experience. Please write your senators. Some of them are homesteaders thinking in terms of

America. Many of them, without serious convictions are watching to see if the tide of opinion will flow to Europe. Write, write, write your senators! Those who want fresh American cemeteries are writing wholesale every day. And pray the Queen of Peace to bestow upon us the sanity of stay-at-home thoughts in this momentous year.

With the popular fancy in a frenzy over the possible invasion of America by foreign powers, it is wholesome for our nerves, and lowering for our blood pressure, to

**Unfounded Fears**

sit back and listen to an expert pronounce the case as harmless. To begin with, this is a problem for responsible army and navy officers, and national defense experts, not the business of a corner soapbox orator with little more than good lungs and a smattering of mob psychology to substantiate his utterings. The only possible *blitzkrieg* on the United States, say army experts, would come by way of Newfoundland, which would require the defeat of the American navy. Weather conditions would permit only six months of conquest. Land forces of the invader would have to come along the Burgoyne trail. This would be impossible in the face of a well-trained army, or a force of bombing planes. On the southern front, the invader would have to take progressive steps through Brazil to the southeastern seaboard of the United States; but all this would take at least two years for even the greatest sea and air armadas the world has ever known, with all their attendant auxiliaries of fuel, ammunition, food and men. And for all practical purposes the move would be impossible of success. We are not profoundly versed in military tactics, but we prefer to lend an attentive



ear to men who are experts in these matters, rather than become hysterical over the wild utterings of mere propagandists, or politicians, who are all too often the only voices heard today.

A full-page war-propaganda advertisement was inserted in many of the leading newspapers the other day by

### Senator Holt Explains

the self-styled "Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies." At a recent press conference President Roosevelt heartily endorsed the propaganda advertisement. Said Senator Holt on the floor of the Senate: "Where did this Committee start? Eighteen prominent bankers and some others met in New York. They were called by Frederick R. Courdet. Do the senators know who he is? He was the legal adviser of the British embassy who helped lead us into the last war. He was the man who generated the propaganda that took the American boys to their death while he was on the pay roll of the British government. Who else was there? Thomas Lamont, partner of J. P. Morgan, who has interests in England and investments in other parts of the world. President Conant of Harvard endorsed the scheme, and let me say in this connection that Harvard has many investments in British bonds." Senator Holt then listed thirty prominent individuals who recently signed a manifesto urging the United States to declare war on Germany.

It is gratifying to learn from the London *Universe* that Slovakia, Central European Republic under Nazi

### Slovakia Still Catholic

"protection," enjoys religious freedom such as is unknown anywhere else in the sphere of German domination. This is due in great part to Monsignor Tiso,

its president, who although he holds a doubtful political position, is full of real priestly zeal, and carries out all the duties of a parish priest at every weekend. M. Tuka, the President of the Council of Ministers, is also a good Catholic, as are most of the other important officials in the Government. Last Lent, the President of the Council, his four chief ministers, the Under Secretary of State for foreign affairs, the Propaganda Minister and some twenty-five members of the parliament made a three days' retreat at Ruzomberok. The Minister of Education, M. Sivak, is a sincere Catholic, and religious instruction is part of the program in all schools, even at the University. The Government's social program is officially declared to be inspired by the Papal Encyclicals. The new republic is eighty per cent Catholic and the Holy See is represented in the capital by a chargé d'affaires, Monsignor Burzio, while Slovakia is represented at the Vatican by M. Charles Sidor. "Slovakia," says the *Universe*, "remains an oasis of fervent Catholicism right in the center of troubled Europe, and it may well be the foundation stone for future construction."

Brigadier General William Mitchell was practically driven out of the army some fifteen years ago because he insisted that air

### General Mitchell Was Right

power as a means of waging war was underestimated by his superior officers. Let us quote what the General wrote in *Liberty Magazine* in 1928: "I had a conference with General Pershing in 1918 and we discussed the formation of aviation for the group of armies. I proposed to him that we arm the men with a great number of machine-guns and train them to go over the front in our large airplanes. We could equip each man with a parachute, so that

when we desired to make a rear attack we could drop these men off in parachutes behind the German position. They could assemble at a prearranged strong point and fortify it. We could supply them by aircraft with food and ammunition. Our low flying attack would prevent the Germans falling upon them before they were thoroughly organized. Then we could attack from the rear aided by an attack by our army on the front. Tanks have proved themselves to be the best instruments for advancing and I want to see just as great a development of this arm as it is possible to make. If we can get well to the rear of the enemy with our air forces and have tanks jump on them in front we will come pretty near to destroying the German army." Mitchell was laughed out of the army by his superior officers. Hitler, it seems, took a page from his book and is waging just the kind of war Mitchell outlined. The general is dead, however, and his great foresight is lost to the army.

France in times of peace places Freemasons and Communists in high positions. In war she turns to loyal Catholics, realizing that they have the real interest of their country at heart.

### **Guardians of France**

General Foch, an exemplary Catholic, saved France from the invading Germans in the last war, and today seventy-three-year-old General Weygand, whom Clemenceau used to say was "up to his neck in priests," is called upon to rescue France from the invader. General Foch, on his deathbed, said of this man: "When France is in trouble send for Weygand." And it will be remembered, too, that when Russia was advancing upon Warsaw, Weygand, who had been sent to Poland, saved not only Poland from Communism, but Europe as well. During this campaign he had as his spiritual adviser Achille

Ratti (later Pope Pius XI) who had refused to leave Poland with the diplomatic corps. France has also summoned in this crisis another staunch Catholic, Marshal Petain, as Vice-Premier, and has made a third Catholic statesman, M. Charles-Roux, head of the French foreign office. Where now are all the Communists and atheists who were so voluble during the last ten years, and who were responsible for the sit-down strikes and other disorders that divided France? They have escaped from France or have been put in concentration camps so they might not aid the enemy.

A pro-Ally speech, last winter, by American Minister Cromwell, delivered in Canada, brought a sharp reprimand from Secretary of State Hull, and a warning against repeating such statements while in a diplomatic post. Last week in Domremy, France, William C. Bullitt, the American Ambassador, declared that "from one end of this earth to the other every civilized man is praying, after his fashion, for the victory of France. . . . Americans know on which side stand right, justice and Christian decency, and on which side are wrong, cruelty and bestiality. They believe in France. . . . We know that the French blood flowing today is being spent for all the values of 2000 years of Christian civilization. . . . Guard France! In the service of God and man let your spirit lead to Christian victory." Later, when the speech was published, the Administration officials made no comment. There was no hint whether the White House or state department had advance information on what Bullitt would say in his address in the ceremonies at the birthplace of Joan of Arc. It is significant that so pronounced a partisan utterance should escape the assiduous



notice of Mr. Hull. To the nation at large, it can mean nothing else than a change of official attitude in Administration circles toward the question of Allied support. From the declaration of the President on June 10th, we are inclined to believe that the contents of the Ambassador's speech were known and approved by his superiors. From both speeches we cannot but see that we are much more involved in European affairs than we were six months ago.

◆

A lecturer at a military hospital on the grounds of Jsing Hua University near Peiping, advised disabled Japanese soldiers who were in his audience to commit suicide—"as the patriotic thing" to do. He even offered them aid to perform the act. You are shocked, of course. Well, that is just another evidence of the civilizing influence of war. To encourage our normal, healthy, American youth to set out into the titanic mass killing which at the moment shatters the present and future of Europe is the near equivalent of the "patriotism" preached by this Japanese professor.

◆

Let no one of our readers think that the hearts of the American people do not go out in pity for the peoples of France, Belgium, Holland, Poland and to the men, women and children of other countries now deprived of homes and safety. It is a tragic time for them—sufferers through no fault of theirs. The American people have sent help to them in the way of food, clothing and whatever else ministers to their well-being. They will continue to send, irrespective of race or creed. They are all the suffering sons of men. Not the common people—French, English, Germans, Belgians, Poles or Italians—are responsi-

ble for these horrors. News reporters, commentators, distributors of all manner of propaganda speak of this mad war as a war of peoples. It is not. Left to their pursuits, to living on their earth, to tilling their lands, and guarding the animals of their fields, people would live content within the security of their hills at peace with God and man. Their leaders mass them into armies to be killed for projects of which they know nothing, for possessions which they will never enjoy. God will give a bright particular heaven to His poor people who are played upon so much, suffer so patiently and shed a plentiful, useless blood for causes which each leadership identifies as the cause of God. Alas, poor Yorick!

◆

THE AVE MARIA seems to forget it is a Catholic Home Weekly under the protection of Our Lady. Week after week your Notes and Remarks are War, War, War! Why not give us some Church comments, some holy, peaceful things as Father Hudson used to do? I knew that good, sweet priest very well. Were he where you are now, THE AVE MARIA would show holier and gentler pages.

**A Peace-Monger, Sir!**

You seem, dear Sir, not a very close follower of THE AVE MARIA of this day or of the dear days of Father Hudson's unerring piloting. We are not preaching war, war, war! We are preaching peace, peace, peace—every day in every way. And we are preaching it without apologies, because it is more necessary at the moment than anything we can think of. Nor can you have read THE AVE MARIA of Father Hudson—before and during the World War. Although he was born in New England of the bluest blood, and articulated his a's in Harvard's—or is it Yale's?—best manner, he yet insisted—

The bird is safest in its nest,  
To stay at home is best.

# Weekly Page

By THE EDITOR

## The Way of Saints

YOU EXPECTED the first sentence to read: "The saints are the wisest people on earth." All right, consider it first. And call it platitude, if you like. The word *platitude* rimes more or less with *Beatitude*, of which there are eight. These eight Beatitudes are considered platitudes by sophisticates, night-livers, drink-and-dance youth of both sexes, girl gold-diggers and susceptible boys who "date" them, pay the taxi man and the inn-keeper. A saint uses the Beatitudes as a business captain uses money—to make them pay dividends. Stocks and bonds serve the purpose of increasing the size of our temporal wealth; using the Beatitudes makes us richer in the wealth of heaven.

You are a Catholic father and make enough to bring up your family, but not much more. You are happy. You are old-fashioned to the extent of thinking that life does not consist of a big bank balance, a roomy, elegant house; a chauffeur and some cars; servants, rich foods, several suits of clothes and a half column in some *Who's Who* telling what you are and why. Your wife is not bad to look at, even if she functions at the stove, and does household chores. Your children are growing or grown. Your daughters have not made the papers for coming-out parties, but neither have they made them for smashups and coming-in-late parties. Your sons have not gone to college to achieve learning of a sort. They are good mechanics and hold their jobs. Your daughters are office girls.

You do not think you are a saint. Saints never do. You are not heroic to the extent of doing what is so unusual as to be noticeable. You do not want to be noticed. You observe the Command-

ments. You keep your Faith warm within you by exercising it. You are a good man; your wife is a good woman. You are both speeding to heaven; though, like so many speeders, you do not know it. When death comes each of you leaves little and takes much. Your little is material, your much is spiritual. The spiritual goes along, the material stays after you. Both of you have been rich-poor people making voyage to God.

On the other side we have the political strivers. To achieve the Presidency of the United States is to sit on one of the twelve political thrones judging the tribes of Israel. To be a senator, congressman, governor, mayor—that is an ambition, worth winning. To be a banker captain or a pickle captain—that is stardom in business.

COMES DEATH. The movie star fades out finally. The successful politician cannot take office and all it means with him; the chewing-gum and the pickle makers must leave their accumulations behind them. What they are is what they take. What they have is what they leave. The assembled things of time they must relinquish with time. What they saved for eternity they carry with them.

All this is old material, you say. It is. And yet is it not a wiser way of living, to strive to be much in goodness than to be much in having? After you are dead your possessions will be fought for in the courts where paid lawyers will shake fists to prove you were insane when you made your will. And perhaps you were. If you have kept the Commandments, followed the Way, the Truth and the Life, and died in happy, decent poverty, no one will bother whether you were crazy or not.



# FACT • FICTION • POETRY

## Over-protected Children

By Motier Harris Fisher

**D**O YOU WATCH your child at play, observing the small dangers and mishaps which he so narrowly escapes in the course of a single day and conclude it is a wonder there are any adults in the world? Aware of the many dangers which threaten their young on every hand, parents are constantly watchful, trying to guard them from unknown perils and quick to anticipate possible mishaps. The smaller the family, the more solicitude that is given the children. An only child thus receives the protective energy which, in another age, was distributed among a dozen. This concentrated care sometimes becomes so extreme, the result is *over-protection*.

Along with the small family has come a new danger which, though it may not threaten survival, does frequently threaten the right to full development. For the fewer children in a given family, the more likely every individual child is to become an object of over-protection—that extreme form of care which denies the opportunity to gather both physical and moral strength which only a rugged attitude toward small hurts and small dangers encountered in early years can insure.

Children of typical modern families are often deprived of the measure of *neglect* which forced those of the large pioneer family to become resourceful and independent. We have today the too frequent phenomenon of the child whose parents can afford to give him anything and everything, who yet must be regarded as an underprivileged child, because he has never been allowed

to find his own way. Many elements of his environment which he should have mastered he has been taught to fear. He has not been allowed the early hardening processes which make for capability in later years. It is true that these underprivileged children do often survive, but the result of that survival is likely to be a neurotic adult, unfitted to cope with the many difficulties that are part of most lives.

Nor are the children of the rich the only ones who are subjected to this over-protection. The disadvantage arises wherever parents have a great deal of time to give each child and are without sufficient self-control or understanding to build in that child strength rather than weakness.

**A** TYPICAL EXAMPLE is afforded by a twelve-year-old girl who had never been allowed to light the oven of the kitchen stove until one day the necessity for doing so arose in her mother's absence. The child, trembling with fear which had been deliberately built up by her mother, turned on the gas and was rather slow in applying the lighted match. When she did apply it, the result was a slight explosion which sent her into hysterics. The girl is now a grown woman with her own family, but she has never entirely overcome a feeling of dread when she must light an oven. In fact, so many of the simple everyday acts connected with her running a household require so much heroism of her that she must be considered definitely handicapped.

Children who reach adolescence incapable of handling sharp knives or other common tools without danger to themselves are not unusual. The small boy, forbidden to experiment with a hatchet until he becomes a Scout, was given one at last and in his nervous excitement cut his foot when he first tried to use it. It is common to find young children who regard matches with awe and dread or with the deep curiosity and longing that is associated with the forbidden. "When I was a child," says the mother of one of these, "I saw a little girl burned to death as a result of playing with matches. I resolved then that I would protect my children from such danger. I always keep the matches in our house locked up."

**B**UT WE CANNOT keep everything that might bring harm to children locked up. This mother is inviting the very danger she dreads. Knives, scissors, hatchets, matches, and other household objects, usually considered dangerous for young children, should be made to seem as commonplace and devoid of mystery as spoons. The youngest children, as soon as they show any curiosity concerning these tools, should be initiated into their use. A very small child can strike matches, and should do so, with the parent's help, until the peculiar charm has disappeared. The child who has learned early the proper use of matches while his parents stood ready to protect him, is not the one who, when there is no one present to restrain him, slips the forbidden box of matches into his pocket intent on satisfying his curiosity unobserved and unprotected. Proper and constructive training with regard to fire will create not fear mixed with fascination, but a wholesome respect for the ability of fire to harm if proper care is neglected, and a desirable unwillingness regarding experimentation in the absence of adults.

The child who snatches the scissors when his mother is away and begins snipping window curtains, bed clothing, or anything else that is handy, is the one who has been denied early experimentation with scissors, used on a proper choice of materials, before their desirability became magnified. If children must play with fire, speaking figuratively—and it seems that they must if they have normal curiosity—let them do so under proper guidance when they are young. The beginning of the child's unusual interest in scissors was the first time they were denied him, pushed away from eager fingers. Every time this was repeated their desirability increased. You can imagine his interest as he watched his mother's expert hands cutting new fabrics. You can imagine his eagerness when he succeeded, after having been long denied, in getting the scissors when no one was looking and his determination to cut something before he was discovered.

Instead of teaching our children to be afraid, it is often possible to give them the knowledge and experience which will enable them to deal with small dangers. Young children must be protected, of course, but we can avoid that type of protection which weakens, stealing initiative and instilling fear. There are so many accidents that *can* happen, so many others that *have* happened and so few activities that are absolutely harmless that it becomes necessary for all children to run some risks.

**I**T HAS BECOME a truism that the phobias of adults are rooted in fears of childhood. Parents who hope to protect their children and increase their chances of survival by teaching them to fear the objects and situations which compose their everyday environment are planting the first seeds of these deeper maladjustments. By denying the young all hardening experiences, these parents are leading them toward adult



incompetence. A sage has observed that for the sake of the children's development, every woman should have ten. Would it not be possible to allow our children opportunities to become self-reliant and at the same time afford them all the advantages of meeting ordinary affairs? It requires courage, of course. From the first time the watchful young mother jumps up and runs to her baby to prevent him from a harmless tumble, all the way along the years until the college youth is awakened every morning by his mother in order that he may be on time for his classes, there is the temptation to rob children of initiative and the ability to protect themselves.

### Praise for One W. P. A. Effort

By William T. Miller

THE WPA HAS received plenty of abuse, both deserved and undeserved. People lose sight of individual excellence in particular WPA projects because of the general impression that the whole activity is utterly wasteful and inefficient. It is for that reason that I say this good word for a single WPA project which has touched my life recently.

It involved only fourteen workers—Negro singers organized as a choral group, and functioning as part of the Federal Music Project in the State of Massachusetts. The group is called the American Folk Singers, and I invited them to sing before the thirteen hundred pupils of my school.

The concert which they gave was impressive in several evidences. From the very start it was evident that these singers were trained, capable, and high-class, and that their conductor was a skillful interpreter of the music they sang. This excellence of personnel was due to the fact that these performers were not selected on a hit-or-miss chance, but as a result of auditions be-

fore a selecting committee of non-political and expert musical critics. Here was a WPA project streamlined with business-like efficiency.

THERE WAS ANOTHER interesting return in this concert demanding comment: the character of the program. It consisted largely of Negro spirituals. What interested me was the completely reverent religious fervor of these songs, and the startling innovation of thus bringing God and Heaven into a public school. Among the numbers rendered were such spirituals as *Good News*, *De Chariot's Comin'*, *I Got a Robe*, *Oh, Dem Golden Slippers*, *Didn't Ma Lawd D'libber Daniel*, and of course, *Go Down, Moses*. These songs are non-sectarian. They are certainly not Catholic. But they are withal reverent, spiritual, and truly religious. They speak of God and to God in child-like simplicity. Their concept of Heaven in its homely way is a concept of the Beatific Vision, even though it be expressed in the language of material desires and comforts. Entirely regardless of the dogmatic and theological aspects of these spirituals, it seemed to me that my children must have benefited from hearing them; for they at least brought the name of God and His Heaven into their minds in a way that they would not at once forget. This is a good word for a good WPA work in making this kind of program available for a public school.

In still another way our concert was impressive. Our school is entirely white, without a single colored child in it. The Folk Singers were all Negroes; but they were also artists at their work; and even children recognize true art instinctively and appreciate it. To me the rapt attention and the enthusiastic and spontaneous applause with which these children received the concert was a lesson in true democracy and racial toler-

ance. These guests were not Negroes,—they were artists; and the children were not just courteous; they were admirably thrilled.

WE HEAR MUCH about racism, and the undesirability of this or that class of people. The best of us are apt to think of Negroes as somewhat beneath our notice, an inferior race. We forget that innumerable white people are inferior, too. We also forget that spirituality is above race or color; and that in the eyes of God those we call inferior may in reality be our superiors. After all, every soul is created white. This reads a bit like preaching, which is not a layman's job. Perhaps, too, I have forgotten original sin; but no race has a monopoly on that. The only point here is that these Negro singers were so evidently superior in their chosen art that a thousand and more white children forgot race and color in genuine admiration of art. It would be well for all of us to be as honest as children in this as well as in other expressions of life.

At the end of our concert, the conductor asked the children to give the pledge of allegiance to the flag and to sing the *Star Spangled Banner*. This is nothing new in our assemblies; we always do it. But never before has a Negro led our white school in the national anthem; and to me this was the crowning lesson in democracy taught on this inspiring day. Honestly I can say that these children have never before sung the *Star Spangled Banner* with the fervor and utter absorption which they showed as they faced their colored conductor. Here was democracy in operation. Here was race and color absolutely non-existent in the common spirit of true patriotic feeling and unabashed fellowship. And so this testimony for a WPA project which merits a good word.

## Remembered Laughter

By Dorothy Brown Thompson

*Reunions are not easy. Thieving years  
Have made hard muscles soft, soft yearnings  
hard;*

*And nothing seems familiar as each nears  
Some strangely-shrunk building, narrowed  
yard.*

*Each name comes hesitant from unsure tongue;  
Restraint falls like a fog. . . . And then a  
word—*

*A long-forgotten joke—and they are young!  
Restored to youth that instant, as they heard.*

*The threads of tension snap before that loud  
Young laugh of theirs, and all is ease there-  
after;*

*And harmonies of chatter sweep the crowd  
Tuned by the echoes of remembered laughter.*

## Eulogy for Ellen

By John S. Kennedy

YOU COULD hardly say that our newspapers wasted much space on Ellen. They gave her an inch on the day following her death, a few more on the day following her funeral. These skimpy notices told the bare minimum about her: her name, her address, where she was born, her surviving relatives, the time of her funeral. But not a hint did they have of the magnificence of Ellen. There was, of course, no eulogy at the requiem Mass. And so, when I came back to the rectory after the burial service, I decided to write a paragraph or two about her, knowing that I must fail to do her justice.

She had an impressive funeral, even if the flowers were scanty and the coffin lacked the lustre which, it seems, is the mark of all good coffins. There were many priests at the Mass. Our monsignor was there, too, making one of his few appearances in full regalia. Everyone knew that a good many priests would attend Ellen's funeral,



because for years she had been housekeeper in our rectory, one of the biggest in the diocese. An excellent cook, too. None of your fancy dishes, though. Her specialty was plain food well prepared. She never forgot that she was cooking for men; that those men were hard-working priests; and that a priest's attitude to food is not epicurean, but strictly utilitarian.

**IT WASN'T ONLY** that Ellen was a cook among cooks. She was a woman among women. She was the most placid person I ever met. Nothing ruffled her. She was always calm and sweet-tempered. It is impossible to exaggerate what an asset that is to one working in a rectory. For one thing, the phone is never done ringing. And the doorbell unfailingly echoes every outburst by the phone. They are like two bobwhites constantly shrilling back and forth. There is generally plenty of company in a rectory, or at least there is in ours. Ellen always had to be ready to serve three or four extra priests on a moment's notice. The sudden appearance of a visiting clerical quartet, just as we were sitting down to dinner, never vexed her. She was glad to have them. Afterwards, when she was having her nightly phone conversation with her sister, she would say, "I had eight Fathers for dinner." You almost expected her to add, "Boiled," or "With cream sauce."

Ellen came to our rectory many years before I was ordained, indeed some few years before I was born. But the monsignor had been there before her, and he frequently reminisces about Ellen's predecessors. They seem to have been an unbelievable lot. There was Bridie, who all day long sang Irish airs. Her melody-making so disturbed the order of the house, that she lasted only a month. Mary was on the list, too. She had been a hard worker; in fact too hard a worker. She broke on an average of four cups or plates a day.

Even when she was doing something as innocuous as dusting, she was like a ruinous fury. She knocked over lamps, sent pictures crashing from the walls. Entering or leaving the priests' rooms, she would often brush against a holy water font and bring its service to an end. Like a cyclone, Mary left destruction in her path. And then she left the rectory.

Ellen was in contrast to these two. She was quiet, she was competent. She thrived on tumult not of her own making. I really think that she was happiest when we were having a mission. That meant three or four visiting priests, and a deluge of calls on the phone and at the door. She sailed through the uproar serenely, without being so much as touched by it. All missionaries, incidentally, were Dominicans to her. We had, in turn, Jesuits, Vincentians, Redemptorists, to name a few, but to Ellen they were all Dominicans.

Ellen told me her life story in odds and ends of conversation. These I gathered on those evenings when I went into the kitchen, about nine o'clock, to get a glass of milk. It was soothing to the throat after a sermon or the reading at Holy Hour, or an hour and more instructing converts or high-school classes in religion. Listening to Ellen was easy. Her voice was soft and low-pitched. She had a lovely sheen of brogue on her speech and occasionally she would use an odd word with a precision that was nothing less than poetic.

**SHE WAS IRISH**, of course. She was born in Ireland. "I'm a smoky head," she would say proudly, but with a laughing glint in her eye. "I was born in Mullingar. When I came to this country I lived at Mrs. Casey's boarding house, and no one was there but us people from Westmeath. Once in a while Nellie Hurley would come in to spend the night. She was as stingy as

sin and she was always falling out with her own folks over her board money. They'd lock her out and she'd come round to Mrs. Casey's whining for a place to sleep. The people in the boarding house would get furious. 'She's a Kerry goat,' they'd say, 'and she has no place under the same roof with decent people.'"

Ellen's father was a butcher. "A good butcher, too," she said. "When he was no longer in business for himself, several firms went out for him like boys scrambling for tuppence." He had learned the butcher trade as a youngster, but his life had not been a dull round of cleaver-wielding. He had joined the British army and had seen service in India, in Egypt, in Gibraltar, and elsewhere. "Indeed," Ellen would say complacently, "the Sisters could never stick us in geography."

**H**ER FATHER'S travels she interpreted as productive of up-to-dateness. Her mother, on the other hand, was old-fashioned. They balanced each other well. When the children, one by one, began to leave for America, the mother was disconsolate. Each new departure was like a death in the family. The ships in which they left Ireland were to her, their coffins, and the Atlantic their common grave. The father tried to comfort her. He tried to light those dark departure days with the radiance of his optimism. "There's nothing for them here," he would say. "In America there's plenty of work and every chance to get ahead. They'll be rich before we know it." But the mother shook her head silently, and the tears fell from her sad eyes as relentlessly as the rain fell from the cloud-veiled sky above the whitewashed cottage.

The money for her passage Ellen borrowed from a neighbor home from America for a brief visit. He had done well in the land of promise. At least he

looked prosperous. He gave Ellen her fare, stipulating that she should never let her mother know its source. She told no one at home of her plans until the day before she was to sail. She didn't want the wake to be an affair of two months or even of two weeks. Two days were enough. "How hard I was," she would say, stopping in the middle of her potato-paring. "It was only the grief that I'd have to see my mother enduring that bothered me. Her loneliness through the grey days and her crying through the night for weeks after I'd gone, didn't give me a care."

**T**HE FIRST acquaintances made by the immigrant Ellen were Joe Sullivan and Lizzie Egan. "A queer looking couple they were," Ellen said. "And every bit as queer as they looked. To begin with, they were so small. Both of them were waist-high to an ordinary person. She made her own dresses, and she must have used a pillow slip as a pattern. No Irishman ever looked like Joe. He was as broad as he was tall and he had a face'd make you think of an Indian. They weren't married when I first knew them. Lizzie had two men on the string then. One of them was Willie Daly. He had no money and less brains. He'd write Lizzie a letter and slip it into the mailbox without putting a stamp on it. She once let us read a letter she was just after getting from him. That was unusual, for she guarded those letters almost as closely as she did her bankbook. The Quinn girl and myself it was she showed it to. All we read was the first sentence: 'My dear Lizzie, I fear that you and I are doomed never to be wed.' With that we went into a gale of laughing and she grabbed the letter away from us. It was Joe she finally got. Joe was no genius. I remember Mrs. Casey getting disgusted with his empty talk. 'You're thick,' she said, and the poor man thought she was com-



plimenting him on his heft. 'I've a brother in Ireland,' he says, 'who's thicker than me.'

From all accounts Joe and Lizzie were inveterate and zestful match-makers. "They'd never see a boy or a girl, a widow or a widower," Ellen said, "but it'd set them scheming how to find them a partner." Of course they decided to make a match for Ellen. They sent her word that a fine young man would be calling on them on a certain night and that she was to come and meet her fate. "I wanted no part of it," she told me; "but some of the girls said, 'Let's go just for the sport.' So we did.

"When we got there, the prize boy was nowhere to be seen. 'He's not come yet,' says Lizzie. 'Never fear,' says Joe, 'he'll be here all right. And it's as well he's not here now, for I want to have a talk with you, young lady.' He took me into the dining room, backed me into a corner, wagged his stumpy little finger in my face, and said, 'Look sharp tonight, Miss. Here's your chance, and no mistake about it. He's a rare catch. He has a fine carriage. He has a thousand dollars in the bank; thirty-five chickens; three beautiful cows. He has a dumpcart that he lets out to the city for a fortune. Oh, he's well fixed.' 'Just a minute,' I says, 'what I want to know is this: Is he decent?' 'Decent?' says Joe, 'Is he decent? He's got a first cousin a priest, that's how decent he is!'

"**W**E WENT into the parlor, and Joe pointed to a sofa. 'That's where him and you'll sit,' he says. 'It's cosy.' With that the other girls took a fit of laughing, and I thought Joe would put them out. Every time there'd be a step on the stairs, he and Lizzie would run to the door and listen, but the steps would go on past. Whenever a horse would come up the street, they'd make for the window. 'Mind it,' Joe says to Lizzie, 'don't fall out that window!'

"Well, he never did come. They told me afterwards that he was feeling poorly after supper, so he took a sip of wine and lay down on the couch. He didn't wake up until midnight. And they had the nerve to say to me, 'Will you come up next Monday night, if we have him there for certain?' 'Not at all,' I told them; 'I'll never come near you again after you making a hare of me.'

"**I** DID GO THERE again. It was one night in winter, and I had a terrible sore throat. 'What's wrong?' Joe says to me. 'You look like you've been through the wringer.' 'It's my throat,' I says, 'It's mortally sore.' 'I have just the thing for you,' says Joe. "'Twill fix you up in a jiffy.' 'No, no,' I told him, 'I'm taking medicine at home already. I'll try nothing else.' Up goes the finger. 'Come, come,' he says, 'this is a rare remedy.' 'You'll have to excuse me,' I says. But he went and got his cure-all. He handed me a glass half full of some grey-looking water. 'What's that?' I says. 'Drink it,' was his answer. 'But what is it?' I says. 'Drink it, drink it,' he says. I did. The taste was terrible. Poison could be no worse. 'What was it?' I asked him. 'Ocean water,' he says. 'There's nothing better for a sore throat.' 'But where did you get it?' 'I dipped a jug in Long Island Sound last summer, that's how.' "

Ellen never married. She had at least two dozen nieces and nephews, and she gave them generously of her affection and earnings. She left the factory and was hired as maid of all work in the home of a doctor. The doctor was mean and miserly. He required all kinds of work from her: housework, cooking, receiving patients, making out bills. He was over sixty, but he was having a desperate romance. The lady was two years his senior and worked as an attendant in a private retreat for the insane. Ellen had to carry *billets-doux*

between them. One day in July the doctor told Ellen that he and his friend were leaving the next morning for his farm in Maine. ("He should never have left that farm and come near civilization," said Ellen.) That meant that he would lock up the house and that Ellen would have to get out. "I'll go to my sister in Boston," she said. "I don't care where you go," he said, "so long as you're out of here by five-thirty tomorrow morning." "At the crack of dawn!" Ellen exclaimed, "but the first train doesn't leave until seven-thirty." "I can't help that," he said. "You can go and sit on Miss Wickley's porch until train time." That settled it. Ellen quit.

ELLEN'S FIRST experience as a priest's housekeeper was in Haden, a little town deep in the country. The pastor was old Father Flanagan, who was content to live and die in the service of a humble parish. "He was a wonderful man, God rest him," Ellen would say. "So simple and so good. Even the Yankees couldn't help liking him. He never got a new suit all the time I was there. He seemed to love sick calls that routed him out of bed at two in the morning. He was all for the poor. And many's the poor country boy he put on the way to the priesthood." It was true; an extraordinary number of vocations came from tiny Haden during Father Flanagan's pastorate.

"But he was so absent-minded," Ellen would say with a laugh. "The church was the length of the street from the rectory. Father had to go down there in his street-clothes. I'll never forget the morning he came out for Mass all vested, but wearing his straw hat instead of his biretta. Another time the Bishop was coming for Confirmation. Father was to get him at the station and drive him to the rectory. But Father forgot about it until half an hour after the Bishop's train got in.

When Father Flanagan died, Ellen got a job at St. Mary's in Norton. Father O'Neill was pastor there. "He loved to preach," Ellen said. "He was good for an hour once he got into the pulpit. And never a sermon without a bit of poetry in it. He was once to the Holy Land, and he brought that into every sermon, too. No matter how he began, he would sooner or later say, 'As I was wending my way through the streets of Jerusalem,' and we'd get the trip all over again. He had only a basement church, and his heart was set on finishing it. He was a fat man, as you remember. And he always preached with his hands planted on his stomach. One day, when he was telling the people about his plans for the upper church, his hands in the usual position, he said, 'This edifice will rise to even greater proportions.' Oh, dear; oh, dear!"

Next Ellen came to our rectory. She didn't leave it until she died. She saw many priests come and go. She would call off their names like a litany, with a comment on each. "Father Walsh: God rest him: he was like an angel at the altar. Father Dunn: he was forever at his books. Father Mahoney: I don't think he ever forgave me for spilling soup on the Bishop's coat. Father Dougherty: whenever I'd ask him how he'd have his steak, he'd always say, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.' Father Lawlor: I never knew him to turn away anyone who came to the door looking for money."

AS SHE GOT OLDER, Ellen had difficulty in walking. She insisted on going to church every morning for the early Mass. It was only a step, true enough, but even that step Ellen should not have taken. On an icy morning in February she slipped and fell just at the church door. She broke her hip. She couldn't seem to recover. Her strength kept draining away for several weeks. "I'm a long time dying," she would say,



when we went to see her. "I'm giving you a world of trouble." She spoke hardly at all of her own pain and weakness, but she was all concern for us. She doubted that we were being cared for.

"Can that new girl cook at all?" she would ask anxiously. "Does she leave out a glass of milk for you to have after Confessions? I'm sure your surplices haven't been washed since I've been away."

She died very quietly one evening just as twilight came on.

"She ought to be happy in heaven," said the monsignor, "with all the Westmeath people that must be there," not to mention all the priests, besides Father Dougherty, who could say to her and for her, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

### Contrasts of Living

By Warren R. Dacey

ONE OF OUR chief difficulties, I feel, in this world is our emphatic position of not wanting to understand. It is not so much a question of not being able to know as not wanting to know. There is, therefore, much scurrying away from truth and a hurrying toward the hundred and one things which make us think we are very much alive. Today, being alive means "keeping on the go," and it is paradoxical that "keeping on the go" shortens the length of the journey. I think, of course, that it is a wonderful thing to be alive, but I would suggest that we begin to change our concept of what being alive really is.

What do we moderns think being alive means? We today invariably associate being alive with "appetite, pride, money-making, and pleasure." This indicates that we seldom fast and only think of easing up on our calories when we recognize they are making us social misfits. It also signifies in the sex order

too much slavish worshipping of vague theories from disciples of Freud, Ellis *et al.*

OUR PRIDE extends along different lines. Intellectual pride is a disease of our times, and what we really need is knowledge not pride of mind. If we have been so privileged to attain a "college education," we become overnight more learned than Socrates. We walk along with the imagined strength of an Atlas and converse in the most affected tones, using words that are staggering to the uninitiated. Somehow or other we assume that we are better than other mortals, that our four or more years in advanced education have broadened us so much that we have become experts in almost every department of knowledge. So forgetful are we of the true wisdom of Bacon who said, "He who thinks himself the wisest is usually the greatest fool." Humility, you see, is the first lesson of wisdom!

And yet this know-it-all attitude is not confined merely to college graduates. It is to be found among those who have had only a limited training. Especially is this true of those who dabble in what is called "popular" psychology. The works of modern writers have given to many a working vocabulary, and so they imagine they have mastered the complex subject of soul operations. Thus we find so many inane conversations, so many confusing assertions.

So few ever learn because they do not meditate. Knowing a little, like the Communists they become like parrots. Soon they mount their own soapboxes. True scholars like the Greeks are never noisy. They are "nosy" instead. That is they inquire diligently by painful research, but they do not go about like George Bernard Shaw proclaiming that because "I said it, it's true."

As regards money-making, we never

seem to think that what we are making is enough. We look around and easily discover someone who is making more. Then, afflicted more with the touch of Midas than with the warmth of Thoreau, we pursue the dollar with avidity. That is probably why so few ever do what they want to do in life; the goal of financial rewards supersedes the thrill of accomplishment. The joy of doing has given way to the necessity of money-making. "The richer some men grow, the smaller they seem."

**F**OLLOWING CLOSELY, of course, on the heels of money-making is the mad bent for pleasure. There has, perhaps, never been a time in the history of the world when there were more things to do, and yet how often you hear it said daily, "Oh, if I only had something to do." Pleasure which we seek engulfs us in satiety! The "round the towner" soon finds that his scope is too limited, so he goes around the world if he has the money. Then when he comes back, he is still bored. Nothing seems too shocking for many of us. We have long ago decided that we must never be subjected to monotony. One year we seek this fad, the next year quite another. The only thing that matters, of course, is whether or not it is at the moment "the thing to do." The only unpleasurable thing is to be behind the times. We do keep moving, we do keep going—but ours is a wandering like that of Ulysses. Matthew Arnold described it poignantly as:

This strange disease of modern life,  
With its sick hurry, and divided aims.

If not stirred by these things, then what is there left? Our world would be surprised if it only knew; and I might add much happier, more contented, wiser. Some of the things we should be alive to are "kindness, purity and love; history, poetry, music, flowers, stars; God and eternal hopes." For to be

away from these things is "to be almost dead."

To be dead to the arts and nature means, of course, a deadening of our higher instincts. We appreciate the higher ones less the more strongly we tie ourselves to the lower ones. Poetry would help to lift us out of the "filth of novels"; music, real music, will help drown out of our ears the inane jitterbug and swing compositions which come at us from myriad kilocycles; flowers would bring with them the fragrance and beauty which would help us to realize all is not sordid and ugly in this mad, upturned world; looking up at the stars would help us to think of the realms where every man at some time or other hopes to reach.

**A**S WE AWAKEN to these things purity and love will come into our lives. Purity and love have seemed too far away from us. Monsignor Sheen bids us "seek a love higher than the flesh" and if we do, we will find that purity is not so difficult, not too far beyond us. Devotion to Mary Immaculate will aid us immeasurably.

Is this too ideal? Is it too much to ask from our realistic world? I think not. I believe that the pendulum has merely swung the wrong way; I think that we really seek the things I suggest, that millions of people today would prefer to escape from the so-called social conventions if only somehow or other they could become convinced of the peace that "surpasses understanding" in the heart's seclusion. Speed has blinded us to safety; sophistication has turned us from sincerity; social consciousness has taken away our common sense. It is all strange, so strange that as we think we are going forward we are really going backward. Religion steadies and propels us onward. We grow to love our religion by living it. "Ultimately," writes Chesterton, "a man enjoys nothing but religion."



## Victory of Surrender

By M. Jordan

**ONLY THE TREES**, warningly black, signified that it was November.

Father John Burke still wore his cassock. He had not yet made the morning rounds in the small country hospital, when a knock sounded on his office door. Five minutes later he was deep in another battle to save a soul. An ex-pilot from the days of the Great War, his fiery zeal once aroused, nothing could stop it.

"Then I should . . . not marry . . . Jim," a flute-like voice questioned in brief hesitation.

"No, Ann." He shook his head thoughtfully. "I'd say no, a thousand times no," he finished, a darkening color in his penetrating grey eyes as they met those lifted to his, and saw the downward curve of young lips and sensitive nostrils quivering.

"But, Father, the men Jim knows—so many of those lake fishermen—scoff at Sunday Mass and Communion. Religion is a joke. He just never thinks of it, that's all. They work all day Sunday in the fishing season. . . ."

"Yes," the priest broke in, "and give bad example, and curse, with foul tongues, hurling God's name about while they're doing it. . . . I know a lot of them, Ann."

"Jim comes to Mass . . . with me . . . sometimes." Ann's low tones were hesitant. . . . "I thought perhaps . . . that might win him back. He's never had a chance. He has no faith."

"Does he want a chance, Ann? God alone knows the souls He created, but every Catholic knows what he is doing to his immortal soul when he stays away from Sunday Mass."

They faced each other: the tall priest no longer young, and a nurse, white-capped and gowned. She was slim and

pale. All whiteness and light, with hair of such gleaming fairness that it made her dark eyes look like candles, lighted on some white altar.

"He has no faith, you say . . . Ann, there is your strongest temptation. It's a natural one. You love him. But faith is a gift. Some lose it. Others never get it. We don't know why. That's God's business. But we do know this, Ann. Prayers and sacrifices can obtain that gift. Wouldn't that be a more sure way of helping someone you love? Can you see what I mean?"

"Yes," Ann admitted reluctantly, as the priest walked to the window. He folded his arms and the thin-veined hands clasping them gave that power and strength to his slight frame which some hands can give.

"So what?"

Ann gripped the edge of the desk as the re-echo came back. So Nothing! Nothing! Nothing! If she gave Jim up. The thought was unendurable.

**A YEAR AGO**, Jim Morrison, rattling with cold and exposure from a lake storm, had been brought to the hospital. She recalled his quick gestures, his dark face and eyes. All the hours, the long quiet walks . . . they would be over. Love, when felt really, comes as naturally as life itself. But what of him?

"Ann," a pleading note in the priest's voice jerked her back to the present, "this marriage will wreck your life, as surely as if you went out there and dropped yourself down that elevator shaft. You know that." Grey eyes held the purple ones, now dark as clematis with painful indecision. "Don't you— isn't that why you came to me?" he persisted. "I'm only putting into words what your own heart has already told you. Isn't that so?"

"Yes." The reply sounded above a rustle of stiff starched whiteness.

"Thank you, Father." She moved to go. "I see . . . I cannot marry him."

Next day was Sunday. It was in a dejected, wearying mood that Ann got ready for High Mass. Suddenly in the act of putting on a small grey hat that matched her fur-collared coat, she saw Jim at the front door and her heart raced as she rushed to open it, color staining the cheeks usually pale.

"**W**E'RE DRIVING to the shacks," he said. The men's winter quarters had just been moved out to the middle of the lake. "Want to come?" he asked expectantly.

"Oh!" All the light went out of her face. Even before he spoke she had known he was not going to Mass. The leather jacket and grey pants of his fishing outfit had stabbed her into realization. It meant he was leaving on one of his long winter fishing trips.

"I haven't been to Mass yet," she said, dismay in her low tones.

"Come on," he urged, "the others are waiting. Hurry. It's a glorious day, Ann . . . just like Spring."

"I can't really, Jim." She felt his hands, their steel-like hold on her shoulders, as he twirled her around half playfully. "Get your white sweater," he ordered. His hands felt hard and strong. In every line of his long body was something from the rains and winds and snow and ice that made the fishermen's bitter endurance and long struggles with the elements possible.

"Please, Ann."

"O. K." He swung around towards the door. "See you next month," he called, his deep voice cold with anger. "We'll not be in. The nets are set."

"Jim . . . wait!" She heard her own voice. . . . "I'm coming with you."

Later, long after, she knew the *Ite Missa Est* had sounded in the village church. Heaven and Hell also acknowledged a Mass—ended. Her soul felt the

weight of the definite pronouncements. Over! Forever! . . . Forgiveness, yes . . . but like the Mass that was gone, her sin could never be quite recalled . . . as if it had never been. She was in the fishing caboose, alone for the moment, Jim having taken the others out to see the nets while she made the coffee. Mrs. Morrison had brought fried chicken, homemade bread and strawberry preserves. The rough table, spread with a white cloth, a glowing red fire in the small round stove, the only other furniture, made the rough, dreary quarters of the fishermen quite a homelike place for the moment.

"The coffee smells good, Ann." She started at Jim's sudden appearance.

"I'll miss you, during these long months . . . out here." He came in, cap in hand.

"Will you be long, this trip?"

"Unless a storm breaks, we should have a spell of it," he answered, anxious lines in his lean dark face. The nets were worth \$5 apiece, and each year, this gnawing anxiety crept into the fishermen's tones,—a nagging worry that a storm would follow the thaw and drive all the fish away.

"**C**OME IN SOON, Jim." He looked at her, in quick surprise, a dull red creeping under the tan of his face.

"Why, Ann, you don't usually want me . . . like that." Was she going to cry? He went over quickly and stood close to her by the stove. "Listen," he whispered fumbling in his pocket, "I decided not to give this to you today. I was afraid . . . after hurting you so about Mass." He spoke haltingly as he took a frosty circle of gold from its white velvet case. "But since you do want me," his lips were on her hand where he had suddenly slipped the ring on its third finger. "It will be company, till I can come in?" He questioned her white face eagerly, watching the purple



eyes change color to lovely lights. "Yes," she breathed . . . "it's lovely, beautiful. I love it, Jim."

Back in the hospital corridor, ready for duty an hour later, she heard her own voice again, "I love it, Jim," as with slender shoulders squared she paused, irresolute, before entering the White ward. She could go to Confession. A sense of unfitness to give service, held her. She was unworthy to mingle with her patients. The whiteness of her garb mocked her as she shot a swift glance down the length of the hall to Father John's door. He might be resting.

**WHY** HAD she waited so long, she wondered later, as she found herself knocking at his door.

The familiar sliding to, of a Confessional's closing, and then Ann found herself alone again. It was over. All sin gone. The soul in the first freshness and whiteness of snow can so passionately wish that sin had never been, and it would never be again, was Ann's prayer.

Silence reigned. Sacrifice! Reparation! Expiation! It breathed the words. A full and complete assent to God's will was given in that strange interval before the Tabernacle. . . . Whatever He would demand, she would do. Clear as a bell her soul had spoken, yet no syllable or sound had as yet reached her awakening senses when she rose from her knees having heard that Voice . . . "This love is not for you."

This time, from miles across the lake, she heard his answering voice, deep and strong as timber, calling, "Ann . . . don't . . . I can't do without you . . . Ann . . . Ann."

"I cannot give him up. . . . Make something happen. I cannot. . . ."

A sound of thunder made her walk more quickly, instinctively hurrying to beat the storm. Just why a premonition

of danger gripped her, she did not know. The wind was rising and dark clouds hung over the northwest. Then suddenly, like a cannon, something exploded and she ran back towards the lakeshore; terror in her breast. The ice had broken away from the shoreline. Just how far she could not tell. Already a hundred yards wide—a separating yawning chasm met her; and ice, moving—moving, with the man she loved on the other side of the water.

Quickly every resident in the sparsely settled area, was out. Fishermen from neighboring villages were on the lake. Some had gone out at dawn with trucks and teams to bring in their catch. Canoes, fishboats and rowboats simultaneously appeared on the lakeshore. The Mounties came, their red coats quieting the wild frenzy of the crowds. "The men would be all in . . . safe in no time." R. C. M. P. Constable James arrived. A semblance of order gripped the frantic crowd. His men, with check-up lists stood ready so that no one would be missed; with calm, stony faces they waited while the ice continued to speed out before the wind. Still no sign of the fishermen.

**FIVE** MINUTES; ten; a quarter of an hour passed. There was not a breath of air! The sky seemed weighed down. Gradually grey faces grew greyer. Slowly, surely, unmercifully, fear dawned. . . fear of death. The men were not coming in. They would not come in. They could not get in. They were trapped! Marooned! Doomed! They would perish in the icy dark waters; be crushed to death by that oncoming, grinding ice. Boats started out. They were thrown back by the wind. Again and again boats battled their way across the open sections of dark water, but grinding ice chunks broke them to pieces, tossed them leewards, threw the men hip-deep into icy waters.

Mounties patrolled. Pilots stood by. A light fall of snow obscured visibility, but the dark specks which would be the men, did not appear.

"GO UP! Rescue by plane!" The question surged through the crowd; its possibilities creating high tension.

"No." Word came back that visibility grounded all planes. It was no use anyhow. Even equipped with skis to land beyond where the ice would be still clear and glib, what possibility was there of taking off again? The thin floor of ice undermined each moment, was splitting quickly, as the wind struck it. The quarter circle of the lake in its ice-jam of death held the husbands, lovers, fathers, with a vise-like, unyielding grip. Wires flashed. Radios boomed out the news all over the country, but communication with the doomed fishermen was cut off.

Ann, frantically trying to help in the rescue work, suddenly stopped. She had grasped a more awful truth than death. . . . The men would die without Confession . . . without absolution . . . without a priest! Unless she could get Father John to go up by plane? She jumped into a waiting car. If they'd only let him . . . give him a plane! Even if he only gave absolution from the air.

Yes, he'd go. And with just such brevity, he went.

"Don't let them die!" Ann prayed through desperate moments later in the silence of the chapel. He couldn't even land, they said, and hope for the plane's return.

"Let them just live till he gets there," Ann prayed. Flashes of penitents kneeling on the edges of icy yawning dark graves like lightning swept the gloom of the chapel in the oncoming dusk. Churning waves loomed up like confessional curtains, and splitting ice that gave way, even as the men knelt down

on it. She prayed, lips not moving; and sometimes she heard again that *Ego te absolvo* . . . as she had heard the blessed words over her own head that morning. She would ask no more of life. She promised it.

Meanwhile, the priest's plane had droned over the waiting crowd. The weary watchers lost it. Policemen with field glasses saw it circle lower and lower, about where the men must be. Then it went down!

As the shacks, cabooses and teams below became quite clearly outlined, Father John, seeking a place to land, had swooped down, and down again; and even then something odd struck him in the scene below. The men were still fishing. Impossible! Working on their nets? And smoke was coming from the scattered cabins on the ice. Didn't they know they were in the very jaws of death; and the teeth of a gale was ready to snap in a split second?

THEY DID NOT know it! That was a queer twisted fact. Oblivious that they were fishing on the edge of a huge ice pack, broken away from the shore, they went on, calmly fishing, an undreamed of possibility that had not touched the anxious rescuers and watchers on the shoreline miles away.

Struck by the unusual sight of an aeroplane, swooping and circling in wild disorder overhead, Jim Morrison was the first to sense danger. "There's something rotten in the state of Denmark," he remarked to his mate. "We'd better hit for shore." But when he tried to draw his pony the current was so heavy he yelled and shouted: "Leave at once . . . hit for shore!" He sent out the warning, realizing for the first time the desperate danger of which the plane was the signal. But the plane landed and the priest shook his head.

"No shore for us . . . any more," his



eyes said. And then he told them how they were stranded. Boats could not get away. They could not get to the boats. Soon this spot would be a churning, raging sea of water. Men's faces became pale, their lips blue, their limbs paralyzed.

"**WE'LL MAKE** a fight for shore," Jim Morrison said grimly as he drove the fishermen into the shacks for rope, straps and sweaters.

"Those of you who want to go to Confession?" . . . The priest donned his stole slowly, as calm as if in a church, his voice rose above the tumult of wild shouting and mad frenzy. Death was near. The wind was rising. It was dusk now. Soon men would be as chips, cellophane, before the wild winds. One by one, humbly they knelt beside the priest.

"Fools!" Jim Morrison called. "You fools!" he shouted again and again. "Link hands . . . stay together!" A lightning flash would reveal the up-raised hand of the priest and another penitent out of the life-line, head bowed.

To ride the ice diagonally and steer it before the wind, was Jim's plan, as men, grouped and strapped and linked together, waited to catch the next large drifting ice floe. Father John now in the straight line, farther down, saw Jim Morrison as he left his place and came towards him; and he unclutched his right hand instinctively from the iron grip of his companions.

"Here, put those ice clips on your boots," Jim shouted, his voice coarse and rough above the wind. "Hold on tight!" he warned. "You don't know this ice." The priest waited a second. "Get ready there!" Jim yelled. "No, I'm not going to Confession. . . . There's no time . . . Hurry! Quick! . . . Catch on there. . . . We're going. . . . We're off!" So he shouted, swinging the line into swift action. And miraculously, travel-

ing faster and faster with the moving ice and a veering wind, they went on, on, nearer and closer to the shore line in the grey, dim, uncertain distance.

The most daring work ever known on northern lakes then began. The crowd nearly mad with joy got boats out into the water again. Men fought with the gale. Rain, sleet and snow and ice came to do battle with them. Jim Morrison, like a demon, battled his way by sheer force of will to the waiting boats. Transferring the fishermen starkly stiff with cold from the constantly moving ice was the great difficulty. Again and again the trick failed. But with grim heroism and defiant daring, he would succeed! "Go back! Just one more!" And the crowd cheered in unrestrained relief.

Back in the hospital, Ann stood by the radio in the small glassed-in office off the ward.

"What news?" Another nurse entered with the two-hour-old question on her lips, as she firmly closed the door so that the patients could not hear.

"**THEY'RE ALL SAFE.**" Ann shut off the radio as she spoke. "Father John's just been brought to shore."

The final midnight message from C. K. Y. reported: "Shivering and storm-tossed, Jim Morrison dragged the heroic aviator-priest right out of the menacing death clutch of the ice-hills."

"I never knew a man could face death so bravely as Father John has done today," Ann said, her dark eyes alight with something that was more than mere praise for courage.

"But what of Jim?" the nurse asked. "They say the whole town's ready to carry him on their shoulders."

"Cool courage! . . . Daring! . . . Yes." Ann's voice was low.

"You haven't given him up, Ann?" the other nurse's tone was incredulous,

yet something in the face before her had answered her question.

"Yes." Ann spoke shortly. "I'll go on duty now," she said. "Thanks so much for taking over for me tonight."

"You've got what it takes," the other woman's eyes praised as she handed over the night-chart, unconsciously aware of what it had taken in this case. Was that why God had allowed the bitter brief separation to this soul unable to live without His peace?

Lake Dauphin looked bleak and forbidding in the storm's aftermath. Mountainous ridges of ice shimmered coldly in the sunlight as the fishermen gathered the day after the lake's wildest early Winter storm.

"It isn't ready yet." The men shook their heads regretfully looking across the glistening ice to the horizon. In between were dark stretches of water, like open wounds.

"It must heal clean and smooth," they shook their heads. Their fishing nets were gone, with their trucks and teams; property loss was heavy, but tomorrow they would be ready to go out on the lake again.

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### For a Guest

By Bert Cooksley

*Let this house be Journey's Start,  
Let it love you, cheer you.  
With the gardens in your heart  
Let its own become a part;  
Keep its sunlight near you!*

*Yesterday can speak no more  
Of man's joy and sorrow;  
Let Tomorrow answer for  
What may come tomorrow.*

*Count this house your own Today  
Table, bed and rafter;  
Make its friendship yours for aye  
And, in parting, leave in pay  
The memory of your laughter!*

## Briefer Essays

By T. S. Brennan

### IV—Disillusionment

Our experience is composed rather of illusions lost than of wisdom acquired.

—Abbe Joseph Roux.

THE MODERN WORLD has many advantages and attractions unknown to, and undreamed of, by our predecessors. Everything they had that was worth retaining, we still retain; but we have added so much more, that, surveying the number and variety of our own achievements, we have a tendency to despise our ancestors for the smallness of the quantity and the quality of the things they bequeathed us. In order to visualize our achievements, and to emphasize our own part in the program, we hold exhibitions periodically, and gather together the evidences of what we have done; and everybody comes to see, and goes feeling that we really are a wonderful generation; that nearly everything that has been done was of our doing; and that there is little left for the coming generations to do, except to sit down and enjoy the results of our genius and energy.

And yet, great as are our achievements and our advantages, still greater are our restlessness and complaints and discomfort. From the rising to the setting of the sun there are heard all around us cries of discontent and disappointment; suggestions for reform and demands for revolution. A great fear and uncertainty is hanging over the world; men withering away with fear and expectation of what shall come upon them. In their dismay they cry out "Lo! Here is Christ; Lo! there is Christ!"; they rush around in every direction seeking for remedies and solutions; till, after trying nearly every one available, they ask themselves "What's the use?" and seem to be wait-



ing for something to turn up, not knowing whether it is to be good or evil.

**T**ECHNOCRACY, Sovietism, Dictatorships, Inflation, International Conferences each has been shouted abroad as the great need and certain remedy, only to be shouted down by the advocates of another system; and men are wondering why, with all the experts and brain trusts, the patient, or rather the patients are recovering so slowly if recovering at all; they are wondering why with all our knowledge and science and skill such a condition should have come upon us, or why provision should not have been made against it in the days of our abundance. "What was our board of strategy doing? or, did we have a board of strategy at all? What is the good of progress if so many of us are exposed to so many and so grievous and such long-enduring ills and evils and depressions?" That is what whole nations are asking about national problems; and individuals are asking the same questions about themselves.

Well, there is one thing we are getting in modern days, and getting abundantly and that is disillusionment. And really it is worth something, and should be of value to us in the future. For the age was suffering from inflation; nations, institutions and individuals—they were all inflated, over-inflated; and it was necessary, therefore, that nations, institutions, and individuals should be made to realize that man's life always will be a warfare, that progress in equipment multiplies not only comforts but also multiplies problems, and that during the seven years of plenty we should prepare for the seven years of famine.

However, during the years of plenty the human family assumed that plenty had come to stay; it was one of the corollaries of progress; and if anyone

expressed any doubts he was told that any slackening up of progress could and would be cured by more and better progress. Consequently every town and city in the country was opening up new and exclusive residential tracts for the growth which, according to the local Chamber of Commerce, was sure to come; schools, parks, and playgrounds were built (on borrowed money) abundantly and expensively, just to show the neighboring towns and cities how to do things; our children all went to college, and the old rode around in automobiles, and came home to listen to the radio, until it was time to take another spin before retiring to rest. Cities and counties voted bonds as quickly as the improvement clubs could propose them; savings banks were deserted in favor of the stock market; and the subject of family discussion was what to do with the money when they should decide to sell out.

**T**HE WORLD WAR came, and men realized that progress was set for the fall as well as for the resurrection of many in Israel; the instruments of destruction were as efficient as the instruments of production; trainloads of humanity were fed into the war machine, just as trainloads of bullocks are gathered into the stock yards of Chicago; and for four years the noise of battle rolled among the hills and valleys of the fairest parts of Europe. It had to end some time, of course; and it did end. And in the riot and roars of the victors, the cries and the miseries of the vanquished were forgotten, or served only to heighten still more the tumultuous shoutings of the conquerors. That too ended; and then there came the questions of damages, bills, and reparations. The world was indeed made free for democracy; but it was a world made up of two camps, the victors and the vanquished, and there can be neither progress nor democracy

while half the world is debauched by victory and the other half demoralized by defeat. Also, both victory and defeat are terribly expensive, and the bills for both are thrown into the waste paper basket; so that Progress simply committed suicide; and, as it was international, there is no super-court with sufficient authority to appoint an administrator sufficiently impartial and sufficiently powerful to handle the affairs of the deceased.

**IT WOULD NOT** be so bad if the disaster were all borne by the armies and navies of those who contended in the battle. But the World War was not a fight merely between armies and navies; it was a fight between nations; everyone had to do and did 'do his bit'; consequently, the disaster of victory and the disaster of defeat had to be shouldered by all. And so today the non-combatants and the combatants have to bear the common burden. The boys who were too young for service have since graduated from college, and are glad to get work in some federal relief camp and have four-fifths of their small remuneration sent home for the relief of their parents. The thrifty ones who during the times of plenty began buying homes on the instalment plan are now unable to meet their payments and are at the mercy of the banks. The carpenters and painters who moved regularly from job to job, are now on the highways moving from city to city hoping to get a few days' work wherewith to provide a decent suit of clothes to cover their nakedness.

In other words, the world has become disillusioned. The palace of gold which in imagination we had built up has disappeared; now we have neither the palace nor the gold; and we are glad to have a little hut in which to shelter ourselves and brood over our dreams. Every generation and every individual

builds one of those palaces. Some day we hope to step into it, and then there shall be no more weeping or sorrow. Whereas, if we began with the hut and accumulated a little of the gold; well, anyway we would be daily adding to the gold. In fact, one day we would be rich, and could have, if not a palace of gold, at least some kind of a palace. It is the same way with learning. Most of us have had visions of ourselves as a writer of great books, and as occupying an honorable place in "Who's Who." But visions take up valuable time, and are valuable only if combined with hard work. It is the hard work that gets us there and not the vision, though the vision is necessary also. Most of the discontented people of the world are so simply because they thought they had nothing to do except to sit and wait for the vision to accomplish itself; whereas the vision would have made them happy if they had started out and kept on trying to realize it. At least it would have been a lifelong job; and a man that has a lifetime job and works at it, has been a good and faithful servant, no matter how few the talents he began with or how few the talents he gained.

**AND SO**, the whole world, every generation, every individual, I and perhaps you—all must admit that we now have gained experience. But will it do us any good? Will the successors of you and me, will the next generation, will the world profit by the lesson? Probably not. Palaces of gold will be built to the end of time, as they have been built from the beginning. They are part of the luxury and inheritance of the race; and as each generation will build, so each generation will wake up too late in its career to see the castle disappear and the hut remain as the only refuge for its period of mourning and weeping in this valley of tears.



# Bits Out of Life

By Thomas A. Lahey, C. S. C.

Honey is sweet, but don't lick it off a brier.—*Irish Proverb.*

Although the osprey can neither dive nor swim, it lives on fish.

In Denmark it is possible to have a charge account on the streetcars.

Bags containing cement are filled from the bottom and not from the top.

The Hull-Rust mine at Hibbing, Minn., contains about seventy-five miles of tracks.

Vegetable matter in the soil which they swallow constitutes the principal food of earthworms.

The coffee bean, which is red and resembles a cherry, has no particular flavor until it is roasted.

Cheer up! Experts tell us that we can lose from fifty to one hundred hairs a day without becoming bald.

More than half of the incomes exceeding \$100,000 a year, according to Donald Laid, are reported to the tax collector by women.

Naturalists who have studied the movements of animals for approximately a fourth of a century say that a female generally leads the pack during periods of migration.

Most automobiles have at least two thousand distinguishable units, with those units in turn being divided into more than fifteen thousand pieces.

The Angelus bell in medieval Europe was often called the "peace bell" as the Bishops often urged their people to pray for peace when the Angelus tolled.

A million people study the violin in the schools, and half a million outside the schools. In addition about nine hundred thousand adults play for their own pleasure.

Today about sixty per cent of all auto sales are on the installment plan. So also are about forty per cent of all farm machinery sales and twenty-five per cent of all jewelry sales.

It was Smith's first Sunday as an usher in church and he was a bit flustered. Turning to a lady who had entered, he said: "This way, lady, and I will sew you to a sheet."

—*Boston Transcript.*

After surveying 14,469 wage-earning families in forty-two cities with an average annual income of \$1515, the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics announced that the average family in the group spent \$87 a year towards the purchase, maintenance, and operation of an automobile. In addition, the following other expenses were listed: food, \$508, housing, \$367, clothing, \$160.

Approximately 1,107,815 men, women and children were reported missing in the United States in 1937. Of that number, 460,000 were later located by the police and about 240,000 returned of their own accord. Of the entire total, 706,461 were men and boys. Financial difficulties ranked first as a cause of their disappearance, with home difficulties a noticeable second.

## ~~~~~ With Authors and Publishers ~~~~~

**The Radiant Quest**, by Grace Noll Crowell. Harpers, New York. Price, \$1.50.

Originality is not the keynote of this volume of verse, but the qualities it does possess will insure it a large and appreciative audience. To those lovers of verse suspicious of the experimental and involved, Mrs. Crowell's simply inspirational and often platitudinous songs will have direct appeal.

In the sense that their sentiments are always based on truths, always expressive of the author's love of beauty, the verses are good. The vocabulary contains no uncommon words. Fashioned into lyrics they are adequate vehicles for the poet's gentleness and sweetness. Certain rhyme words appear too regularly as, *sod* and *God*, *hours* and *flowers*, *quiver* and *river*, but Mrs. Crowell's bright use of simile and metaphor rescues her work from complete mediocrity. Often the verses are arresting, more often precise, as in *Winter Wheat*, *A Field of Flax*, and *A Tree in the Moonlight*, to name only a few.

Mrs. Crowell is certainly one of the most popular minor poets, and this book, like the nine others to her credit, is evidence of her gentle talent. These verses suffer in collection. Read singly in the weekly or monthly periodicals, their quiet charm is more apparent.

Mary-Virginia Rosenfeld.

**Prince of the House of David**—Meditations on St. Joseph, written and distributed by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet, Troy, N. Y. Embossed leather binding (pp. 300). Price, \$2.50.

That a book of this type has gone into a second edition within four years is just another indication of the growing appreciation for things spiritual which has accompanied the spread of the lay retreat movement. Until a few years ago books of this type found

ready sale only among those formally vowed to the practice of the Counsels. This book was written primarily for religious, still parents and public school teachers will find themselves quite at home in its pages; and its clear-cut simple style and direct approach make it suitable for leaders in youth and labor movements. This is all as it should be, for isn't St. Joseph the patron of the Church universal? The meditations follow the traditional Ignatian plan of two preludes and three points, with applications, affections, and resolutions appended. There are fifty-five meditations arranged to cover the Wednesdays of the year and the feasts of St. Joseph. The book is exceptionally well-bound.

Sister Mary Clare, S.N.D.

**Jubilemus Deo** (\$2) and **Adoremus Dominum** (\$1.25), by the Rev. Carlo Rossini. J. Fischer & Bro., New York.

Catholic choirmasters, who are acquainted with the excellent work that Father Rossini has been doing for Church music in the diocese of Pittsburgh, will rejoice at the publication of *Jubilemus Deo* and *Adoremus Dominum*. These two anthologies of motets and hymns, compiled and arranged by Father Rossini, are one more step in the betterment of Catholic Church music in America. He has shown excellent good taste in the selections and the arrangements of the volumes, in which appear such eminent composers of Church music as Palestrina, Mitterer, Hassler, Victoria, Asola, Perosi, and many another.

*Jubilemus Deo* contains one hundred and fifty selections, including offertories, motets and hymns arranged according to the sequence of the liturgical year, as well as hymns to the Blessed Sacrament, to the Sacred Heart,



and to the Blessed Virgin Mary. *Adoremus Dominum* presents eighty-five selections, the majority of which are Eucharistic motets and hymns. The selections of both anthologies are arranged for choirs composed entirely of men or of boys (T. T. B. B. or S. S. A. A.).

It is to be hoped that many parish choirs, hitherto forbidden a repertoire of good Church music because of the expense of purchasing many single selections, will take advantage of these new inexpensive anthologies as a means of building up a repertoire of excellent Church music.

Carl Hager.

**Building Character from Within,** by

Rev. John T. McMahon, M. A., Ph. D.,  
H. Dip. Ed. (pp. 188) The Bruce Publishing  
Co., Milwaukee (1940). Price, \$1.75.

The author of this volume has evidently written it after a wholesomely critical observation of the results obtained by current methods of teaching religion in parochial schools. Father McMahon has found that all too many graduates of parish schools have not turned out to be the staunch, keenly interested Catholics that we thought they would be. He lays bare the reasons for this state of affairs—externalism and mass methods in the classroom. For example, as experience teaches us, the rattling off of the answers in the catechism is not a pledge of faithfulness to religious duty in after school years. Nor does the shepherding of individual children into herds of listless Holy Communicants, whose heads may be full of catechetical formulas but whose hearts have not been prepared, guarantee a future body of sterling Catholic men and women.

Father McMahon opens with an excellent discussion of what the teacher's own point of view, motives and zeal should be. Then he advocates that, instead of trying to impose religion on the children, we labor to train them to

think their faith and to practice it because they have thought it. The teacher must give the child an ideal and show that the ideal is both possible and desirable. Virtue must be taught by actual practice right in the classroom—self-discipline too. Well-doing must be made to proceed from the youngster's own initiative, since all real training is self-training.

The second half of the book is taken up with a discussion of the problem of leisure. The author has in mind especially the leisure to come in after school years. He proposes that suitable interests and hobbies of the children be recognized and cultivated during the last year in the parochial school. In this part of the work a number of activities along lines of Catholic Action are suggested and practical hints given in regard to carrying them out.

We feel that if *Building Character From Within* is read by parochial school teachers, the boys and girls who come into their care will surely receive great benefit not only now, but in the years when their school days are over.

J. H. Fiedler.

BOOKS RECEIVED

*St. Gemma Galgani*, by the Rt. Rev. Leo Proserpio; *A Companion of the Summa*, Vol. III, *The Fulness of Life*, by Walter Farrell, O. P., S. T. L., S. T. D.; *How Green Was My Valley*, by Richard Llewellyn; *Stars Are Shining*, by Sister Rita Agnes; *The Heart of the Mass*, by Francis P. Donnelly, S. J.; *Frank Gannett—A Biography*, by Samuel Williamson; *Following the Liturgical Year*, by Burton Confrey; *Thinking in English*, by Rachel Salisbury and J. Paul Leonard; *God the Holy Ghost*, by the Rev. James F. Carroll, C. S. Sp.; *The Seven Virtues*, by Fulton Sheen; *The Mother of Jesus*, by Henri Morice, translated by Clara Meigs Sands, R. S. C. J.

## YOUNGER READERS

### Faith

By Virginia Scott Miner

*"Mother, see the stars up—Oh*

*Way up in the sky?*

*Mother, let me get a star—*

*Hold me while I try!"*

*"Darling, stars are far indeed,"*

*Says mother with a sigh,*

*"And no one ever, ever yet*

*Reached up quite that high."*

*"Well—but when my daddy comes*

*He'll hold me up. Then I*

*Can reach my hands and pick them all*

*Off as I ride by!"*

### Chet Rooney's Surprise

By Wouter Van Garrett

**"IT'S TERRIBLE.** That's what it is!" Chet Rooney stamped into his room, and threw himself on the bed. "I can't have *anything* other boys have." He knew that a statement like that was putting things a bit too strong, but he didn't care. Chet Rooney was disappointed. For the hundredth time he had asked his mother for a radio, and the answer had been "No."

"Jack has a radio, and so does Fred," he mumbled to himself. "Now mother says I mustn't even think about one while so many people are out of work. I'm sick of depressions and things. Shucks, seven-fifty isn't so awful much, and you can get a good little radio for that."

He kept mumbling to himself, and his own voice seemed to bring a sort of sympathy. Whenever Chet felt wronged he hurried to his room, and did a lot of talking to himself. But this time he was interrupted; there were

footsteps on the stairs. There was someone with his mother, and he supposed that they were on the way to the sewing room. He quit mumbling until the two women were settled in the adjoining room; then he returned to his complaints. But this time in silence.

As their voices drifted over to him he paid scant attention, until he heard his own name mentioned. Then he lifted his head, listened a moment, and then sat up straight to hear what was being said.

"And he's really a fine boy," remarked Mrs. Rooney.

"You're right in that," agreed Mrs. Shewell, the next door neighbor.

"Of course, he's just like a good many other boys," continued his mother, "likes to pout when he can't have what he wants."

"Is that so?" whispered Chet to himself.

"He wants a radio for his room," continued the voice. "Been wanting one for about six months. But times are hard, and his father's work has been unsteady. I'm afraid he may lose his job altogether. Chet says a radio would cost only seven and a half, but Granny needs new glasses. And we haven't a cent to spare as things are now. Oh, yes, it's awful hard when you'd like to do things and you don't have the money. We had hoped to save enough to get Granny's glasses for her birthday, but I can't see how we can manage it."

**CHET HEARD** a sigh escape his mother's lips.

"I guess I'm a chump," his tone had changed. "What right have I to keep pestering for a radio when Granny cannot even have new glasses? I've got to do something about this!" He tiptoed



to the door, and made his way down the stairs quietly.

"What's that noise?" asked Mrs. Shewell.

"I didn't hear anything," answered Mrs. Rooney. "I think Chet's out playing, somewhere."

AT THE FOOT of the stairs Chet smiled. His desire for a radio seemed to have vanished. He had found a purpose and it made the whole world look brighter and cheerful; he would see to it that Granny had her new glasses. For a moment he had forgotten that his birthday and Granny's fell on the same day and that, if there would be no money to buy her a present, there would be none to buy him one.

Several weeks later Mrs. Rooney spoke to her husband about a matter that had been on her mind for several days. "There's something strange about Chet's goings-on. There's something on the boy's mind and I can't figure it out. He's hardly ever home any more, except for his meals and to sleep."

"I wouldn't worry about Chet," laughed Mr. Rooney. "He's all right. Perhaps he's getting interested in making the team at school!"

"Fiddlesticks! I tell you there's something up, Pat Rooney," came the retort. "For six months he pestered me for a radio, and now he never mentions the subject. I know when that boy's got something on his mind."

"Could the boy be sick?" asked her husband.

"Do you see him eat?" laughed Mrs. Rooney. "Any boy that stores away the amount of food he does isn't sick. I used to have the worst time getting him to do the chores, and now he asks for chores to do."

"Now I know he's sick," laughed Patrick Rooney.

The matter continued as usual. Chet managed to get home in time for meals, but he usually asked permission to visit

someone in the far end of town after he finished eating. Sometimes he did not get back until near bedtime. When he was questioned he became evasive, and spoke of homework he had to do. There was many a puzzled glance exchanged between the Rooney parents as time went on and the boy's actions became more and more mysterious.

One evening, as father and mother sat waiting for Chet to come home and Granny was again confined to her room, Mrs. Rooney seemed more worried than usual. She tried to keep it from her husband but it proved too difficult.

"Pat, I'm downright worried about Chet," she began. "I'm telling you there is some funny business going on with that boy."

"You're borrowing trouble, Ma," replied Mr. Rooney.

"OH, AM I?" scoffed the wife. "Well, listen to what I'm about to tell you. This morning I met Mrs. Motter at market, and she came rushing up to me and told me that Chet was doing fine work. Imagine me not knowing what she was talking about, and acting as if I did know, so's I might find out about Chet--"

"Yes, yes, go on, Ma," urged Mr. Rooney.

"We talked on and on, and every now and then she kept coming back to Chet," continued Mrs. Rooney. "And finally she came out with it. Chet's been carrying the ashes out of her cellar for several weeks, and shoveling snow, and all sorts of chores, and a good job he's doing, Mrs. Motter insists. Says her neighbors like his work, too. You could have knocked me right over, but I never let on I didn't know."

"Say, this is getting mysterious," frowned Patrick Rooney. "What can the lad be up to? Whatever it is, I'll bet it's something honorable. We'd better act ignorant-like and pretend we don't know a thing. Chet will let it out when

he's ready. Better not spoil his surprise."

"He may be trying to earn money to buy that radio," smiled Mrs. Rooney. "But I told him he can't have one, and I hardly think he'd disobey me."

IN A FEW minutes Chet Rooney came in the back door and greeted his parents cheerfully and prepared for supper. As the little family sat around the table there was not a word spoken that would lead the boy to suspect that his parents knew a thing about his extra duties. But, when his head was lowered over his plate, many a glance stole his way. Finally, out of a clear sky, Chet asked a question that promised the answer to their questions.

"D'you think you can get new glasses for Granny for her birthday?" he asked innocently.

Patrick Rooney flashed an understanding look at his wife, and she smiled back.

"We've been hoping to get enough money together to get them," answered the father. "If my work keeps up I think we can manage. Times seem to be getting a bit better, and we hope to catch up on things we've been needing."

Nothing more was said on that subject just then, and in a few moments Chet asked to be excused from the table. He also asked permission to visit a friend living next door to Mrs. Motter.

"Bless his heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Rooney when he had gone. "I always knew the boy had a heart as big as a mountain. He's trying to earn money to get those glasses for Granny."

"I guess you're right, Ma," agreed Patrick Rooney. "He's a mighty fine lad, and we will have to get in on this surprise."

During the next hour father and mother sat at the table talking and planning. Some way simply had to be found to get the glasses for Granny, and a surprise for Chet; but when a

man is on part-time work it requires planning and figuring to provide extras.

"But what about Chet's money?" asked Mrs. Rooney.

"I wonder how much he's earned," asked Patrick.

"That just reminds me," smiled Mrs. Rooney. "This morning when I put his clean shirts in his bureau I saw a mysterious box in one of the drawers. I imagine he has his money hidden there, but it would hardly be fair to snoop."

"No," agreed her husband. "It's his secret, and it's an honorable one, and we'll let him keep it until he's ready to share it. When he shows up with the money we'll use it for Granny's glasses, but then we'll have a surprise for him."

"What surprise?" she asked.

THEN PATRICK ROONEY explained what he had in mind, and when he had finished they both laughed loud and long.

As the time for the two birthdays approached there was an added seriousness about Chet Rooney. Was the boy worried about anything, his parents wondered. Were things going badly in school? Did he have less money on hand than he had hoped to have? They almost told him about their plans but finally decided against it. They would play his game through to the end, but it was getting harder and harder to conceal their admiration for what he was doing.

Two days before the birthdays there were some secret errands, and some hurried trips on the part of the Rooneys but they took place while Chet was at school. That evening when Chet came home, Granny was again confined to her room, and so the three sat down to eat.

"I've been doing a little extra work," he began, "and I've saved up the money they paid me. It isn't as much as I wanted to have, but I want it to go



toward Granny's glasses." He pushed \$4.90 across the table. He did not recount how many odd jobs he had done to earn the money, nor how many weeks of effort he had given. He did not need to explain; his parents understood.

"Well, my son, that's mighty thoughtful of you," smiled his father.

"Bless your heart, my boy," exclaimed Mrs. Rooney as she brushed something away from her eyes.

"Times are better," remarked Chet's father, "and I think we can manage to put enough money to yours to get the glasses. But not a word to Granny. We've got to keep this thing a secret. Birthdays are times for secrets."

"Okay," smiled Chet.

Chet was up bright and early on Granny's birthday, but he was so excited that he forgot that it was also his birthday. He hurried downstairs, and there she sat with her new glasses on.

"Good morning, my boy," she smiled. "What d'you think of my new glasses? Isn't that a fine birthday present?"

**"THEY'RE FINE, GRANNY!"** He extended his hand. "Congratulations on your birthday. I hope you have many more of them. And I hope you like the glasses."

"I can see quite well," she responded. "Why, I can see clear across the hall and into the dining room. I can see right up to that corner back of the buffet, but I can't quite make out what it is that is standing on that little table. Look for me, won't you?"

Chet Rooney walked across the hall and into the dining room. Wonder of wonders, there stood a brand-new radio. And there was a card, tied with a big red ribbon, and it read: "To the finest boy in town—Chet Rooney."

"Happy birthday!" shouted mother and father, who had been watching through a crack in the kitchen door. And then there were explanations all around. Granny learned how Chet had

worked hard for money to get her glasses, and she insisted that it was the finest birthday she had ever had. After he had hooked up the radio and tuned in to a program in honor of her birthday, he carried it upstairs. In a few minutes he was tuning in to his favorite program. Chet agreed with Granny. It was the nicest birthday he had ever had.

## The Term "Two Bits"

By A. F. Welden

**T**HOSE WHO LIKE to study the origin of words can spend an interesting half hour looking into the background of the familiar term "two bits." It seems that the term "bit" has been applied to coins in England for a long, long time. Originally it was used among thieves as a slang expression for money, but later it took on the more respectable meaning of any small silver coin. With that beginning, the term spread to the West Indies where it was applied specifically to the "real," a coin which was equal in value to one-eighth of the Spanish dollar. Gradually this usage spread to New Orleans and from New Orleans to the Southern part of the United States where the Spanish dollar was in occasional usage. When the Spanish dollar disappeared, there was no true application of the term "bit" in American money, but our quarter offered the possibility of the "two bit" combination, and so it has remained from that day to this. Occasionally the term "four bits" is used as a substitute for half a dollar, as is also the term "bit" in the sense of twelve and a half cents. Once in awhile we hear the term "long bit" for fifteen cents, and "short bit" for ten cents. Both these expressions however, like the term "bit" and "four bits" are only of occasional usage. The term "two bits" bids fair to remain a permanent part of our language.



## ✿ The Weekly Postscript ✿

By M. M. Wirries

WAR NEWS BOOMS forth on our radio; black, bitter headlines flare on the front page of our daily paper; the boys we mother, Indians all, and members of the National Guard come in to ask anxiously: "What did the President say in his speech?" Conversation, all on the one topic, beats at our ears: "We ought to get in. Somebody has to stop that maniac." And: "We ought to stay out. It's not our linen they're washing—" We are carried back and forth on the tides of conflicting opinion. For ourselves, we say nothing. We have no opinions to offer. We have always noticed that the nearly empty pot gives off the most steam. We have no desire to be an empty pot. Instead of talking, we, like the Holy Father, go apart to pray: "God, send peace! Stop this terrible carnage among your children. Keep this war from our land."

Even the children feel the hysteria that is sweeping the world. The Scotch-Irish children from the second door pause between the games on our badminton court to talk of the maternal uncles, working in English munition factories, the paternal uncle who was in Flanders, and of whom their father has had no word. Our own children seem oblivious of the fact that a war is going on. While we listen to the radio reports, Twelve picks at the piano, remarking impressively as she sets out upon a new musical road, "Now this is Chopin." Fifteen pipes languidly from the sidelines, "Can't Chopin do better than that?" But the piano-picking stops at the news that Italy is in the war. The thing that seems to impress them the most is the mobilization of fourteen-to-seventeen-year-old boys. They think of their loved cousins, clamoring at me:

"But that's *terrible*. Mother, if we had war, would Bill have to go? And Bob? And Dick? And Fred? And all our Indian boys? Why, if they take men up to fifty, *even Daddy*."

Being women we do not pretend to know what it is all about. And we suspect that the average man does not know what it is all about either, for all his loud talking. Nor do the German people, the aggressors, know what it is all about. Iron-clad, determined, they move at their commander's bidding. Young boys, nourished from babyhood on pro-German, anti-Ally propaganda. If the things they have been taught are true, then they are in the right, they think, and they go on, and on, and on, dying by thousands for the Fatherland. Why do they believe Hitler? Ask rather why we, of a neutral country, swallow the nauseating doses of propaganda which are fed us by our own newspapers and associates. Human beings are gullible. We believe what our prejudices want us to believe, discarding what does not agree with us.

LAST NIGHT the mail plane hummed overhead, and Twelve stirred in her sleep beside me, murmuring: "Bombers!" We shuddered. This morning we look into our garden, and we see the grapes growing on the vine, the plums purpling, the roses budding, the salpiglossis and honeysuckle lifting fragrant invitation to the hummingbirds, and we wish that we could become complete isolationists; wish that we could stop the daily papers, muffle the telephone, quiet the radio, stay away from our neighbors with their loud talk about what we "ought" to do, and forget the war. But one does not forget wars.



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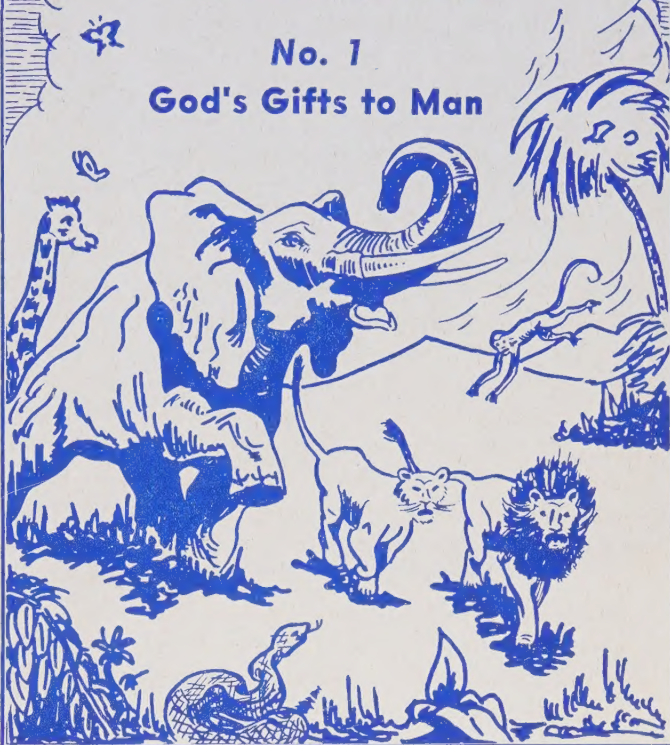
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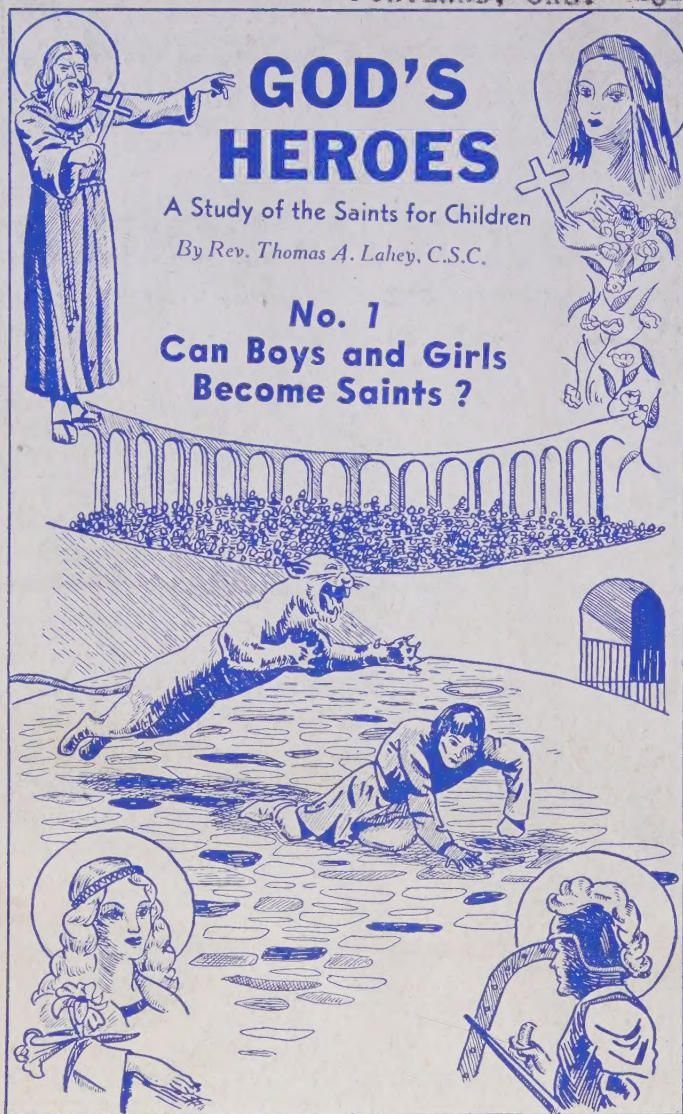
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